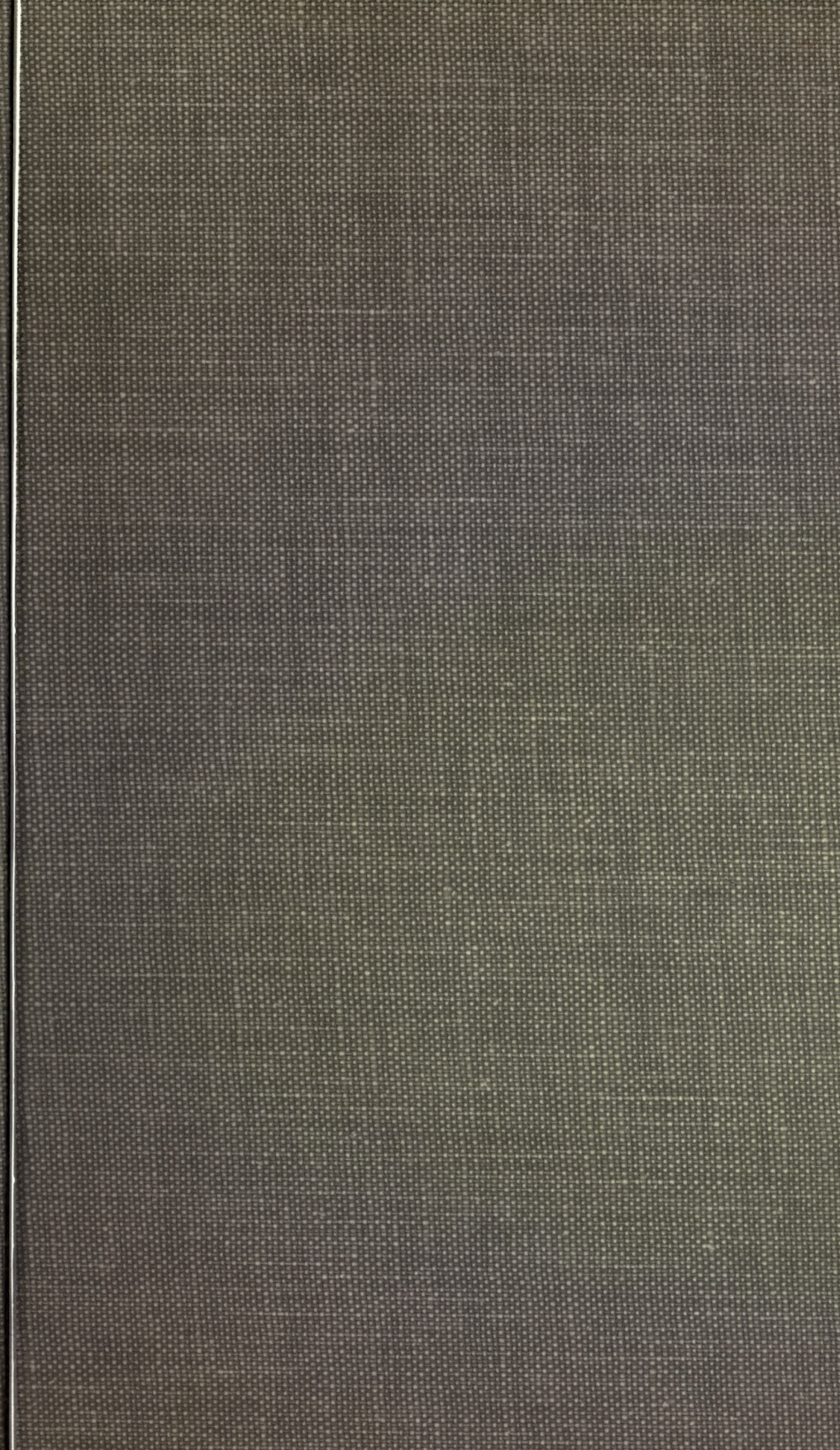






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JULY—DECEMBER 1876.



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VOL. CXX.

A WOMAN-HATER.

PART II.—CHAPTER III.

INA KLOSKING worked night and day upon "Siebel" in Gounod's "Faust," and upon the songs that had been added to give weight to the part.

She came early to the theatre at night, and sat, half dressed, fatigued, and nervous, in her dressing-room.

Crash!—the first *coup d'archet* announced the overture, and roused her energy, as if Ithuriel's spear had pricked her. She came down dressed, to listen at one of the upper entrances, to fill herself with the musical theme, before taking her part in it, and also to gauge the audience, and the singers.

The man "Faust" was a German; but the musical part "Faust" seems better suited to an Italian or a Frenchman. Indeed some say that, as a rule, the German genius excels in creation, and the Italian in representation or interpretation. For my part I am unable to judge nations in the lump, as some fine fellows do, because nations are composed of very different individuals, and I know only one to the million; but

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I do take on me to say that the individual Herr who executed Doctor Faustus at Homburg that night, had everything to learn, except what he had to unlearn. His person was obese; his delivery of the words was mouthing, chewing, and gurgling; and he uttered the notes in tune, but without point, pathos, or passion; a steady lay-clerk from York or Durham Cathedral would have done a little better, because he would have been no colder at heart, and more exact in time, and would have sung clean, whereas this gentleman set his wind-pipe trembling, all through the business, as if palsy was passion. By what system of leverage such a man came to be hoisted on to such a pinnacle of song as "Faust," puzzled our English friends in front as much as it did the Anglo-Danish artist at the wing; for English girls know what is what in Opera.

The "Marguerite" had a voice of sufficient compass, and rather sweet, though thin. The part demands a better *actress* than Patti, and this Fraulein was not half as good: she

put on the painful grin of a prize-fighter who has received a staggerer, and grinned all through the part, though there is little in it to grin at.

She also suffered by having to play to a "Faust" milked of his poetry, and self-smitten with a "tremolo," which, as I said before, is the voice of palsy, and is not, nor ever was, nor ever will be, the voice of passion. Bless your heart! passion is a manly thing, a womanly thing, a grand thing; not a feeble, quavering, palsied, anile, senile thing. Learn that, ye trembling, quavering idiots of song!

"They let me down," whispered Ina Klosking to her faithful Ashmead. "I feel all out of tune. I shall never be able. And the audience so cold. It will be like singing in a sepulchre."

"What would you think of them if they applauded?" said Ashmead.

"I should say they were good, charitable souls, and the very audience I shall want in five minutes."

"No, no," said Ashmead; "all you want is a discriminating audience; and this is one. Remember they have all seen Patti in 'Marguerite.' Is it likely they would applaud this tin stick?"

Ina turned the conversation with feminine quickness. "Mr Ashmead, have you kept your promise? my name is not in the programme?"

"It is not; and a great mistake, too."

"I have not been announced by name in any way?"

"No. But of course I have nursed you a bit."

"Nursed me? What is that? Oh, what have you been doing? No *charlatanerie*, I hope."

"Nothing of the kind," said Ashmead, stoutly; "only the regular business."

"And pray what is the regular business?" inquired Ina, distrustfully.

"Why, of course, I sent on the manager to say that Mademoiselle Schwaub was taken seriously ill; that we had been fearing we must break faith with the public, for the first time. But that a cantatrice, who had left the stage, appreciated our difficulty, and had, with rare kindness, come to our aid for this one night: we felt sure a Humbug audience—what am I saying?—a Homburg audience would appreciate this, and make due allowance for a performance undertaken in such a spirit, and with imperfect rehearsals, &c.—in short, the usual patter; and the usual effect, great applause. Indeed the only applause that I have heard in this theatre to-night. Ashmead ahead of Gounod, so far."

Ina Klosking put both hands before her face, and gave a little moan. She had really a soul above these artifices. "So then," said she, "if they do receive me, it will be out of charity."

"No, no; but on your first night you must have two strings to your bow."

"But I have only one. These cajoling speeches are a waste of breath. A singer can sing, or she can *not* sing, and they find out which it is, as soon as she opens her mouth."

"Well, then, you open your mouth—that is just what half the singers can't do—and they will soon find out you can sing."

"I hope they may; I do not know. I am discouraged; I'm terrified; I think it is stage-fright," and she began to tremble visibly, for the time drew near.

Ashmead ran off, and brought her some brandy-and-water. She put up her hand against it with royal scorn. "No, sir!—if the theatre—and the lights—and the people—the mind of Goethe—and the music of Gounod, can't excite me

without *that*, put me at the counter of a *café*, for I have no business here."

The power, without violence, and the grandeur with which she said this, would have brought down the house had she spoken it in a play without a note of music; and Ashmead drew back respectfully, but chuckled internally at the idea of this Minerva giving change in a *café*.

And now her cue was coming. She ordered everybody out of the entrance not very ceremoniously, and drew well back. Then, at her cue, she made a stately rush, and so, being in full swing before she cleared the wing, she swept into the centre of the stage with great rapidity and resolution; no trace either of her sorrowful heart or her quaking limbs was visible from the front.

There was a little applause, all due to Ashmead's preliminary apology, but there was no real reception; for Germany is large and musical, and she was not immediately recognised at Homburg. But there was that indescribable flutter which marks a good impression and keen expectation suddenly aroused. She was beautiful on the stage, for one thing; her figure rather tall and stately, and her face full of power: and then the very way she came on showed the step and carriage of an artist at home upon the boards.

She cast a rapid glance round the house, observed its size, and felt her way. She sang her first song evenly, but not tamely, yet with restrained power; but the tones were so full and flexible, the expression so easy yet exact, that the judges saw there was no effort, and suspected something big might be yet in store to-night. At the end of her song she did let out for a moment, and, at this well-timed foretaste of her power, there was applause, but nothing wonderful.

She was quite content, however. She met Ashmead, as she came off, and said, "All is well, my friend, so far. They are sitting in judgment on me, like sensible people, and not in a hurry. I rather like that."

"Your own fault," said Joseph. "You should have been announced. Prejudice is a surer card than judgment. The public is an ass."

"It must come to the same thing in the end," said the Klosking, firmly. "One can sing, or one cannot."

Her next song was encored, and she came off flushed with art and gratified pride. "I have no fears now," said she, to her Achates, firmly. "I have my barometer; a young lady in the stalls. Oh, such a beautiful creature, with black hair and eyes! She applauds me fearlessly. Her glorious eyes speak to mine, and inspire me. She is *happy*, she is. I drink sunbeams at her. I shall act and sing 'Le Parlate d'Amor' for *her*—and you will see."

Between the acts, who should come in but Ned Severne, and glided into the vacant stall by Zoe's side.

She quivered at his coming near her; he saw it, and felt a thrill of pleasure himself.

"How is 'S. T.'?" said she, kindly.

"'S. T.'?" said he, forgetting.

"Why, your sick friend, to be sure."

"Oh, not half so bad as he thought. I was a fool to lose an hour of you for *him*. He was hipped; had lost all his money at *rouge et noir*. So I lent him fifty pounds, and that did him more good than the doctor. You forgive me?"

"Forgive you? I approve. Are you going back to him?" said she, demurely.

"No, thank you, I have made sacrifices enough."

And so indeed he had, having

got cleaned out of £300, through preferring gambling to beauty.

"Singers good?" he inquired.

"Wretched; all but one—and she is divine."

"Indeed! Who is she?"

"I don't know. A gentleman in black came out——"

"Mephistopheles?"

"No;—how dare you?—and said a singer that had retired would perform the part of 'Siebel,' to oblige; and she has obliged me for one. She is, oh, so superior to the others! Such a heavenly contralto; and her upper notes honey dropping from the comb. And then she is so modest, so dignified, and so beautiful. She is fair as a lily; and such a queen-like brow, and deep, deep, grey eyes, full of sadness and soul. I'm afraid she is not happy. Once or twice she fixed them on me, and they magnetised me, and drew me to her. So I magnetised her in return. I should know her anywhere fifty years hence. Now, if I was a man, I should love that woman, and make her love me."

"Then I am very glad you are not a man," said Severne, tenderly.

"So am I," whispered Zoe, and blushed.

The curtain rose.

"Listen now, Mr Chatterbox," said Zoe.

Ned Severne composed himself to listen; but Fraulein Graas had not sung many bars before he revolted. "Listen to what?" said he; "and look at what? The only 'Marguerite' in the place is by my side."

Zoe coloured with pleasure; but her good sense was not to be blinded. "The only good black Mephistopheless you mean," said she. "To be 'Marguerite,' one must be great, and sweet, and tender; yes, and far more lovely than ever woman was. That lady is a better colour for the part than I am: but neither she nor I shall ever be 'Marguerite.'"

He murmured in her ear, "You are 'Marguerite,' for you could fire a man's heart so that he would sell his soul to gain you."

It was the accent of passion, and the sensitive girl quivered. Yet she defended herself—in words: "Hush!" said she; "that is wicked—out of an opera. Fanny would laugh at you, if she heard."

Here were two reasons for not making such hot love in the stalls of an opera. Which of the two weighed most with the fair reasoner shall be left to her own sex.

The brief scene ended with the declaration of the evil spirit that 'Marguerite' is lost.

"There," said Zoe, naïvely, "that is over, thank goodness: now you will hear *my* singer."

"Siebel" and "Marta" came on from opposite sides of the stage. "See!" said Zoe, "isn't she lovely?" and she turned her beaming face full on Severne, to share her pleasure with him. To her amazement the man seemed transformed: a dark cloud had come over his sunny countenance. He sat, pale, and seemed to stare at the tall, majestic, dreamy singer, who stood immovable, dressed like a velvet youth, yet looking like no earthly boy, but a draped statue of Mercury, "New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill."

The blood left his lips, and Zoe thought he was faint; but the next moment he put his handkerchief hastily to his nose, and wriggled his way out, with a rush and a crawl, strangely combined, at the very moment when the singer delivered her first commanding note of recitative.

Everybody about looked surprised and disgusted at so ill-timed an exit; but Zoe, who had seen his white face, was seriously alarmed, and made a movement to rise too, and watch, or even follow him: but,

when he got to the side, he looked back to her, and made her a signal that his nose was bleeding, but it was of no great consequence. He even pointed with his finger out and then back again, indicating he should not be long gone.

This reassured her greatly; for she had always been told a little bleeding of that sort was good for hot-headed young people.

Then the singer took complete hold of her. The composer, to balance the delightful part of "Marguerite," has given "Siebel" a melody, with which wonders can be done; and the Klosking had made a considerable reserve of her powers for this crowning effort. After a recitative that rivalled the silver trumpet, she flung herself with immediate and electrifying ardour into the melody; the orchestra, taken by surprise, fought feebly for the old ripple, but the Klosking, resolute by nature, was now mighty as Neptune, and would have her big waves. The momentary struggle, in which she was loyally seconded by the conductor, evoked her grand powers. Catgut had to yield to brains, and the whole orchestra, composed, after all, of good musicians, soon caught the divine afflatus, and the little theatre seemed on fire with music: the air, sung with a large rhythm, swelled and rose, and thrilled every breast with amazement and delight; the house hung breathless; by-and-by there were pale cheeks, panting bosoms, and wet eyes, the true, rare triumphs of the sovereigns of song; and, when the last note had pealed and ceased to vibrate, the pent-up feelings broke forth in a roar of applause, which shook the dome, followed by a clapping of hands like a salvo, that never stopped till Ina Klosking, who had retired, came forward again.

She curtsied with admirable dignity, modesty, and respectful gravity, and the applause thundered, and people rose at her in clusters about the house, and waved their hats and handkerchiefs at her, and a little Italian recognised her, and cried out as loud as he could, "Vivat la Klosking, vivat!" and she heard that, and it gave her a thrill; and Zoe Vizard, being out of England, and therefore brave as a lioness, stood boldly up at her full height, and taking her bouquet in the right hand, carried it swiftly to her left ear, and so flung it, with a free backhanded sweep more oriental than English, into the air, and it lighted by the singer; and she saw the noble motion, and the bouquet fly, and, when she made her last curtsy at the wing, she fixed her eyes on Zoe, and then put her hand to her heart with a most touching gesture, that said, "Most of all I value your bouquet and your praise."

Then the house buzzed, and ranks were levelled; little people spoke to big people, and big to little, in mutual congratulation; for at such rare moments (except in Anglo-Saxony) instinct seems to tell men that true art is a sunshine of the soul, and blesses the rich and the poor alike.

One person was affected in another way. Harrington Vizard sat rapt in attention, and never took his eyes off her, yet said not a word.

Several Russian and Prussian grandees sought an introduction to the new singer; but she pleaded fatigue. The manager entreated her to sup with him, and meet the Grand Duke of Hesse. She said she had a prior engagement.

She went quietly home, and supped with her faithful Ashmead, and very heartily too; for nature was exhausted, and agitation had quite spoiled her dinner.

Joseph Ashmead, in the pride of his heart, proposed a bottle of champagne. The Queen of Song, with triumph flushed, looked rather blue at that. "My friend," said she, in a meek, deprecating way, "we are working people: is not bordeaux good enough for us?"

"Yes; but it is not good enough for the occasion," said Joseph, a little testily. "Well, never mind;" and he muttered to himself, "that is the worst of good women; they are so terribly stingy."

The Queen of Song, with triumph flushed, did not catch these words, but only a little growling. However, as supper proceeded, she became uneasy. So she rang the bell, and ordered a *pint*: of this she drank one spoonful. The remainder, co-

operating with triumph and claret, kept Ashmead in a great flow of spirits. He traced her a brilliant career. To be photographed to-morrow morning as "Siebel," and in plain dress. Paragraphs in *Era*, *Figaro*, *Galignani*, *Independance Belge*, and the leading dailies. Large woodcuts before leaving Homburg for Paris, London, Vienna, Petersburg, and New York."

"I'm in your hands," said she, and smiled languidly, to please him.

But by-and-by he looked at her, and found she was taking a little cry all to herself.

"Dear me!" said he; "what is the matter?"

"My friend, forgive me. *He* was not there to share my triumph."

CHAPTER IV.

As the opera drew to an end, Zoe began to look round more and more for Severne; but he did not come, and Lord Uxmoor offered his arm earnestly. She took it; but hung back a moment on his very arm, to tell Harrington Mr Severne had been taken ill.

At the railway station the truant emerged suddenly, just as the train was leaving; but Lord Uxmoor had secured three seats, and the defaulter had to go with Harrington. On reaching the hotel, the ladies took their bed-candles; but Uxmoor found time to propose an excursion next day, Sunday, to a lovely little lake—open carriage, four horses. The young ladies accepted, but Mr Severne declined; he thanked Lord Uxmoor politely, but he had arrears of correspondence.

Zoe cast a mortified, and rather a haughty glance on him; and Fanny shrugged her shoulders incredulously.

These two ladies brushed hair together in Zoe's room. That is a soothing operation, my masters, and famous for stimulating females to friendly gossip; but this time there was, for once, a guarded reserve. Zoe was irritated, puzzled, mortified, and even grieved, by Severne's conduct. Fanny was gnawed by jealousy, and out of temper. She had forgiven Zoe Ned Severne. But that young lady was insatiable; Lord Uxmoor, too, had fallen openly in love with her; openly to a female eye: so then a blonde had no chance, with a dark girl by: thus reasoned she, and it was intolerable.

It was some time before either spoke an atom of what was uppermost in her mind. They each doled out a hundred sentences that missed the mind and mingled readily with the atmosphere, being in fact mere preliminary and idle air: so two deer, in duel, go about and about, and even affect to look another way,

till they are ripe for collision. There be writers would give the reader all the preliminary puffs of articulated wind, and everybody would say, "How clever! That is just the way girls really talk." But I leave the glory of photographing nullities to the geniuses of the age, and run to the first words which could, without impiety, be called dialogue.

"Don't you think his conduct a little mysterious?" said Zoe, *mal à propos* of anything that had been said hitherto.

"Well, yes; rather," said Fanny, with marked carelessness.

"First, a sick friend; then a bleeding at the nose; and now he won't drive to the lake with us: arrears of correspondence? Pooh!"

Now Fanny's suspicions were deeper than Zoe's; she had observed Severne keenly: but it was not her cue to speak; she yawned, and said, "What *does* it matter?"

"Don't be unkind. It matters to *me*."

"Not it. You have another ready."

"What other? There is no one that I——Fanny."

"Oh, nonsense! The man is evidently smitten, and you keep encouraging him."

"No, I don't; I am barely civil. And don't be ill-natured. What *can* I do?"

"Why, be content with one at a time."

"It is very rude to talk so. Besides, I haven't got one, much less two. I begin to doubt *him*; and, Lord Uxmoor! you know I cannot possibly care for him—an acquaintance of yesterday."

"But you know all about him; that he is an excellent *parti*," said Fanny, with a provoking sneer.

This was not to be borne.

"Oh," said Zoe, "I see! you want him for yourself. It is *you*

that are not content with one. You forget how poor Harrington would miss your attentions. He would *begin* to appreciate them—when he had lost them."

This stung, and Fanny turned white and red by turns. "I deserve this," said she, "for wasting advice on a coquet."

"That is not true; I'm no coquet: and here I am, asking your advice, and you only snub me. You are a jealous, cross, unreasonable thing."

"Well, I'm not a hypocrite."

"I never was called so before," said Zoe, nobly and gently.

"Then you were not found out, that is all. You look so simple and ingenuous, and blush if a man says half a word to you; and all the time you are a greater flirt than I am."

"Oh, Fanny!" screamed Zoe, with horror.

It seems a repartee may be conveyed in a scream; for Fanny now lost her temper altogether. "Your conduct with those two men is abominable," said she. "I won't speak to you any more."

"I beg you will *not*, in your present temper," said Zoe, with unaffected dignity, and rising like a Greek column.

Fanny flounced out of the room.

Zoe sat down and sighed, and her glorious eyes were dimmed. Mystery—doubt—and now a quarrel. What a day! At her age, a little cloud seems to darken the whole sky.

Next morning the little party met at breakfast. Lord Uxmoor, anticipating a delightful day, was in high spirits, and he and Fanny kept up the ball. She had resolved, in the silent watches of the night, to contest him with Zoe, and make every possible use of Severne, in the conflict.

Zoe was silent and *distracte*, and did not even try to compete with her sparkling rival. But Lord Uxmoor's eyes often wandered from his sprightly companion to Zoe, and it was plain he longed for a word from her mouth.

Fanny observed, bit her lip, and tacked internally, "bout ship," as the sailors say. Her game now, conceived in a moment, and at once put in execution, was to encourage Uxmoor's attentions to Zoe. She began by openly courting Mr Severne, to make Zoe talk to Uxmoor, and also make him think that Severne and she were the lovers.

Her intentions were to utilise the coming excursion; she would attach herself to Harrington, and

so drive Zoe and Uxmoor together; and then Lord Uxmoor, at his present rate of amorous advance, would probably lead Zoe to a detached rock, and make her a serious declaration. This good, artful, girl, felt sure such a declaration, made a few months hence in Barfordshire, would be accepted, and herself left in the cold. Therefore she resolved it should be made prematurely, and in Prussia, with Severne at hand, and so in all probability come to nothing. She even glimpsed a vista of consequences, and in that little avenue discerned the figure of Fanny Dover playing the part of consoler, friend, and ultimately spouse, to a wealthy noble.

CHAPTER V.

The letters were brought in: one was to Vizard, from Herries, announcing a remittance; one to Lord Uxmoor. On reading it, he was surprised into an exclamation, and his face expressed great concern.

"Oh!" said Zoe—"Harrington!"

Harrington's attention being thus drawn, he said, "No bad news, I hope?"

"Yes," said Uxmoor, in a low voice, "very bad. My oldest, truest, dearest friend has been seized with small-pox, and his life is in danger. He has asked for me, poor fellow. This is from his sister. I must start by the twelve o'clock train."

"Small-pox! why, it is contagious!" cried Fanny; "and so disfiguring!"

"I can't help that," said the honest fellow; and instantly rang the bell for his servant, and gave the requisite orders.

Zoe, whose eye had never left him all the time, said, softly, "It

is brave and good of you. We poor, emotional, cowardly girls should sit down and cry."

"You would not, Miss Vizard," said he, firmly, looking full at her. "If you think you would, you don't know yourself."

Zoe coloured high, and was silent.

Then Lord Uxmoor showed the true English gentleman. "I do hope," said he, earnestly, though in a somewhat broken voice, "that you will not let this spoil the pleasure we had planned together. Harrington will be my deputy."

"Well, I don't know," said Harrington, sympathisingly. Mr Severne remarked, "Such an occurrence puts pleasure out of one's head." This he said, with his eyes on his plate, like one repeating a lesson. "Vizard, I entreat you," said Uxmoor, almost vexed. "It will only make me more unhappy if you don't."

"We will go," cried Zoe, earnestly; "we promise to go. What does it matter? We shall think of

you and your poor friend wherever we are. And I shall pray for him. But, ah! I know how little prayers avail to avert these cruel bereavements." She was young, but old enough to have prayed hard for her sick mother's life, and, like the rest of us, prayed in vain. At this remembrance the tears ran undisguised down her cheeks.

The open sympathy of one so young and beautiful, and withal rather reserved, made Lord Uxmoor gulp; and, not to break down before them all, he blurted out that he must go and pack: with this he hurried away.

He was unhappy. Besides the calamity he dreaded, it was grievous to be torn away from a woman he loved at first sight, and just when she had come out so worthy of his love: she was a high-minded creature; she had been silent and reserved so long as the conversation was trivial; but, when trouble came, she was the one to speak to him bravely and kindly. Well, what must be, must. All this ran through his mind, and made him sigh; but it never occurred to him to shirk—to telegraph instead of going—nor yet to value himself on his self-denial.

They did not see him again till he was on the point of going, and then he took leave of them all, Zoe last. When he came to her, he ignored the others, except that he lowered his voice in speaking to her. "God bless you for your kindness, Miss Vizard. It is a little hard upon a fellow to have to run away from such an acquaintance, just when I have been so fortunate as to make it."

"Oh, Lord Uxmoor," said Zoe, innocently, "never mind that. Why, we live in the same county, and we are on the way home. All I think of is your poor friend; and do please telegraph—to Harrington."

He promised he would, and went away disappointed somehow at her last words.

When he was gone Severne went out on the balcony to smoke, and Harrington held a council with the young ladies. "Well now," said he, "about this trip to the lake."

"I shall not go, for one," said Zoe, resolutely.

"La!" said Fanny, looking carefully away from her to Harrington; "and *she* was the one that insisted."

Zoe ignored the speaker, and set her face stiffly towards Harrington. "She only *said* that to *him*."

Fanny.—"But unfortunately ears are not confined to the noble."

Zoe.—"Nor tongues to the discreet."

Both these remarks were addressed pointedly to Harrington.

"Hollo!" said he, looking from one flaming girl to the other; "am I to be a shuttlecock? and your discreet tongues the battledores? What is up?"

"We don't speak," said the frank Zoe; "that is up."

"Why, what is the row?"

"No matter" (stiffly).

"No great matter, I'll be bound. 'Toll, toll the bell.' Here goes one more immortal friendship—quenched in eternal silence."

Both ladies bridled. Neither spoke.

"And dead silence, as ladies understand it, consists in speaking at one another instead of *to*."

No reply.

"That is well-bred taciturnity."

No answer.

"The dignified reserve that distinguishes an estrangement from a squabble."

No reply.

"Well, I admire permanent sentiments, good or bad; constant resolves, &c. Your friendship has not proved immortal; so now let us see how long you can hold spite

—SIEVES!" Then he affected to start. "What is this? I spy a rational creature out on yonder balcony. I hasten to join him. 'Birds of a feather,' you know;" and with that he went out to his favourite, and never looked behind him.

The young ladies, indignant at the contempt the big man had presumed to cast upon the constant soul of woman, turned two red faces and four sparkling eyes to each other, with the instinctive sympathy of the jointly injured; but, remembering in time, turned sharply round again, and presented napes, and so sat sullen.

By-and-by a chilling thought fell upon them both at the same moment of time. The men were good friends as usual, safe, by sex, from tiffs, and could do without them; and a dull day impended over the hostile fair.

Thereupon the ingenious Fanny resolved to make a splash of some sort, and disturb stagnation. She suddenly cried out, "La! and the man is gone away: so what is the use?" This remark she was careful to level at bare space.

Zoe, addressing the same person—space, to wit—inquired of him if anybody in his parts knew to whom this young lady was addressing herself.

"To a girl that is too sensible not to see the folly of quarrelling about a man—*when he is gone*," said Fanny.

"If it is me you mean," said Zoe, stiffly; "*really* I am *surprised*. You forget we are at daggers drawn."

"No, I don't, dear; and parted for ever."

Zoe smiled at that against her will.

"Zoe!" (penitentially.)

"Frances!" (archly.)

"Come, cuddle me quick!"

Zoe was all round her neck in a moment, like a lace scarf, and there was violent kissing, with a tear or two.

Then they put an arm round each other's waists, and went all about the premises intertwined like snakes; and Zoe gave Fanny her cameo brooch, the one with the pearls round it.

The person to whom Vizard fled from the tongue of beauty was a delightful talker: he read two or three newspapers every day, and recollected the best things. Now it is not everybody can remember a thousand disconnected facts and recall them *apropos*. He was various, fluent, and above all superficial; and such are your best conversers; they have something good and strictly ephemeral to say on everything, and don't know enough of anything to impale their hearers. In my youth there talked in Pall Mall a gentleman known as "Conversation Sharp." He eclipsed everybody. Even Macaulay paled. Sharp talked all the blessed afternoon, and grave men listened enchanted; and of all he said, nothing stuck. Where be now your Sharpiana? The learned may be compared to mines; these desultory charmers are more like the ornamental cottage near Staines, forty or fifty rooms, and the whole structure one storey high. The mine teems with solid wealth; but you must grope and trouble to come to it: it is easier and pleasanter to run about the cottage with a lot of rooms all on the ground-floor.

The mind and body both get into habits—sometimes apart, sometimes in conjunction. Nowadays we seat the body to work the intellect, even in its lower form of mechanical labour: it is your clod that toddles about labouring. The

Peripatetics did not endure: their method was not suited to man's microcosm. Bodily movements fritter mental attention. We *sit* at the feet of Gamaliel, or, as some call him, Tyndall; and we sit to Bacon and Adam Smith. But, when we are standing or walking, we love to take brains easy. If this delightful chatterbox had been taken down shorthand and printed, and Vizard had been set down to Severni opuscula, 10 vols.—and, mind you, Severne had talked all ten by this time—the Barfordshire squire and old Oxonian would have cried out for “more matter with less words,” and perhaps have even fled for relief to some shorter treatise, Bacon's ‘*Essays*,’ Browne's ‘*Religio Medici*,’ or Buckle's ‘*Civilisation*.’ But lounging in a balcony, and lazily breathing a cloud, he could have listened all day to his desultory, delightful friend, overflowing with little questions, little answers, little queries, little epigrams, little maxims *à la Roche-foucauld*, little histories, little anecdotes, little gossip, and little snap shots at every feather flying.

“Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas
Gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago Severni.”

But, alas! after an hour of touch-and-go, of superficiality and soft delight, the desultory charmer fell on a subject he had studied. So then he bored his companion for the first time in all the tour.

But, to tell the honest truth, Mr Severne had hitherto been pleasing his friend with a cold-blooded purpose. His preliminary gossip, that made the time fly so agreeably, was intended to oil the way; to lubricate the passage of a premeditated pill. As soon as he had got Vizard into perfect good-humour, he said, *apropos* of nothing that had passed, “By the by, old fellow, that five

hundred pounds you promised to lend me!”

Vizard was startled by this sudden turn of a conversation hitherto agreeable.

“Why, you have had three hundred and lost it,” said he. “Now take my advice, and don't lose any more.”

“I don't mean to. But I am determined to win back the three hundred, and a great deal more, before I leave this. I have discovered a system, an infallible one.”

“I am sorry to hear it,” said Harrington, gravely. “That is the second step on the road to ruin; the gambler with a system is the confirmed maniac.”

“What! because *other* systems have been tried, and proved to be false? Mine is untried, and it is mere prejudice to condemn it unheard.”

“Propound it then,” said Vizard. “Only please observe the bank has got its system—you forget that; and the bank's system is to take a positive advantage, which must win in the long-run; therefore all counter-systems must lose in the long-run.”

“But the bank is tied to a long-run, the individual player is not.”

This reply checked Vizard for a moment, and the other followed up his advantage. “Now, Vizard, be reasonable. What would the trifling advantage the bank derives from an incident which occurs only once in twenty-eight deals, avail against a player who could foresee at any given deal whether the card that was going to come up the nearest thirty, would be on the red or black?”

“No avail at all. God Almighty could break the bank every afternoon. *Après?* as we say in France. Do you pretend to omniscience?”

“Not exactly.”

“Well, but prescience of isolated

events, preceded by no *indicia*, belongs only to omniscience. Did they not teach you that much at Oxford?"

"They taught me very little at Oxford."

"Fault of the place, eh? You taught *them* something, though; and the present conversation reminds me of it. In your second term, when every other man is still quizzed and kept down as a freshman, you were already a leader—a chief of misrule; you founded a whist-club in Trinity, the primmest college of all. The Dons rooted you out in college; but you did not succumb: you fulfilled the saying of Sydney Smith, that 'Cribbage should be played in caverns, and sixpenny whist in the howling wilderness.' Ha! ha! how well I remember riding across Bullington Green one fine afternoon, and finding four Oxford hacks haltered in a row, and the four undergraduates who had hired them on long tick sitting cross-legged under the hedge, like Turks or tailors, round a rude table with the legs sawed down to stumps! You had two packs, and a portable inkstand, and were so hard at it that I put my mare's nose right over the quartette before you saw either her or me. That hedge was like a drift of odoriferous snow with the hawthorn-bloom, and primroses sparkled on its bank like topazes. The birds chirruped, the sky smiled, the sun burnt perfumes; and there sat my lord and his fellow-manics, snick-snack—pit-pat—cutting, dealing, playing, revoking, scoring, and exchanging I.O.U.'s not worth the paper."

"All true, but the revoking," said Severne, merrily. "Monster! by the memory of those youthful days, I demand a fair hearing." Then, gravely, "Hang it all, Vizard! I am not a fellow that is always intruding his affairs and his theories upon other men."

"No, no, no," said Vizard, hastily, and half apologetically; "go on."

"Well, then, of course I don't pretend to foreknowledge—but I do to experience; and you know experience teaches the wise."

"Not to fling five hundred after three. There—I beg pardon. Proceed, instructor of youth."

"Do listen, then: experience teaches us that luck has its laws; and I build my system on one of them. If two opposite accidents are sure to happen equally often in a total of fifty times, people who have not observed expect them to happen turn about, and bet accordingly. But they don't happen turn about; they make short runs, and sometimes long ones. They positively avoid alternation. Have you not observed this at *trente et quarante*!"

"No."

"Then you have not watched the cards."

"Not much. The faces of the gamblers were always my study. They are instructive."

"Well, then, I'll give you an example outside,—for the principle runs through all equal chances;—take the University boat-race: you have kept your eye on that?"

"Rather. Never missed one yet. Come all the way from Barfordshire to see it."

"Well, there's an example."

"Of chance? No, thank you. That goes by strength, skill, wind, endurance, chaste living, self-denial, and judicious training. Every winning boat is manned by virtues." His eye flashed, and he was as earnest all in a moment as he had been listless. A Continental cynic had dubbed this insular cynic mad.

The professor of chances smiled superior. "Those things decide each individual race, and the best men win, because it happens to be the only race that is never sold."

But go farther back, and you find it is chance. It is pure chance that sends the best men up to Cambridge two or three years running, and then to Oxford. With this key, take the facts my system rests on. There are two. The first is, that in thirty and odd races and matches, the University luck has come out equal on the river and at Lord's: the second is, the luck has seldom alternated. I don't say, never. But look at the list of events; it is published every March. You may see there the great truth that even chances shun direct alternation. In this, properly worked, lies a fortune at Homburg, where the play is square. Red gains once; you back red next time, and stop. You are on black, and win; you double. This is the game if you have only a few pounds. But with five hundred pounds you can double more courageously, and work the short run hard; and that is how losses are averted, and gains secured. Once at Wiesbaden I caught a *croupier*, out on a holiday. It was Good Friday, you know. I gave him a stunning dinner. He was close as wax, at first,—that might be the salt fish; but after the *rog-nons à la brochette*, and a bottle of champagne, he let out. I remember one thing he said. 'Monsieur; ce que fait la fortune de la banque ce n'est pas le petit avantage qu'elle tire du refait—quoique cela y est pour quelque chose,—c'est la témérité de ceux qui perdent, et la timidité de ceux qui gagnent.'

"And," says Vizard, "there is a French proverb founded on *experience*—

'C'est encore rouge qui perd,
Et encore noir,
Mais toujours blanc qui gagne.'

Severne, for the first time, looked angry and mortified; he turned his back, and was silent. Vizard looked at him uneasily, hesitated a moment,

then flung the remainder of his cigar away, and seemed to rouse himself body and soul. He squared his shoulders, as if he was going to box the Demon of play for his friend, and he let out good sense right and left, and, indeed, was almost betrayed into eloquence. "What!" he cried,—“you, who are so bright, and keen, and knowing in everything else, are you really so blinded by egotism and credulity as to believe that you can invent any method of betting at *rouge et noir* that has not been tried before you were born? Do you remember the first word in La Bruyère's famous work?”

"No," said Ned, sulkily. "Read nothing but newspapers."

"Good lad. Saves a deal of trouble. Well, he begins 'Tout est dit;' 'Everything has been said:' and I say that, in your business, 'Tout est fait;' 'Everything has been done.' Every move has been tried before you existed, and the result of all is, that to bet against the bank, wildly or systematically, is to gamble against a rock. *Si monumenta queris, circumspice.*

Use your eyes, man. Look at the Kursaal, its luxuries, its gardens, its gilding, its attractions, all of them cheap, except the one that pays for all: all these delights, and the rents, and the *croupiers*, and the servants, and the income and liveries of an unprincipled prince, who would otherwise be a poor but honest gentleman with one *bonne* instead of thirty blazing lackeys, all come from the gains of the bank, which are the losses of the players, especially of those that have got a system."

Severne shot in, "A bank was broken last week."

"Was it? Then all it lost has returned to it, or will return to it to-night; for gamblers know no day of rest."

"Oh yes, they do. It is shut on Good Friday."

"You surprise me. Only three hundred and sixty-four days in the year! Brainless avarice is more reasonable than I thought. Severne, yours is a very serious case. You have reduced your income, that is clear; for an English gentleman does not stay years and years abroad, unless he has outrun the constable; and I feel sure gambling has done it. You had the fever from a boy. Bullington Green! 'As the twig's bent the tree's inclined.' Come, come—make a stand. We are friends. Let us help one another against our besetting foibles. Let us practise antique wisdom; let us 'know ourselves,' and leave Hom-burg to-morrow, instead of Tuesday."

Severne looked sullen, but said nothing; then Vizard gave him too hastily credit for some of that sterling friendship, bordering on love, which warmed his own faithful breast. Under this delusion he made an extraordinary effort; he used an argument which, with himself, would have been irresistible. "Look here," said he, "I'll—won't you have a cigar?—there; now I'll tell you something—I have a mania as bad as yours; only mine is intermittent, thank heaven. I'm told a million women are as good as, or better than, a million men. It may be so. But when I, an individual, stake my heart on lovely woman, she always turns out unworthy. With me, the sex *avoids alternation*. Therefore I rail on them wholesale. It is not philosophical; but I don't do it to instruct mankind—it is to soothe my spleen. Well, would you believe it, once in every three years, in spite of my experience, I am always bitten again. After my lucid interval has expired, I fall in with some woman who seems not like

the rest, but an angel. Then I, though I'm averse to the sex, fall an easy, an immediate, victim, to the individual."

"Love at first sight."

"Not a bit of it. If she is as beautiful as an angel, with the voice of a peacock or a guinea-hen—and, luckily for me, that is a frequent arrangement—she is no more to me than the fire-shovel. If she has a sweet voice, and pale eyes, I'm safe. Indeed I am safe against Juno, Venus, and Minerva, for two years and several months, after the last; but when two events coincide—when my time is up, and the lovely, melodious female comes—then I am lost. Before I have seen her and heard her five minutes, I know my fate, and I never resist it. I never can; that is a curious part of the mania. Then commences a little drama, all the acts of which are stale copies; yet each time they take me by surprise, as if they were new. In spite of past experience, I begin all confidence and trust: by-and-by come the subtle but well-known signs of deceit; so doubt is forced on me; and then I am all suspicion, and so darkly vigilant, that soon all is certainty; for *les fourberies des femmes* are diabolically subtle, but monotonous. They seem to vary only on the surface. One looks too gentle and sweet to give any creature pain; I cherish her like a tender plant: she deceives me for the coarsest fellow she can find. Another comes the frank and candid dodge; she is so off-handed, she shows me it is not worth her while to betray: she deceives me, like the other, and with as little discrimination. The next has a face of beaming innocence, and a limpid eye that looks like transparent candour. She gazes long and calmly in my face, as if her eye loved to dwell on me—gazes with the eye of a gazelle or a young hare—and the

baby lips below outlie the hoariest male fox in the Old Jewry. But, to complete the delusion, all my sweethearts and wives are romantic and poetical skin-deep, or they would not attract me; and all turn out vulgar to the core. By their lovers alone can you ever know them. By the men they can't love, and the men they do love, you find these creatures, that imitate sentiment so divinely, are hard, prosaic, vulgar, little things, thinly gilt and double varnished."

"They are much better than we are; but you don't know how to take them," said Severne, with the calm superiority of success.

"No," replied Vizard, drily; "curse me if I do. Well, I did hope I had out-grown my mania, as I have done the toothache; for this time I had passed the fatal period, the three years. It is nearly four years now since I went through the established process,—as fixed beforehand as the dyer's or the cotton-weaver's,—adored her, trusted her blindly, suspected her, watched her, detected her, left her. By the by, she was my wife, the last: but that made no difference; she was neither better nor worse than the rest, and her methods and idiotic motives of deceit identical. Well, Ned, I was mistaken. Yesterday night I met my Fate once more."

"Where? in Frankfort?"

"No: at Homburg; at the opera. You must give me your word not to tell a soul."

"I pledge you my word of honour."

"Well; the lady who sang the part of 'Siebel.'"

"Siebel?" muttered Severne.

"Yes," said Vizard, dejectedly.

Severne fixed his eyes on his friend with a strange expression of confusion and curiosity, as if he could not take it all in. But he

said nothing, only looked very hard all the time.

Vizard burst out: "O miseras hominum menteis, o pectora cæca!" There I sat, in the stalls, a happy man comparatively, because my heart, though full of scars, was at peace, and my reason, after periodical abdications, had resumed its throne for good; so I, weak mortal, fancied. 'Siebel' appeared; tall, easy, dignified, and walking like a wave; modest, fair, noble, great, dreamy, and, above all, divinely sad. The soul of womanhood and music poured from her honey lips; she conquered all my senses: I felt something like a bolt of ice run down my back. I ought to have jumped up, and fled the theatre. I wish I had. But I never do. I am incurable. The charm deepened; and when she had sung 'Le Parlate d'Amor' as no mortal ever sang and looked it, she left the stage; and carried my heart and soul away with her. What chance had I? Here shone all the beauties that adorn the body, all the virtues and graces that embellish the soul; they were wedded to poetry and ravishing music, and gave and took enchantment. I saw my paragon glide away, like a goddess, past the scenery, and I did not see her meet her lover at the next step,—a fellow with a wash-leather face, greasy locks in a sausage roll, and his hair shaved off his forehead,—and snatch a pot of porter from his hands, and drain it to the dregs, and say, 'It is all right, Harry; *that* fetched 'em.' But I know, by experience, she did: so *sauve qui peut*; dear friend and fellow-lunatic, for my sake and yours, leave Frankfort with me to-morrow."

Severne hung his head, and thought hard. Here was a new and wonderful turn. He felt all manner of strange things; a pang of

jealousy for one. He felt that, on every account, it would be wise to go; and, indeed, dangerous to stay. But a mania is a mania, and so he could not. "Look here, old fellow," he said; "if the opera was on to-morrow, I would leave my three hundred behind me, and sacrifice myself to you, sooner than expose you to the fascinations of so captivating a woman as Ina Klosking."

"Ina Klosking? Is that her name? How do you know?"

"I—I—fancy I heard so."

"Why, she was not announced. Ina Klosking! it is a sweet name," and he sighed.

"But you are quite safe from *her* for one day," continued Severne, "so you *must* be reasonable. I will go with you, Tuesday, as early as you like; but do be a good fellow, and let me have the five hundred, to try my system with to-morrow."

Vizard looked sad, and made no reply.

Severne got impatient. "Why, what is it to a rich fellow like you? If I had twelve thousand acres in a ring fence, no friend would ask me twice for such a trifling sum."

Vizard, for the first time, wore a supercilious smile at being so misunderstood, and did not deign a reply.

Severne went on mistaking his man: "I can give you bills for the money, and for the three hundred you did lend me."

Vizard did not receive this as expected. "Bills?" said he, gravely. "What, do you do that sort of thing as well?"

"Why not, pray? So long as I'm the holder, not the drawer nor the acceptor. Besides, they are not accommodation bills, but good commercial paper."

"You are a merchant, then; are you?"

"Yes; in a small way. If you will allow me, I will explain."

He did so: and to save comments, yet enable the reader to appreciate his explanation, the true part of it is printed in italics; the mendacious portion in ordinary type.

"*My estate in Huntingdonshire is not very large; and there are mortgages on it*, for the benefit of other members of my family. I was always desirous to pay off these mortgages; and took the best advice I could. *I have got an uncle*: he lives in the city. He put me on to a good thing. I bought a share in a trading vessel; she makes short trips, and turns her cargo often. She will take out paper to America, and bring back raw cotton: she will land that at Liverpool, and ship English hardware and cotton fabrics for the Mediterranean and Greece, and bring back currants from Xante, and lemons from Portugal. She goes for the nimble shilling. Well, you know ships wear out: *and if you varnish them rotten, and insure them high, and they go to glory, Mr Plimsoll is down on you like a hammer*. So, when she had paid my purchase-money three times over, some fellows in the city made an offer for 'The Rover:' that was her name. My share came to twelve hundred, and my uncle said I was to take it. *Now I always feel bound by what he decides*. They gave me four bills, for four hundred, three hundred, three hundred, and two hundred. The four hundred was paid at maturity. *The others are not due yet*. I have only to send them to London, and I can get the money back by Thursday: but you want me to start on Tuesday."

"That is enough," said Vizard, wearily; "I will be your banker, and——"

"You are a good fellow," said Severne, warmly.

"No, no; I am a weak fellow, and an injudicious one. But it is the

old story : when a friend asks you what he thinks a favour, the right thing is to grant it at once. He doesn't want your advice ; he wants the one thing he asks for. There, get me the bills, and I'll draw a cheque on Müller : Herries advised him by Saturday's post ; so we can draw on Monday."

"All right, old man," said Severne, and went away briskly for the bills.

When he got from the balcony into the room, his steps flagged a little ; it struck him that ink takes time to dry, and more time to darken.

As the Rover, with her nimble cargoes, was first cousin to the Flying Dutchman, with his crew of ghosts, so the bills received by Severne as purchase-money for his ship, necessarily partook of that ship's aerial character. Indeed they existed, as the schoolmen used to say, *in posse*, but not *in esse*. To be less pedantic and more exact, they existed as slips of blank paper with a Government stamp. To give them a mercantile character for a time—viz., until presented for payment—they must be drawn by an imaginary shipowner or a visionary merchant, and endorsed by at least one shadow and a man of straw.

The man of straw sat down to inscribe self and shadows, and became a dishonest writer of fiction ; for the art he now commenced appears to fall short of forgery proper, but to be still more distinct from justifiable fiction. The ingenious Mr Defoe's certificate by an aerial justice of the peace to the truth of his ghostly narrative comes nearest to it in my poor reading.

Qualms he had, but not deep. If the bills were drawn by Imagination, accepted by Fancy, and endorsed by Impudence, what did it matter to Ned Straw, since his system would enable him to redeem

them at maturity ? His only real concern was to conceal their recent origin. So he wrote them with a broad-nibbed pen, that they might be the blacker, and set them to dry in the sun.

He then proceeded to a change of toilet.

While thus employed, there was a sharp tap at his door, and Vizard's voice outside. Severne started with terror, snapped up the three bills with the dexterity of a conjuror—the handle turned—he shoved them into a drawer—Vizard came in—he shut the drawer, and panted.

Vizard had followed the custom of Oxonians, amongst themselves, which is to knock, and then come in, unless forbidden.

"Come," said he, cheerfully, "those bills ; I'm in a hurry to cash them now, and end the only difference we have ever had, old fellow."

The blood left Severne's cheek and lips for a moment, and he thought swiftly and hard. The blood returned, along with his ready wit. "How good you are !" said he : "but no ; it is Sunday."

"Sunday !" shouted Vizard. "What is that to you, a fellow who has been years abroad ?"

"I can't help it," said Severne, apologetically. "I am superstitious—don't like to do business on a Sunday. I would not even shunt at the tables on a Sunday—I don't think."

"Ah, you are not quite sure of that ; there is a limit to your superstition ! Well, will you listen to a story on a Sunday ?"

"Rather."

"Then, once on a time there was a Scotch farmer who had a bonny cow ; and another farmer coveted her honestly. One Sunday they went home together from kirk, and there was the cow grazing. Farmer 2 stopped, eyed her, and said to

Farmer I,—‘Gin it were Monday, as it is the Sabba’ day, what would ye tak’ for your coo?’ The other said the price would be nine pounds, *if it was Monday*. And so they kept the Sabbath; and the cow changed hands, though, to the naked eye, she grazed on *in situ*. Our negotiation is just as complete. So what does it matter whether the actual exchange of bills and cash takes place to-day or to-morrow?”

“Do you really mean to say it does not matter to you?” asked Severne.

“Not one straw.”

“Then, as it does not matter to you, and does to me, give me my foolish way, like a dear good fellow.”

“Now, that is smart,” said Vizard—“very smart;” then, with a look of parental admiration,—“he gets his own way in everything. He *will* have your money—he *won’t* have your money. I wonder whether he *will* consent to walk those girls out, and disburden me of their too profitable discourse.”

“That I will, with pleasure.”

“Well, they are at luncheon—with their bonnets on.”

“I will join them in five minutes.”

After luncheon, Miss Vizard, Miss Dover, and Mr Severne started for a stroll.

Miss Maitland suggested that Vizard should accompany them.

“Couldn’t think of deserting you,” said he, drily.

The young ladies giggled, because these two rarely opened their mouths to agree,—one being a professed woman-hater, and the other a man-hater, in words.

Says Misander, in a sourish way, “Since you value my conversation so, perhaps you will be good enough not to smoke for the next ten minutes.”

Misogyn consented, but sighed. That sigh went unpitied, and the lady wasted no time.

“Do you see what is going on between your sister and that young man?”

“Yes; a little flirtation.”

“A great deal more than that. I caught them, in this very room, making love.”

“You alarm me,” said Vizard, with marked tranquillity.

“I saw him—kiss—her—hand.”

“You relieve me,” said Vizard, as calmly as he had been alarmed. “There’s no harm in that. I’ve kissed the Queen’s hand, and the nation did not rise upon me. However, I object to it; the superior sex should not play the spaniel. I will tell him to drop that. But, permit me to say all this is in your department, not mine.”

“But what can I do against three of them, unless you support me? There you have let them go out together.”

“Together with Fanny Dover, you mean?”

“Yes; and if Fanny had any designs on him, Zoe would be safe—”

“And poor Ned torn in two.”

“But Fanny, I am grieved to say, seems inclined to assist this young man with Zoe; that is, because it does not matter to her. She has other views—serious ones.”

“Serious! What? A nunnery? Then I pity my lady abbess.”

“Her views are plain enough to anybody but you.”

“Are they? Then make me as wise as my neighbours.”

“Well, then, she means to marry you.”

“What! Oh, come!—that is too good a joke!”

“It is sober earnest. Ask Zoe—ask your friend Mr Severne—ask the chamber-maids—ask any crea-

ture with an eye in its head. Oh the blindness of you men !”

The Misogyn was struck dumb. When he recovered, it was to repine at the lot of man.

“Even my own familiar cousin—once removed—in whom I trusted ! I depute you to inform her that I think her *adorable*, and that matrimony is no longer a habit of mine. Set her on to poor Severne ; he is a ladies’ man, and ‘the more the merrier’ is his creed.”

“Such a girl as Fanny is not to be diverted from a purpose of that sort. Besides, she has too much sense to plunge into the Severne and—pauperism ! She is bent on a rich husband, not a needy adventurer.”

“Madam, in my friend’s name, I thank you.”

“You are very welcome, sir—it is only the truth.” Then, with a swift return to her original topic : “No ; I know perfectly well what Fanny Dover will do this afternoon. She sketches.”

“It is too true,” said Vizard, dolefully : “showed me a ship in full sail, and I praised it *in my way*. I said, ‘That rock is rather well done.’”

“Well, she will be seized with a desire to sketch. She will sit down apart, and say : ‘Please don’t watch me—it makes me nervous.’ The other two will take the hint, and make love a good way off ; and Zoe will go greater lengths, with another woman in sight—but only just in sight, and slyly encouraging her—than if she was quite alone with her *mauvais sujet*.”

Vizard was pleased with the old lady.

“This is sagacious,” said he, “and shows an eye for detail. I recognise in your picture the foxy sex. But, at this moment, who can foretell which way the wind will blow ? You are not aware, perhaps, that Zoe and Fanny have

had a quarrel. They don’t speak. Now, in women, you know, vices are controlled by vices—see Pope. The conspiracy you dread will be averted by the other faults of their character, their jealousy, and their petulant tempers. Take my word for it, they are sparring at this moment ; and that poor, silly Severne mediating and moderating, and getting scratched on both sides for trying to be just.”

At this moment the door opened, and Fanny Dover glittered on the threshold in Cambridge blue.

“There,” said Vizard ; “did not I tell you ? They are come home.”

“Only me,” said Fanny, gaily.

“Where are the others ?” inquired Miss Maitland, sharply.

“Not far off—only by the river-side.”

“And you left those two alone !”

“Now don’t be cross, aunt,” cried Fanny, and limped up to her. “These new boots are so tight, I really couldn’t bear them any longer. I believe I shall be lame as it is.”

“You ought to be ashamed of yourself. What will the people say ?”

“La, aunt ! it is Abroad. One does what one likes—out of England.”

“Here’s a code of morals !” said Vizard, who must have his slap.

“Nonsense,” said Miss Maitland ; “she will be sure to meet somebody. All England is on the Rhine at this time of year ; and, whether or no, is it for you to expose that child to familiarity with a person nobody knows, nor his family either ? You are twenty-five years old ; you know the world ; you have as poor an opinion of the man as I have, or you would have set your own cap at him—you know you would ; and you have let out things to me when you were off your guard. Fanny Dover, you are behaving wickedly ; you are a false friend to that poor girl.”

Upon this, lo! the pert Fanny, hitherto so ready with her answers, began to cry bitterly; the words really pricked her conscience; and to be scolded is one thing, to be severely and solemnly reproached is another—and before a man!

The official woman-hater was melted in a moment by the saucy girl's tears. "There—there," said he, kindly; "have a little mercy. Hang it all! don't make a mountain of a mole-hill."

The official man-hater never moved a muscle. "It is no use her crying to *me*: she must give me a *proof* she is sorry. Fanny, if you are a respectable girl, and have any idea of being my heir, go you this moment and bring them home."

"Yes, aunt," said Fanny, eagerly; and went off with wonderful alacrity.

It was a very long apartment, full forty feet; and while Fanny bustled down it, Miss Maitland extended a skinny finger, like one of Macbeth's witches, and directed Vizard's eye to the receding figure so pointedly, that he put up his spy-glass the better to see the phenomenon.

As Fanny skipped out and closed the door, Miss Maitland turned to Vizard, with lean finger still pointing after Fanny, and uttered a monosyllable—

"LAME!"

Vizard burst out laughing. "*La fourbe!*" said he. "Miss Maitland, accept my compliments; you possess the key to a sex no fellow can unlock. And now I have found an interpreter, I begin to be interested in this little comedy. The first act is just over. There will be half an hour's wait till the simulatrix of infirmity comes running back with the pilgrims of the Rhine. Are they 'the pilgrims of the Rhine' or 'the pilgrims of Love?' Time will show. Play to recommence with a verbal encounter: you will be one against

three; for all that, I don't envy the greater number."

"Three to one? No. Surely you will be on the right side for once."

"Well, you see, I am the audience. We can't be all *dramatis personæ*, and no spectator. During the wait, I wonder whether the audience, having nothing better to do, may be permitted to smoke a cigar."

"So long a lucid interval is irksome, of course. Well, the balcony is your smoking-room. You will see them coming; please tap at my door the moment you do."

Half an hour elapsed, an hour, and the personages required to continue the comedy did not return.

Vizard, having nothing better to do, fell to thinking of Ina Klosking, and that was not good for him. Solitude and *ennui* fed his mania, and at last it took the form of action. He rang, and ordered up his man Harris, a close, discreet personage, and directed him to go over to Homburg and bring back all the information he could about the new singer; her address in Homburg, married or single, prude or coquette. Should information be withheld, Harris was to fee the porter at the opera-house, the waiter at her hotel, and all the human commodities that knew anything about her.

Having dismissed Harris, he lighted his seventh cigar, and said to himself, "It is all Ned Severne's fault. I wanted to leave for England to-day."

The day had been overcast for some time, and now a few big drops fell, by way of warning. Then it turned cool; then came a light drizzling rain, and, in the middle of this, Fanny Dover appeared, almost flying home.

Vizard went and tapped at Miss Maitland's door. She came out.

"Here's Miss Dover coming, but she is alone."

IN A STUDIO.—CONVERSATION NO. V.

Belton. Is this Freedom's temple? Is this door its portal? If so, here is a subject for your art. Behold me. I am the Washington of Robert Treat Paine—repulsing with his breast the assaults of the thunder, and conducting "every flash to the deep" with the point of my sword. Listen—

"Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts ne'er could rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For, unmoved at its portal would Washington stand,
And repulse with his breast the assaults of the thunder."

Mallett. Bravo! Bravo!

Belton. I have not been able to get those lines out of my mind since you repeated them the other day. I have been reciting them to myself ever since, in a loud declamatory tone, striking an attitude, and repulsing with my breast the assault of the thunder. Tell me something more about this amazing Paine.

Mallett. After our conversation the other day, on my return home, I refreshed my own memory by reading a biographical sketch of him by his friend Mr Charles Prentiss; and being in the vein, I then took up the life of Dr Darwin, the famous poet, written by the scarcely less famous Miss Anna Seward. They amused me so much that I have brought them both down to the studio to read you some choice passages from each.

Belton. Pray do.

Mallett. To begin with Robert Treat Paine. Slightly as you may think of his genius, he was thought to be the great poet of his age in America. Mr Prentiss says of his poems that "they are the legitimate and indisputable heirs of immortality;" and he boldly prophesies that "he will take his place, not by the

courtesy of the coming age, but by the full and consentient suffrage of posterity, on the same shelf with the prince of English rhyme"—by whom he means, of course, Dryden.

Belton. Does it not make one doubt our own judgment of our contemporaries, when we hear such trumpeting as this about a man whose very name has now passed into oblivion?

Mallett. Ah! you never came in contact with him personally, and you can therefore form little idea of the influence he exerted. Mr Selfridge, his friend, says of him: "Once engaged he was an electric battery; approach him and he scintillated—touch him and he emitted a blaze."

Belton. What a tremendous fellow, to be sure!

Mallett. This was the judgment formed of his powers, not by common vulgar flatterers, but by men of ability and distinction, such as Mr Selfridge and Mr Prentiss, both of whom were men of very considerable power and repute.

Belton. All I can say is that it is simply amazing.

Mallett. Great as the temporary reputation of Paine was in America, the reputation of Dr Darwin in England was higher and wider. The distinction which he won in his profession of medicine was overshadowed by his fame as a poet; and his admirable medical works were held in far less esteem than the pompous, artificial, and ingeniously absurd poems of 'The Botanic Garden,' and the 'Loves of the Plants,' with their gnomes and nymphs and ridiculous impersonations, which were afterwards so admirably travestied by Canning in his 'Loves of the Triangles.' If anything could be more absurd than

the poems themselves in their form, conception, and execution, it would be Miss Seward's criticisms of them. Indeed it is scarcely possible to believe that such a work as her 'Life of Dr Darwin' could have been written in the present century:—its stilted style, its unnatural verbiage, its pompous solemnity, are so out of keeping with our modern habits of thought, feeling, and expression. Let me read you some passages—

"Poetry," says Miss Seward, "has nothing more sublime than this, the picture of a town on fire.

"From dome to dome, when flames infuriate climb,
Sweep the long street, invest the tower sublime,
Gild the tall vanes amid the astonished night,
And reddening heaven returns the sanguine light;
While with vast strides and bristling hair aloof,
Pale Danger glides along the falling roof;
And giant Terror howling in amaze,
Moves his dark limbs along the lurid blaze.
Nymphs! you first taught the gelid wave to rise,
Hurled in resplendent arches to the skies;
In iron cells condensed the airy spring,
And imp'd the torrent with unfailing wing;
On the fierce flames the stream impetuous falls,
And sudden darkness shrouds the shattered walls;
Steam, smoke, and dust in blended volumes roll,
And night and silence repossess the pole."

There! what do you think of that?

Belton. I feel like giant Terror—I "howl in amaze."

Mallett. I was sure you would be impressed by this. Think of "imping a torrent with unfailing wing," and the "vast strides and bristling hair" of Danger, and the "gelid waves" of the fire-engine, "hurled in resplendent arches to the skies." Think of night and silence repossess-

ing the pole like two tame bears. But let me read you now some passages from Miss Seward's "Analysis of the Botanic Garden." "After that landscape of the scene which forms the exordium, the Goddess of Botany descends in gorgeous gaiety."

Belton. "Gorgeous gaiety!" Good heavens!

Mallett. Yes, gorgeous gaiety; and she thus makes her appearance—

"She comes, the Goddess, through the whispering air,
Bright as the morn descends her blushing car."

"Spring welcomes her with fragrance and with song, and to receive her commission the four elements attend. They are allegorised as gnomes, water-nymphs, and sylphs, and nymphs of fire. Her address to each class and the business she allots to them form the four cantos of the first part of the poem. The ladies of Ignition receive her primal attention."

Belton. No! You have invented that.

Mallett. I could not invent anything half so good. Be patient. "The picture with which her address commences is of consummate brilliance and grace. Behold it, reader, and judge if this praise be too glowing!"

"Nymphs of primeval fire! your vestal train,
Hung with gold tresses o'er the vast inane,
Pierced with your silver shafts the throne of night,
And charmed young nature's opening eyes with light."

Belton. "Vast inane" indeed!

Mallett. Listen, and don't interrupt. "The Darwinian creation which ensues charms us infinitely, even while we recollect the simpler greatness on the page of Moses, and on its sublime paraphrase in the 'Paradise Lost.' The creation in this

poem is astronomic, and involves the universe, and as such is of excellence unequalled in its kind, and never to be excelled in the grandeur of its conceptions.

“ ‘Let there be light! proclaimed the almighty Lord,
Astonished Chaos heard the potent word;
Through all his realms the kindling Ether runs,
And the mass starts into a million suns.
Earths round each sun with quick explosions burst,
And second planets issue from the first;
Bend, as they journey with projectile force,
In bright ellipses their reluctant course.
Orbs wheel in orbs, round centres centres roll,
And form, self-balanced, one revolving whole.
Onward they move amid their bright abode,
Space without bound—the bosom of their God.’ ”

And listen to this commentary—
“The word of the Creator setting into instant and universal blaze the ignited particles of Chaos till they burst into countless suns, is an idea sublime in the first degree.”

Belton. Sublime indeed! It is more like the fireworks and the girandola of Castel St Angelo than anything I ever read. What would Dr Darwin of to-day say to all this? Here is “evolution” with a vengeance! I think it almost unhandsome, after the first Dr Darwin had so satisfactorily arranged creation in a moment, and astonished Chaos, that his descendant should undertake to “evolve” nature by such tedious processes.

Mallett. Miss Seward continues—“The subsequent comments of the goddess on the powers of the nymphs of fire, introduce pictures of the lightning and the rainbow, the exterior sky, the twilight, the meteor, the aurora borealis—of the planets, the comet, and all the *ethereal blaze* of the universe.”

Belton. Comprehensive. Anything else?

Mallett. “She next exhibits her as superintending the subterranean and external volcanoes.

“ ‘You from deep cauldrons and unmeasured caves
Blow flaming airs or pour vitrescent waves;
O’er shining oceans ray volcanic light,
Or hurl innocuous embers through the night.’ ”

Belton. Why innocuous?

Mallett. Have you any objection to “innocuous” as a word?

Belton. Does it mean anything?

Mallett. Oh, this is “to consider too curiously.” Why should it mean anything? But let me go on. “The goddess proceeds to remind her handmaids of their employments, says they lead their glittering bands around the sinking day, and, when the sun retreats, confine in the folds of air his lingering fires to the cold bosom of earth.

“ ‘O’er eve’s pale forms diffuse phosphoric light,
And deck with lambent flames the shrine of night.’ ”

Now mark what Miss Seward says of this. “Surely there cannot be a more beautiful description of a vernal twilight. The phosphorescent quality of the Bolognian stone, Beccari’s prismatic shells, and the harp of Memnon, which is recorded to have breathed spontaneous chords when shone upon by the rising sun, are all compared to the glimmerings of the horizon. So, also, the luminous insects, the glowworm, the fire-flies of the tropics, the fabulous *ignis fatuus*, and the *Gymnotus electricus*, brought to England from Surinam in South America about the year 1783—a fish whose electric power is a provocation mortal to his enemy. He is compared to the Olympian eagle that bears the lightning in his talons.” There! what do you think of that?

Belton. Give me the book. You have invented, at least, a part of

it, as you are accustomed to do. I am up to your tricks.

Mallett. No ; on my word, I have not interpolated a word. See for yourself.

Belton. I can scarce believe my own eyes. How prettily that bit of information is introduced about the *Gymnotus electricus* brought from Surinam in South America about the year 1783 !

Mallett. Shall I go on—or do I bore you ?

Belton. Pray go on.

Mallett. “The Fourth Canto opens with a sunrise and a rainbow, each of Homeric excellency. The Muse of Botany gazes enchanted on the scene, and swells the song of Paphos” (whatever that may happen to be) “to softer chords. Her poet adds—

“ ‘Long aisles of oaks returned the silver sound,
And amorous echoes talked along the ground.’ ”

Belton. Beautiful ! beautiful !! beautiful !!!

“And amorous echoes talked along the ground.”

“Amorous echoes” ! That is the finest thing I have heard yet.

Mallett. Restrain your enthusiasm. After a short digression, Miss Seward continues : “But to resume, the botanic goddess and her enumeration of the interesting employments of the third class of nymphs, their disposal of those bright waters which make Britain irriguous, verdant, and fertile.”

Belton. Irriguous ?

Mallett. Yes, irriguous ; and I will, as Bardolph says, “maintain the word with my sword to be a good soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven !” Irriguous, “that is when a country is, as they say, irriguous, or when a country is being whereby a’ may be thought to be irriguous, which is an excellent thing.” But

to leave Bardolph and go on with Miss Seward—“we find this beautiful couplet in the course of the passage—

“ ‘You with nice ear on tiptoe strains pervade
Dim walks of morn or evening’s silent shade.’ ”

Belton. “Tiptoe strains” is good.

Mallett. Good ? Miss Seward does not only think it good—she cries out in her enthusiasm, “What an exquisite picture !” I shall now only cite one other passage, and then I will lend you the book to read for yourself. And this shall be the description of a simoom—or rather of Simoom—for of course he is personified :

“Arrest Simoom amid his waste of sand,
The poisoned javelin balanced in his hand ;

Fierce on blue streams he rides the tainted air,

Points his keen eye and waves his whistling hair ;

While, as he turns, the undulating soil
Rolls in red waves and billowy deserts boil.”

“This,” says Miss Seward, “is a fine picture of the Demon of Pestilence. The speed of his approach is marked by the strong current of air in which he passed, and by the term ‘whistling’ as applied to his hair.” There, I have done.

Belton. “Points his keen eye, and waves his whistling hair.” Magnificent ! It’s all very well to talk about arresting Simoom—with his keen eye pointed and his whistling hair, while billowy deserts are boiling round you ; but I distinctly decline to make the attempt. What a subject for a picture ! In fact, what a series of pictures could be made from this work !

Mallett. There is one couplet of Paine’s—I am sorry that it is the only one I can bring into definite form out of vague mists of my memory—which is worthy of a place with some of these. Such as it is I

give it you. Some tremendous convulsion of nature is anticipated by him for some purpose, and he closes with these lines—

“And the vast alcove of creation blaze,
Till nature's self the Vandal torch should raise.”

Belton. Did you ever read Barlow's ‘Columbiad,’ the great epic of the American revolution?

Mallett. All of it? Gott bewahr! I have read a good deal of it, however, in pure amusement, but it has all gone out of my memory. But there is no foolishness which is not to be found in verse, and there is no verse so bad that it does not find readers.

Belton. Do you remember in our young days a fellow who called himself the Lynn bard?

Mallett. Perfectly, and he used to wander along the shores of the *πολυφλοισβοιοῦς θαλασσης*, and wildly gesticulate to the winds and the sea, and wave his whistling hair and point his keen eye, and pour forth his feelings in verse. One of his poems, I remember, commenced thus—

“The moon was rising on the sea,
Round as the fruit of orange tree;
I wandered forth to meet my dear,
And found her sitting right down here.”

Belton. And then there was a remarkable Southern poet, over whose verses we used to “laugh consumedly” in our university days.

Mallett. “By cock and pie, sir,” I remember him well. He was a tremendous Pistol, who never would “aggravate his choler” in verse, though, I daresay he was a quiet peaceable gentleman enough at home and in prose, with a “mellifluous voice,” and a “sweet and contagious man, i’ faith.” A few of his verses still stick in my mind, and I think—

Belton. Let us have them.

Mallett. They are but few; but let us not measure quality by quan-

tity — *numerantur non ponderantur*. They are out of a long wild poem, not destitute of a certain straggling untrained talent, though mixed up with such fustian and folly that we used to roar with laughter over them. Scene, midnight—a wild stormy night—a lover in despair—he goes to the window—

“He raised the lattice, oped the blind,
He looked around, before, behind,
And when he heard the hinges skreak,
He thought it was his Lena's shriek.

For Lena was divinely fair,
But he had swapped her for despair.”

Belton. That is a magnificent idea—swapping your lady-love for despair. And skreak is good too—very good. “Good phrases are surely and ever were very commendable.”

Mallett. And yet, after all, laugh as we may over these absurdities, there is something melancholy in the thought of the hours, months, and even years, that were spent over these poems—of the hopes, ambitions, which falsely cheered the authors as they wrote—of the amount of talent and toil wasted upon them that was destined never to be rewarded. Even in the midst of our laughter we are almost tempted to weep over these abortive efforts for the immortality of fame. Every jeer of criticism is a deadly stab to hopes that were sweet almost as life—to ambitions which were pure as they were foolish. When this thought comes over one, criticism seems cruel, and our laugh has a Satanic echo.

Belton. Don't get sentimental.

Mallett. Do you remember that absurd statue of Moses that stands over the fountain at the entrance of the Piazza de' Termini?

Belton. Oh yes! that squat, broad, fierce-looking figure swaddled in heavy draperies, and so stunted that it seems to have no legs.

Mallett. The same. Well, there is a story connected with that, sad enough to make one pause before uttering a savage jeer of criticism. The sculptor, whose very name is fortunately buried in oblivion, was young, enthusiastic, ambitious, and self-reliant; and when the commission to make this statue was given to him, he boasted that he would model a Moses that should entirely eclipse that of Michael Angelo. It was a foolish boast, but he was young and ardent, and let us forgive him his boast. Filled with a noble ambition to excel, he shut himself up in his studio, and laboured strenuously and in secret on his work. At last it was finished, and the doors were thrown open to the public. But instead of the full acclaim of Fame which he had expected, he only heard reverberating from all sides cries of derision and scorn, and, driven to desperation and madness by this cruel shattering of all his hopes, he rushed to the Tiber and drowned himself.

Belton. So much the better, perhaps. We have probably been saved some very bad statues; and we have more than enough of these already.

Mallett. Don't sneer at him. Nothing is so easy as to sneer. I call this only sad, and all the more sad because the artist really had talent and power. Absurd in many respects as this statue is, it shows vigour and purpose. It does not sin on the side of weakness, but of exaggeration; and time and study would probably have tamed him down to truth and nature. But the blow was too sudden, and he fell beneath it.

Belton. 'Tis as Ulysses says—

“No man is the lord of anything,
Though in and of him there be much
consisting,
Till he communicate his parts to others.

Nor doth he in himself know them for
aught
Till he behold them formed in the ap-
plause
Where they're extended—which, like an
arch, reverberates
The voice again, or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders
back
His figure and his heat.”

Mallett. And when that arch reverberates only the cries of scorn, what wonder that a sensitive mind goes mad?

Belton. I believe that to most authors censure gives more pain than praise does pleasure. The arrow of fault-finding has a poisonous barb that rankles in the wound it makes. One would have thought that Voltaire had a rhinoceros epidermis in such matters—that, scorner and bitter critic as he was himself, he would have accepted criticism on his own works at least with calmness; but Madame de Graffigny says of him that he “was altogether indifferent to praise, while the least word from his enemies drove him crazy.” Take again, among many others who might be mentioned, Sir Walter Scott. He tells us that he made it a rule never to read an attack upon himself; and Captain Hall, quoting this statement, adds: “Praise, he says, gives him no pleasure, and censure annoys him.” I have known several distinguished authors in our own day who refused to read any criticisms, favourable or otherwise, of their works; and one who always fled the country when publishing a book.

Mallett. Criticism is not certainly like—

“The bat of Indian brakes,
Whose pinions fan the wound it makes;
And soothing thus the dreamer's pain,
It sucks the life-blood from his vein.”

You cannot expect any one to relish attacks on his works, or criticism and fault-finding, however just. Sir Walter found probably that censure

of his writings, while it gave him pain, did him no good, as it always came too late. This with him, as with many others, did not arise from any self-sufficiency, or over-estimate of himself and of what he had achieved. In the Introduction to the 'Lady of the Lake' he says: "As the celebrated John Wilkes is said to have explained to his late Majesty, that he himself, amid his full tide of popularity, was never a Wilkite; so can I with honest truth exculpate myself from ever having been a partisan of my own poetry, even when it was in the highest fashion with the million."

Belton. Still a man must believe in himself, or he will do nothing great. If he had no faith in his work, there would be no sufficient spur and motive to do it.

Mallett. While we are doing it, yes; but after it is done, no. One might as well fall in love with one's own face, as with one's own work. It is astonishing, after it is done, how flat, tame, and unsatisfactory seem those passages which in the writing seemed so lively, spirited, and clever. There is always a terrible back-water after a thing is done.

Belton. Perhaps. Yet authors generally seem to be amazingly fond of their own works. As long as you praise them, they pretend to be modest; but attack them, and they will start up to prove that the very defects you point out constitute their greatest merits.

Mallett. What a wonderful worker Scott was! In quantity, to say nothing of quality, I know of no English writer of his time who can be compared with him; though in later days others have equalled him in the number of their works. He wrote, if I remember right, some 90 volumes. Of these, 48 volumes of novels, and 21 of history and biography, were produced between

1814 and 1831, or in about 17 years; which alone would give an average of 4 volumes a-year, or one for every three months. But, besides these, he had already written 21 volumes of poetry and prose, which had been previously published. And all this was done with an ease which seems astonishing, leaving him time to devote himself to society and all sorts of other occupations. That marvellous hand was never weary. The stream of fancy and invention never ran dry. Temporary disease did not check his inspiration, and one of his most striking works—one indeed in which he touched perhaps the highest point of his genius, 'The Bride of Lammermoor,'—was dictated from a bed of sickness. Not until paralysis had struck him down, and the hand of death was on him, did that pen, which had so long enchanted the world, drop from his hand. And what a loss he was! What possibilities of joy and delight and feeling died with him, when the splendour of his genius, which had so long shed its glory on Scotland, dropped below the horizon! But go where you will in that romantic land, his genius still irradiates it. There is scarcely a rock, or a crag, or a lake, a city, a town, or a village, where his ideal creations do not live and walk and breathe, more real than the actual men and women who tread the streets, or climb the fastnesses, or trample upon the heath of Scotland.

Belton. I am glad to hear you speak with such enthusiasm of him. It is the fashion, I fear, now to rank him in literature far lower than he deserves—

"So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time.
One fire drives out one fire, one nail one
nail."

When he wrote he was almost alone in the field. But literature has

since swarmed with novelists, and tastes have changed.

Mallett. I don't know that they have altogether changed for the better. Where is the "Great Magician" to take his place? For great magician he was; and out of the realms of history and of ideal regions beyond our ken, he had the art to evoke beings of the past, and of the imagination, with whom to delight us. Over all the scenery of Scotland he threw a veil of poetic enchantment. He amused us with his rich humour, he excited us with thrilling incidents, he painted with equal facility the days of chivalry and the common life of the people of his day. Some of the characters he drew are living portraits, drawn with wonderful truth to nature. What can be more admirable in drawing than Andrew Fairservice, Edie Ochiltree, Caleb Balderstone, the Antiquary Monkbarns, Dugald Dalgetty, Mause and Cuddie Headrigg, and a score of others in his comic gallery? What more touching and simple than Jeanie Deans? What more romantic than the Master of Ravenswood? What more fanatically powerful than Balfour of Burley? In his female heroines he was less successful; and it is only exceptionally that he gives us such spirited sketches as *Die Vernon* and *Rebecca*. But in his secondary female characters he is admirable, and in many of his men masterly. To me one of the most remarkable figures he ever drew was that of Conachar. Nothing could be more difficult than to provoke at once pity, contempt, and sympathy for a coward. Yet he has successfully achieved this feat; and, as far as I can recollect, it is the sole instance in English literature where such an attempt was ever made. More than this, he has drawn two cowards in this remarkable novel—each quite different from the other,

and contrasted with eminent skill—the comic, swaggering, good-natured, fussy little coward, *Oliver Proudfoot*, who provokes a perpetual smile; and the sullen, irritable, proud, and revengeful coward *Conachar*, whom we cannot but pity, while we despise him. '*The Fair Maid of Perth*' was always a favourite of mine. It has perhaps more variety of interest, incident, and characters than any he ever wrote, and it never flags. Think of *Ramorny*, *Rothsay*, and *Bonthron*; the sturdy smith, and his comic reflection *Proudfoot*; *Dwining* the physician; *Simon Glover* the plain burgess; *Conachar* the apprentice and the chief of his clan, and his heroic foster-father, who was ready to sacrifice life, family, everything for his weak-hearted foster-son. Think of the gay morrice-dancers, the riot and recklessness of the Duke and his boon companions, the darkened chamber of the mutilated *Ramorny*, and his grim interview with *Rothsay* and *Dwining*, the glee-woman at the castle, and the troubles of the honest and fiery smith, the pathetic death of the young prince, and the silence and horror that is thrown over it, and the exciting, vivid, and bloody fray of the clan *Chattan* and the clan *Quhele*, which is epic in its character. What variety, what interest, what excitement there is throughout!

Belton. This novel was a favourite also of Goethe, which it may give you satisfaction to know; but I do not think ordinarily that it is reckoned one of Scott's best novels.

Mallett. Tastes differ. I only speak for myself. I always read it with pleasure.

Belton. You were speaking of the wonderful fertility of his genius, and of the amount of work he did. It is indeed surprising; but in quantity he cannot compare with

Lope de Vega, who, I fancy, is the most voluminous of all writers, and whose fertility of creation and ease of execution seems simply marvellous. He left, it is said, no less than 21 million 300 thousand verses in print, besides a mass of MSS. According to the account of Montalvan, himself a voluminous writer and the intimate friend of De Vega, he furnished the theatre with 1800 regular plays, and 400 autos or religious dramas. He himself states that he composed more than 100 comedies in the almost incredibly short space of 24 hours each, each comedy averaging between two and three thousand verses, a great part of them rhymed and interspersed with sonnets and difficult forms of versification. One would suppose that this was enough for any man to do; but besides this his time was occupied by various other occupations than writing. Nor did he break down under this labour: on the contrary, he lived to a good old age, dying when he was seventy-two, and thoroughly enjoying life. Supposing him to have given fifty years of his life to composition alone, he must have averaged a play a week, without taking into consideration 21 volumes quarto, 7 miscellaneous works including 5 epics, all of which are in print.

Mallett. The quantity is overpowering; but the quality, how is that?

Belton. Remarkably good, considering the quantity. They had great success when they were written, though tastes have changed, and only very few of them still keep possession of the stage in Spain. Montalvan tells rather an amusing story about one of these plays. It seems that he himself once undertook, in connection with Lope, to furnish the theatre with a comedy at very short notice: accordingly he rose at 2 o'clock in the

morning in order to get through with his half of the play, and by 11 o'clock he had completed it. When one considers that a play ordinarily covered from 30 to 40 pages, each of 100 lines, this seems an extraordinary feat in itself, exhibiting at least immense facility. Six lines a minute is about as fast as one can easily write, merely mechanically; and to achieve this feat, Montalvan must have averaged this number every minute for nine hours, with no pause for invention or hesitation. Having finished his work, he went down to walk in the garden, and there found his brother poet Lope pruning an orange-tree. "Well, how did you get on?" said he. "Very well," answered Lope; "I rose early, at about five, and after I had finished my work I ate my breakfast; since then I have written a letter of fifty triplets, and watered the whole garden, which has tired me a good deal." What do you say to that?

Mallett. I don't believe it: I don't think merely mechanically it would be possible. This would have required him to write 9 lines a minute, and there are very few persons who can copy 5 lines, though word for word it be read out to them in that space of time. I write very fast, and it takes me that time to write 7—I have tried it.

Belton. I merely repeat the story of Montalvan: and I suppose many of the lines are very short; he may have used shorthand.

Mallett. That alone could in my belief have made it possible. Such excessive production must, however, lead to mannerism and repetition. The mind requires fallow times of leisure between its harvests. The stream finally runs shallow if too much be constantly drawn from it.

Belton. One cannot give absolute rules in such cases. Genius

is with some a perennial spring, which never runs dry; with others it is a petroleum well, which suddenly goes out; but with the highest minds it is like a light which is not spent with giving.

Mallett. A bad comparison, for the light itself consumes the candle.

Belton. As the mind consumes the flesh, but not itself. But since you object to my figures of speech, let me call in Shakespeare to help me:—

“Our poesy is as a gum which oozes
From whence ’tis nourished: the fire in
the flint

Shows not till it be struck; *our* gentle
flame

Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes.”

Shallow minds fall soon into mannerism, but great minds are not to be bounded by old limits. They overflow their banks in times of fulness, and go ever on, enlarging and deepening their currents. Besides, does not one’s mind strengthen as much as one’s muscles by constant practice? Does not lying fallow often mean merely being idle? Does not mannerism arise rather from laziness of purpose than limitation of faculties? Of course one cannot be original to order—even to one’s own order; but does doing nothing for a time help us?

Mallett. I have no doubt it does. Does it not strengthen one to sleep?

Belton. I was struck the other day in reading Goethe’s essay on ‘Ancient and Modern,’ by his deliberate confession that he likes mannerists, and is pleased with the possession of their works. He places Raffaele above Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo, and values his facility above all their great qualities. After strenuously praising the school of the Caracci, which, by almost universal consent, is placed in the second rank, and regarded as academical in its character and wanting the highest inspiration

of art, he says: “Here was a grand work of talent, earnestness, industry, and consecutive advantages. Here was an element for the natural and artistic development of admirable powers. We see whole dozens of excellent artists produced by it, each practising and cultivating his peculiar talent according to the same general idea; so that it seems hardly possible that after-times should produce anything similar.” He then proceeds to exalt Rubens and the “crowd of Dutch painters of the seventeenth century,” and the “incredible sagacity with which their eye pierced into nature, and the facility with which they succeeded in expressing her legitimate charm, so as to enchant us everywhere. Nay,” he continues, “in proportion as we possess the same qualities, we are willing for a time to limit ourselves exclusively to the examination and attraction of these productions, and are contented with the possession and enjoyment of this class of pictures exclusively.” And then follows an elaborate analysis of a series of etchings by Sebastian Bourbon, an artist of the fifteenth century, “whose talent,” he says, “has never received its due praise.” This, I confess, surprised me in Goethe.

Mallett. It does not surprise me. His genius had a deliberate method of action and composition which resembled in many respects the art of the Caracci, and of even the lower school of their followers. He was essentially academic in his turn of mind; and naturally he overvalued academic and almost mechanical facility above the higher methods and daring graspings of great genius. He had a high esteem for the Muses, and no passion for them. He shook hands in the most friendly manner with them, always was proper, sometimes condescending, to them, and never omitted the forms and ceremonies of politeness; when he called

on them he always said, "Ich empfehle mich," and bowed low. But he was never passionately in love with them—never gave his heart to them with a complete self-surrender. He did not feel with Schiller that

"Der allein besitzt die Musen,
Der sie trägt im warmen Busen,
Dem Vandalen sind sie Stein."

No; he rather put them to school, like a stiff old schoolmaster.

Belton. I am sorry I introduced this subject. You are thoroughly unfair to Goethe; and though there is a certain truth in all you say, you exaggerate it until it becomes a falsity.

Mallett. I like Schiller's essays on art far better than Goethe's. There are some passages in his æsthetic letters on the education of man that are wonderfully noble, eloquent, and ideal in character; and I wish I had them here, that I might read you some. I am almost tempted to try and recall them now from memory, but I should do them injustice, and so let it be for another day, when I will bring you the book and read them to you.

Belton. You know I am fond of the Germans.

Mallett. I know you are; but I cannot see what you find so admirable in their imaginative literature, nor can I sympathise with the present rage for Germanism. In scholarship, philosophy, and criticism they stand very high, and in these branches their literature is admirable. But in almost all their books there is an absence of literary digestion. They ransack libraries with an astonishing zeal and industry, and leave nothing to desire in the way of accumulation; but they have no power of rejection and assimilation. Everything is fish which comes to their net. A German's capacity of boring and of being bored is inexhaustible. In the higher grade of the imagination they are encumbered

with facts and observations and commonplaces. Their works are tedious beyond measure. In their poetry there is, for the most part, no irradiation—no fire to fuse and transmute it from substance to spirit. "The German genius," says Matthew Arnold, in his admirable paper on the study of Celtic literature, "has steadiness with honesty," while the English has "energy with honesty." But steadiness and honesty are qualities which, admirable as they are in life and in certain forms of literature, have little relation to the imagination, save in a very exalted sense. The poetic imagination takes slight heed of honesty. It has a higher office. It fuses while it uses, and in its glow all things

"Suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

It is often absolutely dishonest to real fact, and only true to ideal feeling. Fuel becomes flame in its enthusiastic embrace. What steadiness or honesty in their common-sense is there in such lines as these?—

"Take, oh! take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn."

Literally this is absurd: ideally it is exquisite. There is no bane to poetry like commonplace, however true, however honest. But such graces as these are never snatched by the German muse, and she wearies us with platitudes and propositions. Even Goethe is so determined to be accurate to the fact, that in writing his *Alexis* and *Dora* he stopped to consider whether *Alexis*, when he takes leave of *Dora*, ought to put down or take up his bundle; so at least Eckermann reports from Goethe's own lips. This is purely German in its literalness.

Belton. Have you raved enough against the Germans? If so, let us go back to Sir Walter Scott, in re-

gard to whom we shall agree. What do you think of his poetry?

Mallett. I do not think it is of the highest kind, but of its kind it is masterly. It is healthy, vigorous, and almost epical in its character; and I cannot see why the world, which never is weary of praising Homer as the greatest of poets, or among the greatest of poets, turns such a cold shoulder to Scott, who, in his directness, spirit, and vigour, and straightforwardness of narrative, resembles Homer more than any of the poets of our age. The distance between them may be great, but their methods are very much the same; and had Scott written a thousand years ago in a dead tongue, we should never cease to chant his praises. Just as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were founded on the old ballads of his age, are Scott's romantic poems founded on the old ballads of his. Both are purely objective poets. But while this is the acknowledged charm of Homer, it is alleged as a defect in Scott. There is a great mystery in a dead tongue; and I sometimes ask myself what we should think of Homer if he had written only fifty years ago, and in English. Take, for instance, the well-known battle of Flodden-field in 'Marmion.' I defy any one to read it without a stir in his blood—it is so full of fire, spirit, picturesqueness, and directness. It carries you on with it without a flag of interest, and as description it is wonderful. No battle in Homer is more vivid, nor more true, nor more living in its energy. What a picture, for instance, is that of Marmion's riderless horse—

"Bloodshot his eye, his nostril spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head;
Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rushed by."

The very lilt of the metre carries you on with it.

Belton. The age does not like this sort of thing now in its own poetry, however much it may admire it in ancient works. We are introspective, analytic, subjective, and self-conscious, almost to morbidity. The epic and dramatic have less charm for us than the reflective and speculative. We anatomise our feelings and emotions and motives, and are not satisfied with the natural expression of them in action. We are all Hamlets, and speculate and consider too anxiously. Our minds are

"Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Mallett. And yet this is the age of athletics—of hunting, shooting, racing, deer-stalking, cricketing, and Alpine climbing. We have our "muscular Christianity"—our love of sports—our adoration of strength. How is it that this finds no response in our poetry? How is it that of the thousands who gather at every racecourse, whose hearts gallop with the horses, and strain to the goal with pulsing blood, and to whom the excitement is like intoxication—the great majority prefer in poetry sentiment, introspection, nay, even a morbid anatomy of feelings and emotions and passions, to healthy narrative? One would think that such persons, rejoicing in action and feeling the thrill of life, would desire something corresponding to this in literature. But it would seem they do not. They do not like Scott's life and stir and vigour: they prefer another kind of thing. They change their minds as they do their dress when they come home—take off their hunting pinks, their shooting knickerbockers, and heavy shoes, and put on their dress-coat, patent leather shoes, and white cravats. Their very voices and lives change. Nimrod becomes languid, and Di Vernon changes

her manners with her riding-habit. Papa, tired with his day's work, lies on the sofa and sleeps. It is simply reaction and fashion.

Belton. Do you know where Scott lived when he was in Rome?

Mallett. I believe he lived in the Palazzo Bernini, at the corner of the Via della Propaganda. So at least I have been told.

Belton. It is an admirable custom which has lately been introduced into Italy of inserting a tablet in the outer walls of houses in which distinguished men have been born, or died, or lived for a time, on which the fact is inscribed. It is always interesting to know where great men and women have been born, lived, written, or died. No one could visit Shakespeare's home without feeling nearer to him; no one could pass the old Tabard Inn whence the pilgrims of the 'Canterbury Tales' set out, without a certain sense of their reality. The places great spirits have inhabited or visited seem still to retain dim vestiges of them that touch the imagination. I never pass the Nomentan gate, that I do not see Nero issuing thence on that fatal day when he fled so ignominiously to die a coward's death at the villa of Phaon. I always meet Cicero and Horace as I go down the Sacred Way; and whenever I drive by the old Albergo del Orso, the shape and figure of Montaigne, who once lived within its walls, rises before me. Many and many a day have I seemed to see Alfieri looking out of the window of the villa Strozzi towards the villa Negroni, where the Countess of Albany was waiting for him. Under the cypresses of the villa d'Este Tasso has wandered with me, and leaned beside the spilling fountain, while the nightingales sang in the shade. I never cross the Bridge of St Angelo that I do not look for the figures of Raphael

and his friend Bindo Altovite, under the three-arched balcony that hangs over the Tiber, and I should not be much surprised to see them talking there together. Canova and Thorwaldsen still seem to linger about the studios where they wrought their great works. In the night, as I pass the Castel St Angelo, I see Benvenuto Cellini fighting on the walls, or slipping down from the tower to make his escape from his disgusting dungeon; and I almost hear the groans of Beatrice Cenci.

Mallett. Ah! it is this that makes Rome so profoundly interesting. It is truly a city of the dead, and the spirits of the past haunt it and dwell in it as much as, nay, far more than, the busy persons of to-day. You turn no corner without meeting them. Voices are in the air that whisper to you wherever you go—in the street, in the gardens, over the lone sweeps of the silent Campagna—from crumbling tombs, castles, and fortresses—from the arched and ivy-mantled aqueducts that stretch into the distance—from the hollowed caverns of the tufa galleries, where once the Christians hid—from the broken benches of the Colosseum, now so silent—from the giant arches of the ruined Baths. Is it the wind that whispers, or the ghosts of the ages past, as you wander over the grassy slopes, where at every step you tread upon some marble fragment of dead magnificence? And who and what are we that tread these streets of death? Only to-day's rear of the great army that has gone before. Here stand the ruined dwellings that they once inhabited, but where are they? Where are those imperial figures whose frown was death? Where the long line of those who charmed the ear and the eye with the magic of art? Where the poets and law-givers, the sculptors and painters?

Where the smiling faces, the graceful steps of beauty, that led the world in their train? Over the gardens that their footsteps pressed the shy lizard slips. Grass and weeds grow in the crevices of the marble pavements which once were swept by their rustling robes. Lollia, Poppæa, Messalina, charm no more. The song of Virgil and Horace and Catullus is mute. The fights and frowns of Nero are over. The elaborate hypocrisies of Augustus are finished. The ornate orations of Cicero, the stinging satire of Tacitus and Juvenal, the lofty stoicism of Aurelius, all are of the past. And yet they still live and haunt the places that knew them on earth, and their forms still rise before us almost without an evocation as we wander through the ruined streets and houses and villas where once they lived and walked.

I was in Florence the other day, and as I was strolling through one of its broad-eaved narrow streets I came upon a sombre old house, in the walls of which was a marble tablet recording the fact that there Dante was born and spent the first years of his youth. In a moment all else faded from my sight—the tide of time swept back—the little boy Dante was before me, looking out of these windows, playing in these streets—innocent, gay, happy, ignorant of the future; and then in a moment the vision vanished, and I saw the thin wan figure with the hooked nose; that we know so well; and those sad eyes that had gazed into the horrors of the *Inferno* looked into mine. It was like the sudden lifting of the curtain of time, with an instant's glimpse into the past, which profoundly affected me, and then it fell again.

Belton. There is one inscription on the Casa Guidi which I always stop to read, and when I read I

sigh. It is a most graceful and tender tribute to one who loved Florence, and who sleeps in its historic earth—as pure and noble a spirit as ever informed this teneament of clay—as rare a genius as ever dwelt within this noble city—I mean Elizabeth Barrett Browning. I quote it from memory, but I think it reads thus: “*Qui scrisse e qui morì Elizabeth Barrett Browning che in cuor di donna conciliava scienza di dotta e spirito di poeta. Fece con suo verso aureo anello fra Italia ed Inghilterra. Pose questa memoria Firenze grata.*”

Mallett. It is, as you say, a most graceful and tender tribute, and she well deserved it.

Belton. I have often sought for the house of Cagliostro, the famous magician, but I have never been able to identify it. He lived, I know, at one time in the Piazza di Spagna, and at another in a street near the Piazza Farnese, but the number I have never been able to discover. In both these houses he lived with his wife, the beautiful Lorenza Feliciani, after their return from Paris, where they were engaged in the notorious intrigue of the diamond necklace; and it was in the latter of these houses that they were arrested to be imprisoned in the Castle St Angelo.

Mallett. *Apropos* of Cagliostro's magic, there is a curious and little-known legend about a gate in Rome just beyond the Church of St Maria Maggiore. Here, as the story goes, a celebrated alchemist and magician was invited to stay by the owner of the house or villa, who hoped to obtain some advantage to himself from his skill in the magical sciences; but the magician, after long enjoying his hospitality, and making no return for it, suddenly took French leave, leaving behind him a paper on which were written certain cabalistic signs.

These were inscribed by the owner over the gate in a half-faith that they might be efficacious in bringing him the good fortune he desired, and there they may still be seen to this day, or rather they were to be seen there when I last passed that way. But so many changes are taking place in that quarter that it is possible they may have been removed. Reumont tells this story, I believe, in his book on Rome—and “*se non è vero, è ben trovato.*”

Belton. Have you ever looked up the subject of magic?

Mallett. Yes, a good deal; and very curious is the literature on this subject. Some of the old writers give you, for instance, complete formulas to raise spirits of various kinds, and seem to have had an absolute belief in their efficacy. It seems to be pretty clear that they did have faith in these invocations; for it is impossible to believe that such men as Cardanus and Cornelius Agrippa, Albertus Magnus, Johannes Bodinus, Pietro Abana, Hieronymus Fracastorius, Torreblanca, Debris, Pomponatus, and Vairus, and men of that stamp, should have wilfully endeavoured to palm off on the world, with such calm seriousness, statements which they knew to be lies. At all events they clearly profess their faith in the power of man, by magical processes, to raise the dead, and wake spirits by incantation; and various receipts are given by them to effect such purposes.

Belton. I suppose that at the present day no one would believe in this. These men flourished in ignorant ages, when science was in its infancy, and when superstition was at its height.

Mallett. You are very much mis-

taken if you believe that the day of the magicians is entirely past. The magical art is still cultivated, though in secrecy; and there are numbers of persons who still study it, practise it, and have faith in it. So at least I have been assured by men in whom I cannot but place trust, and who have declared to me that they themselves have attended magical *séances*, and employed the formulas of the magical books with successful results. Certain it is that the Abbé Constant devoted himself to the study of the magical arts and occult sciences, and, under the pseudonym of Elephas Levi, wrote some remarkable books on the subject, and specially one on ‘*La Haute Magie*,’ which I recommend to you, if you are curious in such matters. There is no doubt, too, that a few persons were and are his disciples and pupils in France, and among them may be mentioned Desbarolles, the author of ‘*Les Mystères de la Main*.’ I must confess, however, that after reading ‘*La Haute Magie*’ I was not very much enlightened on the subject. A great deal was hinted and insinuated and vaguely indicated, but comparatively little directly taught either as to the theory or the practice of magic.* A very accomplished and distinguished writer who lately died assured me that he himself, on one occasion, by following certain prescribed formulas, evoked one of the spirits held by those who believe to be very dangerous—understand me, not by means of any medium, but by his own practice; and that he satisfied himself by this and other experiments that the prescribed processes were not by any means delusions or follies. This same gentleman also told me, when I made a remark similar to yours

* Since writing this, we have seen the death of the Abbé Constant announced in the Paris journals.

that I supposed no one in the present day believed in magical arts, that, on the contrary, he knew many who studied it, and believed in it. "Che volete," as the Italians say. You may make out of this what you choose; I merely repeat what I have been told.

Belton. Was he not making a fool of you, and trying to see if he could hoax you?

Mallett. By no means. He was very serious; and after giving me book and chapter for what he said, he finished by drawing my own horoscope very cleverly, thus showing that, at all events, he had studied the matter.

Belton. What did he prophesy about you?

Mallett. No matter; I shall not give you the chance of laughing at me.

Belton. You stimulate my curiosity. I think I should like to try some of these evocations and incantations, but I am sure nothing would come of them. Is there any difficulty in performing them?

Mallett. No; there is no real difficulty; but numerous materials and objects are required which are not to be obtained without trouble and expense, and certain arrangements must be made which are sometimes not easy; and though, if any one were seriously inclined to try the experiments, any little obstacles could be easily overcome, yet it requires a certain patience, seriousness, determination, and trouble that few persons would take in the vague hope of arriving at results in which they have a complete distrust. That is the whole of the matter. I have often thought of trying the experiments myself; but I have to begin with no faith, and therefore I shrank before the little obstacles of trouble, expense, and time. Besides, I don't know precisely what I should do with a de-

mon, or even a spirit, after I had raised it. I am more used to men and women, and I like them better. That is, I like a spirit plus a body more than a spirit minus a body. I talk and act more freely with them. As for the spirits that are said to come up at tables by the late processes of incantation, they are generally so badly educated, and speak such bad grammar, that I don't care for their company. I could stand any amount of bad grammar if they would only tell me something that we all of us do not know, and that we desire to know. To rap out by tedious processes feeble commonplaces of morality and tawdry statements of future existence which correspond solely to the vulgarest notions, or to advise us as to our conduct in copy-book phrases of evil communications corrupting good manners, does not pay. If what they said were really worth saying, I would endure even the tediousness of their methods; but I cannot see that they have added to our literature anything very valuable. Shakespeare has so terribly degenerated at the table that I feel sorry to see that he has lost his mind in losing his body.

Belton. But you have had strange experiences, have you not?

Mallett. Very strange experiences, which I cannot explain, and which nobody has ever been able to explain, to my satisfaction at least. But all that were of any note were physical and material results; and I do not accept any spiritual explanation of them. But don't let us talk about them now. They bore me, and they wouldn't amuse you.

Belton. You seem to consider the fact of the utter triviality of all that is written and rapped at tables to be sufficient proof that it does not come from spirits. I agree with you in thinking that their utter-

ances are not from the so-called spiritual world; but I do not see why we should expect spirits out of the body to have more intelligence than spirits in the body. We have no reason to think so. We know absolutely nothing in respect to the changes which take place after death. It may be that pure and refined spirits, freed from the body, ascend to higher existence; but in that case it is difficult to imagine that such spirits would return to rap out foolish statements at tables. But, on the other hand, there are many low, mean, contemptible spirits dwelling here in the flesh to whom the body may lend apparent respectability, and, stripped of this garment which conceals their inanity of intellect and baseness of desires, they may fall in the scale of being even below what they seemed here. Such spirits—of the earth earthy—would long for the gratifications of the sense and the flesh, and might be supposed to haunt the earth to which their desires cling, and grasp at any means of communication with it. Their heaven would be the heaven of the senses, and of the life they had lost, and one would naturally expect from them lies, hypocrisies, and deceit of every kind. Freed from the body, the naked spirit would be what it desired—the high and pure of aspiration would therefore ascend to loftier planes of existence, the mean and base might descend even to lower. I only suggest this answer to any argument against spiritual communications founded upon their triviality, feebleness, and absurdity. Let us clear our minds of distinctions between human beings and spirits. We are all spirits; all our communications are spiritual. It is two spirits who talk together—not two bodies—here on earth. We have no warrant for the belief that the instant the spirit is freed

from the body it necessarily leaves the earth—whatever be its condition—and becomes at once purified, and beyond its influences. It may be or it may not be;—but it is certainly a possible supposition that they whose whole happiness, while here, has been in the joys of the body, and whose desires have been mean and depraved, may only continue to be possessed by the same desires, and long to regain the body through which they obtained their gratification.

Mullett. It never struck me before in this light, but it certainly is an intelligible theory, whether it be correct or not. We all have faith in gradations of future being, and we believe that the spirit survives the body, and retains its identity; and why not suppose, if its preparation in this life has been for higher spheres, it would naturally ascend to them, while if it had been for lower spheres, it would equally descend to them? If, after death, we retain an individuality, we naturally must remain what we inherently are, with the same desires, the same aspirations, the same tendencies. This would, if we accept it, enable the human being here to shape for himself his future sphere, by the training of his thoughts and aspirations to what is lofty, pure, and refined on the one hand, or, on the other, to what is low, bestial, and degraded. We should thus reap what we ourselves have sown, and not be subject to any judgment and sentence outside of ourselves. Would not this recommend itself to our sense of perfect justice?

Belton. If we choose to take another step, we might suppose that repeated trials might be allotted to every spirit to climb up to higher spheres of existence by the purgation of its desires (since every spirit is what it desires), by its devotion to noble ends, by its constant ex-

perience that the low leads only to the low, by its sense of loss in consequence of its base aims.

Mallett. In respect to these so-called spiritual communications by means of table-rappings, and all that, we shall never have the phenomena properly investigated so long as we begin with a theory. To set out with the assumption that all the material phenomena are occasioned by spiritual intervention, is entirely unworthy of science and philosophy. But so strenuously is this theory advanced by believers, that the minds of those who pretend to investigate them are warped at the beginning: on the one side are those who are inclined to the spiritual theory, and on the other, those to whom such a theory is absurd and even worse; and both, for entirely opposite reasons, are averse to strict examination and investigation. The real question is, Do the facts exist or not? If so, how are they to be explained? If the facts clearly exist, it is idle to reject them because a foolish theory is advanced to explain them. Are there any facts outside our common experience of the laws of nature so called? If there be, let us arrange them with calmness and honesty. On both sides, on the contrary, I find precipitation and impatience. Those disposed to the spiritual theory accept everything at once as spiritual. Those who are sceptical and unbelieving reject every fact as a cheat, without carefully investigating it or explaining it. It suffices the latter class on one or two occasions to detect a charlatan at work, or to encounter an entire failure of the experiment, to come to the conclusion that the whole thing is the result of charlatanism. But repeated failures or repeated cheating prove nothing. No scientific man would investigate any other question in the same spirit as he does this.

If the matter were worthy of consideration at all, he would not be stopped in his researches by repeated failures to obtain his end. He would try again and again. He would not insist in the outset, for instance, that galvanism did not exist, unless he could produce its effects in the way he chose. He would not insist on his own conditions, and assert that unless the results were obtained through them, they did not exist at all. But this is what he constantly does in his professed investigation of so-called spiritual phenomena, because it is the term spiritual which annoys and disgusts him. If you recount to him any phenomena, perfectly material and physical, as having occurred in your presence under conditions contrary to his preconceived opinions or experience, he says, It would not have occurred had I been there; or he smiles, and says, Ah, indeed! and thinks you are a fool. If you press the point, and ask him to explain it, and tell him the details, and show him that his explanation does not accord with the facts, he assumes at once that you were incapable of investigation, that you were humbugged, or that you lie. Humbug is the great word he uses—a very expansive one, which means anything or nothing. If you reply, How humbugged? where is the humbug? point it out—I desire to know as much as you; he declines to particularise, and prefers the generalisation of—Humbug.

Belton. I cannot wonder at his condition of mind, nor fail to sympathise with his disgust at so much absurdity as is put forth by spiritualists in general.

Mallett. Nor I; but, at the same time, he should, I think, preserve a more scientific and philosophic attitude, and not decide until he has thoroughly investigated. There may be nothing in all this; he

may be quite right, only he has not examined the question sufficiently to decide upon it. For all he has seen and can explain there may be something. Of all these phenomena some may be real and point to a law not yet understood. Are there any such? It is not, to my mind, sufficient to try a few casual experiments on absolute conditions, and to reject the whole if failure ensues. In science one does not expect the first tentative experiment to succeed. Suppose the experiment fails a hundred times and succeeds once, the important fact is the one success, not the hundred failures. The truth is that all begin with scepticism—not honest scepticism which neither believes nor disbelieves, which is ready to accept or reject according to the evidence and facts, but scepticism with a loaded bias to unbelief. There is no reason either for or against the existence of any phenomenon *a priori*. The mere fact that it is contrary to our experience is no proof that it does not exist. * Suppose a community of blind persons to exist on an island which had never been visited by any person who saw, and suppose, by accident, a man with the power of sight should be thrown among them. How could he prove to them that this faculty really existed in him? He would at once be met by the statement that it was contrary to their experience, that no one they had ever heard of possessed such a faculty. Vainly would he reason with them. His exhibition of this faculty would be treated as humbug and charlatanism. He would say, for instance, Place a person fifty yards from me, and beside him any selected person in whom you have confidence. I will tell you without moving from here every action he makes. He would do this. What would be the answer? Would the blind be con-

vinced? Not at all; they would say, You have a confederate; this knowledge is procured by a secret system of sounds and signs intelligible to the senses we all have, or by some method which we do not know; what we do know is that nobody can see. Or they would say, Let us lock you up in a room all by yourself, with no doors or windows, and chain you there, and then you must tell us what is done in another house by a person we will lock up there, or what is done in the street outside. If you answer, Under those conditions I cannot see; they would cry out, This proves it is all juggling. If you can't see as well in a box locked up at night as in the open air by day, you cannot see at all. There is no such power that exists; and though we do not detect the trick, it is nevertheless a trick. Don't you see that the seeing man in this case would be in a hopeless position? Suppose that there be anything real—I do not say there is—but suppose there be anything real in the phenomena of tables rising in the air, the person through whose mediumship they are executed is, to the scientific man of to-day, in a position quite analogous to that of the seeing man among the blind or the hearing among the deaf, provided they have had no previous experience of such a faculty as sight or hearing.

Belton. You speak as if you believed in these phenomena. Do you?

Mallett. I was not speaking of my belief, nor did I intend to indicate whether I believed in any of them or not. I merely meant to say that the spirit in which they are investigated is not what I wish it were.

Belton. But do you believe?

Mallett. I believe what I have seen and what I have tested with all my senses. I mean the physical

phenomena, for I have every proof of their reality that I have of anything, and I am not yet persuaded that I am an utter fool. But I do not undertake to explain them, much less do I accept the spiritual explanation. In my opinion there is quite as much stupidity in our incredulity as in our credulity. I cannot explain anything. It is an entire mystery how I see, how I hear, how I move my arm. Anatomists and scientific men explain to me the mechanism, and I understand that; but I do not understand how I set the mechanism in movement, nor they either. A man lives, sees, moves, one moment; the next moment he is what we call dead. The mechanism is the same, but the somewhat we cannot trace that moved it, is gone. *A priori*, outside our experience one thing is as difficult to believe as another, and it is idle to attempt to set bounds to any operation of life by our experience. It is quite possible that we have subtle powers and faculties which have escaped our observation, and that are exercised at times unconsciously or only in certain abnormal conditions. Change for a moment the normal conditions of ordinary life, and instantly we have new phenomena, as in the case of madness, monomania, or delirium. In high fever the organs are far more susceptible than in health. What are you going to do with second-sight and ghosts, apparitions and premonitions? Will you reject them all? Is there nothing in them? or will you say with Dr Johnson, "All argument is against it, but all belief is for it"? Are there no such things as sympathies and antipathies which we cannot explain, and yet which to us are real? What is love? What is hate? No! we do not know anything yet; and there are, in my opinion, penumbral powers and

senses surrounding our plain and definite ones, which we do not understand, and which we have not investigated. All I mean by this is, that it seems to me very foolish to cry out humbug at anything which is contrary to our common experience; and that it would be more scientific and honest to investigate calmly, than to ridicule without investigation. And this is all I have to say, and don't let us talk any more about it. I am ready to believe anything if you can prove it properly. I am ready to disbelieve it if you can show that it has absolutely no foundation; but I do not begin by believing or disbelieving before careful examination. If I have not examined into it, I merely say I know nothing, or, as Montaigne did, "*Que sais-je?*"

Belton. I daresay you are perfectly right; but my own persuasion is that ninety-nine one-hundredths of all this spiritualism is utter charlatanry, and I think I am very generous in giving you up the one one-hundredth. Do you remember that medium who, after gathering a considerable number of persons together at one of his *séances*, and finding that several had obtained entrance without paying for their tickets, rose — on a subsequent *séance* — before commencing his operations, and said: "I wish to make one observation—there's nothing riles the spirits so as coming in without paying"?

Mallett. I remember; and he was a very clever fellow, and knew what he was about. I have no doubt that the more money was paid the more his spirits were raised. But I admit that there are many charlatans of this kidney, and numbers of people whom they take in, and to whom the rubbish that is slowly rapped up at the table seems like inspired communications from the other world. My disgust

at these fellows is quite equal to yours. I cannot use language too strong to express my abhorrence of those who, by lying arts, pretend to summon from the other world those who were dear as life to us, but who have passed away, and then put into their mouths those miserable lies. Think, for instance, of Charles Sumner's spirit being rapped up the other day, and giving this remarkable advice to his listeners—"You musn't act selfish!"

Belton. Sometimes the messages rapped up are very amusing. Did you ever hear what the spirit of Dr Webster, the murderer of Dr Parkman, once rapped up to an astonished audience?

Mallett. Never; but pray let me hear it.

Belton. Well, Webster, as you know, killed Dr Parkman to avoid paying a debt due to him; and when the spirit of Dr W. presented itself to the table and was asked, as usual, what he was doing in the spirit-world, his answer was that he was keeping a boarding-house, and that Dr Parkman was living with him, without paying, until he should work off or eat up the debt.

Mallett. That shows more ingenuity and intellect than one generally gets from the rapping spirits. If they would always be as amusing I should like to attend some *séances*.

Belton. Yes, if they only would be a little amusing, it would be a relief; after all, they might make such fun of us here: what a chance for them! but they are so deadly serious, and so sadly commonplace, that they are not good company. Heavens! only think of such a lot surrounding you in another world, and you without a body to hide away in, or a key to your door, and all of them swarming in upon you,

with their futile remarks and sad commonplaces.

Mallett. It would be worse than the mosquitoes in the Western States of America. Why do we always think of spirits as being so serious? Are we to lose all our sense of humour when we lose our bodies? Are we never to amuse ourselves? Is there nothing in the other world to correspond to the enjoyments of this? Are all our art and poetry to be utterly swept away? Are there to be no varieties of character and personality? Shall we never laugh? Worse than this. According to the old superstition, we artists shall be in a pretty mess; for all the graven images we have made, and all the likenesses of things in the heavens, or the earth, or the waters under the earth, will, it has been said, become endowed with life and pursue us, and haunt us, and torment us—a pleasant thought indeed! But what should I do there without art and poetry, and literature and music, and all these occupations and delights? Will there be no work for us to do? no books to read—no pictures to paint?

Belton. Music is, according to the general belief, admitted. We shall be able to sing. It will always be the same song; but we shall be able to sing it eternally; and we are told that we shall never tire of singing it. But as for painting pictures and modelling statues, I have never heard we should be allowed to do that.

Mallett. I earnestly hope I shall have a body. I don't at all conceive how I could do without one. But every one tells me, and of course every one knows, that I shall not need a body; and that I shall be perfectly contented with doing nothing but sing. But how shall I sing if I have no body? What sort of preparation then are any of

us making for such a world? If we are to be deprived of all means of exercising such faculties as we have spent our lives in training and cultivating here, what is the use of training and cultivating them at all? Why are these passionate desires given us here for what seems to us pure and noble, if, the moment we pass away from earth, they become perfectly useless? If to-morrow you were to deprive me of all these occupations, I should be very unhappy; and how can I be happy there deprived of them—that is, so long as I maintain my own identity and consciousness?

Belton. At all events I hope I shall have some kind of body to inhabit and use. It seems to me dreadful to think of wandering about a mere naked spirit, with no house to cover one. In fact, without a body I should be nobody. The idea of being blown about by the wind, or of being open to invasion by every other spirit, without any power of secrecy of thought and feeling, is abhorrent to my notions. I do not care to keep this body if I can find a better; but this is better than none; and I have lived in it so long, and had so much happiness in it, that I have a sort of fondness for it. If I take a new one, I should like it fresher, better, and handsomer in every way, more quickly responsive to the spirit, and not so easily tired. I

should like too to be able to go to sleep in it, and so make excursions from it into other regions; for, of course, I hope there will be upper regions still. And of all things I should hope to be able to be alone sometimes, if I chose. I like the odour of flowers. Do spirits smell? Are we to be out of our senses, so to speak? I hope not.

Mallett. Did you ever read ‘The Gates Ajar,’ by Miss Elizabeth Phelps? She takes up this question and develops it in a most peculiar way, and with much talent.

Belton. Yes, I have read it; and I hear it is very popular, as of course it would be. The vague notions of a future state of existence which are generally entertained are quite unsatisfactory. And I can easily understand that such a view as hers would recommend itself to many. Her development of it to me is quite too material.

Mallett. At all events it does, after a peculiar fashion to be sure, recognise that the tastes, feelings, thoughts, and aspirations we cultivate here will not be utterly obliterated hereafter, and will find something hereafter to correspond to them. But come! our conversation has wandered widely enough, and it is time to break off. “Light thickens, and the crow makes wing to the rooky wood.” Let us go and see it on the Pincio.

JOHN'S HERO.

I.

THE book, in which you take so warm an interest, is a mere work of fiction; and yet, as you judiciously observe, it is one without which no gentleman's library is complete. You ask who wrote it. You will be surprised to hear that it was produced by two authors. One of these is a man of world-wide reputation. The Japanese student has adopted him with the graceful costume of English civilisation, and his name is misspelt by the Parisian journalist. The other author is comparatively unknown: he is my friend, and his Christian name is John.

Tom, Dick, Harry, John, and I were some few years ago a set at an Oxford college. Widely different in character, we had each his friends outside the little circle; but we five were bound most closely together by the memory of bright days of boyhood and of comical scrapes enjoyed by all together. But enough of this. We have left Oxford, and the old ties are loosened. Each has found for himself an absorbing occupation, and our intimacy has in some cases dwindled to a mere grunt in the street. The sagacious Tom is already a rising lawyer, and has lost his colour. The graceful Dick offers incense at the shrine of art, draws daily longer limbs of sadder women, and has already painted ten thousand sun-flowers. Harry, our golden youth, whose Pactolus flows foaming from the paternal vats, walks with stiff legs in the park, and dances with bent knees in the ball-room. When in London he has his flowers from the country; when in the country, from Covent Garden. He plays his hockey on horseback, and does his skating on wheels; keeps

a yacht in the harbour, and a stud in the stable; pays for one theatre, and goes every night to another;—in short, sees life, and is as bored by the sight as if he were not the grandson of a jovial tapster. Henry, Richard, and Thomas, friends of my youth, you have gone from me! Indeed I have no time to cultivate you farther, for I have an engrossing occupation too. My whole time and my whole attention are given to the study and to the encouragement of John. John is the most remarkable young man of the age. Indeed he is too great for an age in which the division of labour is carried to excess. Tom delights in law; but how could John, with extended vision and impatient genius, limit himself to the composition of jargon for a conveyancer? Dick revels gracefully in art; but how should John be content with a reputation for painting the sunny side of sheep? And indeed it seems likely that, as the great banker yields to the joint-stock company, so will the great artist be superseded by a union of the small, and a single canvas will display Mr Hobson's unrivalled cows reclining beneath the world-renowned elms of Mr Thompson, while the stream duly patented by Mr Jackson runs through the inimitable meadow of Mr Harrison, and Mr Robinson's famous young lady in short-waisted white muslin treads the unpretending daisy of the modest Mr Dixon. So is it with other professions. If it has been once admitted that an actor can play an old Frenchman, the world will have none of his young Frenchman nor of his old Englishman. He may play the

Dutchman all his life and make a fortune thereby, but people won't be bothered by his German, however near the border. Finally, the man of letters, if he have a reputation for the knowledge of butter, will have his essay on cream returned to him with a civil note from his publisher. In such a world what place is there for John? He cannot be content to invent a machine for fixing the wire on corks. To make wire, cork, bottle, and explosive liquor, would scarce be work enough for him. He is a giant in an age of clever pigmies, and should have stood by the great Leonardo wielding the chisel, the brush, and the pen, or played a whole orchestra of instruments while he planned a fort or a cathedral. To the sound of music the slender arches spring to the high point of meeting; the marble floor spreads wide and white below; and the great church, broad for all men and yearning up to God, stands a meet symbol for my friend. Is it strange that I should find the work of my life in watching, encouraging, and hoping for him? But I grow tedious, as I always do when I embark on this subject. I must to my story.

One evening I received a note from John, who begged me to come to him the next morning before breakfast. I am not an early riser; but I refuse my friend nothing. I found him alone, in the simply-furnished den which opens out of his bedroom on the third floor of a street, which you must forgive me for not naming. It was a cold, bright morning, and yet I found my friend leaning on his elbows at the open window. A pang of fear shot through me: all, even the most perfect characters, have one weak point: I was certain that John loved. The worst sign was that he remained unconscious of my pre-

sence. With a sensation of sickness I foresaw the future, and myself without an occupation. I saw him in a suburban villa and the odour of respectability, owner of a dining-room with a sideboard, a wife with a milliner, a coach-house with a perambulator. Could I find interest in watching him, as he bent all his great powers to the acquisition of a Victoria instead of the chariot of fame? I sighed; and John, at last conscious of my presence, seized me by the arm, and, drawing me hastily to the window, bade me look. I was dizzy, and could scarcely see. I drew my hand across my eyes, expectant of the picture of a young girl watering her mignonette. I have read of such things in books, and I looked for that air of innocent unconsciousness of male observation, which is dear to the sentimental novelist, and characteristic of the more charming sex. How different a sight met my eyes when they had recovered their wonted powers!

On the second floor of the opposite house was a window, of which the lower part was covered by a muslin blind: above this blind appeared a broad fat shoulder; and the shoulder was undoubtedly masculine. Across its ample surface a rough towel was passing and repassing with wonderful celerity.

"That shoulder," said John, solemnly, "supports the best head in England, the head of Mr Damon."

"But what is he doing?" I asked.

"He is promoting his circulation."

"After his bath, I suppose?"

"I can't say," answered John; "but every morning at or about this hour, I observe the rub."

"And yet he is a hero in your eyes!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said he, and his fine eyes flashed; "if I were to see his statue in an aquarium, he would still be

my hero. He is the man for whom I have been waiting—a man of the most varied talents, of balanced conduct, of perfect culture. I am going to sit at his feet.”

“Then I can’t go on sitting at yours,” cried I, in some perturbation.

“I can teach nothing,” said he; “but,” he added, in a tone of deep feeling, “I am going to learn.”

“Do you know him?” I asked.

“No; but I shall in less than two hours. I am going to him, as one can to a truly great man, to tell him that I have need of him. I will do anything for him, from blacking his boots to correcting his proofs.”

“Or rubbing his back?” I ventured to suggest.

“I cannot aspire to so much honour,” said John.

We breakfasted almost in silence. My friend was evidently nervous; and I was wondering if there would be much change in him, if he would be improved out of my reach, beyond my power of appreciation. At 10.30, he swallowed a powerful dose of sal-volatile, wrung my hand in silence, and left me. I saw him cross the road. From the opposite door-step he waved his hand, like a young and stainless knight bound on some great quest, and disappeared.

II.

If you wish to hear my account of my friend’s intercourse with Mr Damon, I must first warn you that some of the details, in which I delight, are inferred from others which John has given me, and from my knowledge of my friend’s character, which I have studied so long. But you care nothing for this. And so let me to my story.

John explained to the maid-servant who admitted him that he would introduce himself. As he walked slowly but firmly up-stairs he thought of Boswell’s first interview with Johnson, and of that happy day when Eckermann first saw the great Goethe “dressed in a blue frock-coat, and with shoes.” “What a sublime form!” was the comment of the German youth; but the more taciturn Englishman made no such observation on entering the room of Mr Damon. Opposite to him, as he entered, was a large back still slouching over the breakfast-table. “Some more toast,” said the sage.

“I beg your pardon,” said John.

“Hollo! oh! eh!” and Mr Damon turned slowly in his chair.

My friend found himself much embarrassed. “I took the liberty,” he began.

“Oh! ah! precisely! but I am afraid I must ask you to call again. The fact is, that I don’t happen to have it by me.”

“I beg your pardon,” said John.

“You can leave the bill, you know.”

It was an unlucky beginning. As the two men looked at each other it became gradually clear to the elder that the gallant young fellow before him was neither his slavey nor an unreasonable shop-boy. John did not know what to say, confounded partly by the difficulty of explaining his purpose, partly by the confusion which was painfully apparent on the large face before him. Mr Damon rolled his big head, and then had nothing better to say than, “Would not you like—in fact—to take a chair?”

John took a chair, and a pause ensued. But he felt that he could

not sit silent. He was just on the point of speaking of the weather, when he was moved to make a bold plunge, and said abruptly, "I want to thank you for all the good which I have got from your writings." The great man looked at him suspiciously; he thought that he was going to be asked for an autograph.

His guest went on earnestly—

"I hope that I have not been wrong in coming to you; but won't you tell me what to do?"

"What to do!" repeated the other, on whose open countenance was a strange mixture of embarrassment and dawning gratification.

"I mean, what to do with my life."

"Live it," said Mr Damon, on the spur of the moment, and with a happy reminiscence of one of his early sayings. It sounded well, and he repeated in a deeper tone, "Live it." Nor did it fail to make an impression on my friend. He thought it over. Then, as he saw his host grow calm after his inspired utterance, and settle himself in his chair, he felt that he had established his footing, and prepared to enlarge on his difficulties. As he warmed with the subject, he grew almost eloquent. He spoke of his strong desire to do something which should add in some way to the public good; and said how hard it was to find the right thing to do. Philanthropy, even when harmless, could but cleanse one house in a city of corruption. Statesmanship seemed little more than the science of getting place. Business was a mere race for comforts, or a substitute for the gaming-house. The mission of art was to tickle the fat ribs of the stall-fed financier; that of literature, to charm away those idle hours of the hectic matron which were not devoted to millinery or flirtation.

Such, briefly, was the talk of John, who, I confess, was at times no wiser than other clever youths, who are apt to be intoxicated by the sudden consciousness of their own cleverness, and by the nimbleness of their tongues. Only he is unlike them all. He is so truly enthusiastic and warm-hearted. He is such a really fine fellow.

As Mr Damon listened to his guest's speech, his attention became by degrees more and more closely fixed. He had heard a good deal which was very like it. Indeed, as he listened, there dawned again for him a day in his own youth when, with a crust of bread and an apple in his pocket, he had roamed from morning till nightfall among the Westmoreland hills, sometimes raving in verse, and sometimes wondering why nobody had come to set the clumsy world to rights before.

Yet he felt a stir about his heart which he had not experienced since he tried his first electric bath ten years before. The tones of the brave young voice were like wine to him. Gradually one thought became predominant in his mind. He forgot that the boy was asking for help, as he wondered whether he could get help from the boy. Was it possible that his old faith, which he had never abandoned, but which had so long been a dead heap on which criticisms might be founded—was it possible that the mass could glow again? If he could but get regular doses of this fresh enthusiasm, what might he not accomplish even now? The solemn criticisms, with which he occupied himself daily, seemed to him in his unwonted mood heavy as dough. He remembered the works of his youth, and of his prime; and heard the echo of old praises. He remembered plans long since abandoned, for compressing all life into a work

of fiction, or living in the lives of the many divers characters of that great drama which had never been written. Suddenly he remembered a great trunk full of papers which had stood untouched for many years. As he was thinking of this trunk, John finished his confession, and leaned forward in his chair waiting for advice. Mr Damon looked at the flushed cheeks and bright eyes before him, and felt that he had found a tonic. He pulled himself together, and sat up in his chair.

"It is very interesting," he said.

"But what shall I do?" asked John.

"Ah, that is the question," remarked the other, solemnly; and

then added, as if suddenly inspired, "Come and see me again. Come any day—every day—in fact to-morrow. I should like to talk to you."

"And you will give me something to do?" cried the young man, much elated.

"Ah, yes, to be sure. Something to do, eh? Come again—yes, come again to-morrow at eleven. We must see more of each other. Good morning."

"Good morning," said John, starting up, as he found himself dismissed. "And you will tell me to-morrow what I am to do?" he asked.

"Yes, to-morrow, to-morrow. Come to-morrow, come—in fact, at eleven."

III.

After his first interview with the great Mr Damon, my friend was in a state of excitement and exaltation. Again and again he burst forth into praises of his master's silent influence. He was so great and calm. About him was an atmosphere of culture, and to breathe it was education. In such an air, and under such royal eyes, John felt that he too would become wise and good. He aspired to be a channel, through which the sweet waters of culture, springing in the bosom of Mr Damon, might be carried abroad into the thirsty land. His plan of educating himself, that he might benefit others, seemed already accomplished; and for one evening he enjoyed a future at once sure and noble.

The next morning, exactly at eleven, he walked across the dusty road as one who trod the air, and entered the opposite house. His host was ready to receive him, and stepped forward as he entered. "This is well; this is friendly," he

said, and he continued to shake his visitor's hand slowly, as he added, "I have been thinking how we can get on best. We must not be too wide, eh? There must be some central point; something—in fact, something to come back to."

"Something for me to work at?" suggested John, making a slight and respectful effort to become master of his own hand. Mr Damon opened his large fingers and allowed the imprisoned hand to fall. "I have had that trunk brought down here," he said: "it contains some papers written by me at various times on various subjects. You might look over them if you like."

"Of course I should like it," cried the disciple. "Shall I put them in order?"

"Perhaps that would be best."

"And tell you what is in them?"

"I don't see why not. And then we might talk them over, eh?"

"And then you can make up your mind what to finish, and

what to publish. May I begin at once?"

"I don't see why not," said the sage; and added after a pause, "there are some sketches, I think, and studies of character made when I was planning a work of fiction some time ago. I was—in fact, I was a younger man then."

"Oh, why did not you finish it?" asked my friend in a tone of regret. "It would be such a great thing for us to see the world as you saw it when you were young."

Mr Damon slowly shook his head. "My critical labours," he began, and then stopped as his eye wandered absently to the old trunk. John regarded him in silence, afraid to break his train of thought. Presently the great man sank into an easy-chair and took up a book. John glanced at him, and then at the trunk. Its lid was open, and close beside it was a table on which paper, pens, and ink were placed. Concluding that the preparations were for him, and that he need not disturb his master, he stepped lightly across the room, seated himself at the table, and lifted a handful of loose papers from the trunk. For an hour he worked steadily, reading, considering, and classifying. Suddenly it occurred to him that he felt a slight oppression. He raised his head and looked about him. He perceived that the great man had not stirred. He glanced at the windows, and saw that they were both shut. He would have liked to open one of them; but he felt that it was not for him, who had been admitted to the enjoyment of a privilege, to suggest an alteration in his benefactor's habits. He gave himself a shake to clear his head, and turned again to his work. He was on the track of his friend's great novel, and had already found two sketches of the plot, which differed

in many particulars. Now he came upon a complete chapter kept together by an old boot-lace, and now upon a coverless book full of witty or pretty sayings and fragments of dialogue. A plan of the heroine's character was disinterred from under a massive essay on Evolution, and some suggestions for a comic man were found among the crumpled pages of an analysis of Mill's 'Logic.' The interest of the searcher was kept alive partly by the excitement of the chase, and partly by some of the passages which he read. Nevertheless he found it unusually hard to keep his attention fixed, and was annoyed with himself for allowing his thoughts to wander to trivial matters. He found himself waiting for his friend's periodical cough, and wondering why so great a man had acquired the habit of clearing his throat at such regular intervals. At the same time he became more and more conscious of a faint furry smell. Presently, as he stooped for another bundle of papers, he connected that strange odour with the trunk, which was of a hairy species now happily rare. He observed that the hair was generally loose, and had left several bald places. His nostril twitched, but he steadied himself and picked out a bundle. He opened a large sheet of foolscap, and saw that it contained, not only the outline of Part III. of the novel, but also a large oblong grease-spot—a shiny and transparent place. He looked at the windows and then at Mr Damon, who was still reading and did not meet his eye. Then he said to himself that it was weakness to be disturbed by trifles; and then he laid down his pencil, leaned back in his chair, and pressed his hands to his forehead, which was beginning to ache. He languidly thought of last night's enthusiasm, and his lips began to murmur a

phrase which he had used so glibly, "the atmosphere of culture." He looked with a dull eye at the hair trunk. Presently he started at the sound of his master's cough, shook himself impatiently, and leaning forward again, spread out his papers with an air of stern determination.

Two hours had passed since John entered the room, when his friend laid down his book, rose slowly, and stood beside him. He supported himself by the back of the young man's chair, and, as he bent forward to look at his work, he pressed so heavily on his shoulders, that the active youth had much ado to save himself from being flattened on to the table. The man of culture was certainly too big for the room; and John caught himself thinking that this hero, whom he had praised as so great and calm, might be called by a scoffer only fat and lymphatic. He dismissed the idea. To him this man, even though he leaned so heavily on his shoulders, was really great and calm. He would believe in his greatness. What better proof could there be than indifference to the petty details of life, to the perfume of an old hair trunk, to the oiliness of a bit of paper, to an unbrushed coat? For it could not be maintained that the coat, which was pressed against the back of John's head, had been brushed that morning. Short, perhaps too short for a stout wearer, in colour a faded purple, it belonged to that class of garments which are worn by sedentary men only in their studies. John is fond of simplicity, and he wished that that coat had never been adorned with silk facings and a velvet collar. There was a more

recent decoration. When the man of culture moved round to the side of the table, his friend's attention was caught for the second time by a spot of grease, and he began with some earnestness to compare the one on the coat with the other which shone on the foolscap before him.

"Well, well! we shall make something of it, eh?" said Mr Damon.

John was almost too languid to answer, but he tried to nod cheerfully.

"Shall we talk it over to-morrow?" continued his friend. "I have promised—well, I have promised to go out to luncheon with somebody—in fact, with my publisher."

The young man started up briskly, and instantly felt ashamed of his alacrity.

"At the same time to-morrow, eh? We will have a nice long morning," said the man of culture; and taking the other's hand in his, he began to shake it slowly.

"Thanks," said John, and was vexed at the dreary tone of his voice. He looked apologetically at his friend, vaguely wondering if he would forget to drop his hand and so keep him there for ever. Presently his arm fell heavily by his side; then he stretched it out for his hat; then gasping out some incoherent expressions of gratitude he got himself out of the room, stumbled down the stairs, fumbled at the door, and presently stood in the street drawing a long breath.

Mr Damon brushed his hair with unwonted vigour, and as he went to luncheon, caught himself buzzing, and thought that he was humming a tune.

IV.

As the days went by, I saw that my friend became thinner in body and more restless in mind. His face had a harassed look, and in the morning his eyes wandered every moment to the clock. At length I could no longer bear to watch the change, and I spoke. At first he scarcely attended to my words; but gradually he listened more and more, and at last, after a hurried glance over his shoulder, he turned suddenly towards me, and seizing both my hands with nervous energy, began to speak.

"How can I get out of it?" he cried, passionately.

"It is a failure, then?" I asked.

Then he poured out all his troubles. He spoke of the atmosphere of culture; of the trunk that was growing balder every day; of the papers which their owner disarranged every evening, and which every morning were less pleasant to handle. As he spoke in an awe-struck voice, it seemed like the story of an evil dream, in which some cumbrous Penelope unwove another's web with clumsy fingers.

"But the papers themselves?" I asked; "surely their contents are some compensation?"

He shook his head sadly. "There are fine things," he said; "bits of character, scenes like life, great thoughts put tersely; but——"

"But what?" I asked.

He looked at me sadly, and said, "I would not say this to anybody but you. Those good things are buried—buried under heaps, monstrous heaps, of loose sentences, loose thoughts, great masses of undigested commonplace. They must have been done at all times, in all moods—some, I feel sure, in sleep. The roses and cabbages are all loose in

one cart, the roses under the cabbages—great, shapeless, overgrown, sodden cabbages." Here his face sank into utter gloom.

"But you are collecting the roses," I cried, eagerly.

His voice was low as he answered, "He likes the cabbages quite as well; he can't bear to give up a single cabbage."

"Then what can you do?" I asked.

"Nothing," he answered.

"And you are wasting all your talent in doing——"

"Nothing," he said again.

"And this man wishes you to——;" I paused astounded at my friend's infatuation.

"He cannot bear me to be a moment behind my time!" he said, and he glanced for the hundredth time at the clock.

"For heaven's sake cut him!" I cried; "the man is a vampire."

"I have taken up my burden," said he.

"You have crept under a feather-bed," said I. "Come out before you are smothered."

He smiled faintly, and I was encouraged to speak more earnestly. At last I thought that I had convinced him. I saw the light of hope come back into his eyes, and I heard a brighter tone in his voice. But my time was short. He suddenly caught sight of the clock, and sprang to his feet. It was past eleven. As he dashed down-stairs, I called from the landing, "Give him up! give him up!" He made no answer. Then I flew to the window and shouted as he rushed across the street. An answer came back from the opposite door-step, which sounded like, "I will try." I sat down with my eyes fixed upon Mr Damon's lodgings.

John found his master staring listlessly at the clock, and in despair at his secretary's desertion. He heaved a great sigh of relief when the young man entered; but his face looked pale and loose, and his body very limp in his wide chair. John had determined as he ran up-stairs to make a rush for freedom.

"I am afraid that I can't be of any more use to you," he cried, with a gasp.

"What?" asked the other, in a tone of blank dismay.

"I think I must leave you."

"Leave me!"

"I am doing no good. I must find something to do. I always told you that I must do something."

"Do something!" muttered the great man. "You mean—you mean that you are doing no good in helping me?" He spoke with a muffled voice; then suddenly, in an acute tone he cried, "Is it all bad?"

John stepped hurriedly backward, and looked at his friend in amazement. Was the great man appealing to him?

"Bad!" he cried; "there are splendid things in it. I shall always be grateful to you for letting me see them. There are bits which you wrote——"

"Which I wrote twenty years ago."

"There are splendid things," cried John again, alarmed by the other's hollow tone. "Anybody could carve a fine book from those papers. It only wants a few links added and—and form."

"Form!" muttered Mr Damon, sinking lower in his chair. By this time his guest was only anxious to cheer the sage by any means. He had forgotten his own melancholy, as he cried with warmth, "It would be a fine work, and the public——"

"They don't care for me now."

"And what does it matter if they don't?" asked the young man, who was once more the eager partisan: "you have done them good—you have done them good; and what does their ingratitude matter?"

Mr Damon swayed forward towards the table, and laid his large head upon his arms. With his face thus hidden he said in a gloomy voice, "I can't do without it."

"Without what?"

"Popularity," said the sage, and he sniffed ominously. Perhaps his gloom was partly caused by a heavy cold in the head. John started, and looked at the slouching figure before him with a certain degree of horror, which presently struck him as comical. He smiled, and the smile grew pitiful. Then the great man, with his face still buried, unburdened his mind. His confession dropped from him as heavy drops of rain-water gather at the end of a choked pipe, and so fall one by one. Many times he paused to gasp or to blow his nose, but he always began again as if impelled by some slow force. He said that for years he had felt himself each day more neglected, more lonely: old friends had died or gone away; no new ones had come: people went after fresh idols: publishers instead of eager inquiries gave him cold respect. The young man listening to him found his eyes grow moist, as he thought of some old crumbling statue left motionless in the desert, when the vivid procession bearing ivory, gold, and peacocks, sweet-scented wood, and many-folded garments steeped in dyes, had passed away for ever. Presently Mr Damon went on to tell how he had felt new life thrill through him at the coming of a new disciple; how he had hoped again for sympathy, first of this one bright young nature, and then of others won by him. He said that he was

utterly weary of criticism ; that he had hoped to produce something which some young hearts might welcome ; that he had not the energy now to do it alone. John listened full of strange thoughts. He felt some contempt and much pity for this hero, at whose feet he had hoped to sit, and whom he now saw palpitating like a great jelly before his own. There crossed his mind a whimsical fancy that here was that great critic who had devoured all other critics, who had devoured all literature, until the wide field of culture was a desert, and on it one monster with a chronic indigestion. But his face was animated and his eye bright once more, as he laid his hand upon the monster's pulpy shoulder. He felt that he could do something after all. "Look here," he said ; "let me take away those papers which I have collected, and form out of them a complete book. Let me take what I like and reject what I like." Here his host heaved under his hand, and John inferred a sigh ; but as no objection was made he went on : "It will all be yours, you

know—all the matter and value. I shall only put it in order and add a few necessary links. Then, if you like it, you shall give it to the world." He paused, and there came a doubtful sniff in answer.

"I tell you," said John, impatiently, "that there are great things in it. We all want them, we young men. We shall buzz about you like bees." He gave the great shoulder a slight shove. A large limp hand was pushed out sideways, and began moving round blindly. The young man grasped it with his nervous fingers. Then at last the man of culture looked up, and there was in his eyes a look of dumb entreaty and trust, as of an old dog who can follow his master no farther.

"We will carry it through," cried John, who felt a strange sensation in his throat.

Thus it came to pass that the disciple sat no more at the feet of his master, but rose to take him on his shoulders : and hence came the book, without which, as you judiciously remark, no gentleman's library is complete.

A WANDERER'S LETTER.—NO. III.

NAPOLEON AND LEIPZIG.

To the Editor.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—When I surveyed, as I often did of late, the historical plains around Leipzig, I was impressed by the thought of how strangely different parts of our lives may be associated in our consciousness, though as regards time they are pushed asunder by years and years of action and passion. Twelve months ago I had not the least idea that I should ever behold the town of Leipzig or its battleplain: nevertheless here I am in Saxony, occupying myself with both of these; and, as I look at them, I remember again and again how I was familiar with the name of Leipzig, and with the idea that a battle was fought there, long before I knew where Leipzig might be, or comprehended what the battle was about. What I did know was, that a bridge was there blown up in such manner as to produce most gorgeous effects of fire and smoke; also, that Napoleon made rather a hurried retreat therefrom,—my information being derived from a coloured illustration bearing the name of George Cruickshank, which exhibited the discomfited Emperor plying whip and spur, and galloping off as if the devil were behind him (a following which he probably would have been more cool about, though as a figure of speech to denote his hurry and alarm the devil's pursuit does very well)—riding down everything; while behind him the dreadful bridge was flying into the air, and the miserable thousands whom its destruction cut off from hope of escape stood agonised on the bank. The book which contained this il-

lustration, and some thirty or forty more equally attractive to childhood, was a mock-heroic poem by Dr Syntax—though whether Combe was or was not the author of it I cannot tell—giving a popular and humorous account of Napoleon's career (who was generally spoken of therein as “Nap” or “Boney”), from his earliest days to his landing in Elba. By the time I was in my teens this much-thumbed work was in tatters, the last stage of its history that I remember being hard upon “mere oblivion,” and very melancholy indeed; yet, before succumbing, it had done marvellous good service in delighting successively a whole brood of inquiring minds, and probably in appeasing an unknown quantity of gathering squalls. I have never heard the work mentioned out of my own family for very many years, and therefore I conclude that my countrymen in general have not thought it so well worthy of regard as the tours of Dr Syntax; but for me, and those who cried in concert with me, though we entertained a reasonable respect for the Doctor, and condescended sometimes to turn over his plates, there was nothing in the world of letters like this history of Napoleon. Years on years—all the active part of my life—have passed since I delighted in these pictures; and here I am, after exploring by an accidental opportunity the field of Leipzig, with my mind once more occupied by Napoleon, and Cruickshank's rendering of the battle coming to remembrance as if it were yesterday only that

I saw its colours and figures. Although at the date of the poem the temptation was strong to minister to the passions of the British public rather than to regale it with veracious history, yet the poet and the artist seem in this instance not to have been much carried away by their imaginations; and the reason of that is, perhaps, that the plight of Napoleon could hardly be represented as much worse than it was at the commencement of the retreat. He undoubtedly escaped from Leipzig with great difficulty, and almost if not quite alone; and he certainly was not so far advanced in his flight when the bridge blew up but that he heard the explosion. At the moment of the demolition, however, he is said to have been in a windmill at Lindenau, which he had ascended to get a view of the retreat; but that he "skedaddled" with extreme precipitation till he reached the mill there can be no doubt.

To the merely military student, who puts aside political considerations, and desires only to obtain a just idea of how the great battle, and the campaign of which it was the determining, if not the last, act, were lost and won, these plains must necessarily be full of interest; they must have a greater interest still for him who regards the events of 1813 as part of the history of Europe. I inform myself, according to my ability, as to the fighting, and as to its causes and effects; but I own that, while I do so, I am continually enticed away to a contemplation which is neither historical nor warlike, but rather biographical. I am powerfully interested in the personal history of Napoleon as illustrated by this campaign. If ever a man was presented to us as one whom a deity desired to ruin by clouding his understanding, we must see such a man in the Emperor

at this period. The commanding ability which he had displayed in his earlier years was wanting. If it had not deserted him altogether, it had grown so dull that it could only flash forth fitfully, and required a potent stimulus, as in 1814, to make it show itself continuously. The campaign of 1812 had been proved to be a mistake, but it was a mistake much more easily recognised after the events than before. It was a leap in the dark. If it had been successful, its hazardous character would probably have brought only the greater glory to its projector. It failed; and the worst that could be said was, that if great geniuses were always to be restricted to enterprises that were perfectly safe, there would be an end of adventure and of brilliant achievement. The subjugation of Russia proved to be more than the French army could achieve; but, the error of making the attempt once admitted, the conduct of the campaign reflected no discredit on the French leader. But when he waged war for the last time on German soil, the old prudence, forethought, and sagacity of Napoleon seem to have deserted him. He advanced to the Elbe full of schemes of aggression and conquest, which he never relinquished until he was on his way back to the Rhine, although the lesson derivable from the circumstances in which he then stood was that he must secure his empire, or some fraction of it, in any way he could. His best troops were gone,—left in Russia or brought back from thence only for death or the town's end: the new host, which by great exertion he had got together, was for the most part too young for the requirements of war, and, moreover, uninstructed and undisciplined. His enemies were of necessity taking heart from his

misfortunes: the Russians, elated by the advantages they had gained over him, were pouring into western Europe, where the States which he had subjugated were one and all kindling at the thought of deliverance from his yoke; his *prestige* and his physical power were both seriously damaged. Surely consolidation was what he should have aimed at; and as a means to that end, moderation should, for the time at least, have been his rule. But his desires, his overpowering will, had now become too strong for his discretion; he had no longer an ear for the warnings of prudence, but gave himself up to wild imaginations. Wellington, in Spain, was pressing his troops hard, and might any day deal him a heavy blow there; between him and France lay subject nations whose further submission had become doubtful, and who, he knew, might rise suddenly and separate him from his only refuge in case of disaster; a little time to instruct and season his new troops would have been most invaluable. More than all this, he had, by very rough schooling, taught his opponents how to make war as he did. But he shut his eyes to these considerations—would not regard them when they were presented by his generals—talked only of astonishing his foes as he had done in former days, and of executing vengeance when he himself it was who was daily and hourly liable to find himself at the mercy of others. He was no longer able to overcome himself, and so the chance of his confounding his adversaries was small indeed. Thus the undertaking of this German campaign was a blunder. In the course of it, blunder after blunder, interspersed among flashes of the old ability and promptitude, led to its inevitable failure. All through the campaign up to the catastrophe

of Leipzig, events, not excepting the French victories, taught one only lesson—caution; but they taught in vain.

An Englishman, who in Saxony may interest himself in inquiry concerning the events of 1813, will in some sort realise the condition of Germany during the wars of the French Revolution, and cannot fail to become alive to the favoured position which his own island enjoyed in those days. England was the soul of the resistance that was made to the ambitious projects of the Emperor. Without her the nations must, many a time during the contest, have discontinued their efforts; and yet she, though like a fate maintaining and directing the struggle, altogether escaped that horrid acquaintance with its incidents which was burnt into the hearts of the dwellers on its theatre. She sent forth her sons to fight, and she spent her treasures liberally: those were her sacrifices in the long war. But such appear light afflictions indeed, to them who have known what it was to

“Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.”

The town of Leipzig was simply ruined by the French occupation in 1813. Dresden suffered the same fate. The cruelties, exactions, and oppressions were most horrible. When we read of the universal joy which was diffused over the towns when the French evacuated or were driven out of them, we are apt to imagine that, once the disagreeable visitors withdrew, things returned to their former condition, and all went merrily again. But the universal joy must be a mere figure of speech, or it must mean the joy of the opposing forces who entered, or of the nations generally whose forces were victorious. As for the wretched towns themselves, they never got rid of the French

until everything they had had been consumed or destroyed, and famine and pestilence were legacies left behind the visitors. I am told that it is hardly too much to say that not one of those who had arrived at man's estate at the time of the occupation ever lived to recover from the destitution in which they were at that time plunged. Very many families which enjoyed wealth and position in the last century remain to this day little better than paupers; and their destitution is due to the French, who deprived them of everything they had. It must be remembered, too, that the French and Saxons were allies: the Saxon monarch stood by Napoleon throughout the campaign, and until towards the very end of the battle of Leipzig the Saxon troops fought on the French side. The treatment which I have been describing was that which Napoleon's *friends* received at his hands.

It is a drive of two hours at most from Leipzig to Lützen, over a country possessing as few elements of the picturesque as can well be imagined. The great plain extends to points far beyond Lützen. It is diversified by no alternation of hill and dale; scarcely a grove or clump of trees breaks the monotony of the landscape. All is flat and bald. There is sublimity in the immensity of the plain, but beauty is altogether wanting. The villages—scarce in the neighbourhood of Lindenau, but more plentiful around Lützen—are about as unadorned and ugly as they can be. Railways have not yet found their way as far as Lützen and its adjacent villages; and, except where they have penetrated, it may be assumed that the aspect of things is much what it was in 1813. The soil of the plain seems to be very rich, and is entirely cultivated. No hedge or material demarcation inter-

rupts the rapidity of the great flat, or occupies a hand's-breadth that should be the husbandman's. The colours of the crops alone, in this spring-time, brighten and vary the scene a little. I suppose no warrior ever thought of giving these places historical renown to compensate their want of beauty; yet warriors have amply done this for them. These plains of Leipzig, of what grand events have they been the theatre—what turning acts in the world's history have they witnessed!

Very near to Lützen, but rather to the north of Napoleon's battle-field, a plain stone, which modern reverence has surmounted by a more showy monument, marks the death-spot of Gustavus Adolphus. If the ground had had no other interest, the last battle-field of the Protestant champion would have been worthy of a pilgrimage; and very glad am I to have surveyed the scene where he closed his career. Shall I, however, make a confession to you, dear Editor? While I paused near the monument, thinking of what is now an old, old story, the character which presented itself most pertinaciously in my memory was not the great Gustavus, nor any being that ever walked this earth, but the creation of a great magician, never perceived by human sense, howbeit a distinct figure in many a human mind nevertheless. It was Captain Dugald Dalgetty, of voracious and loquacious fame, that would intrude himself into my thoughts. I found that I had never pictured to myself Gustavus—had not, in truth, an idea what he looked like; while of the sagacious captain I possessed as clear an image as was possible in the mind's eye. Thus, by a very intelligible chain of ideas, I, a pilgrim at the stone of the Swedish hero, was spirited away among the scenes of the 'Legend of Montrose'; for Gustavus was Dugald's constant theme, his preceptor

in the art of war, his inspiration. I have a suspicion, moreover, that my earliest acquaintance with the monarch was through the *ci-devant* Rittmeister; for I fell, while of tender age, among tales and legends, and think that my historical reading can have extended little, if at all, beyond the outlines of English history, when I made acquaintance with many a romancer's dreams. That by the way. Round this spot it seems that Napoleon's guard bivouacked on the night of May 1, 1813, his army being then on its march to the Elbe, by Leipzig. The Allied army were at this time close to his line of advance, and meditating a stroke which he little expected. Having contrived to conceal their position from him till next day, they, soon after noon, fell upon his extended columns in a very masterly way, taking him by surprise and at great disadvantage. If the execution of their attack could have equalled its conception, they would have then and there finished the campaign. But the valour and steadiness of the French troops, and the skill of the French Emperor, were sufficient to ward off a disaster which at one time was imminent. The villages of Great and Little Görschen, of Kaja, Rahno, and Eisdorf, all a little to the south of Lützen, were held by the French with extreme tenacity and valour, or, if lost for a time, were recovered again by desperate efforts. Had these little points of vantage been lost, and the French been forced past them on to the open plain, the Cossacks and other splendid cavalry (in which the Allies were rich) would speedily have wrought complete destruction, for the French were weak in that arm. As it was, the villages, by supreme efforts, were held until Napoleon could in some sort concentrate his army on the point where he was attacked. He lost more men

than the enemy, but by nightfall he was in greater force near Lützen than they. The opposing forces remained till next day on the field; and during the night the cavalry of the Allies made an incursion on the weary French, by which the Emperor was nearly captured. In the morning the Allies, finding themselves overmatched, retreated, without being molested. The war was transferred to the Elbe, and the plains of Leipzig were left in peace until October, when they heard the sound of cannon again.

Lützen is properly described as one of the most brilliant of Napoleon's victories; and this because it was his generalship alone which prevented it from being a defeat. He, being in a great strait, by a wonderful intuition penetrated the enemy's plan, brought up all the force which he had in hand to make good the key of his position, and contrived to hold his ground until more of his divisions, arriving from distant points, made him of superior strength to the Allies, and the latter found it necessary to retreat. But though his abilities thus saved him from disaster, the affair reflected little credit on his prudence, and showed that he was no longer to have the initiative in war as of old. The action was planned by the Allies, not by him. They lay for many hours quite close to his line of march without his knowledge of their design or of their exact position. They assailed him when his divisions, being on the march, were extended over thirty miles of country from Weissenfels to Leipzig; and they went very near, indeed, to cutting his army in two. His victory was nothing like those stunning overthrows by which he had once been accustomed to paralyse his foes. The Allies retired fighting, without the least disorder, and without the loss of a gun or a

waggon, and Napoleon did not at once pursue them. He had lost the power of controlling the campaign and of driving his adversary before him, either because his qualities and his troops had deteriorated, or because his opponents had gained a new proficiency in the art of war. But the more that he ought to have been impressed by these considerations, the more incautious and wilful did he become. He was possessed by the idea of punishing Prussia for joining Russia. He blustered most unadvisedly about destroying Berlin, and making Frederick William's realm a desert; and while he was uttering threats like these, calculated to excite war to the knife against him if anything could do so, he was endeavouring to detach separate States from the alliance which frowned so darkly on his fortunes. He should have forborne to threaten, or else saved himself the trouble of negotiating.

But all lessons, as we know, were lost upon him; and although he did not cease to win battles, he ceased to win decisive ones, and his fortunes steadily deteriorated. Bad news came from Spain and Germany; and at length Austria, feeling that he had fallen low enough to warrant her in hazing another stroke for independence, threw her sword into the scale against him. His old renown, and the dread which he had universally inspired, would have enabled him at any time in this summer to make reasonable terms, by which he would have gained time to reorganise his power, if he could gain nothing else. But opportunity after opportunity was lost; negotiation after negotiation came to nought; he was even mad enough to personally insult Prince Metternich at a time when the retention of the Austrian alliance was of the utmost moment to him; and the autumn saw him once more on the

plains around Leipzig, his chance of retreat to the Rhine without ruinous damage hanging on the issue of a battle wherein his troops would be matched against equal numbers, a far stronger cavalry, and an opposing force whose physical and moral condition was superior to theirs: and yet, standing in this jeopardy, his mind was set upon aggression and vengeance, and making the nobles of Prussia beg their bread! So have I seen an old mastiff whose teeth had been ground down by work and time unable to comprehend that he was no longer the champion that he had been, and challenging and fighting with the avidity of old days, but getting only defeats from younger and better-armed foes.

It was during the months which elapsed between the two battles of Lützen and Leipzig fought by Napoleon on these plains, that the poet Körner was brought by stealth wounded into the latter town. His regiment had been treacherously attacked by the French during an armistice, and he, unarmed, had been cut down. It was a dangerous act then to harbour a soldier of the Allied armies in a Saxon town; nevertheless, a humane and patriotic medical man in the suburbs of Leipzig received Körner into his house, and attended to him until he recovered. The poet then returned to his regiment, and served but a short time longer before he received another and a fatal wound. He was slain during the unsuccessful attack made by the Allied army on Dresden in August.

In the last-named city, before the grammar-school in the Georgs-Platz, stands his statue, wherein the artist has endeavoured to glorify the poet and the soldier; and so, in my opinion, has produced an unsatisfactory effect. A military poet does not usually take his MS. with

him when he charges the enemy, nor wear his panoply when he is composing or reciting his verses. But our sculptured Körner, grasping his sword with one hand—and a warlike figure in all respects but one, carries a literary roll in the other hand. The statuary in one effort can seize but a single epoch in the life of a man, and should confine himself to that. Körner never immortalised himself as a soldier; and though he fell bravely fighting, as hundreds of other Germans did, he did not by that means earn his statue. The homage is undoubtedly paid to the memory of the patriotic poet, and it would have been well, I think, if Herr Hähnel had remembered this, and spared us the spurs and other articles of war.

I think that it is supposed by most of those who have written of the battle of Leipzig that the town at the time of the battle was fortified. This is a mistake. It was in the days of the Seven Years' War surrounded by a continuous *enceinte*, strengthened by some outworks; but immediately after that war the levelling of the ramparts commenced. They were removed very gradually, the last curtain—that in front of Schiller Strasse—having disappeared before the middle of the present century. Therefore, in 1813 Leipzig was not fortified in the sense of being in a condition to stand a siege. Any town may be defended by street and house fighting, and this was the sort of resistance that was made to the Allied forces when they broke into Leipzig on the 19th October. No doubt the portions of the old *enceinte* and outworks then existing helped the French rearguard a little in their resistance; but the whole assault was an affair of only an hour or two. If the walls had been continuous they might have kept

the conquerors, or a large portion of them, back for some days, and materially retarded the pursuit.

The Leizigers have taken pains to mark by a column each of the principal points in the battles, so that a stranger, after a short survey of the ground, finds his comprehension of the awful struggle pretty clear, if he happens to have read a good account of the order of events.

The great plain of Leipzig extends in every direction from the town as far as the eye can reach. Except by the rivers that flow through it, it is very little broken even in these days of railways and quarries. In 1813, it was probably, in a general sense, unbroken; and the fullest advantage was in that year taken of its extent for fighting purposes; for round the town, there was not a point of the compass where the battle of 16th to 19th October did not reach. The principal struggle—where the generals-in-chief on both sides were present, and where the great body of the forces was engaged—occurred to the south-east of Leipzig on the 16th and 18th. To the north-east, Marshal Ney opposed Blücher's and Bernadotte's corps. The Allied forces, as the victory inclined to their side, extended towards each other, and finally touched, thus stretching over more than a half-circle from north-west to south-west by the east. On the west, by Lindenau, a corps of Austrians ceaselessly endeavoured to drive General Bertrand's corps off the main road to Erfurth. Thus was Leipzig literally "encompassed with armies." It is impossible to conceive that "glorious war," as a spectacle, could be more grandly presented; and if there were in Leipzig at the time any spectator whose affections and possessions were untouched by the war, he must have enjoyed scenes of un-

equalled magnificence on those autumn days.

"By heaven ! it is a splendid sight to see,
(For one who hath no friend, no brother
there),

Their rival scarfs of mixed embroidery,
Their various arms that glitter in the
air !

What gallant war-hounds rouse them
from their lair,

And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for
the prey ?

All join the chase, but few the triumph
share ;

The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize
away,

And Havoc scarce for joy can number
their array."

Spite of the magnitude and extent of the order of battle, you realise its general features very readily. There is a village about four miles to the south-east, named Liebervolkwitz, which represents about the centre of the French position of the 16th. An arc drawn through this village, with Leipzig as a centre, and extending from the river on the right, to the ground in front of Halzhausen village on the left, would pass through the position of the troops handled by Napoleon in person. Of course, the position of the Allies fronted this. It was about the villages right and left of Liebervolkwitz that the tremendous struggles took place which make up the first day's battle of Leipzig, so far as the main armies were concerned. Napoleon's position from which he ordered the battle on that day, is marked by a pillar south-west of the village of Probstheida ; and Probstheida is almost on the straight line, and about half-way, between Leipzig and Liebervolkwitz.

Furious as it was, the struggle of the 16th was indecisive, and a drawn battle was to Napoleon as bad as a defeat ; for the object to be gained by fighting at all was to deliver a blow that might seriously discomfit the enemy, paralyse his

efforts, and incline him to treat on terms favourable to the French. A tremendous action had been fought ; Napoleon's position was worse than it had been before ; he knew that reinforcements for the enemy were at hand, and yet he would decide neither to retreat nor to make provision for his retreat on a future day. It is so difficult to perceive on what reasonable expectation, or even on what chance, of advantage he resolved to fight again in front of Leipzig, that we are compelled to ascribe the second battle to mere pride and wilfulness. Undoubtedly the same kind of obstinacy had succeeded with Napoleon many times before, but those times were very different from 1813. His method of making war took Europe by surprise in his early days ; his own abilities, and the fighting condition of his troops, were so superior to what was to be found on the other side, that he might always be said to have a fair chance of success even when things apparently were against him. His justification, then, for running great hazards was in his undoubted moral superiority. But things were sadly changed now. The Allied army was certainly commanded with as much ability as the French ; the Allies were encouraged to renewed exertions by the glorious impression which they had made on the foe on the 16th ; they were provisioned by a proper commissariat, properly sheltered in their camp, and wanted for nothing that soldiers in the field can have ; while the French, having plundered and devoured all the goods and victual of Leipzig and the surrounding country, and having no magazine of their own within reach to draw upon, could turn the day's rest which they got on the 17th to small account. Buonaparte was certainly demented and devoted to destruction. He

might yet have shown a sufficient front to make good his retreat with what was left to him. But he chose to risk everything upon the bare chance of beating to-morrow that enemy to whom he had yielded ground yesterday—an enemy in many ways strengthened since then; and he paid dearly for his choice!

The main armies did not engage on the 17th; and one may suppose, not unreasonably, that both sides were willing enough to take a little breathing-time after their exertions of the day before. The reasons respectively assigned for the pause are, on the part of the French Emperor, that he hoped for an answer to proposals which he had made to Austria the night before, tempting her to withdraw from the alliance; on the part of the Allies, that their reinforcements, which they knew to be at hand, did not come up till afternoon of the 17th, when it was too late to begin fighting. There was a severe cavalry combat away to the north-east on the 17th; but, except for this, it was a day of comparative rest. Napoleon used it to distribute his troops in a fresh position. He contracted his arc of defence, drawing his forces nearer to Leipzig, and made all the preparation in his power for the mortal agony of the 18th. Probstheida, which had before been his own station in rear of his army, he now made his most advanced point of defence. His right, still resting on the river, was at Connewitz; but his left was able to stretch further north than before, being formed on the circumference of a smaller circle. Thus he covered Leipzig and his only way of retreat more effectually. His own station with his reserves was at the tobacco-mill on the Thonberg. It is now marked by a pillar, the mill having been removed. He had yielded two miles of ground in thus changing

his position, and brought the war close to the suburbs. Such a din of battle, such a pounding of fire-arms as Leipzig heard next day, had never been heard in the world before. A spectator inside it—let him look which way he might from a steeple, monument, or point of vantage—saw embattled hosts in deadly strife. From nine in the morning until the fall of night the carnage continued. The whole of Napoleon's action in this encounter may be described as vainly beating himself to pieces against a foe as obstinate and as wary as himself, and in far better fighting trim than he was. In vain he launched his masses of men on point after point of the enemy's line, endeavouring to break it. He yielded rather than gained ground; and the firmness and superiority of the Allies were so marked, that the Saxons and Württembergers who, against their inclinations, had been combating on the French side, went over on the field to the other, and turned their arms against him.

After a time it became so certain that the day must end in the retreat, or attempted retreat, of the French, that Schwarzenberg, the generalissimo of the Allied forces, got his men on the great field south-east of Leipzig as much as possible into shelter, protecting them by a furious and most powerful cannonade. The fire of the guns was sufficient to baffle the desperate attacks which Napoleon still persisted in making, for the Allied artillery was now superior to his both in numbers and position. And he was soon obliged to direct his attention to a part of the field farther north, where his troops were being forced back almost to the gates of Leipzig. Though the fighting was most desperate in this northern direction, nothing that the French Emperor could do sufficed to check the enemy; and when night fell, his position had become quite un-

tenable, and there was nothing for it but to move off as fast and in as good order as he could.

Do you remember that, consulting with his generals on the field after nightfall, the exhausted Emperor fell asleep in his chair, and, on waking up after a few minutes, had lost all recollection of where he was and of what had happened? I cannot find out exactly where this council was held, but think it merits a stone to mark it as well as any spot on the field. These few moments of insensibility were all the sleep he got that night: he hurried back to the town at eight o'clock, and was occupied till morning in ascertaining the state of his army and in arranging for the continuance of the retreat, and its protection by a rear-guard. It was not his way to acknowledge deficiency on his own part; but I fancy that he must have felt very keenly how the misery in which he and his were now sunk was owing to his own obstinacy and the castles in the air which he had allowed himself to dote upon. Where was now his hope of chastising Prussia, for which he had sacrificed every dictate of prudence? Where was his cherished *prestige*, relying on which he had declined and neglected to provide in any way against adversity? In what a condition was his empire, put together with so much blood and treasure! already falling to pieces, and that which was nominally subject territory not even affording him a safe and unmolested passage back to France! The more I reflect on the condition to which he had now brought himself, the more damaged does his character as a general and a ruler appear.

The battles of the 16th and 18th were remarkable for hard fighting rather than for brilliant strokes of generalship. Both leaders had disposed their forces advantageously, and both were prompt at bringing

up supports to a disputed point. Wherever a ground of vantage was contended for, thither did each commander accumulate masses of men until the action ceased in that direction, not so much because any marked advantage had been gained as because human effort in that quarter could do no more. The Allies were superior in artillery and cavalry, and the Cossacks, in the course of the 18th, succeeded in overlapping and threatening Napoleon's left flank; but it was on the north, where the Allies had been largely reinforced since the 16th, that the principal impression was made and the French were driven into the suburbs in such sort, that but for the coming of night it might have been hard to secure the town and the line of retreat. Napoleon watched, as of old, for some mistake or some omission on his enemy's part, which might enable him to deliver one of his master-strokes and thus to secure the victory; but he watched in vain.

Before he fought the battle of Leipzig, Napoleon must have known that the greatest advantage he could reasonably hope for from fighting was an undisturbed retreat to France. In case of his not being able to deliver a severe check to the Allies he would of course still have to retreat, but amid circumstances not much more favourable than those which attended his retreat from Russia the year before. Any facility, therefore, which by the skill of his engineers and the exertions of his troops could have been provided for a rapid exodus from Leipzig should have been sought after by him with the utmost earnestness. But it is a truth, never explained, that to the very last he persisted in refusing attention to his line of retreat. When pressed by his generals and staff, he sent Bertrand to keep open the one

road to Weissenfels; but beyond this he did nothing. In the marshes to the westward of Leipzig the rivers Pleisse and Elster, often separating and reuniting, run in several channels. The great road crosses several of these channels over bridges; but for a long way north and south of this great road there was in those days no bridge. To make temporary bridges at other points was therefore an obvious necessity if an immense force were to be moved rapidly from the city towards the Rhine. But no representation could induce the Emperor to give attention to this important matter. He might have made bridges before the battle began; he might have made them on the 17th October, which intervened between the two terrible days of fighting; he might even have made them on the night between the 18th and 19th,—but he did not. His mind seemed to turn with some unconquerable aversion from this disagreeable duty—among many proofs a most glaring one that his capacity was no longer of that uniform excellence which it once had been. Thus, when the inevitable retreat was ordered, the whole of his immense force, with artillery and baggage, had to depart by one narrow street, the Frankfurter Strasse, which led over the bridges, and so on by the great highway to Lindenau.

If you stood in the Frankfurter Strasse, my dear Editor, you would soon perceive that, such a host pressing into it, a jam could hardly be avoided by any regulation or arrangement; and, if you considered that, while the French were pushing through it, a victorious enemy was forcing his way into the town behind them, you would quite realise the dire confusion which entangled everything in that outpouring. Guns, carriages, cavalry

horses, foot-soldiers, and camp-followers, all struggling along together; narrow bridges in front over which no more than one carriage could pass at a time; an almost endless crowd in rear pressing on with frantic energy. Very soon the parallel and cross streets must have been choked with them too. Then fancy the Allied forces charging into this helpless mass, or mowing them down with case-shot wherever a view of them could be got! Scarcely could soldiers be in a more miserable plight. If the streams had been bridged on ten lines the French army could not have escaped without heavy loss; but when all had to pass by one series of narrow bridges, what a problem was presented! No leader was ever guilty of more unpardonable neglect than Napoleon in this matter. As long as the rear-guard could keep the assailants at bay, the foremost corps continued to hurry across the streams; but it was soon apparent that if any more could get away with their lives for a prey, as the Scripture expresses it, that was as much as could be effected: no more vehicles could pass. So the wretched beings set fire to their waggons and essayed to flee unencumbered. Then when all attempt at resistance was relinquished, and the only remaining hope of evading the enemy was in the speed of their flight, occurred the dreadful catastrophe with which Cruickshank's pencil made my infant eyes familiar. One of the bridges, whose demolition had been designed to arrest the enemy's pursuit, was, by a blunder, prematurely blown up. This was the incident which crowned the disaster. The small semblance of discipline or order which had remained up to this period was now dissolved. The men rushed into the dark waters, and, being unable to combat the stream, or sinking

in the deep mud of its bed, were drowned in numbers. The enemy in great force was on their flanks and rear, and the only alternatives were death or surrender. Another great French army was ruined, and but a few shattered remains of it were on their way back to tell the tale of woe.

The modern bridge does not, I imagine, bstride exactly the same space as did this bridge of fate. But close to it there is a pillar commemorating the demolition. The span of it is very moderate; indeed, as you stand looking at it you fancy it does not very much exceed some of the longest jumps that you now and then hear of. It happens too, sometimes, that the river has shrunk to a scanty stream, and *looks* of such a moderate depth that it could hardly present much difficulty to determined men essaying to cross. Everything, however, seems to have conspired on this fatal 19th October 1813 to make the wreck of the French army complete. A deep flood was rolling between the steep and slippery banks, and the river must have been full for some days, from the depth of mud which is reported.

Among the few who escaped after the explosion was Marshal MacDonald, who boldly swam his horse across; and among the drowned was the brave Poniatowski, who also tried to cross the channel on horseback, but slipped back on attempting to climb the farther bank. His body, having been found and recognised, was carried to a room in the basement storey of the Rath-haus to await burial, which it received with great solemnity and honour from the Allied sovereigns. It did not, however, remain long in Leipzig, but was exhumed and carried to Warsaw, where it was again entombed. Finally, in 1816, it was, by permission of the Emperor Alexander, awarded a resting-place at

Cracow among the kings and heroes of Poland. I have in vain endeavoured to discover the grave in which it temporarily rested in Leipzig; and I am not astonished that there is no record of this particular grave, seeing that within and without the walls there must have been pits and trenches open, into which the dead were being put from morning till night.

This retreat of Napoleon's back to France, across Germany, seems on a careless view to contradict a well-known maxim of war, which affirms that a general whose communications with his base are interrupted, while at the same time he is confronted or followed by a superior force whose communications are complete, is checkmated. The Emperor had undoubtedly been severely beaten at Leipzig: on his rear and on his flank were his victorious enemies; except some magazines at Erfurth, which lay on his route, he had nothing to fall back on; and the Bavarians, in force between him and the Rhine, were waiting to bar his passage. Yet the game was not at an end. He made a retreat, such as it was, to France, and brought a small number of famished and diseased wretches to languish in the fortresses on the Rhine. But I believe his condition, if surveyed carefully, *was* checkmate. It must be remembered, I am told, that a general, at whatever disadvantage he may lie, has it always in his power to refuse to lay down his arms, and to endeavour to cut his way through his enemies, preferring suffering and death to the acknowledgment of defeat. The maxim which I mentioned above is framed on the supposition that, where the situation is desperate, common humanity will dictate submission on the best terms that can be obtained. Napoleon preferred that thousands and thousands of his

troops should perish by the sword, by famine, and afterwards by pestilence, rather than that he should avert useless destruction by composition with his foe. But he did not in the least retrieve his position after this day of Leipzig; he merely drew the war on to the soil of France instead of Germany, wore out a few months in unsuccessful defence of his capital, and then surrendered not only his arms but his crown. The days of Leipzig were the days of Fate.

His personal courage, however, is very distinctly witnessed by the records of these events. It does not seem as if he courted, or defied, or despised danger in the chivalrous sense, so much as that his mind was so absorbed in the direction of his battles that he had no place in it for apprehensions about himself. Constantly we read of him standing in situations where his staff and others were being destroyed close to him, and where shot and shell were falling profusely about; while he, surveying and contemplating the fortunes of the field, was absolutely insensible to what was passing at his elbow. At Hanau, while he was giving some directions, a shell fell quite close to him. He paid no attention to it, and no one dared to interrupt his speech; but those about him hardly breathed while they awaited the explosion. The missile penetrated so far into the ground that its bursting was harmless. Napoleon does not seem to have been aware that there ever had been any danger. At the passage of the Elbe, when a ball struck some wood close to him, and sent a splinter on to his neck, he so far recognised the danger as to say, "If it had struck me on the breast, all had been over." When he was suddenly recalled to Dresden by the unexpected attack of the Allies,

their fire was very hot over a space which he had to pass, and he crawled along there on his hands and knees, but never thought of waiting, or of seeking another path. Nobody has ever given a reason why fortune should constantly favour these strong adventurous men; nor why they should be aware, as they seem to be, that they are proof against accidents that may come to other men. Force of will and physical vigour might be urged as the causes of the men's temerity; but strength of will or of body cannot keep off the strokes of shot and shell!

Most of those who have roamed over the vast theatre of his German defeat, and mused on his fortunes and character, will spend some time before Napoleon's portrait by Delaroche in the Museum. The momentous act of his life-drama which was begun at Leipzig ended at Fontainebleau; and, as we look at the fallen hero, the baffled politician, the conqueror who was to conquer no more, we ascertain the goal of his infatuation, and recognise the answer of Providence to one who had said, "Tush! God hath forgotten." All is past; all is lost; empire is vanishing away; and the fixed gaze peering into space, and daring to regard neither the past nor the future, offers a terrible lesson. Not a scintilla of comfort derived from honour saved, or duty done, is to be traced in the expression. The glory had departed, and with it had gone all that could lift up the soul. That look of blank despair tells that nothing is left!

On being cleared of its invaders, Leipzig presented a series of scenes as horrible as the mind can conceive. Heaps upon heaps of dead and dying lay all round and all through it, some of them nearly filling the Frankfurter Strasse up

to the fatal bridge. The sick and wounded amounted to nearly forty thousand, besides an enormous number of unwounded prisoners. The resources of the town were utterly exhausted, so that one sees that these wretches who could not get away had but a miserable prospect; yet no anticipation of their misery could correctly foreshadow the event. It is certain that of the innumerable sick and wounded none had bed or shirt; and that a very large number had not even protection from the weather, but lay in sheds, on dunghills, and in the streets. Fifty-six hospitals were improvised, but these afforded scarce more than shelter from the weather. Medical attendance, appliances, or stores, were procurable in quantity altogether inadequate to the requirements of the occasion. Where the wounded were fortunate enough to find cover, they are described as packed together like herrings in a barrel, and lying in the blood-stained rags in which they were brought in from the field. Of course mortification, lock-jaw, and other horrors overtook the mutilated. Rough shingles were used for splints, and it is known that amputations were in many cases performed by persons who knew nothing of surgery. The town had been left so destitute of provision of food that it was impossible to feed the immense hosts that were left in it helpless; and it is a horrible truth that French soldiers were seen grubbing in the dirt-heaps for bones and apple or vegetable parings. In some parts of the town birds and dogs fed on human bodies. To crown all this, a pestilence, as might have been expected, broke out, and afflicted the peaceful inhabitants as well as the soldiers.

Where it was so hard to find

shelter for the sick, prisoners could not hope to fare very well. These were thrust into any place, no matter how noisome, where they could be secure. Many of them were stowed in the cemeteries, in the vaults with the dead, whose coffins they burned to keep themselves from perishing of cold. The scenes and the suffering were altogether as dreadful and shocking as can be conceived. "It is well," says one of the German writers who recount these things, "that our children should learn with what suffering their freedom has been bought."

It is a relief to turn from the recital or perusal of these horrors to the present aspect of the town and country where they were enacted. Spring is budding; the trees are alive with birds; and where the skaters were lately busy, you have dancing shadows and sparkling fountains. As warmth and sunshine gladden the sober industrious region, and the ploughman, in full security of his reward in autumn, begins his patient labour, the scenes are suggestive of only hope and peace. The small birds, not hunted and persecuted as they are elsewhere, skim across your path, or pursue their fancies, whatever they may be—the old ones foraging, the young trying their pinions, almost within your grasp, so little terror have they of mankind. Their tameness does not arise, like that of Alexander Selkirk's friends, from unacquaintance with man, but from long experience that man is not their enemy. German boys are not given to torturing and putting to death in a wanton way. If they go about in spring and summer equipped with fly-nets and canisters like candle-boxes for the capture of insects, this is allowed in the interest of

science—a name that will excuse anything to a German understanding; but it is no part of their creed that they have a mission requiring them to put to death every animal weaker than themselves. And so the little birds are very confiding, and perhaps a trifle happier than if they believed their lives to be in constant danger from the other two-legged animals. It is all so quiet and peaceful, and has such an air of having been always quiet and peaceful, and going to be always quiet and peaceful, that “historic doubts” are engendered, and one questions whether it be not easier to believe that a narrative of strife and carnage has been forged than that these tranquil plains have ever resounded to “great ordnance in the field,” or been enriched with the gore of tens of myriads. They show you a ball lodged in the angle of a church, or a hole through an old gable—good; but what do these prove? You may see, standing about, pillars commemorating this or that episode in the great epic; but we have heard before how a column sometimes “lifts its head and lies,” and they who would write cunningly-devised fables would chisel also false inscriptions. If Troy was a fancy, why not Leipzig? It would be pleasant to believe the latter to be but a glorious myth; and, standing here on this gentle April day, one feels strangely tempted toward such a belief.

But no. Whatever nature may seem to cry aloud in this her tranquil mood, the testimony of “articulate-speaking men,” of men who felt only too keenly all that they spoke and left on record, assures us that the battle of Leipzig was a great fact—the greatest probably that has had place in Europe since the middle ages. On these plains

was in reality broken the devilish power of the French Revolution. There began that chastisement of an impious nation, which has never to this day ceased. Here religion, order, justice, national independence, again asserted themselves, and overturned the sway of the sword, of rapine, of unbelief, and of all the evil passions of fallen humanity. The tide of French aggression was fairly turned back; the limit of revolutionary success had been reached; and blighted, pillaged Europe was permitted once more to breathe freely, and entertain the trembling hope of one day being again at rest, and of men rearing vines and fig-trees which they might dare to call their own. Here set that star of which Napoleon spoke so arrogantly, and in which he placed so great trust. Hereafter he was but a broken adventurer, put to all his shifts to prolong his doomed empire, going from fall to fall, and at last perishing miserably!

If, then, the spot where a great blow has been struck for freedom should be sacred in men’s eyes, these plains of Leipzig are hallowed ground. It is good to meditate in sight of them; and, from the midst of the silence and plenty and peace which now reign there, to cast back a thought to the havoc and misery which they have witnessed. Happy are the generations which inherit the prosperity without having known the sorrow with which it was purchased! but they must never forget the price that was paid, nor enjoy their blessings without a thought of the great struggle through which they are this day free. “He who smote the people in wrath with a continual stroke, he that ruled the nations in anger, is persecuted, and none hindereth. The whole earth is at rest,

and is quiet; they break forth into singing."

Great scarcity of the sinews of war all over the continent of Europe is said by some of the very wise to be the sole cause of the nations being peacefully disposed at this moment. If so, we discover a new virtue in poverty. It is pleasant, too, to reflect that England, which has means, and which has some stake in the subjects of contention, is no longer content to be voiceless when so many throats are sounding their claims and designs. I do not think the cause of peace will be in the least injured by England rousing herself; and I am sure that the respect of other Powers and our own self-respect will be largely increased by her so acting. As long as the world continues to be such as it now is, the axiom will hold that they who desire peace should be ready for war—honourable peace, that is to say. Of course,

at the expense of being kicked and spit upon, a nation may for a time buy off hostilities. But this is but futile policy, as we learned three or four years since. A British Minister should deserve to have in his epitaph some words which were engraved over the shell of Commodore Trunnion: "He kept his guns ready loaded, and his tackle ready manned, and never showed his poop to the enemy except when he took him in tow." But I must not begin to scribble about politics after so long a letter on warlike matters. It has given me much pleasure to survey these battle-fields, and to learn what I could concerning them; and if you and the readers of *Maga* care to follow my wanderings, I shall again rejoice. Now, for the present, farewell. Accept, my dear Editor, these presents, and the warm regard of

A WANDERING ENGLISHMAN.

LADY ADELAIDE.

A STUDY.

"DEAR! Did you really? How clever!"

"I can put up with everything about her, but that '*How clever!*'" cried Elizabeth, when the lady had departed. "It always comes out in the same tone, and with the same emphasis. Whatever one does, if it be but the veriest trifle, something that even a Lady Adelaide could accomplish herself without too much trouble, it is sure to obtain that all-embracing epithet. I do not believe her vocabulary could supply any other note of admiration. She never rises above it, and never falls below. When she heard that Captain Webb had swum across the Channel, and that I had worked a crochet anti-macassar, she said of us both, '*How clever!*'"

Her friend laughed.

"Is it not provoking, Anne?"

"Provoking? Perhaps; if it were worth being provoked about."

"You think it is not? But you don't know till you have been tried. I had rather endure one good sword-cut and have done with it, than be the victim of a thousand lancet-pricks. How often did you hear that little soft ejaculation during the last half-hour? Be on your honour, Anne."

"More than once, I confess."

"And you had noticed it?"

"Yes, I had."

"Well, was it not, as I said, called forth by great and small, somethings and nothings, alike? Was it not a most absurd comment, most promiscuously applied, by a most stupid woman? Come, Anne, join me; it will do you good, or, if not, it will do *me* good to hear it. Say what you think, you prudent

Anne; confess, break forth, you fountain of wisdom, and overflow your banks like Jordan! You had noticed it, you had felt it all the time, and yet you shake your head, you knit your brows? Oh, I fear you not; I shall say my say, and moan my moan, and none shall stop me. See, I am the better for it already! I have not—upon my word, I have not felt so charitably disposed towards the poor dear lady for a long time."

Anne, smiling—"That does you credit, surely. The prick of a pin stirs up this tempest, and the tempest subsides with the same show of reason wherewith it arose. A storm in a teacup, Lizzie. Much ado about——"

"Not nothing—not nothing, you tiresome creature! you will not surely pretend to declare that it is nothing?"

"You will not surely venture to affirm that it is something?"

"I affirm it, and maintain it, Anne."

"Then you are a little—foolish, dear."

"And you are a very great deal—exasperating, darling."

Anne smiles, Elizabeth laughs. The door opens, and a footman, with uncertain, bewildered steps, approaches the upper end of the room.

"My lady's gloves, ma'am. Under the sofa, or on the mantelpiece, or on the floor."

"The locality being so precisely described, he cannot fail to find them immediately," observes his mistress, aside.

"Look on the piano, William."

On the piano the gloves are dis-

covered, and carried off, doubled up on a salver.

"Now it will be, '*How clever!*' to have found them so quickly! and with more grounds for saying so than usual," continues Mrs Tresham, with curled lip. "Anne, you might have pity upon me. What may be amusing in a friend, is torture from a relation. If Lady Adelaide could only be metamorphosed into an ordinary acquaintance—a neighbour even, though not *too* near at hand—how joyfully would I engage her in conversation, nor dream of attempting to clear a single cobweb off her brains!"

"You would simply despise her more than ever."

"No, no, no; at least I think not."

"You would."

"And have you no compassion? Yet I would grieve from my heart if you should ever have the misfortune to be tacked on to a—Lady Adelaide. What can I say more? Yet I defy you, even you, my mentor, to twist anything undutiful or disrespectful out of such a tame conclusion, such a paltry climax."

Anne, gravely—"She is a very kind-hearted woman."

"So she is."

"And you have no fault to find with her, save that she calls you clever?"

"*Clevar*, not *clever*. You missed the accent, dear."

"Is that her only fault?" perseveres Anne.

"Hum! I did not say so; I did not go so far as that. Her only great fault, perhaps her only perpetual, ever-recurring fault."

"She has no other that you cannot condone?"

"Is not this enough? I began years ago, by being called a clever child, then I was a clever girl, and now I am a clever woman. I was tired of the word, before I had ever

seen Lady Adelaide; now, I am perfectly sick of it."

"After all, Lizzie, what a baby you are!"

"A baby, if you like. I have no objection at all to being called a baby. Nice, little, soft, fluffy things, made to be petted and kissed. But the other is a term of abuse, a positive insult."

"Nonsense!"

"It is; so applied, by such lips. Nay, Anne, sweet Anne, frown not so seriously. It spoils thy dimples, Anne, contorts the brow, and distorts the mouth. I say it again, again, again; I will not be called a 'clever' woman."

Anne.—"One might be called a worse thing."

Elizabeth, confidentially.—"But, good Anne, one word. Were you ever tired of being called *pretty*?"

* * * * *

Lady Adelaide and her new niece were, as may have been gathered by the foregoing dialogue, perhaps as ill suited to each other as it was possible for any two people to be.

Elizabeth, a gay, triumphant bride, in the heyday of her charms, little disposed to tolerate anything contemptible and ridiculous, was seriously disturbed by finding in the relation who of all her newly-acquired kindred stood nearest to her, one who was a perpetual source of mortification.

Yet Lady Adelaide was all that a fine lady has any need to be.

She was cheerful, gentle, and indolent; inclined to patronise bazaars and work-parties—her young friends in general, and Elizabeth in particular.

Her nephew's wife was quite charming—so lively, so clever.

It was only a pity they did not see more of each other. John used to be in and out continually—the

Priory had been quite his home ; but that could not be expected now. The young people were sure to be so much sought after, they would be such acquisitions in any society, that of course their engagements must be numerous.

And then dear Elizabeth was so accomplished, had so many resources,—not an idle body like her old aunt, who had time to run about and bore all her neighbours.

Behind backs Lady Adelaide was as charitable as her niece was merciless.

"Elizabeth thinks she's a born fool," quoth John.

"John ! I never used such an expression in my life !"

"Do you not think so ?"

Now Elizabeth did.

John, for his part, was rather fond of his aunt.

She was invariably kind and good-humoured, and more he did not expect from her ; indeed her foibles were so far from being an annoyance to him, that it may be questioned whether he would not have missed something out of his life if Lady Adelaide had grown sensible.

With Elizabeth, of course, it must be different.

No softening influences of association could deaden her feelings, no early impressions of awe hold her senses still in check. Lady Adelaide broke upon her mature vision with all the shock of a novelty, and unfortunately that vision was only too acute.

Elizabeth could be magnanimous, she could pardon, but she could never fail to see.

"What would you have ?" cried John. "She is good-looking and good-tempered, and never said an unkind word of any one in her life. She is the most popular woman in the neighbourhood."

"Then I shall be the most unpopular."

"Very likely."

"You won't ask me why ? It is because we are the very antipodes of each other in every respect."

"So you are. I like you best, but you will find that mine is not the general opinion."

"Most people will like Sir Walter a great deal better than you."

"That is a fact, again."

"Well ?"

"Well ?"

"I don't care for the opinion of most people."

"Neither do I."

"And if everybody in the world were to say so, they would never convince me that you were not worth a hundred Sir Walters, and——"

"Go on."

"That I am not worth a thousand Lady Adelaides."

"Ha ! ha ! so I think. But, little one, clever as you are, there is one thing you cannot do—and that is, argue."

How came John always to have the best of it ? Chatter as she might, this quick-witted and high-spirited girl was as devotedly subject to her sober-minded husband as any wife ever was in this world before.

It was evident that she was a happy bride.

Contentment beamed in her lively dark eye ; and the ring of her quick firm footstep, the snatches of song which broke forth at intervals through the little house, the pleasure she took in her pretty possessions, the glory in her small achievements, all spoke of the satisfaction of a heart at rest.

Still, the dead fly in the ointment was there, small though it was. That fly—would any one have guessed it ?—was Lady Adelaide.

On the day succeeding that which witnessed the little ebullition above narrated, Elizabeth was busy with her hyacinths, when the barouche from the Priory swept up the modest drive, and her aunt in February furs and velvet bonnet alighted.

"My dear, I came early—I know you will excuse it; how sweet, how delicious this room is! All from the hyacinths? Yes? Your uncle and I hope that you and John—so full of the sun too—charming, quite charming! We must have some people you know, my dear, to meet you; and perhaps Thursday week—take care, my love, the new carpet! watering-pot drippings may have paint on them. Oh, there are drops on the velvet table, too! Your handkerchief? Ah, yes, quite dry—no harm done. But, my dear, will that day suit you? No other engagement?"

"We have no engagements at all, thank you."

"Not yet? no? really?"

Elizabeth brought one of her glasses into the ray of sunlight.

The young couple had not been settled in their new home above a fortnight: it was natural to suppose that their evenings might be still at liberty.

Nor did Lady Adelaide feel the smallest degree of astonishment. It was she who ought to introduce her niece. It was at their house Elizabeth must make her first appearance, and she had been only waiting for Sir Walter to recover from his last attack of the gout to issue her cards. She calculated that by the day fixed on he would be well enough to receive his guests; and though Elizabeth had been duly waited upon by the principal neighbouring families, it was only now that she might begin to expect the inevitable invitations. Thus, although she cried "Not yet? no?

really?" with all due fervour and impressiveness, her unmoved countenance betrayed that she exclaimed by rote.

"May we consider that fixed then, my dear?"

"Oh, certainly, aunt Adelaide, —very happy. John——"

"You will ask John? Quite right, *so* right. Always consult your husband's wishes. And you will let us know? But you will accept nothing else for that evening?"

"I beg your pardon. I am sure—I know I may answer for John; he is always glad to go to the Priory, so would certainly wish me to say 'yes' at once. I was only going to say he is out this morning."

"So sorry to miss him, but you were the person I chiefly came to see. And you really say 'Yes'? That is charming! then I can send Thomas round at once. So thoughtful of you, my love, if you are quite sure John will not mind—for of course it does make a difference to know. One ought to try to get together the right people to meet each other. But how can one if you are unable to fix the day?" reasoned the lady, wisely.

"Yes, certainly, you may depend upon us."

"Oh, and Miss Chorley, that charming beautiful friend of yours, of course we include her; or must I, ought I not to write a separate invitation? Undoubtedly I ought. You think not? really?"

"She left us this morning, thank you."

"Dear! this morning! Is it possible?"

Now Anne had arrived on a week's visit, the week had expired, and she had departed—what more could be said? Anne had herself informed Lady Adelaide of the duration of her stay; and Elizabeth,

alive to everything, remembered having heard the same "Is it possible?" on the subject a few days before.

"Then I need not write?"

Plainly not.

"But we should have been so glad, so pleased to have seen her, and of course a special invitation,—and, my dear Elizabeth, your white satin,—you won't mind, will you, just this once? Sir Walter does like to be old-fashioned, you know, and a bride out of white satin——"

"Would be a queen without a crown? Very well, aunt Adelaide, white satin it shall be; wreath and veil too, I suppose?"

"My dear! But you are only in jest. Orange-blossom, you know, is quite inadmissible except upon the day—*quite*. Your maid must take it off the dress even. You know that—yes? And, my love, your music; you will bring your music and your drawings—some of those foreign sketches you took last autumn, so bright and pretty; and—and——"

"Pray, nothing more this time. My music I will bring, but the sketches are on such a very small scale, surely there will be some one among the guests more fitted to exhibit than I?"

"My dear, how can you say so! Every one admires them exceedingly—so spirited, so clever!"

Elizabeth started, the obnoxious epithet settled the question; nothing should induce her to be shown off to her aunt's guests.

But, when the time came, Lady Adelaide was not to be foiled. The portfolio, to be sure, was not at hand, but it existed; and she could still whisper in audible asides, "Sketches, too, charmingly—charmingly. Hall absolutely amazed. Lord Guelder, quite the best amateur last season, came on purpose

to see them. I assure you he did. Came all the way to Kensington. So accomplished! So clever!"

Or, her niece could catch, "A sweet place the Cottage, is it not? And she has made it so pretty, so fresh and bright. Nice new furniture, birds, flowers,—quite a genius for arranging flowers,—and all the little elegant knick-knacks put about. Shows such taste in everything."

Or, "Are you a worker, my dear? You must get my niece to show you her embroidery—that new kind of work, you know, in wools. All done from nature, I assure you, every stitch in it. What can the name be? Elizabeth, my love, what is the name of that beautiful wool-work you do, all from nature? Miss de Bury is longing to see it."

Elizabeth could not forgive her.

"I am helpless whatever she chooses to say, John. I cannot contradict, because it is bad manners. I cannot help hearing; and if I attempt to turn it aside, Lady Adelaide is sure to make herself only the more ridiculous; and me too, that is the worst of it. People will suppose that I am enjoying it! That new kind of wool-work! Why, every creature does it, and Miss de Bury worked some a year and a half ago."

"What is it?"

"Oh, crewels. You know the thing, though you don't know the name. That Honeysuckle I did for the little black chair, that was it. And then about our flowers, she is really very kind, you know, in bringing them, and then she is quite amazed because I put them into water. How people will laugh at us."

"No, they won't. They know her too well!"

"Why does she fix upon me? You are her relation, yet she never annoys you in the same way."

"You are mistaken. I heard her exalting my knowledge of horses to Mr Foster, at the other end of the dinner-table."

"Your knowledge of horses!"

"And advising him to apply to me for the next hunters he wanted."

"To Mr Foster! The Master of Foxhounds!"

"Even so."

"John! Poor John!"

"Ay, poor John! I don't think any of your experiences will beat that, my little Elizabeth."

"No, indeed. But how did you bear it? Did you not suffocate?"

"Oh dear, no! I took a mouthful of sherry, and bore up very well."

"But is it not dreadful?"

John shrugged his shoulders.

"It is her way, Lizzie; everybody has some peculiarity."

"A peculiarity need not be offensive."

"Very true. Do not be offended by it."

"John, I shall take a lesson from you. You are the best John, the most patient John, the most wonderful John that ever was made. If I had heard that said to Mr Foster, I should have jumped up, and screamed. Oh! you know what I mean. Of course you never set up for being a judge, and to a man who does! What do you suppose he thought?"

Elizabeth was so taken up with her husband's wrongs that she almost forgot her own.

So matters went on.

Lady Adelaide, having no children of her own, took a maternal interest in her nephew and all who belonged to him.

At least four days in the week the bay horses trotted through the Cottage gate, and the kind soul, full of smiles and presents, sailed into the drawing-room. The excitement did her all the good in the world;

but unfortunately, as it raised her spirits, and stirred up her gentle sluggish nature, it served also more prominently to display its defects.

"My dear, do tell me about your servants. Are they comforts to you? I don't mean in the way of understanding their duties, and keeping things properly,—that, we can all see, is satisfactory; but are they *comforts*? So much depends upon that in a household; indeed it does. So I told John when we set about engaging them. We did our best, to be sure; but it is such a lottery. Old, attached servants are the only ones of any value."

"Very true, aunt Adelaide," gravely.

"And you really are pretty well off? You will excuse my asking, I know, my dear; for it was such a responsibility. And so little experience as you have had, it would have been cruel to have inflicted bad servants upon you."

"They promise very well, thank you. I know," continued Elizabeth, with a twinge of conscience, "that you took a great deal of trouble."

"No trouble in the world, my love. I would gladly be of any use. And as to the house—a new house, you know, quite untested; no smoky chimneys? Bells ringing properly? That's well; Sir Walter and I were talking about the chimneys last night. I told him John would be sure to let him know; for of course it would be Sir Walter's place to put them in order. So mind you tell us; no reserves, my dear.

"And then your calls?" proceeded Lady Adelaide, starting afresh. "You keep a book? you are returning them all in order?"

"Not a book. Indeed I can get on without that."

"Ah, you are so thoughtful, so clever. But indeed a book is a great help, an absolute necessity.

When I was a bride, I could never have got on at all without my visiting-book."

"You lived in London, aunt Adelaide?"

"Yes, my dear, for many years. Sir Walter was in the Guards, you know. We had an immense circle of acquaintances."

"And we," said Elizabeth, "have half-a-dozen."

"Half-a-dozen! More than that, surely. Certainly, we manage to do without a book, somehow, at the Priory. I did not think of that. I only recollected my own experience when I was first married."

By-and-by it was, "Your tradespeople are attentive? Send proper joints? Never have loins of mutton, my dear,—the most wasteful dish there is. And as for ribs of beef, my housekeeper tells me that there is no under-cut in them. Positively, no under-cut. Little hints of that kind are invaluable to receive. I never order ribs of beef now."

This passed. Elizabeth neither knowing nor caring anything about the merits of under-cuts, was still ruminating mischievously on the droll idea of establishing a visiting-book wherein to detail in order the names of the residents in a small and remarkably quiet neighbourhood, when her mistress departed.

"We are to keep a book, John, of all our engagements, and I am to enter in it my visitors as they call, in succession. First of all came Mr and Mrs Foster, then the Rector and Mrs Reeves, Lord Burchell, and Mrs and Miss Page-Gore. I am afraid it will be Mr and Mrs Foster, Mr and Mrs Reeves, Lord Burchell, and Mrs and Miss Page-Gore over and over again, unless I am to insert Lady Adelaide herself here and there, by way of variety. And, John, be sure you only engage old and valued servants, it is so import-

ant that they should be attached to you——"

"Lizzie!"

Elizabeth hung her head.

The next day she had a cold.

Down came Lady Adelaide kinder than ever. Black-currant tea—lozenges—the best were the *pâtés-de guimauves*, quite invaluable, had cured Sir Walter repeatedly—and jelly, a little currant jelly, so soothing and refreshing,—were all by turns prescribed. The jelly should be sent down from the Priory at once, and the lozenges she would order on her way back through the village. Oh, it was a mere nothing, a mile or two round—the drive would do her good. Was Elizabeth's throat blistered? Had she a headache? Feverish?

Yes, all three; and she would have given the world to be let alone besides.

John came to the rescue.

"She is not to talk, and this room is too warm for you, aunt Adelaide; come and take a turn round the garden."

"And is poor dear Elizabeth to be left by herself?"

Even so. Hard-hearted John kept his visitor out of doors during the whole of her stay, and saw her safely off in the barouche ere he returned to his wife's room for the remainder of the day.

"My lady's compliments, ma'am, to know how you is, this morning?"

Before nine o'clock, Elizabeth's abigail brought this message, as she arranged her mistress's tea-tray by the bedside.

Elizabeth was no better.

"My lady's compliments, ma'am, to know how you is, this afternoon?"

Worse.

A groom rode over in the evening. His master and mistress were going to Brighton on the following day, but would put off their de-

parture if Mrs Tresham were no better.

By no means. Mr Tresham would not hear of such a thing. The doctor had just left, and there was nothing to be in the least alarmed about.

Accordingly a dainty note was left at the Cottage on the following day, when the carriage returned from the station.

"My dear, *do* take care of yourself. I feel quite cruel, quite *wicked*, running off in this way. But Sir Walter thinks we must; and dear John, too, so like himself, to insist upon it. A few lines, a post-card, sent to B—— Square will let us know how you are. Pray, my dear Elizabeth, do not think of writing yourself. John or your maid will, I know, kindly take the trouble. —*In haste*, your affectionate

"AUNT ADELAIDE.

"*P.S.*—So *much* to do.

"*P.S.*—Have you tried a *Porous Plaster* on the chest?"

Sick as she was, Elizabeth laughed aloud.

"John, your aunt is perfect. She is unique. Where did you get such an aunt? Pray, John, get me a Porous Plaster to put on my chest, because my throat is sore. And John, go at once to the post-office and get a post-card, or, better still, send a telegram. Oh dear! I am very naughty and very wretched. Even my ears seem to ache, and my head, eyes, everything. When will the doctor come?"

The doctor gave very little comfort when he did come.

It was a sore throat, a very sore throat. It hurt her very much when she swallowed? Humph! Could she gargle? He prescribed a gargle and went away. But at night he came again. He happened to be passing, and thought perhaps

they might like him to look in. Could Mrs Tresham let him have a peep?

John held the candle, and there it was, the dreaded white bar all down one side of the throat.

"That will do," said Dr Birch, carelessly. "We must get that throat put right somehow, Mrs Tresham, and you must have some sleep. It is too sore? Ah! yes, sore throats are very uncomfortable things. There are a great many of them going about just now. I won't trouble you longer at present. Suppose I go down-stairs to write the prescription."

Then he gave John a look, and they left the room together.

"Why, this is brandy!" cried Elizabeth. "Ah! how it burns!"

"Yes, dear, it is thought good for you."

"John! what is the matter with me?"

"The matter!"

"Yes, you look so strange. I can't take any more, indeed I can't. Don't ask me. Only let me lie still. Oh, I don't—want gruel; I—hate gruel." The last sentences broken, and uttered with difficulty.

"Don't go—away, John."

"Only for a few minutes, dear. I am going to sit up with you to-night."

A slip of the tongue this, but it passed unheeded.

"How long Dr Birch has stayed!" said she, presently.

He was silent.

"Is he only gone now!"

Now at that moment the good doctor was comfortably ensconced in John's own easy-chair by the fireside in the library, with a pair of John's own slippers on his feet. He had expected this in the morning, and made his arrangements accordingly. Mrs Tresham was dangerously ill.

The fever did not increase rapidly;

it rather appeared to gain ground with insidious, unseen footsteps.

She was not exactly worse, she was certainly not better.

The white bar came a little further into the mouth.

Dr Birch breathed more freely. "If we can but keep it there," he said. "If we can prevent its going down the throat again, we shall do."

Alas! it crept round to the other side.

* * * * *

"Poor dear John! poor dear fellow! Dear! Dear! *Dear!* DEAR! Oh, how sad, how sad! I must, and will go to him directly. Snowing? What if it is? I cannot get wet in a railway carriage; and what if I did, either? Dear me, if the line should be blocked! But it only came on an hour ago. Ring the bell, dear, please. Oh, Marshall, poor Mrs Tresham is so much worse, so alarmingly worse! It is dreadful, quite *dreadful!* and I am going off to her at once."

"What is the use of your going off at once? Indeed I can't see any good in your going at all. If you must go, wait till to-morrow," pronounced Sir Walter, in his sleepy, selfish way, chipping off the shell of his egg as he spoke, and examining it with the eye of a connoisseur. "What good will your going do to anybody? And in such atrocious weather too!"

"My dear! but you do not consider what you are saying. It is true I might be but of little use, but at least I could entertain the doctor, and——"

"Ha! ha!" laughed her husband. "So you go to entertain the doctor!"

"It would release dear John, would allow him to devote himself entirely to his——oh, I cannot bear to think of it!" cried the kind creature. "Who knows what may be

happening, what may have actually taken place by this time? How could I not go? How could I answer it to my own conscience if that poor dear child were to die——"

"Nonsense! Who talks of dying? You have put yourself into an altogether unnecessary ferment, Adelaide. There is not a word of dying in the letter. Besides, if it were as bad as that, you would be most certainly *de trop*, and would wish yourself back here again."

"I might be a little comfort to him. And John never makes me feel *de trop*."

"Well, well, I daresay not. But don't let us have any more fuss. Drink your tea, my dear, and think it over; there is abundance of time."

The tea was drunk, but scarcely was the last drop tasted, ere she broke forth again.

"Such a perfect marriage! Everything so suitable! A charming creature, so handsome, so lively, so clever! Poor John! poor *dear* John! Who could ever have foreseen an ending like this!"

"Adelaide, do, for pity's sake, not set up that doleful cry again." Sir Walter grew quite testy. "How can I enjoy my chop, or toast, or anything, whilst you are making such a din? I like my breakfast to be a pleasant meal; it ought not to be disturbed by disagreeables."

"But, my love——" Lady Adelaide, a pattern wife, was perplexed how to express herself.

The door was opened, and a hot dish was brought to Sir Walter's elbow.

"Muffin? ah! Nice and brown too. The sort of day to eat muffins on, as somebody says somewhere. Have some muffin, my dear, while it is hot, and let us hear no more of this, just now. There will be another letter to-morrow, and a better account, we will hope."

"As if I could wait till to-

morrow ! It is diphtheria, my dear, *diphtheria* ! The most shockingly fatal complaint. Ah ! how little we thought——”

“Well, this is most provoking ! I thought we had done with it at last, and now you begin all over again. How can you set yourself to be so unpleasant, Adelaide ? One would really think you did it on purpose. Here is everything nice and comfortable, just as it ought to be, and I am not to be allowed to enjoy it. If I cannot have peace and quiet at my meals, I would rather go without food altogether.”

“I assure you I am really very sorry, my dear. Pray take another cup, such good tea, and the pot is quite full. And Marshall, be so good as look up Bradshaw at once, and let me know which is the very first train that I can catch to Stoke Ferrington.”

“You are really going ?” Sir Walter raised his eyebrows.

There was no doubt about her going.

Bells rang, maids hurried hither and thither. Marshall received a summons every five minutes ; and my lady, distracted betwixt her duty to her husband, her orders to her housekeeper, the claims of her engagements, the barking of her dogs, and the chattering of her parrot, grew every minute more and more bewildered and incoherent.

“Jeannette goes with me, of course. Did I not say so ? And Marshall. No, Marshall must stay to attend on his master. Sir Walter must not be inconvenienced. I had better not take Thomas either, it would disturb Sir Walter to drive out without him. What did you say, good Jeannette ? Oh, we shall get on very well, admirably. I am not at all afraid.”

“Miladi knows de stairshon ?” suggested Jeannette, doubtfully.

“Stoke Ferrington, my good girl. Stoke Ferrington is our own station, you know—our station at home. We have only to get there, and the carriage will meet us.”

“The carriage, miladi !”

“Oh, well, good Robinson will send us up in his comfortable fly. Or Mr Tresham will drive down in the dogcart. Poor dear ! of course he will be there to meet us—that is, if he knows we are coming.”

“Miladi has then sent the message ?”

“Have I sent it ? Yes—no—I really forget, and it does not signify. I daresay he would never get it if I did, or read it if he got it. No, Marshall, no ; thank you for reminding me, but I prefer not to send one. I would not have them troubled on any account at such a time. Mr Tresham will have quite enough to think of, and it might be inconvenient to send. No, no—we shall get on very well. Jeannette, there is no need for more. Let us take the least possible luggage we can. Why take any ? Would not a carpet-bag be sufficient—a carpet-bag which you could hang on your arm ? Well, well, but let there be as little as possible. No evening dresses, no other bonnet. And now, Jeannette, my mantle. What comforts these fur-lined mantles are, to be sure ! Ah ! if dear Elizabeth had only worn one of these ; but it is too late to regret it now. Has Marshall ordered the cab ? Run and see, Jeannette—quick ! The time is flying, and cabs go so slowly. Yet I could not take our own poor horses out on such a day. What, not come ? Marshall must send—it *is* come ? Then let us be off, at once, at once.”

In vain Sir Walter murmured his disapproval—less urgently indeed now that his personal comfort was no longer interfered with, but still in uncompromising accents. The

front door opened, and out she saluted,—her long dress, although on one side held up high enough to do duty for both, trailing far behind her on the other,—her hands encumbered with muff, purse, and satchel.

"Now, my good man, I will give you double fare if you take us in time for the twelve o'clock train. The twelve o'clock train to Stoke Ferrington, mind—not the London twelve o'clock express train."

"All right, ma'am. I'll do it, if it can be done," said the man, resolutely, casting about in his mind for some roundabout streets in which he could spin out the time.

"Is it a block, Jeannette? Look out and see. What shall we do if it is a block?"

The station, in spite of all strategy, was reached so soon, that Lady Adelaide, forgetting that Brighton is not London, could hardly be persuaded to believe otherwise than that a mass of vehicles obstructed her path.

The cabman, however, got his double fare, and she had now the difficulties of the ticket-office to encounter.

But these difficulties had loomed so gigantically before the eyes of the household in B—— Square, that Marshall himself—the magnificent Marshall—had run round in the snow, and all to save his poor, foolish, kind mistress from a hopeless tangle of confusion.

He should have been on the box-seat of the cab of course, but my lady had actually driven off whilst he was filling for her the flask of her travelling-bag, which she had only produced at the last moment. He was at the station before her, flask in hand. My lady was quite touched; and it never occurred to her to wonder that Marshall should, on his feet, have preceded her indomitable driver with his cab.

She was safely seen into a disen-

gaged carriage, presented with her tickets, which Marshall kept his eye upon, until they were safely stowed away in the satchel; and then, he thought, with Jeannette by her side, she might be brought through; though it was not without a qualm that the worthy major-domo saw the train depart.

Faster and faster fell the snow.

Ridges formed upon the windows of the railway carriages; and between the flakes which settled on the panes, and slowly melting trickled down outside, and the steam arising from the warmer atmosphere within, the country through which the travellers passed was almost invisible to them.

The hot-water pans rapidly cooled. Every time a door was opened, came in a blast of air so chill, so withering, that the passengers wrapped in their thickly-folded rugs shuddered from head to foot. Guards and porters, with snow-tipped hats and shoulders, blue faces, red noses, watery eyes and palsied hands, struggled with their duties. Travellers, either muffled to the ears in Ulster coats and comforters, or equally well shrouded in sealskin and Shetland veils, sought the shelter as a haven of refuge.

How dismal, how cross they looked! There was the burly middle-aged man with snow on his whiskers, the soldier with ice on his moustache, the schoolgirl with thin kid gloves, the schoolboy with no gloves at all—each one more wretched, more unaccommodating than the other.

"Horrible!" escaped from Jeannette; but no syllable of complaint crossed the lips of her mistress.

Strange to tell, yet true, Lady Adelaide and her waiting-woman reached Stoke Ferrington in safety, and the only mistake they made was in going a little beyond it.

"Why, this is Becksley! Becksley is on the other side of Stoke

Ferrington! Guard! guard! are we in the right train?"

"Depends on where you are going to, ma'am."

"Going?—to Stoke Ferrington, to be sure! I know we have passed it, for this is the way we go to London. What shall we do?"

She had to get out, and wait in the bitter cold at a little side station for nearly an hour. Yet she never faltered.

"This fire might be a little larger, but what there is of it is quite hot. Come nearer, Jeannette—come, my good girl, warm your feet as I do. Oh, there is plenty of room—plenty. You are cold as well as I. Ah! I wonder how poor Mrs Tresham is now? But we must not expect to hear till we are there."

It was late in the afternoon ere the travellers arrived at the Cottage.

"Aunt Adelaide!"

For once in her life, Lady Adelaide had no words. Mutely she gazed into her nephew's face to read the verdict there; and it was with almost an hysterical gasp of relief that she sank down on a seat afterwards.

"Aunt Adelaide!"

"My dear boy!"

"You have come from Brighton on a day like this?"

"My poor John, to be sure I have. How is she?"

"Better—decidedly better. Quite a change since last night. But, my dear aunt——"

John looked perfectly confounded.

"You shall not be troubled with us, my dear. I have thought it all over. We will go down to that good little inn, where I know they will do everything to make us comfortable. Jeannette is to tell the driver—it is all arranged. But I could not help coming, though Sir Walter said it was foolish."

"Foolish!" cried John, seizing

both her hands, and choking down a great sob in his throat—"foolish! It was the best, and the kindest, and—and—there isn't one woman in a thousand would have done it. God bless you, aunt! Neither she nor I will ever forget this."

"Oh, my dear!"

She was quite overcome. Two large, warm tears rolled down her cheeks, and settled on the velvet strings of her bonnet.

"To think of your coming here all by yourself, and fighting your way among porters and cabmen!" continued John, aware of the miseries this involved to his helpless relative. "You, who never travelled alone in your life! And the Priory closed! And not a creature to meet you! But go to the inn you shall not. Here you have come, and here you must stay. I wish it were a palace for your sake."

"Dear, kind boy!" murmured she. "It was nothing, a mere nothing—so glad—so thankful—such a happy ending——"

John had hurried out of the room. "Coals of fire! Yes, indeed, my little wife, a perfect furnace is about to descend on your head now."

It would doubtless have been more prudent if the knowledge of Lady Adelaide's arrival could have been concealed from the sick one.

But independently of the fact that in so small a dwelling it was difficult to conceal any event that took place, John felt that he owed it to his aunt to let her journey and its object be known.

True, had he suggested secrecy, she would not only have acquiesced without a murmur, but would have instantly felt that she had been imprudent in expecting anything else; but it would have been a disappointment which he could not have borne to inflict. More, it would have been an injustice. Elizabeth

must know, ought to know, the true worth of one whom she valued so slightly.

Although weak, the invalid was now on the way to recover; and he felt he might venture on the announcement without danger of harming her.

Like his own, her first emotion was one of extreme surprise.

"John! Aunt Adelaide! What for? How did she come? How long has she been here?"

"When I wrote yesterday, dear, you were very ill. Dr Birch was anxious about you. I could not disguise it in my letter, and it they only received this morning. The better report I sent to-day will not arrive there till to-morrow."

"And you mean that Sir Walter and Lady Adelaide set off on the strength of that letter?"

"Not Sir Walter. He is safe at Brighton."

"John, did she come by herself?"

"By herself;—bringing that French girl with her."

"On this dreadful day!"

"Drove up from the station in that old jangling fly with its broken window, and was preparing to sleep to-night at the public-house!"

"You will not let her?"

"No, dear, no. It is all settled. And now, Elizabeth, what do you think of the poor aunt *now*?"

Elizabeth's pale face flushed.

"I should like to see her."

On tiptoe Lady Adelaide came, her long silk dress rustling behind her all the way up-stairs, and getting itself shut into the doorway as she approached the bedside.

None of them once thought of the infection.

Lady Adelaide stooped to kiss her niece, and Elizabeth threw her arms around her neck.

("She may call me *clever* every day of my life from this time henceforth, but I will never think of her as a fool again.")

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THERE probably never was in the history of Europe a scene of more hopeless entanglement than that which Turkish affairs present. The interminable writing which it occasions appears to us unmeaning and bewildered. No one seems to have definite ideas on the subject, or to have a definite conclusion in view. All who either act or write in reference to it seem to be at cross purposes, and no one seems to maintain any marked consistency of view, as if any object was present to his mind which he dared to avow. A knot which no one can untie and no one dares to cut is placed before diplomatists and journalists. It has dangled before their eyes for nearly twelve months. No one knows, or at least no one says, what it is that he wants. All appear to be actuated by the most earnest desire for the pacification of a handful of armed insurgents. There are three or four millions of regular troops at the command of those interested in the subject; splendid fleets hover in the neighbourhood; the three great Northern Powers have been harmoniously concerting their measures; the Porte has promised everything they have yet asked; we ourselves pursue, and intend to pursue, a policy of precaution; and the insurgents remain *in statu quo*. All of a sudden the three Northern Emperors and their Chancellors meet; a Note is drawn up which is not made public, which is not even presented to its intended recipient; and then the whole scene changes. Everybody appears to have been the cat's-paw of everybody else; the Sultan is hurled from his throne; the triple alliance is dissolved. The insurgents and their grievances are forgotten: Eu-

rope is interested in a totally different spectacle,—namely, Russian intrigue foiled by English firmness. England exults with the sympathy of all Europe at her own unwonted ascendancy; and the Eastern question, or at least the relations of the Turkish Government to the insurgents, remain where they were twelve months ago. Apparently all that Europe cares for is the pacification of the disturbed provinces, the avoidance of a serious war. That negative result will probably be attained, but the causes of dispute will remain as before. No progress is made, or is likely to be made, towards a settlement of these ever-recurring difficulties. The consideration of them will probably be adjourned *sine die*, and that is the sum total of what modern statesmanship can achieve.

The latest indications of events point in that direction. It must be admitted that England has taken a leading part in bringing about that purely negative result—a result which can give no permanent satisfaction to any one who, in the interests of future European peace, or of the unhappy subjects of the Turkish Government, wishes to see some progress made towards a final solution of those difficulties. It cannot, however, be said to be the fault of the English Government. Throughout those negotiations and transactions, it has been universally conceded that the initiative does not rest with us. All that England could pretend to undertake was to give a moral support to any *bonâ fide* attempts to redress *bonâ fide* grievances, and at the same time to take every precaution that no advantage should be taken of the disturbed condition of the

northern provinces in order to promote the injurious aggrandisement of any one Power in a manner hostile to our own interests. The policy of the triple alliance was ostensibly benevolent and philanthropic; the English policy is represented by its detractors as wearing the appearance of a cold and calculating spirit of self-protection and indifference to the suffering and permanent depression of a degraded population. But the public opinion of Europe has not been deceived by outward appearances. It has almost unanimously recognised in the English Government the faithful champion of peace and order, the arbiter to whose disinterested judgment the policy of the three Powers had to be submitted, and by whose conclusive award it was at length practically adjudged to be wanting in sincerity and singleness of purpose. England has held, as it always can hold, if its power is wielded by men of courage and capacity, the casting vote in the councils of Europe. Public opinion on the Continent has sanctioned and applauded the decision which it gave; and if the result is that no visible progress has been made in solving the ever-recurring difficulty of Turkish Government, the failure must lie at the door of the three Powers, whose ill-advised efforts have shown that their councils were dominated by a sinister intention.

In the view which we take of this matter no war is imminent; but the imposing ceremonial of three great military Powers meeting in solemn conclave to concert measures for pacifying a few insurgents will henceforth be discontinued. The triple alliance is at an end, dissolved by mutual suspicions; and Russia is not prepared forcibly to carry out any aggressive schemes. The dissolution of the alliance has

happened unexpectedly, and is due to a wide divergence of interests. The Berlin Note was accepted hurriedly, and apparently without time for consultation. It seemed to involve not so much the supersession of Turkish authority—that is, of the personal rule of the late Sultan, which no one was anxious to uphold—but the substitution in its place of a virtual Muscovite supremacy which no single Power in Europe, not even the cosignatories of the Note, was prepared to acquiesce in. England met this diplomatic move with a direct dissent, followed by an imposing demonstration of naval force. Had the same firmness been manifested three-and-twenty years ago, when Russia first displayed a decided spirit of aggression, the whole world now believes that the Crimean war might have been spared. The spirit of Lord Aberdeen no longer dominates in the councils of the Queen, and Europe immediately ranged itself on the side of the British Ministry. Turkey itself replied to the menace by a timely *coup d'état*, and the apologists of Turkish misrule have discovered that insanity alone can account for the policy or machinations which they defend.

The important Berlin Note, the dethronement of the Sultan, and the altered attitude of England, have succeeded in giving a wholly new aspect to the question. We have never regarded war as probable, partly from the known character of the chief actors in the scene, and especially the known moderation of the Czar—partly because the great military Powers, by their mutual animosities and growing indebtedness, have to a great extent bound themselves over to keep the peace. By the recent change in the condition of affairs peace is even more assured than before. But we

confess to considerable disappointment at the turn which events have taken. No doubt our own interests have not suffered ; on the contrary, they have been amply vindicated, and English influence and authority have never in recent years stood higher. But the tide of sympathy which was steadily flowing in the direction of those unfortunate populations has been turned back. Turkey has got rid of its maniac ruler, but her misgoverned subjects have not gained at present one iota of advantage. The proclamation of Murad V. carried matters no further than they have stood at any time since the Conference of Paris. Its terms were not as favourable as the provisions of the Andrassy Note. At the first blush, the chances of improved organisation and government appeared to depend upon whether Midhat Pasha could maintain his ascendancy, although the opponents of his policy held more influential and more numerous offices. But in the present distracted state of Constantinople, revolutions and assassinations confound all speculation. While Englishmen, of whatever party, have every reason to congratulate themselves on the part which they have played in Europe and towards the great Powers in this matter, as far as Turkey and her disaffected provinces are concerned, we have done nothing, and apparently can do nothing, except tender advice and extort promises which are as idle as the wind. In the outer circle of the surrounding Powers our will and policy have predominated, and the British Ministry are upheld by the whole force of European approval. But within the inner circle of Turkish maladministration the whole subject remains *in statu quo*, except that on the one hand the sympathy heretofore felt for the insurgents has been intercepted, and jealousy of Russian

aggression aroused in its stead ; and on the other, a new government of Turkey, for a time at least, appeals with success to the forbearance of Europe. The hopes of those who place all their security in the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman empire are renewed ; nothing now is heard of charters of autonomy ; and the prospects of Bosnia and Herzegovina attaining the same privileges and security as Roumania and Serbia are daily growing more remote. Had Russia been more honest in its statesmanship, or the triple alliance more adroit and patient in its manœuvres, a more fortunate result might have been the consequence.

The policy of England in this matter cannot easily be mistaken or misrepresented. Lord Derby at first declared that the insurrection was unimportant from a military point of view ; that the great Powers were not supporting it ; that a good radical cure of grievances was impossible, though they could be alleviated, and the rest be left to time. He objected to local autonomy on the ground of differences in religion and race. Then came the financial catastrophe, the coincidence of which, in point of time, explained the insurrection without resorting to the theory of foreign intrigue. The Andrassy Note was approved in the belief that "if the Austrian Government fulfil in an efficient manner, as it has undertaken to do, the duties which international obligations impose upon it, the area of hostilities will be greatly limited," and the affair reduced to the dimensions of a local disturbance. But the Note was not accepted by the insurgents ; Turkey insisted upon a modification which prevented that financial decentralisation which was of extreme importance ; and she appeared to render her assent conditional on the sub-

mission of the insurgents. The Note remained perfectly ineffectual. While there was no abatement of its sovereign authority on the part of the Sultan's Government, either as regards the great Powers or its own subjects, it was hopelessly incapable of fulfilling its engagements to the former, or asserting its authority over the latter. As regards the great Powers, all outward demonstration of forcibly aiding the insurgents was repressed; as regards the Ottoman Government, with an empire in an extreme stage of moral, political, and financial ruin—with its Christian population burning with hatred and animosity—with its Mussulman subjects divided between the fanatical supporters of Mussulman ascendancy and the determined opponents of the late Sultan's fearful misrule,—it folded its hands in supreme indifference, believing that in one form or other Europe must, for its own security, settle the difficulty so as to preserve Ottoman independence. So long as the rulers of Constantinople can at any time threaten Europe with a religious war and its remote consequences, or even with the prospect of a disturbed balance of power, they feel themselves masters of the situation, in the sense of attracting the attention of Europe, baffling its diplomatists, and scandalising its philanthropists. A ruined empire lies at their feet, cursed with every form of atrocity and desolation.

In this position of affairs occurred the conference at Berlin, which was closed almost as soon as it was opened, as if discussion would lead to differences, or the duty of registering a foregone conclusion was its only work. The Memorandum which was drawn up is not yet public property; but it is described as an ill-conceived and ill-drawn document; and its failure ensued the moment it appeared to push

matters to a crisis. That is the true strength of the Turk. The moment he is hard driven, all Europe takes alarm. The Gortschakoff ultimatum, coming from Prince Gortschakoff, was a diplomatic blunder of the gravest description. It retarded the work of pacification by startling Europe with the prospect of a costly and doubtful struggle. The result is to strengthen the hands of the Turkish Ministers, not for any useful purpose, but merely in carrying out their dog-in-the-manger policy, which owes its existence, or at least its success, to the jealousies of Europe.

When Lord Derby was questioned as to the Berlin Note, he said that "her Majesty's Government, after a careful examination of the proposals, found themselves unable" to give their assent to them. They came to that decision "with regret." The remarkable sentence was added—"If we had thought the plan proposed likely to effect its object," the Government would not have been influenced by the circumstance that it had had no hand in framing the document. Subsequently the fleet was moved up to the Dardanelles, and Mr Disraeli expressed a hope that the Memorandum might not be presented. He added: "There is no doubt that the state of affairs is critical in that quarter; it would be affectation to deny it. Her Majesty's Government have taken such measures of precaution as they thought were necessary to maintain the honour and interests of the country; and that policy of precaution they intend to pursue." Obviously from this the character of the Memorandum which required to be met in so decided a manner must have been regarded as dangerous and menacing. All that is known of it, however, is that it pro-

posed an international commission to enforce the execution of certain reforms and the observance of an armistice, amounting to a virtual recognition of the independence of the insurgent provinces, with a hint of such further measures hereafter as might be deemed necessary. Later on, upon the 10th June—though the press of every country in Europe has been recommending the Porte to abandon the administration of provinces which were regarded as already lost to her—the result of the Berlin conference was plainly visible when Mr Disraeli spoke as if Russia alone were in his thoughts, and the integrity of the Ottoman empire the sole policy of his Cabinet. He pointed with emphasis not merely to the unanimous recognition of the new Sultan by the great Powers, but also to “a general feeling of adhesion from all sections, creeds, and races among the subjects of the Porte.” Referring to the beneficial influence which this would have over the insurgents, he hoped that it would lead them “to avail themselves of the opportunity which now seems to be offered, of insuring the pacification of Europe.” The alternative to the detested aggression of Russia is the suppression of the revolt and renewed support of the Ottoman empire. We need hardly say that this is an alternative which no one can contemplate without dismay. Indications are not wanting that Russia herself regrets having forced it upon us. It has been announced, we know not with what authority, that she will not pursue a policy of isolation, and will concur in such measures as Europe may sanction for improving the condition of the Rayahs. If so, a more satisfactory announcement could hardly be made.

The repugnance to the Berlin Note seems to have been general,

though the action of the different Governments was influenced by the consideration of other circumstances. England speedily declared its views; those of other countries, and even of Austria and Germany, to judge from their newspapers, would appear to be hardly less pronounced. It seems to us that, from the moment the Andrassy Note was superseded by the Gortschakoff proposal, and active intervention was proposed in lieu of courteous but urgent representations, a silent revulsion of feeling took place, which found expression directly that England protested. The language used by Count Andrassy before the Committee of Delegation, showed that a marked divergence of feeling had arisen within the triple alliance; and that, whatever might have been the motive which induced the signatures to the Berlin Note, its policy represented the views of Russia singly, and did not command the approval of her allies. Count Andrassy explained his policy to be the maintenance of peace, the localisation of the disturbance, the prevention of its recurrence. As to the carrying out of the projected reforms, the sincere co-operation of the European Powers was required; he explained, and appeared to apologise for, the separate action of the Imperial Governments. He also said, that for him to engage to abstain from active intervention would be to encourage Russia to enforce her peculiar aims without compunction or reserve. The Austrian-Hungarian fickleness probably reflects the divided sympathies of amalgamated populations; for while at one moment we hear of the Government allowing 6000 breech-loaders and several million of cartridges to be landed at Cattaro for the benefit of the Montenegrins, and that the Turkish Government in consequence had

forbidden Austrian steamers to land on the shores of the Danube; at another we find Russian and Austrian journals breathing violent hostility—the latter congratulating Turkey on its change of Government, with a decided leaning manifested towards the English view of the situation.

If the indications of growing antagonism between Russia and Austria were striking, hardly less marked was the uneasiness felt in Germany. The Berlin correspondent of the 'Times' was perpetually sounding a note of warning, and drawing attention to warlike preparations, not merely in Servia and Montenegro, but also in other petty surrounding states not generally believed to be eager for the fray. The German Government maintained an ominous silence; its organs in the press declared that Germany was not immediately interested in pending events. Decisive action on either side of the question was hardly to be expected from either Germany or Austria. The one has the fear of France perpetually before its eyes; the other has not yet buried all grounds of serious difference with Italy. But the Governments of both countries, by an attitude of reserve and cold disapprobation, have materially assisted in checking the aggressive and warlike spirit which was rising fast in the East. The German newspapers, for instance, have not yielded to our own in sympathy for the Rayah, and distrust of Turkish rule. But they, equally with our own, deprecated strongly the new policy which the Berlin Note was evidently intended to usher in. The 'Cologne Gazette,' said to be a good specimen of the German press, expressed what is understood to be the public feeling of Germany, in a way that the Government, hampered by its understandings with Russia,

and the necessity of keeping its hands free to deal with France, could hardly have ventured upon. The 'Gazette' spoke out forcibly on the position of affairs, and without hesitation, early in the events which succeeded the conference at Berlin. It insisted that the melancholy position of Turkey "is not so desperate as painted by those interested in the decay of the Ottoman empire;" for in spite of the reckless maladministration and extravagance of the late Sultan, Turkish revenue doubled itself in the last twenty years. It urged that the Turks were strong enough to deal with their subject nationalities if diplomatists would only abstain from intervention. "Favoured by circumstances, Russia again occupies as powerful a position as she did in the days of Nicholas I. Germany has become a mighty empire; but, gratefully remembering past services, anxiously avoids what might give offence to the Czar. France has long been courting the friendship of Russia for her own purposes. Italy, saddled with domestic difficulties, has no time to attend to foreign politics unless some little piece of territory can be gained by the act. Austria is too weak to resist Russian cunning on the Lower Danube, and every now and then actually helps Russia in the short-sighted hope that she too will be regarded as a Slavonic State and a convenient patron by the Rayah. To-day she looks upon the Bosnian rebellion as a danger to herself, and asks Turkey to put the insurgents down; to-morrow she allows arms for the insurgents to pass from Austrian territory. Thus England is left alone to speak out openly upon Russian doings, and to resist them in case of extreme necessity. English statesmen decline to feign belief in Russia's sincerity when she speaks

of her wish to preserve Turkey. They call a spade a spade, and designate it as an outrage on common-sense that the Servians and Montenegrins are allowed to assist the insurgents, and to brag of their doing so, while the Turks are forbidden to go to war with the two recusant principalities. English statesmen, too, are frank enough to declare that Russia's real motive in exacting excessive reforms is to encourage the rebels, and to accelerate the dissolution of the State to which they belong."

With this state of feeling amongst two of the nations responsible for the production of the Berlin Note, the refusal of the British Ministry to give in its adhesion to it was not likely to place this country for any length of time in a position of isolation. The immediate effect of such refusal was to strangle the last production of imperial diplomacy before it saw the light, and to range the whole of Europe, including the two cosignatories of Russia, in opposition to the further development of an aggressive policy. Moreover, when the implied justification of the Note was that peace had not been restored to the revolted provinces, and that the Porte was hopelessly incapable—that the insurgents were continuing their resistance, and even raising their terms; when the Turkish Government was required by a prolonged armistice virtually to recognise the independence of the insurgents, and to abdicate the functions of sovereignty in favour of others;—the extreme gravity of the situation was sufficient to prevent any Government from sharing responsibility, while it was not in a position to control the future course of events. The supreme direction of the new policy must inevitably have centred in the hands of Russia—a Power which has never yet defined its aims, or the precise settlement which it de-

sires. Moreover, it was impossible not to look backwards upon the occurrences which had been skillfully conducted to this conclusion. The obstinacy of resistance, and the sources of its vitality, were as mysterious as the character of the unknown settlement, which seemed as vague and uncertain as ever. Under these circumstances a new Ottoman ruler sprang into existence; he announced, with the approval of Great Britain, and probably of other European Powers, his intention to preserve his sovereignty unimpaired and his empire intact; he has granted of his own free-will an amnesty and armistice; and for a time, at least, the whole question has fallen from the hands of the Northern Powers. If the new Sultan can pacify the insurgents on the lines of the Andrassy Note, the difficulty will be at rest; but there are far too many rival interests at work without, and desperate antipathies within, to render us sanguine of the result.

The course which Russia adopted, directly its manœuvres stood detected before the world, was unhesitating and decided. It beat a retreat at all points; as soon, at least, as it was convinced, by the determined resistance of England and the defection of Europe, that the game was up. It received, according to Mr Disraeli "in no unfriendly spirit," the dissent of this country from the Berlin Note; it took no offence at the despatch of the British fleet to the Bosphorus, for that was a measure of precaution justified by the massacre at Salonica; it joined with the other Powers in formally recognising Murad V. The key to the whole position was found in Servia. The crisis was at hand when Mr Disraeli informed the House of Commons that the great Powers, including Russia, had joined in impressing upon Servia the importance of temperate conduct. According as Russia joined in this

representation with sincerity or otherwise depended the issue of peace or war. She chose the former, and Europe is freed from impending calamity.

That obscure principality was at the moment the cynosure of all eyes. It held momentous issues in its grasp. Its conduct for some months increased the anxiety of the situation. Every day had brought news of some warlike preparation; the Slavic press breathed nothing but war. Seventy thousand men were ready to take the field, armed with breech-loaders and good modern rifles. Preparations were hurried on for crossing the frontiers; the Government was said to have refused its tribute, and could not be withheld from a declaration of war. Suddenly Servia was quiescent. It gave to the Ottoman Government satisfactory explanations, and reiterated its pacific intentions. The Berlin correspondent to the 'Times' stated openly that Prince Gortschakoff had given the word to desist, and that accordingly the Servo-Montenegrin troops could not immediately cross the frontier and make open war upon that Turkey which they had been attacking so long underhand, and in the capacity of volunteers; and that the insurgents would be obliged to submit. The reason hinted at "is that the rapid equipment of several squadrons, and the preparations in manning the entire navy, were considered so many unmistakable symptoms that Great Britain was making ready to encounter any contingency." It was all but asserted, that before setting to work she had secured a Continental ally; that otherwise the spirit shown promised a prolonged conflict, in which she would be sure to obtain assistance. Germany, it was stated, could not help to restore the mouth of the Danube to Russia; and as a proof that Germany as well as England had incurred Russia's displea-

sure, it was stated that the Russian finance department had even to its own loss placed a prohibitive duty upon English and German rails—a serious blow in the present state of commercial depression upon German manufactures, and not by any means a conciliatory measure to ourselves. The three Emperors' alliance was described as a mere arrangement for the exchange of friendly communications; and when Russia was held responsible for what occurred, she found herself alone. The reproaches levelled at this country were at first somewhat wild; and the result of England's interference was represented to be that brute force and a struggle of extermination would alone end the scene. "What is asked of Mr Disraeli and Lord Derby is to say what they want." That is the question of Russian newspapers—a compliment which, so far as we recollect, was never paid to Mr Gladstone's Government. The answer might probably be given in the very words which have been used to describe the ostensible purposes of the three Emperors—viz., "(1) The maintenance of the political *status quo*, which cannot be tampered with without endangering the peace of the East and Europe; (2) Effective amelioration of the condition of the populations, so as to dry up a source of permanent agitation as fatal to Turkey as to the tranquillity of her neighbours and the general peace."

The total result of these important events is that, with the virtual rejection of Prince Gortschakoff's proposal, Count Andrassy's Note, to which the six Powers have given their adhesion, becomes once more the base of operations, until it is superseded by the miracle of Turkish resurrection. France is represented to be active in endeavouring to soothe down asperities between England and Russia, and to modify the Berlin stipulations so as

to insure to them the same approval as was accorded to the Austrian Note. The difficulty is mainly, as it always has been, and always will be, with regard to the necessary guarantees. With the accession of Midhat Pacha to his present office, the Turkish Government may be credited with greater willingness to carry out a policy of reform; but so long as the Bosnians and the Herzegovinese remain subject to the Sultan, they cannot conclude a treaty or obtain guarantees. The six Powers must, if the difficulties are now to be solved, act as trustees for both sides of the controversy in a matter of that delicacy and importance, and must regulate the nature of the arrangement which may eventually be arrived at. At present the instructions of the new Grand Vizier to the Ottoman Commissioners in the two provinces remain. They are directed, *quantum valeant*, to carry out, without delay and very actively, the reforms granted by the Government. The local authorities are ordered "to listen with justice to the requests and legitimate grievances of the delegates who will be nominated on the part of those who wish to make their submission." Turkey, therefore, has assumed the initiative, and it remains to be seen what she is willing and able to do, and for the six Powers to decide what, in the event of her failure, is the course which they can agree upon pursuing. The alternative is between the establishment of a condition of things which, under the imposing name of the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire and the amelioration of the *status quo*, shall in reality perpetuate the miseries and degradation with reports of which the newspapers teemed a short time ago; and the establishment of another condition of things, which, under the like imposing name, in

reality means the vigorous correction of abuses. The third alternative, which, under the like title, means the effective substitution of Russian authority, has just been rejected by all Europe as inadmissible. While the six Powers, equally with the Sultan's Government, unanimously accept the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire, and the amelioration of the *status quo*, as the end and aim of their policy, no two Powers seem to have the same ideas of the meaning of those terms. And the difficulty with which public opinion has to contend is, that the former expression has all along been taken to mean something quite different from what, as applied to other European countries, would be meant by the term, and which, therefore, is vague and indefinite; and that the latter expression comprehends detailed and minute arrangements in dealing with circumstances foreign to the ordinary experience of Europe. But, nevertheless, the present is an opportunity, which may not speedily recur, favourable to arriving at some satisfactory understanding with regard to Turkey—its internal relations and its future course. There has been a silent trial of strength between the two principal actors, which has terminated amicably. With the aid of the new Sultan and his Government, from whom Europe, which absolutely and spontaneously recognised them, has a right to expect the utmost consideration, it ought not to be beyond the reach of political science to institute the first beginnings of a settlement.

It would, for instance, be a monstrous conclusion to recent events if Turkey, leaning as she is compelled to do on European, and especially on English, alliances, should be allowed to settle scores with her rebellious subjects and disloyal vassals in any manner that she pleases.

The atrocities which have been committed already—the arming of Bashi Bazooks and of wild Circassians, the desolating vengeance which the Turk would be willing to inflict—would be a worse scandal than the triumph of Russian intrigue. It is of the utmost importance to distinguish between the maintaining the Ottoman Empire, on the one hand, and allowing its rulers, on the other, to exercise without supervision and control the rights of government. To meet the wishes of Europe, the pacification of the disturbed provinces must ostensibly be the work of the Ottoman Government; but the Allies, by whose aid that work alone can be accomplished, must be held responsible at the bar of public opinion for the manner in which it is effected. Nothing comes out clearer in the prolonged discussions upon this subject than this, that the independence of the Ottoman Empire means simply that Europe insists upon its independence of Russia. With that proviso, its actual position is “one of dependence amounting virtually to tutelage.” No doubt the recent treaties of guarantee only bind the contracting Powers to repel external aggression, and do not extend to justify interference in internal quarrels between the Ottoman Government and either its tributary vassals or its provincial population. But considerations of policy cannot be bound down by the guarded phraseology of treaty stipulations. If Russian aggression involves an assumed protectorate of Christian races to an extent which invites them to arm against the fanaticism and tyranny of the Turk, British resistance to that aggression cannot in justice, or with a view to our own future security, involve the riveting of the chains of Mussulman supremacy, or the abandonment of the tools of Russian intrigues to become the victims of Ottoman revenge. The victors in the outer

circle of competing ambitions must become responsible for the settlement of conflicting hopes and passions within the inner circle of the Turkish Empire. All the Powers are agreed that the policy of maintaining that Empire must include what is called the amelioration of the *status quo*, which will be successful only so far as it succeeds in drying up the causes of disputes and disturbances.

We deny, then, that the work of pacification can honourably be abandoned to the Turkish authorities without control or supervision by the signatories to the Andrassy Note. That would be placing a wholly erroneous construction on the policy of preserving Ottoman independence, on the duty of non-interference in her internal affairs. The successful execution of the policy involves the duty of interference, unless the policy is to be branded with the most execrable selfishness. To preserve another's independence is a contradiction in terms. And when we inquire what is the nature of the independence which all Europe in this case is upholding, we cannot cite more authoritative testimony than that of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. According to that evidence, Turkish dependence dates back for more than one hundred years. Not merely has the Empire been from time to time dismembered by the withdrawal of vast provinces from its direct authority, but in the remainder, in spite of energetic reforms, the recovery of its power was hopeless. “Disunion, ignorance, corruption, a debased coinage, a diminishing population, and financial mismanagement, could hardly fail to override, if not to increase, the weakness originating in causes less capable of correction.” The disaffection of the Rayahs is a growing cause of weakness, especially as they advance in numbers, knowledge, wealth, the sense of de-

gradation, and the consciousness of growth. The dependence of Turkey upon Christendom has constantly increased throughout this century; and in a corresponding degree has increased the difficulty and consequent responsibility of "preserving its independence." Its improved prospects at the end of the Crimean war have been bitterly falsified by experience; and we utterly protest against the notion, that with the extinction of Abdul Aziz it has got rid of its incurable misgovernment, its deep-seated demoralisation and corruption. The great interests involved in what is called the Eastern Question alone account for the continuance of the Ottoman Empire; and those interests will be seriously compromised if, while the Empire is maintained, the lasting animosity and hatred of its growing populations are excited by its chivalrous defenders. The protectorate or good government of the Christian population is the question of the future, and is quite as important as the integrity of the Sultan's dominions, which is in reality a thing of the past—a mere symbol of opposition to Muscovite supremacy. If every succeeding disturbance in the East serves to establish Russia's position, not merely as the foe of the Turk, but also as the friend of the Christian, Russia will be strong in the loyalty of growing numbers, and in the distant future will eventually triumph.

We assert, then, that if the result of these treaties of guarantee, coupled with the peculiar form of Russian aggression, is that insurgent provinces of Turkey are the theatre of international struggles, and insurgent Rayahs are first their tools and then their victims, ultimate policy as well as humanity and justice must enlarge the duties of the guaranteeing Powers from those of repelling external aggression to

those of effecting the settlement of internal disturbances. Otherwise the issue of Russian supremacy and Turkish independence becomes exactly commensurate with the issue of Rayah independence and Mussulman tyranny. In the days of the Crimean War all sorts of vague and contradictory expressions were used about the protectorate of the Christians. It ought to be recognised that if Russia establishes, by our fault or her good fortune, the exclusive title to the sympathy of the Rayahs, she will command the future; for time is on her side, and power accrues to those who dare responsibility. If England has taken the foremost part in repelling her aggression, in vindicating what is called the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire, she incurs the chief responsibility for completing that task which is scarcely second to it in importance—viz., the effective amelioration of the *status quo*.

If, then, the guaranteeing Powers cannot fall back into inaction, unless either the disturbances are to be renewed with increased virulence, or the unlucky inhabitants of Bosnia and Herzegovina are to be handed over to the tender mercies of the party represented till lately by Hussein Avni, Western statesmen, and particularly the British Ministers, must enforce the pacification of the revolted provinces on the lines of the Andrassy Note. If the Sultan's Government can and will be virtually their agents effectively to carry out such settlement under their eye, and in accordance with their approval, well and good: if not, we must fall back upon the drastic remedies suggested by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. Either way, it ought to be distinctly understood that "the pride of national independence must for the time give way to considerations of welfare and necessity." "Where there is weak-

ness, there must be support ; when confidence within is exhausted, securities must be called in from without." The insurrection itself is only the fragmentary exponent of evils as wide as the Empire, and the remedies and reforms should be equally extensive. Observers on the spot and well-informed statesmen at home are frequently heard to say that their effective execution can only be secured with the aid of international conventions, by the effective superintendence of a commission in which the Ottoman Government shall not have the preponderating influence. Public opinion in England will at least agree that the rescue of whole provinces from tyranny and degradation is intrinsically as important as the retention of Ottoman sovereignty. And it would be short-sighted policy in regard to Russia to leave to her the empire over the sympathy of millions, while we content ourselves with our diplomatic ascendancy over a phantom court. The right of interference flows from the duty of protection, the long series of unfulfilled engagements on the part of the Sultan's Government, the blood and treasure expended in the Crimean War.

If the paramount claims of the Christian inhabitants of Turkey can be enforced in no other way, we hope that the influence of the English Government and opinion will be thrown into the scale in favour of autonomy, the erection of these insurgent and discontented and ill-governed provinces into vassal tributary states. It may turn out that that is the most remedial measure, the most easy of execution, the most permanent pacification. From the first outbreak of the insurrection this scheme has been suggested, and it has grown in favour as time has advanced. If it should be

accompanied with the measure which Lord Stratford de Redcliffe recommends in fairness to the Turkish proprietors, of giving facilities to such of the inhabitants as wish for it to sell their houses and lands and to obtain settlements elsewhere, the result would probably be a gradual and voluntary deportation of Mussulmans southward, the diminution of religious and race rivalries, so fatal to an autonomous state, and an increasing contraction of the space assigned to the Turks in Europe. It is of no importance how far the actual dominions of the Sultan are diminished, so long as in alliance with us he continues to hold Constantinople and to command the Bosphorus. And as regards the position of Russia, in spite of the predominant influence which she has recently shown herself capable of exercising in Servia, the extension of these self-governing tributary states would in reality increase the material barrier between herself and Turkey. However great the ascendancy of Russia may be over their population, her opportunities of mischief must necessarily be diminished by converting mutinous disloyal subjects into self-governing and contented inhabitants. In any event it is not the country, but the men who live in it, not the institutions and the form of government, but the wishes and sympathies of the inhabitants, which determine destiny and policy. We shall never exclude Russian ascendancy by lending our aid, however indirectly, to perpetuate the degradation and misery of these unfortunate populations, and it would be a high crime and misdemeanour against the whole human race to do so if we could. These tributary states, if the provincial and detached administration suggested by the Andrassy Note cannot be carried into effect, should be formed in future as here-

tofore under the protection and guarantee of the great Powers. Although the recent insurrections may have been fomented by the aid and through the instrumentality of Servia and Montenegro, still the effect of the material barrier has been visible to all. It would have been a violation of Roumanian territory for Russia to march an army into Turkey, and all Europe would at once have called her to account. The wider the belt of autonomous provinces becomes, the more durable and assured will be their independence; and as greater industry and the acquisition of ports and outlets for commerce increase their wealth, the more complete will be their loyalty to the cause of order and tranquillity, and the less ardent will be their sympathy with the aims of a disturber. Whatever course may be open to us to take in the future development of events, we trust that we shall not act as if the repulsion of Russian intrigue was our only policy, and as if every possible change within the Turkish Empire, or every possible curtailment of Turkish authority, would necessarily conduce to the fulfilment of Russian designs.

It does not appear to us that the dethronement of the Sultan, or even the assassination of so many of the new Ministers who were known to be in favour of rigorous repression, affords any well-founded hope of a really renovated Empire. The result of the Crimean War and of European gold has been to give a vigorous impulse to the growth of despotism and corruption in Constantinople. The consequence is that while the Sultan and his Ministers have revelled in maladministration, new opposition has sprung up on the part of "patriotic Mussulmans," who are probably identical with what are called the conquered Mussulmans, in whom the iniquity of

misrule has for the time produced a fellow-feeling for the Christians. On the other hand, the oppression of the Rayahs is increased; the ill-concealed hostility of the tributary States forms a new element of Turkish disorder; and internal disturbances are nourished with ease and success. The policy which maintains the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire must have regard to these new incidents of the situation. At present, during the pause which recent events have produced, the alternative to the further creation of autonomous states is the policy which Midhat Pasha is credited with the power to execute. His party, if we may attribute to them the sentiments expressed in the remarkable letter of the 9th March last to the Ministers of England and France, appear to think that a Constitutional Government in Turkey would in six years carry it to the front rank amongst the nations of Europe; that all that has hitherto been done by the ex-Sultan's decrees of reform has been to exasperate the relations of Mussulman and Christian to no purpose; and that if their party is supported, not merely will all the effects of Ottoman misrule be cancelled at home, but there will be provided for the capital of Europe *le plus magnifique débouché*. The promises are indeed magnificent; but Western statesmen as well as capitalists might answer with Lord Chatham that confidence is a plant of slow growth in their experienced bosoms. The only hope of a satisfactory solution under the changed circumstances of the Turkish Government is that Russia, feeling that the check recently put upon her schemes is due quite as much to the *vis major* of uncontrollable events as to the action of the English Government, will agree to cancel the unpublished Berlin

Note as unsuited to altered circumstances, and join with the other Powers of Europe in establishing such relations between the new Sultan and his rebellious subjects and tributaries as may afford a hope of lasting peace and of a durable settlement.

For ourselves, we watch every indication in that direction with hope. There is nothing in what has hitherto passed to sow the seeds of distrust or difference between England and Russia. It is the fortunate result of timely action to prevent misunderstanding, while there is yet time for reconsideration. All that has been done is, that England has refused to concur in a Note which subsequent occurrences alone would have rendered inapplicable. The English Cabinet has deservedly reaped a high reward for its spirit and decision, in the increased credit and confidence which it everywhere commands. Neither they nor their supporters need to exaggerate, for political purposes at home, the character of their diplomacy. On the other hand, according to all accounts, the growing complacency of the Turks, their tendency to applaud their own position as impregnable, and to treat Russia with open scorn, ought to be firmly repressed. Whatever securities for peace we may find in Russia's financial and political position, in her relations both in Europe and Asia, we cannot forget that if Russian officials are intriguing and ambitious, the Emperor Alexander has been for twenty years the friend of peace, has emancipated the serfs, and has drawn close his personal alliance with England. Except for our mastering considerations of public policy, the consciousness of divergent public interests, our ties of friendship with the Russian Government are far closer than any which

bind us to a Mussulman sovereign and his wicked instruments. The traditional policy of England in upholding the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire must be modified by its increasing difficulties, and the growing liability which it entails of interference in its internal affairs. The traditional policy of Russia in asserting her exclusive protectorate over the Christian population has been and is undergoing a change, as the increasing difficulty of attainment manifests itself in every succeeding attempt. The traditional character of Turkish rule will probably undergo some modification in the hands of a Government whose only *raison d'être* is vigorous reform, its decisive contrast to the rule which it displaced. A strong Government is established in England; a wise and humane ruler holds the sceptre of Russia; Europe looks on with sympathy and marvellous unanimity. It is under such circumstances that we hope to see some beginnings made of a satisfactory settlement, some honest attempt made to mitigate the wretched misgovernment of the Turkish provinces. The redress of internal grievances was, according to Mr Gladstone in his speech on the first night of the session, the condition on which the Crimean War was entered into. We are as much interested in it as Russia, and Europe is equally interested with us. The present is, unless we misread the signs of the times, a favourable opportunity for conjoined action; and we trust that no undue jealousy of Russia, and no undue reluctance to take our part in necessary interference in the affairs of a dependent and decaying Empire, will diminish the fame of the English Cabinet, or the satisfaction with which its conduct of foreign affairs has inspired all classes in the country.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A JOINT-STOCK COMPANY (LIMITED).

IN a few days my brief and stormy career will finally close. I can calmly, and even thankfully, contemplate this premature extinction of an existence which has ruined reputations, shattered fortunes, and carried want and misery into hundreds of humble homes; for I am wearied and worn out with the effort it has caused me to achieve these deplorable results, and utterly disgusted with the advanced state of civilisation which has made me the victim of its immoral tendencies. As far as my exhausted and feeble condition will allow me to feel anything, I think I can honestly say I am conscious of being in a repentant frame of mind.

What philosopher can explain to me the nature of the causes of which I am the vile effect? It was not my own fault that, like those who first hatched me, I was conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity, and became almost immediately the means of demoralising every one who came into contact with me, of deceiving those who trusted in me, and of crushing those who opposed me, until my own turn came, and I fizzed out in a gutter of fraud like a bad squib. Depraved though I am, I regret to say that, knowing as much as I do of the merits of the other members of my fraternity who still exist and flourish, I may yet hope that a process of natural selection is in progress, and that joint-stock companies, like the human race, are to rise into new and better conditions through the "survival of the fittest." At the same time, I know that I am not altogether bad; for I always found myself in sympathy with the few honest men upon my board. Now and then I experi-

enced the novel and delightful sensation of awakening conscience, forming good resolutions—which at one time I intended to keep; and I looked forward to a calm and serene old age, soothed by the reflection that thousands would be rendered happier by my existence, and that my own health and well-being would be a source of amiable anxiety to numbers of respectable shareholders.

How the moral element thus temporarily infused into my system was afterwards expelled, and my whole nature became even worse at the end than it was at the beginning, is part of the thrilling story of my life to which I invite the attention of the reader; and I address myself to all without distinction, for all will be the wiser by the perusal of this most timely and instructive warning. I address myself to you, my innocent clerical friends in remote country parishes—for I know of no more ignorant and confiding class of investors—and though you may not think that the life and fortunes of a joint-stock company (limited) can interest you whose vocation lies in such a very different direction, as long as you have little earnings which you blindly invest on the faith of neatly-addressed circulars and prospectuses, you are interested, deeply interested, in the story I have to tell. I address myself to you, fair readers, especially widows and spinsters; for however capable you may think yourselves of enjoying the franchise, I am able from my own knowledge to declare that you are utterly unfit to manage your own money-matters, and I should never have been able to enter upon my fraudulent career

had it not been for the powerful support I derived from the trusting contributions of confiding or speculative female investors; and now, in such solemn tones as I find it possible to command, reclining as I am at this moment in the arms of my official liquidator, with but a feeble spark of vitality still left, I warn you to read carefully this melancholy history. Believe me, it concerns you deeply. Such of you as have invested in me, I shall endeavour to remind of my gay and misspent youth, by providing you, by means of the officer legally appointed for that purpose, with infinitesimal dividends, extracted at long intervals from my miserable and shrunken remains—Bless you!

I address myself to you, rich landed proprietors, who never meddle with City matters, or investments, or “that sort of thing,” but leave it all to your men of business, and I ask you whether you have had reason to be satisfied with the results of their advice this year? Don’t you think you had better try and understand a little where your money is, and where it is not? And you men of business, who advise your clients, no doubt with the best intentions, have you had reason always to be satisfied with the advice you have given them? Clever though you are, and honest though you may be, it will do you no harm to read my narrative. And you, impecunious connections of the aristocracy, who have neither brains nor experience, but think you know enough to combine West-end fashion with East-end financing, if you ever read anything, read me, that you may avoid having your purses, —which, indeed, at best are trash—stolen, and your good names filched. Alas! I fear that those I seek to reach are just those who will think I don’t concern them. The parsons, the widows, the orphans,

the officers on half pay, the rich squires, the titled dupes—the sponges, in fact, whom I want to warn against the squeezers, will pass me by, while the squeezers themselves will chuckle over my adventurous career, as thieves read the police reports, partly on account of the affectionate interest they take in the profession, and partly in the hope of picking up a wrinkle or two for future use and guidance.

Having taken the liberty, with a frankness which I regret formed no part of my original character, but which my approaching dissolution has suggested to me as expedient, to address these and all other classes of my readers, I will now endeavour to convey to them some idea of the process of my inception. I wish it, however, to be distinctly understood, that while I carefully veil the mystery of my identity, I am not altogether a mythical character; that the facts of my existence are real, and not imaginary; and that there is nothing I am about to relate which has not actually occurred: at the same time, any attempt of the most experienced promoter or knowing broker to discover exactly who I am, or rather was, will be utterly futile, so artful is the disguise behind which this record of my varied fortunes has been concealed.

Disdaining to take refuge in a fictitious name, and scorning the subterfuge of a sham prospectus, I will merely say that I first received the rude outlines of my subsequent shape in the ingenious brain of a needy and adventurous speculator. This gentleman, who had passed through the various phases of an officer in the army, a member of the House of Commons, and a broker on the Stock Exchange, from all of which he had, in one form or other, been practically, if not by any formal process, expelled, had been

driven to earning a precarious livelihood by taking up what he called one "little business" after another. He was popularly known as the "Captain;" and in consideration of his natural predatory habits, I will venture to introduce him to my readers as Captain Hawk. His style of "little business" consisted in arranging for concessions, acting apparently as principal where it was too dangerous for the real principal to appear; playing the part of spy or detective between business friends at the request of either, or both; dealing in horses and carriages; trying to obtain contracts for large contractors; and introducing people who had "good things" to sell, or valuable ideas to impart, to capitalists likely to invest in them, and *vice versâ*: on all which transactions he received commissions varying in amount—sometimes, indeed, very trifling—or was remunerated in other underhand methods well known to the craft. I don't think he was originally a dishonest man, and he still possessed many amiable and generous traits—such, for instance, as that of freely lending his friends the money which did not belong to him, and being always ready to put them into "good things," a service which they rarely returned. The fertility of resource and ingenuity of invention with which this worthy was gifted was something amazing; and I shall never forget the first time I saw myself in manuscript. He was in very low water at the time, and lived in a small lodging in a street off the Strand; but he shared the peculiarity of other members of the same fraternity, of rising and sinking with extraordinary rapidity and facility. There never was anything to equal his elasticity in this respect. The contrast between his gay and jaunty appearance when he was dashing down Piccadilly behind

a pair of high-stepping bays, when his luck was good—and the seedy sort of swagger with which, a few months after, in an almost starving condition, he would secretly visit financiers who were ashamed to see him openly,—was a perpetual marvel to me. His external appearance was that of a somewhat dissipated "plunger." Heavy sandy moustache, from which volumes of smoke perpetually issued, concealed a not unpleasant mouth; and as he wrote me out impregnating me with his filthy tobacco, I remember looking up with astonishment into his calm blue eyes, and wondering how such an apparently vacuous countenance could ever have imagined such a complicated and incomprehensible prospectus as I felt myself, even in that first dawn of consciousness, to be.

Poor man! he deserved to get something for his trouble; for the effort of producing me cost him hours of concentrated thought, six tumblers of brandy-and-water, and as many cigars; and though, of course, I cannot say I have any recollection of it, I have a dim sort of consciousness that I had, so to speak, been incubating in his brain for many weeks before I saw the light.

At last, after innumerable corrections, modifications, and final polishings, I was folded up, put into his pocket, and entered upon the next stage of my still infantile existence.

This gentleman is known in the phraseology of finance as my *Promoter*; and in spite of his many bad habits and general laxity of morals, after an extensive experience of city men engaged in providing investments for the public and managing them after they have been provided, I am proud to say that I can think of him with a certain feeling of filial tenderness and even respect, for he did not conceal unknown

villanies under the guise of respectability: having no profession he certainly made none; he was contented to live on the outskirts of the society to which he really belonged, instead of forcing his way into the society to which he did not belong—and rather picked up the remnants after the leaders of the profession had robbed the public, than stole from them himself.

Although I naturally did not know where I was going to, or what the next feature of my existence was to be at the time, it will make it clearer if I explain, which the light of my subsequent experience enables me to do, the plan of my Promoter. In order to give me any real value, it became necessary for him to obtain certain concessions and permissions from foreign Governments and municipalities—for I was a vast conception with ramifications all over Europe, and my success depended upon the construction of divers works involving contracts; in fact, there was a great deal of money to be made out of me by my Promoter, if he was only careful in his manipulation of me in my earlier stages. The first difficulty, and indeed the one, poor man, with which he had most frequently to contend through life, was impecuniosity.

He now stood in need of cash with which to pay his travelling expenses, and which should enable him to deposit the necessary caution money. Now there were two courses open to him: he could either go to a capitalist, explain the merits of the scheme, and go as his agent, having to give an account of his expenses, and receiving a stipulated sum; or he might take a partner from among the unwary youth of the West End.

The objections to the first course were obvious. The City capitalist would use him and throw him aside

with a beggarly remuneration when he had no further need of him. The poor Captain knew this from bitter experience; but the obstacle in the way of the other course was, that the Captain had exhausted the tribe of fast and rich young men whom he had known in his fashionable days. He could only think of one man with whom he had a chance in this direction; if this failed, he would have to do the best he could in the City. A few weeks before, he had observed in the papers the death of a rich baronet, who had made his fortune in trade, and whose son had been a cornet in my Promoter's regiment, where he was noted for his weakness of intellect and extreme vanity. This youth had now become Sir Twig Robinson; and to him with a sanguine and even triumphant air my Promoter addressed himself, though I could feel the sinking presentiment of failure agitating his breast as I pressed against it.

Inexperienced as I then was, I was literally thunderstruck at the skill with which my Promoter flattered, tempted, and cajoled Sir Twig. That young gentleman, inflated with the newly-acquired consciousness of great wealth, was dazzled by the prospect of his name being connected with the brilliant and gigantic enterprise which my Promoter expatiated upon with extraordinary eloquence. Not only was there great profit, but there was great credit to be got out of it; and if the truth is to be told, with management, there really was both. Sir Twig was, after all, not by any means such a fool for taking me up, as he has been since on many occasions; and he exhibited a certain degree of cunning in the tenacity with which he insisted that if he advanced the whole of the capital necessary for these preliminary expenses, the concessions should be

taken out in his name alone. The Captain was afraid of exciting his suspicions if he objected too strongly to this: so it was finally settled, that in consideration of my Promoter undertaking the by no means simple task of securing the concessions and permissions, Sir Twig was to find the money requisite, and the profits were to be equally divided; or, as he elegantly expressed it, "We'll go halves in the pull."

I am obliged, in order not to prolong this veracious history to undue limits, to deprive the reader of the exciting narrative of my adventures in various foreign capitals. Indeed I have some excuse for this; for although I was generally in his pocket, they were not so much my adventures as my Promoter's. He it was who lingered and gambled at Monaco, and justified it afterwards to Sir Twig on the plea that he was obliged to go there in order to meet a lady who was supposed to exercise a paramount influence over a certain well-known minister who dispensed concessions. An admirable linguist, my Promoter was eminently qualified for the duty on which he was now engaged. His easy assurance secured him a favourable reception in society; and although he was somewhat shyly regarded by our own embassies and legations, he succeeded in winning access to the authorities with whom he had to deal, generally by means of his popularity with the fair sex. My readers would indeed be surprised to learn the names of certain distinguished foreign dames to whose powerful advocacy the Captain owed more than one concession, and whom he, in consideration thereof, allowed to "stand in" for a certain number of fully paid up shares in the Company when formed. For more than six months did my Promoter dine, bribe, flirt, and intrigue, to his own great con-

tent; for he spent Sir Twig's money as freely as if it had been his own, while he graduated his bribes with a most delicate discrimination. It takes a great deal of patience and diplomatic skill to secure a concession; for any small *employé* can put a spoke in the wheel if he is not "squared" in some shape or other, and they know their power but too well. But my Promoter was more than a match for them, and returned triumphantly just as Sir Twig was beginning to take a gloomy view of things, and to think that the whole affair was a *ruse* of the Captain to live luxuriously abroad at his expense. It was with a surly grunt, then, that he received my Promoter, as the latter, in faultless attire purchased with Sir Twig's money, and with a radiant smile, burst into his room one morning to announce his success.

"I thought you were never coming back," growled Sir Twig. "I suppose you thought there was no occasion to hurry, considering that I was paying the piper. I kept writing to tell you to come back, but you took no notice of my letters; and now you have got these precious concessions, I don't believe they are worth anything. Who is going to buy them? People who know about these things tell me the public are shy of going in for a thing of this sort, and that there is not a chance of its going down."

"Of course it won't go down, my dear Twig," said the Captain, with a delightful impudence.

"Then why did you get the concessions, and what do you propose to do?"

"Form a syndicate to be sure, —what else should I do?"

"A syndicate! what's that?" asked Sir Twig.

"I'll explain in a moment," replied the Captain; "but before we go any further, we have a little

business to settle between us. You will observe that all these concessions are, as you stipulated they should be, taken in your name. Now I want you to sign a little agreement to the effect that whatever money is given for the concessions, if we sell them, is to be equally divided between us. This is only fair, you know—an ordinary matter of business routine. After you have done that, I'll explain to you the nature and functions of a syndicate."

Sir Twig had a vague feeling that it was never safe to sign his name, but he could see no valid objection to this proposal of the Captain's; and moreover, he felt himself in his ignorance so completely in that plausible gentleman's power, that he did as he was told, with a sigh.

"Now," said the Captain, with a glance of amiable compassion, "I will proceed to teach this young idea how to shoot. We have an invaluable packet here of concessions and permissions. The great object is to induce the confiding country investor to think that his or her future happiness and prosperity depend upon their obtaining possession of them. Now if you or I were to offer them for sale, their reputation for value would be ruined, because the public never look into the intrinsic value of the article to be purchased, but are influenced entirely by the manner in which it is presented to them, and the financial standing of the persons who offer it for sale: a poor, honest man will utterly fail to sell them a good thing in a straightforward way, while they will jump greedily at a bad thing, dangled skilfully before them by a rich rogue. The first thing for us, therefore, to find, is the rich rogue. He will become the syndicate manager. And his business is to induce a number of

gentlemen of the highest standing he can find to become the directors of the new Company, and an eminent contractor to engage to carry out the works, upon the certain assurance that money will be found; and at the same time to induce the public to subscribe the money upon the no less certain assurance that the directors and contractor have been found. This looks like a vicious circle, because you can only obtain one essential condition on the distinct understanding that the other has been already secured."

"And how do you manage to get out of it?" asked Sir Twig.

"Why, we offer the scheme in the first instance, not to the public, but to an influential combination of capitalists called a syndicate."

"But why should the capitalists take the shares which the public will not take?"

"Because," replied the Captain, "they will get them much below their nominal price; and by being only a few holders, and all known to each other, they can put up prices on the Stock Exchange, and easily rig the market, and then clear out at a profit."

"Excuse my stupidity," said Sir Twig; "but how do they rig the market?"

"That is very simple. A says to B, don't sell your shares under ten per cent premium. I will buy them publicly at that price through a broker, if you will privately give me back my money afterwards, and take back your shares. The next day B buys from A, and so on. This keeps up the price on the official quotations on the Exchange, and the outside investor comes in and buys; then the syndicate can quietly unload."

"I see," said Sir Twig, with more humour than I gave him credit for; "it seems to me that this syndicate, as you call it, is itself the 'vicious

circle' of which you were talking just now; but where shall we find a syndicate who will be sufficiently respectable to inspire confidence, and yet be guilty of such practices?"

"My innocent Twig, have you lived so long in this world," said the Captain, with calm superiority, "and not found out yet that confidence in matters of finance is not inspired because a man deserves it, but because he has accumulated vast wealth by a long and successful career of fraud? Leave this to me—I will find the syndicate: they will pay for the concessions; and whether they are afterwards 'stuck' with the shares, or succeed in palming them off on the public, surely does not concern us."

"And how much shall we ourselves make out of it?" asked Sir Twig, with an eye to the main chance.

"Can't say. We shall ask £250,000, and probably take £50,000, which makes £25,000 each. However, put yourself unreservedly into my hands, my dear Twig, and you won't have any reason to complain." Saying which, the Captain nodded in a reassuring manner, took up his hat, and swaggered off, soliloquising thus as he went along. From my advantageous position in his breast-pocket I could hear him plainly.

"This little matter looks tolerably healthy. I shall get £25,000 for my half of the concession. Considering I deposited no caution money, and I bled Twig pretty freely in the matter of expenses, I shan't lose on that. If I introduce my syndicate man to a good contractor, the latter will have to pay me at least one per cent commission on the contract price, which certainly does not concern my Twig. After all, he has only paid £15,000 in caution money and expenses,

and he will make, without any exertion of brain, £10,000 on that, which, considering that he has no brains to exert, ought to satisfy him."

I wondered, as we went along, where my Promoter was going to, but was soon enlightened, as he turned in to some handsome offices, and I observed the names of Chisel Bros., the well-known contractors, on the door. Mr Chisel was engaged; but my Promoter waited patiently to see the great man, who was evidently in no hurry to see him, and made him a cold, suspicious bow, as he offered him a chair. "What I am about to say," remarked the Captain, with the bold assurance of one about to confer a favour, "must be considered absolutely private and confidential. A certain friend of mine, who is of the highest respectability, and moves in the first social circles—in fact I may tell you, under the pledge of secrecy, that he is a baronet, is the possessor of certain most valuable concessions"—here the Captain explained in general terms their nature, and went on,—“Now I have come to tell you that some City friends of mine, a most powerful combination of capitalists—men, I need scarcely say, of first-class financial standing, as you would yourself acknowledge if I was permitted to divulge their names—are inclined to take up the scheme. I thought that the project was one which would just suit you, and that if you felt inclined to undertake the contract, it would be useful to you to be introduced to the capitalists interested. I should be glad to present you to them; but in order to be able to talk to my friends, I should be happy to know what your prices are for carrying out the proposed works.”

Mr Chisel here fixed my Promoter with his eye, and asked him

bluntly for the names of his financial friends. With an air of profound secrecy, but with an appearance of absolute *bondâ fides*, the Captain as steadily returned the glance, as he replied, "I have already said I am not at liberty to give you their names; but if you keep it entirely secret, I may say this, that one of the partners of Cash, Bullion, & Co. is interested in the matter." I literally trembled in his pocket as my Promoter uttered this unblushing falsehood; but he evidently knew his man. The name of the firm, combined with the imperturbable calm of the Captain's manner, seemed to affect the contractor; and with a furtive side glance at him, he said, as he carelessly turned over the leaves of a book on the table, "Do you want our prices net, or will they include any commissions?"

"They will include one per cent commission for me," replied the Captain, coolly, but firmly.

Mr Chisel seemed prepared for this, and quietly dismissed his visitor with the assurance that he would soon hear from him, and that he would make an estimate of the prices.

My Promoter instantly hurried eastward, murmuring, as he went, "Chisel bites—and so he ought, for there has not been a sounder or a better thing put on the market this long time; now the only thing is to find the powerful combination of capitalists I told Chisel I had found already. I suppose there is not a chance of Cash, Bullion, & Co. going into it. But, confound it! when he pressed me so hard, I had to give some name, and under those circumstances there is no reason why one should not give the best; but I must see them first, just to save appearances if Chisel ever calls on me to explain my statements." And to Cash, Bullion, & Co. he accordingly went. A

frigid reception and still more frigid refusal was all he got there; but he seemed rather to enjoy the joke than otherwise, and, with a chuckle to himself, proceeded in quest of that less scrupulous class amongst whom he knew that his powerful combination could alone be found.

I will not weary my reader with a narrative of all the conversations to which I listened during the various visits which my Promoter now paid; and, indeed, if I have been obliged to go into so much detail hitherto, it has been because it is impossible to convey any just idea of how these negotiations are carried on without it. First he tried Squeezer, a powerful man well known in the world of finance; but though he acknowledged the excellence of the scheme, his terms were too high, and it was evident that he would be satisfied with nothing less than the lion's share. This worthy had been successful in bringing out about a hundred companies, at least ninety of which had since become bankrupt, though he himself had realised an immense fortune in giving birth to them. Next he dangled me in vain before the eyes of Shaver, who generally victimised his dupes with a joke, but who, at this particular juncture, had too many irons in the fire to take me up. He was unable to come to terms with Rigger, because that gentleman demanded that £60,000 should be set aside out of the preliminary expenses for "making a market," which, as the Captain has already explained, consisted in dealing in the shares of the future Company, the moment the prospectus had appeared, and before the shares had been allotted, at figures much above what would have been taken for them except from purchasers eager to maintain a fictitious high price; which operation, the Captain knew,

was ordinarily carried out at about one-sixth of the money asked by Rigger, who intended to pocket the balance. This process seemed to me not only novel, but immoral; but when I saw the evidence which was taken the other day before the Foreign Loans Committee, I found it was as common in the floating of foreign loans, as in the bringing out of joint-stock companies. Sharper seemed more hopeful, and at one time I thought we should come to terms; but he had his own contractor; and my Promoter, fearing the loss of his commission, hurriedly terminated the interview, and pushed on in search of some more pliant gentleman.

I was surprised at the number of his acquaintances: without describing them *seriatim*, I may give a general outline of our mode of procedure. We always seemed desirous to shun observation, and to approach the great man we were in quest of as quietly as possible. The very clerks seemed to entertain a certain feeling of contempt for us, and knowing looks passed between them as my Promoter's card was taken to the sanctum of the millionaire. At first I used to feel this humiliation; but as I saw my inventor was perfectly stolid, I soon ceased to feel sensitive on the subject. On no one occasion that I remember were we at once admitted, but generally kept waiting in some dingy little back room for an hour or two, during which time my Promoter was preparing his part. I now, to my great delight, became aware, by the contrast which his manner presented to the personages to whom I was submitted for inspection, that my Promoter was a gentleman. There was a delicate combination of dignity, mystery, and reserve which struck me as very effective; and I used to wonder how any one could resist

the low persuasive tones and explicit definitions with which my great advantages were described. I even myself really believed that I should be the means of making the fortunes of all who had anything to do with me; and felt quite irritated at the cold suspicious manner in which my merits were treated, the objections which were raised to me, and the evident doubt with which I was often regarded. The peculiarity of all these magnates seemed to be that they were very purse-proud, very grasping, very overbearing, and generally more or less vulgar; the richer they were, and the more convinced they became that I really was of some intrinsic value, the more unreasonable they seemed to get, and I quite sympathised with my poor Promoter's repeated disappointments. By degrees he dropped from the eminent financier to the eminent stockbroker, from the eminent stockbroker to the doubtful financier, and from the doubtful financier to the German Jew; and it was amongst this latter fraternity that at last he found a man willing to take me up. His name was Mire. He was a person of great activity, great perseverance, parsimonious habits, grasping in his transactions, and one who, although possessed of a great affection for all the members of his family scattered about in various countries, was not averse to cheating them when he could realise a respectable margin thereby. He took me up coolly at first, but grew warmer and warmer over me as he spent some time in considering my merits. Finally, he told the Captain that he would give him an answer on the following day; as he wanted to consult his solicitors, the eminent firm of Twister, Wriggle, Sly, & Wriggle.

The Captain occupied the interval by seeing Chisel's manager, explain-

ing to him that Mire had taken up the affair, and that circumstances had arisen in consequence which made it advisable that Cash, Bullion, & Co. should not be mixed up in it; and he received from the manager the prices which had been promised, and a great deal of technical information, primed with which he kept his appointment with Mire. That gentleman began by making difficulties, said that the public were not ripe for enterprises of the sort, that the capital wanted was very large, the state of the market very bad (the Captain happened to know that the market had never been more buoyant), and that it would be difficult to find a good contractor willing to take it up. At this point the Captain interrupted with great effect, and poured out his recently-acquired knowledge with a volubility which somewhat disconcerted Mire, to whom he explained that for certain technical reasons connected with the nature of the works, there was in fact only one contractor in England who was really competent to carry out so magnificent and gigantic an enterprise, but that he fortunately was prepared to undertake it practically without making his legitimate profit, as it was indispensable to him to crush a rival firm, who were seriously threatening his pre-eminence in that particular line. Mire gave a deliberate wink, as if he distrusted this latter piece of intelligence; but his intense desire to get a good bargain overruled his better judgment, and he relented. After a prolonged negotiation, in which some very pretty fencing took place, showing great wariness, coolness, steadiness of purpose, and self-control on both sides, Mire agreed to take up the matter and to form a syndicate, on condition that he should be syndicate manager. The following terms were agreed upon: The contract was

given to Messrs Chisel Bros. Mire here asked, "What is the price net?" The Captain replied, £1,500,000. "I understand you," said Mr Mire, "to say this is absolutely net?"

"Absolutely," said the Captain, with a calmness which caused me a painful feeling of distress, well knowing as I did that it included one per cent commission to himself. After a long and searching look into the Captain's inscrutable physiognomy, Mr Mire seemed evidently satisfied, and said, with a knowing look, "My dear sir, have you mentioned this price to anybody but me?"

"I have not," rejoined the Captain.

"Then," said Mire, "let us tell the contractors they must ask for £1,515,000. I must have something for my trouble."

"I presume," blandly remarked the Captain, "one-third of this will go to me."

Mire seemed to undergo a convulsion; he sprang from his chair and violently paced the room. "I thought, sir," at last he remarked, planting himself firmly before the Captain, "that you acted on behalf of the concessionaire, and you will have to look to that gentleman for your remuneration."

"Very well," drily replied the Captain. "As nobody knows what the contractor's net price really is, if you make any difficulty about my standing in, I shall take care that the contractor will refuse to ask for a higher price than the one he actually receives. Indeed, although I am aware that this practice is not uncommon with other contractors, it will be difficult in this case, anyhow, to induce so respectable a firm to consent to it."

Finally, it was arranged as a first condition that the Captain would agree to overcome the contractor's scruples on this point for a percentage of one-sixth of the commission

to be given by the contractor to Mr Mire. Second, that Mr Mire should be syndicate manager, which post, as it afterwards turned out, involved a variety of commissions. Third, that the concessions of Sir Twig Robinson should be bought for £50,000. On this point there was also considerable haggling, the Captain having begun by asking £150,000 for the concessions. "The little business" being so far settled, Mr Mire produced a box of cigars and a bottle of capital sherry; and, fifteen minutes later, the Captain left the office in high spirits, with the promise of an interview with Mr Mire on the following day at his solicitor's. From all of which you will perceive, O my investing readers, how much trouble it takes to prepare the gaudy fly by which you are ultimately to be hooked. Nobody knows what running about, and worry, and meetings, and appointments, and disappointments, and wrangling, are involved in the promotion of a company—what patience it requires, what constant watchfulness, lest by one false move the labours of months are neutralised, and the profits swept away by a stroke of sharp practice on the part of a friend and a brother. My Promoter's anxiety of mind during this trying period involved a perpetual recourse to stimulants, and he almost lived in Hansom cabs.

His next interview with Mire was in the office of the eminent solicitors already alluded to. There he met a small closely-shaved gentleman, with sharp pinched features and an oily manner—Mr Wriggle, to wit; and there also were present several of Mr Mire's powerful financial friends, whose names are of no importance. For many successive days did this little group meet in close conclave, their principal duty being to write to, and produce their correspondence with, their fin-

ancial friends abroad, whom they had urged to join them in the enterprise, and become members of the syndicate, and who wished to be informed in regard to sundry details. At one of these meetings the contractor and his solicitor appeared on the scene. The contractor insisted that the whole of the capital of the intended Company should be "taken firm" by the syndicate before the prospectus was issued; which, I find out, means, that the various financial gentlemen who form the syndicate are required to sign a letter, which is called a syndicate letter. The skeleton of this letter ran as follows:—

The X. Y. Z. Co. (Limited).
(Of course my real name was given here.)

To be incorporated under the Companies Acts 1862 and 1867.

Capital £——, in one hundred thousand shares of £— each.

To the Manager of the Syndicate.

Sir,—We authorise you to place our name on the syndicate for raising the cash capital of this Company for a subscription of £—. We understand that Sir Twig Robinson, Bart., is prepared to sell several valuable concessions from foreign Governments and municipalities for the sum of £——, and that Messrs Chisel Bros. are prepared to enter into a contract for the construction of at a total contract price of £—— in cash, and £—— in fully paid up shares of the Company. We guarantee to the extent of our subscription the raising of the whole of the above-mentioned capital of £——; and further, that if the whole of such capital shall not within one month from the date hereof be otherwise applied for, the members of the syndicate will themselves subscribe for a sufficient number of shares to make good the deficiency;

on the understanding that, by way of remuneration for our trouble and influence in establishing and bringing out the Company, and in raising the capital, and as a consideration for our entering into the above-mentioned undertaking, Messrs Chisel Bros. will pay to bankers to be agreed upon on behalf of the syndicate, a sum of £——, which is equivalent to seventeen per cent of the capital of the Company, that sum to be appropriated as follows: Two per cent on the capital or the sum of £——, to be paid to the syndicate manager for syndicate management and expenses, and the remaining fifteen per cent or £—— to be divisible *pro rata* among the members of the syndicate.—We are, Sir, your obedient servants.

This somewhat complicated document was printed and shown to the eminent financiers assembled, in a guarded manner, as productions of this sort are of too delicate a character to leave the hands of the initiated few who are promoting the Company. Its real purport only became clear to me after I had overheard the following explanation of it by the Captain to Sir Twig, to whom he showed a copy of the letter, the intelligence of the hon. baronet being quite unequal to grasping its meaning on a bare perusal.

"My dear fellow," said Sir Twig, after having laboriously endeavoured to master its contents, "you might as well have expected me to understand an Egyptian papyrus as this long-winded yarn. What does it all mean?"

"Well, Twig, it becomes plain enough when you have had as much to do with promotion work as I have. We want to be paid for the concession; it is an essential preliminary to this that the capital of the Company be found: if you advertise the prospectus, the

public may or may not subscribe to it. To make it a certainty, we find a small lot of financiers first, which, as I before explained, is called a Syndicate, to subscribe for the whole of the shares. The shares are then offered to the public for subscription. Whatever amount is applied for by the public is allotted to them at par; whatever amount remains is taken up by the members of the syndicate, in the proportion of their original subscription, so that a man who figures in the syndicate as a subscriber for one-tenth of the capital has to take one-tenth of the shares which have not been subscribed for by the public. In consideration for this risk he receives a syndicate commission of, say, fifteen per cent on the whole of his original subscription in the syndicate; so that if he has subscribed £50,000, and the public take all the shares, he receives £7500 for having affixed his name to a syndicate letter, and without having disbursed a farthing. If the public subscribe half, he receives the same commission, but has to take up £25,000 worth of shares, and so on."

"That is clear so far," said Twig; "but I don't see who is to pay them the fifteen per cent. Who do they get it out of—the public?"

"Of course out of the public in the long run, but in the first instance out of the contractor. It is clear that the Company cannot openly allot shares to the public at par, and to the syndicate at 85. That would be illegal. The situation therefore has to be turned. This is easily managed by sticking the syndicate commission secretly into the contract price which appears in the public prospectus; and the contractor equally secretly hands back this commission to the syndicate when he receives his first instalment from the Company."

After many days spent in nego-

tiation and preliminary haggling over further details too minute and complicated for me to go into here, and sundry financial firms had risen freely at the tempting bait offered to them, some boldly dashing at it, others shyly coquetting with it, a certain number were sufficiently firmly hooked to be brought to the point of signing; and a meeting was held of all those intending to become members of the syndicate with the contractor, the Promoter, Mire's solicitor, who was to become the solicitor of the Company, and the contractor's solicitor.

The syndicate was to consist of upwards of seventy members, of whom, however, only thirteen attended, acting for themselves and their friends. Mr Mire had in the meantime prepared and finally settled the memorandum and articles of association of the future Company—a contract for the conveyance of the various concessions of Sir Twig Robinson to the new Company, and the contract to be entered into between Messrs Chisel Brothers, on the one part, and Mr Mire, acting on behalf of and for the future Company, on the other part, and a deed of transfer of such contract from Mr Mire to the future Company.

Printed copies of all these documents were profusely scattered over the table. Their backs were neatly lined with red tape, as though to impart an air of respectability to their contents.

While they were assembling, these gentlemen collected in groups and talked finance until they were called to order by a sort of admonitory cough from Mr Mire, who took a chair which happened to be at the top of the table, and addressed the meeting as follows:—

"Well, gentlemen, you are all aware of the nature of the business which has brought us together today: the valuable concessions of

Sir Twig Robinson, who is represented by our friend Captain Hawk, are to be taken over by the Company which we propose to form. Mr Wriggle, the deeds of transfer are, I presume, in order?"

Mr Wriggle nodded assent. "The contract with Messrs Chisel Brothers," pursued Mr Mire, "has been in your hands for the past week, and I should be glad of any observations referring thereto which any of you, gentlemen, might desire to make."

At this moment a funereal-looking individual in a suit of black, gaunt and scraggy, with high cheek-bones and a sanctimonious expression of countenance, interposed and said in unctuous tones, which seemed rather more appropriate to a meeting in a dissenting chapel than of a syndicate Committee:—

"It appears to me that the 45th clause of the contract does not sufficiently provide for the penalty to be incurred by the contractor in case of the completion of the works being delayed for more than two days beyond the time specified in clause three. I observe that the contractor is not bound to pay any forfeits, not only in the case of an interference by *force majeure*, to which, of course, nobody amongst us could object," and he threw a glance reverently upwards, "but also in the case of a strike amongst his workmen; it appears to me that in a Christian country like ours, it is utterly unnecessary if not injurious to public morality to secure the contractor against a contingency which cannot arise if he chooses his workmen only among converted and God-fearing men."

The contractor maintained that this observation was founded on a fallacy, and that his experience had proved to him that workmen were pretty much alike when it came to the question of a rise in their

wages, no matter what their professions might be.

The contractor's solicitor here interfered, and produced a number of similar contracts entered into with other companies which all contained the same clause, and to which no such objection had ever before been taken. It was finally overruled. The gaunt gentleman observed that there were a great many other points in the contract to which he could not assent, and he proposed therefore to take the contract clause by clause. As his name was down on the syndicate list for by far the largest amount, no serious objection could be raised to this. It would weary the reader, as it certainly did the syndicate, were I to attempt to enumerate the objections raised by this perverse and pious millionaire to almost every point contained in the contract. He was only finally interrupted by a portly and jovial-looking personage declaring he felt faint, and that it was time to adjourn for lunch. At this meal the contractor managed cleverly to sit next the lugubrious objector, whose name was Sarmist, and a whispered conversation took place between them, which I managed to overhear, and which resulted in a secret offer from the contractor of a commission of two per cent on the contract price if the scruples of that high-minded man could be overcome on all the points raised by him, and the contract could be admitted as it stood now. Mr Sarmist rejoined that two per cent was not enough, and that he could not possibly waive his scruples for less than three. I now understood the motive which had prompted his obstructive conduct throughout. The contractor refused absolutely to accede to this, feeling sure that the other was only "trying it on," and would ultimately take two.

The sherry at luncheon seemed to have a salutary effect upon the transaction of the business, for Mr Sarmist retained an attitude of dogged silence during the subsequent proceedings, while the jovial gentleman was smoothing away difficulties and winning over waverers whose natural dispositions were not so sanguine as his own, until, as the day closed in, the meeting was adjourned, and everybody seemed to feel a certain amount of relief in the reflection that matters had been nearly brought to a head, and that one more sitting would at last give me definite existence, crown the hopes of my Promoter, and line the pockets in various proportions of the gentlemen who so kindly and disinterestedly invented for the public its latest want, and now modestly undertook the means of supplying it.

It was proposed to meet again on the following day. Mr Sarmist, however, with an expression of profound regret, announced that a meeting at Exeter Hall demanded his presence, and begged those present, in solemn tones, to adjourn reassembling for two days. This was agreed to. With a light and buoyant step my Promoter wended his way homewards. He calculated as he did so what this, his last venture, was likely to prove worth to him. The schedule which he worked out in his mind, if put on paper, would read thus:—

Price of concession, . . .	£50,000
Old Twig out of pocket, . .	15,000
Leaves to be divided . . .	£35,000
Half of that for me, . . .	£17,500
One per cent on contract price, . . .	15,000
One-sixth of old Jew's commission, . . .	2,500
Total, . . .	£35,000

As this figure presented itself to his imagination, a radiant smile overspread his countenance, and I felt his heart beat faster with the throb of pleasant anticipation. For a moment, but only for a moment, this feeling was checked by the sad recollection of the numerous former occasions on which a cup equally overflowing had been rudely dashed from his lips; but he regained confidence as he recalled the instant when his sharp eye detected the contractor in secret conversation with Mr Sarmist, and the change which it affected in that pious gentleman's subsequent demeanour.

I must here remind my reader that having been printed in so many forms, I now filled the pockets of all the syndicate members, and that it was owing to this circumstance that I overheard the following conversation in Mr Mire's office.

That gentleman was engaged in affixing his valuable signature to sundry invoices for a large cargo of tallow, when Mr Sarmist's name was announced by a seedy-looking junior clerk with a hooked nose. Mr Mire quietly turned on their faces all the letters which happened to be lying open before him on his desk, and signified his willingness to receive his visitor.

"I have come to speak to you, Mr Mire," said that gentleman, with whom it had been my misfortune to be present at the meeting which we had just quitted at Exeter Hall, "about the contracts to be entered into for the X. Y. Z. Co. I have received distressing information this morning that several of my Continental friends have changed their minds about joining the syndicate, as they first intended. This would entail (if the Company for which we are working is to succeed) the contractor's taking a certain amount of his price in fully paid-up shares. From confidential inquiries which I

have had made, it appears that Chisel Brothers, though excellent contractors, have already rather more paper than they like, and that they would hardly be in a position to take anything but a cash contract. I have called, therefore, on Messrs Gouge & Co., limited, who are willing to execute the works for £1,350,000 in cash, and £250,000 in shares."

"This is about £100,000 more," Mr Mire replied, "than Messrs Chisel Brothers have asked; and as to their taking part of the contract price in shares, I have no doubt whatever that they could make as favourable terms as Gouge & Co.; besides, Mr Sarmist," he added, with a grave countenance, "it would be hardly fair and business-like—and certainly injurious to my reputation for straightforward dealing—to throw over at the last moment a contractor with whom we have gone so far."

After a good deal of skirmishing, Mr Sarmist, who seemed to have good reason for preferring Messrs Gouge & Co., limited, drew his chair close up to Mr Mire's, and having assured himself that the door was locked, said to him—

"I may tell you, my dear sir, that in point of fact their price is rather lower than Chisel's, being only £1,250,000 in cash, and a quarter of a million in shares—£100,000 being available for distribution amongst their friends."

"In cash, or in shares?" asked Mr Mire.

"In cash," replied Mr Sarmist, watching the effect that this announcement would produce upon his antagonist.

"Well," said Mr Mire, "this looks like business: how much of that would go to me?"

"Half," responded the other.

"Done," said Mire, unhesitatingly.

My heart sank when I thought of my poor Promoter's schedule, and heard this nefarious bargain struck. The two worthies then engaged in minute calculations as to the distribution of the funds. It was found absolutely necessary to reduce the price of the concession to £25,000. This gave me another pang on the unlucky Captain's behalf; and for the first time I became aware that the *concessionaires* were practically powerless, and that those who had most capital at their backs really divided the spoil, and dictated their terms to everybody else. After a long and close confabulation, a schedule was drawn up and agreed to between Messrs Mire and Sarmist.

This version of the schedule was, as a matter of course, kept perfectly secret between the two gentlemen,

who, with a smile of mutual respect, congratulated each other upon "standing in on the ground-floor," as they significantly expressed it. A second schedule was then prepared for the benefit of the syndicate and *concessionaires*, to be submitted to them at the meeting on the following day. This body was only to be allowed to stand in on the next floor, and of course knew nothing of what took place on the ground-floor. And lastly, a third schedule was prepared to form the basis of the prospectus which was to be offered to the *bonâ fide* investors among a confiding public, who naturally were not to be allowed to stand in on any floor.

I give the three schedules side by side for the better edification of this last class of my readers, who will appreciate their position on the tiles.

THE X. Y. Z. COMPANY, LIMITED.

Capital £2,000,000.

Schedule for Mire and Sarmist (ground floor).	Schedule for Syndicate (first floor).	Schedule to be used for public pro- spectus (on the tiles).
Contract price shares, £250,000 " cash, . 1,250,000 £1,500,000 Wanted in cash— 17% on £2,000,000 Less 250,000 shares. £1,750,000 . £297,500 Contract, . . . 1,250,000 X X X, . . . 100,000 Working Capital, . . 45,000 Concession, . . . 25,000 Making market, . . 20,000 Law, . . . 2,000 Brokerage, . . . 3,000 Press, . . . 2,000 Advertising, . . . 5,000 Contingencies, . . . 500 1,750,000 Shares, . . . 250,000 Capital, . . . £2,000,000	Contract price shares, £250,000 " cash, 1,350,000 17% on £1,750,000, . 297,500 Prel. Ex.— Making mar- ket, . £20,000 Law, . 2,000 Brokerage, . 3,000 Press, . 2,000 Advertising, . 5,000 Contingencies, . 500 £32,500 32,500 Concession, . . 25,000 Working Capital, . . 45,000 £2,000,000	Conces- sion, £25,000 Working capital, 45,000 Contract, 1,930,000 £2,000,000

Fair female investor, youthful scion of nobility, confiding officer on half-pay, gentle curate, dull squire, do not turn from an examination of this dreadful-looking sheet of figures because it is dry and complicated, but try and understand the explanation I am now going to give of it. You will see from the first column how a company is started with a capital of £2,000,000 to get works done which only cost £1,500,000, to acquire concessions which cost £25,000, and to retain a working capital of £45,000. The difference of £430,000 is spent as follows: £100,000 are absorbed by what Mr Sarmist delicately styles X X X, in order not to do violence to his own religious sentiments, but by what is called, according to the individual tastes of financing men, "loot," "plunder," "faux frais" (an expression used by the more travelled and cosmopolitan financiers), "pull," "swim," and "margin." In the particular instance you are investigating, the Jew and the Christian each stole half of this amount, which rightfully belonged to my shareholders.

From this example you will perceive that the highest aim of every financier engaged in work of this description is "to stand in on the ground-floor." £297,500 were spent in a syndicate commission, the nature of which my Promoter has already carefully explained to Sir Twig; £20,000 were spent in "making a market"—a swindling process also I hope made clear to you. Lawyers, brokers, advertising agents, and a small contingency fund, absorbed legitimately enough £2000, £3000, £5000, and £500 respectively; and £2000 were distributed among the gentlemen of the independent press, in order to impress them favourably with my undoubted merits. The greater part of this sum, however, was

refused by all the more respectable members of journalism, and Mire and Sarmist of course pocketed what remained. The second schedule only differs in so far from the first that the contract appears to be £100,000 higher, as this amount, which has already been secretly appropriated by the two gentlemen living on the ground-floor, could not be disclosed to the lodgers on the floor above. The third schedule differs very widely from the two former, as it only contains what can in common decency be mentioned to the public. The contractor here appears as taking for his contract, and for preliminary expenses, a sum which exceeds his real price by exactly £430,000; and many a time, when his friends congratulated him upon his gigantic enterprises and advantageous contracts, he mournfully thought to himself how little of the first instalment of his nominal price ever found its way into his banker's account. However, he had no reason to complain, because when my works came to be made I found to my surprise that they really did not quite cost a million. So that, for doing work which, in fact, scarcely cost a million, and for holding his tongue about what happened to the other half million, he was paid a million and a half.

Hence my total capital came to be two millions.

On the following day, the powerful influence of Mire and Sarmist carried their scheme. The syndicate did not raise much objection to the change of contractor, as they got their seventeen per cent. The poor Captain, who neither got his one per cent from Chisel Brothers nor his part of Mire's commission from the same firm—they having been dropped at the eleventh hour—and who only got at last £25,000 instead of £50,000 for the conces-

sions, saw his bright dream of £35,000 vanish, and found himself a winner of only £5000 on the whole transaction. Sir Twig, of course, received the same, but immediately lost it at the next Derby. Chisel never forgave himself for having gauged his man so badly, and not having been more wary in his dealings with one so profuse in Christian profession as Mr Sarmist; and his former antagonism to Gouge & Co., Limited, has derived a bitterness all the more intense because he so nearly carried off the prize himself.

This practically terminated my existence as an embryo. I shortly after saw the light of day, and received my formal name at the hands of the Register of Joint-Stock Companies.

One more step, however, had to be taken on my behalf before I could be introduced in a complete shape to the investing British public. My Board had not yet been constituted, and my success now mainly depended upon the air of respectability which might be imparted to me by the names of the gentlemen who could be induced to sit on it. Messrs Mire and Sarmist were, of course, among the number; but unfortunately their names inspired no confidence in the City, and were utterly unknown anywhere else. It became necessary to find persons who possessed the two rare and valued attributes of a director—a high social standing, and an entire ignorance of business: this latter somewhat negative quality being thought indispensable by Mire and Sarmist, to enable them to exchange their functions as members and managers of the syndicate, for the equally dignified and not less lucrative position of wire-pullers—in other words, they wished to retain in their own hands the control of the Company's fortunes for the

purpose of manipulating its operations with a view to their own private aggrandisement.

The process of forming a Board has been so recently revealed in the columns of the daily press, that it is not necessary for me to go into any detail in regard to it. I was no exception to the general rule. A noble lord, an ex-Minister of a foreign State, a Right Honourable, a General K.C.B., and four Members of Parliament, were secured mainly by the exertions of a well-connected young man of fashion, who received the usual commission; and duly qualified themselves by accepting a present of the necessary number of fully paid-up shares, in return for the dazzling effect which it was confidently and not unreasonably anticipated their names would produce upon the country public. It is due to these gentlemen to say that they were so firmly convinced of their own value, that it did not occur to them that there was anything wrong in selling themselves in this way; and I have always felt that any reflection upon their honesty was most unfair. It is natural that a duped public should be indignant with every one connected with the cause of their disasters, but let me assure you that nearly all these gentlemen sinned purely through ignorance and indiscretion. I found them invariably struggling to be honest all the time they were on my Board, and vainly attempting to comprehend and thwart the nefarious schemes of Mire and Sarmist. That they did not succeed, and ultimately drew upon themselves the anathemas of an exasperated public, was the result of being tempted by a plausible touter, with the prospect of increasing their limited incomes, into engaging in matters of which they had no experience, and of a certain fascina-

tion which the idea of directorial responsibility and dignity exercises upon certain weak minds.

A prospectus setting forth my merits in the most glowing terms, and promising a return of unheard-of dividends, was now printed in all the papers, and freely circulated through the means of an advertising agency, which had a list of all the names of unhappy shareholders in other companies. So well was my prospectus drawn, so overwhelming was the brilliancy of my Board, that my shares were greedily subscribed for; and I found myself established in handsome offices, with a board-room which became a favourite lounge with sundry of my directors, and a manager, secretary, and an array of clerks and officials which made me the envy of my neighbours. I need scarcely say that my manager was the nominee of Mire and Sarmist. This gentleman possessed an invaluable physique; his flowing grey locks, and general air of matured sagacity and intense respectability, which he heightened by wearing a white tie, produced an invariably reassuring effect upon shareholders. But he lived in a perpetual thralldom, for he was bound with chains which had been dexterously thrown round him by the two cunning intriguers to whom he owed his position, and who, while they never allowed him to forget the debt of gratitude he was under, had taken care to place him still more absolutely in their power by the loan of one thousand pounds, which his extravagant habits made it impossible for him to think of repaying.

We were now in a position to usher in our prosperous career by a magnificent banquet. This was by no means an original idea. Messrs Mire and Sarmist had already upon previous occasions

proved by experience the splendid effect which a display of this kind has upon the public, and no pains were spared to secure the presence of a distinguished company; the services of the young gentleman who had helped to provide the directors were again in request, and the result was a plentiful sprinkling of noble lords, scientific men, distinguished *litterateurs* and gentlemen of the press, city capitalists, and Members of Parliament. There was the usual amount of speech-making, consisting mainly of mutual compliments which were paid by the scientific gentlemen to the capitalists on their wonderful enterprise, and by the capitalists to the scientific men on their no less remarkable attainments; the General K.C.B. returned thanks in a facetious speech for the army, which thus found itself unexpectedly allied to commerce and science; the peers whose presence "graced the auspicious occasion" felt themselves "honoured by being allowed to take part in an undertaking which reflected so much credit upon the spirit and enterprise of Englishmen;" and the Member of the House of Commons who responded for that body, committed it recklessly in all future time to watch over and protect my interests; the literary men pretended that they regarded with envy the more distinguished career on which their fellow-countrymen had entered; and the gentleman who replied to the toast in behalf of the fifth estate, was profuse in his eulogium of Messrs Mire and Sarmist, and in his predictions of the future success of the company,—all which proceedings were duly chronicled in the papers of the following morning, as my readers may verify by an examination of the press of the period.

The sober, and as it would appear to the world the legitimate work of the undertaking of which I was the embodiment, now commenced. The works were executed one by one, as the shareholders were informed at the first public meeting, in the most brilliant and satisfactory manner; but frequent discussions between the contractor and my Board convinced me that the former was endeavouring to do as little as possible for the price, and was attempting to put on "extras" whenever opportunity offered. A period of about a year and a half was thus spent, at the expiration of which time my works were completed, and I entered upon my functions as a public benefactor. My operations were a decided success, in spite of the high remuneration set aside for the directors' services, and of the appointment of a numerous staff of ignorant connections and nominees of the directors, irreverently termed by the really efficient employés "Directors' puppies." My intrinsic merits were so great that large receipts were taken, and there was every prospect of a high dividend being paid at an early date.

I was surprised to find that my anxious shareholders were by no means well informed by my Board as to my excellent prospects, but that profound secrecy was maintained in regard to my actual position. From the frequent conversations which I overheard between my manager and sundry gentlemen who rushed in and out of his office gaily dressed, and with a noisy and impudent air—whom I, by degrees, discovered to be brokers—I became aware, to my intense regret, that my shares were being freely knocked up and down in the market; and after having listened to frequent extraordinary conversations carried on in the slang

peculiar to all engaged in Stock Exchange transactions, I finally realised that Mire and Sarmist were ultimately becoming what they styled "bulls" or "bears" of my shares. They carried out their operations by spreading rumours sometimes detrimental, sometimes favourable to my interests. They never failed to take advantage of the turn of the market which had thus been influenced by them. Their best *coup* was made immediately prior to the declaration of my first dividend. My earnings had been so large that a high dividend should have been paid. Mire and Sarmist, however, obstinately insisted upon the absolute necessity of laying by a large reserve fund; and so strongly objected to what they termed "stuffing shareholders with dividends," that for some time it really appeared that only a low dividend would be declared. This prospect, of course, soon finding its way into the Stock Exchange, depressed my shares considerably. Mire and Sarmist thereupon bought largely, and relented at the next Board meeting in their objections to a high dividend, which was eventually declared. My shares flew up with a bound, and the clever pair cleared out with a large profit.

Up to this time my career had, although not free from the influence of all the refined forms of swindling which our advanced civilisation makes possible, and almost encourages, been one of unbroken prosperity. Indeed my success was so palpable that rumours soon reached me of a competing company being promoted. My old friend the Captain easily overcame the scruples of Messrs Gouge & Co., who at first thought it unfair to assist in starting an opposition company to the one out of which

they had made so much profit; and after the usual sharp practice, and the many vicissitudes of promotion had been successfully encountered, my competitor was at last fairly started.

The state of terror which was now created amongst my Board was pitiable to behold; while Mire and Sarmist experienced the most intense indignation at anybody's daring to invade what they considered their private field of enterprise. These two worthies, however, eventually consoled themselves when they found a congenial friend on the Board of the rival company in the person of Sir Verrikute Trimmer, who made common cause with them, furnished them with all possible information regarding my young enemy in return for being well supplied with the latest news about my own health and circumstances; and they all three operated cleverly in harmony, so as effectually to plunder the shareholders in both companies. When my competitor's works were completed a brisk competition ensued. My rival's Board addressed themselves to the public in the capacity of general benefactors—the same work which had been performed by me at a remunerative rate to my shareholders was to be done by my new-born rival much more cheaply. The effect of this was a great loss to both of us, and a consequent fall in our shares. This went on for some time; everybody connected with either of us, whether shareholder or director, felt profoundly miserable. Even the very managers, who, as enjoying fixed salaries, cared little for the amount of the dividends earned, began to yield to the general feeling of gloom; only the recently-constituted triumvirate of Mire and Sarmist on my Board, and Sir Verrikute on the other, chuckled and

rubbed their hands in an unostentatious and modest sort of way as they agreed upon one move after the other, which had the effect of still further depressing our revenues, and proportionately drove down our shares. All this time the three conspirators were heavy "bears," and made large amounts.

It was during this period that I for the first time understood what it meant to be a bear. The process of operation is as follows: Sir Verrikute, for instance, operating for joint account as a bear, calls into his sanctum in his City abode, one fine morning, one of his junior clerks. "Mr Jones," says the chief, "will you send for one of the partners of Contango, Backwardation, & Margin, and tell them to sell £100,000 of X. Y. Z. for you." Mr Jones, who is a rosy-cheeked, guileless youth, with a flower in his button-hole, drops his not over-intelligent countenance very considerably indeed. "Beg your pardon, sir; sell what?" "Send for the broker," says Sir Verrikute, gruffly; "I want *you* to sell a bear." The broker arrives, and Mr Jones tells him—having been ordered to do so by his chief—to sell for him, Jones, £100,000 worth of X. Y. Z. shares, wondering all the time how on earth he could sell such a fortune in securities of which he never owned a single pound's worth in his life. Nor had his principal the shares either in his possession. The intelligent transaction simply consisted in this: Sir Verrikute sold through an impecunious clerk, who acted as nominee, £100,000 of X. Y. Z. shares which he did not possess. The purchaser paid £100,000 for them. The shares would, in the ordinary routine of business, have to be delivered about a fortnight hence or later; and Sir Verrikute knew well that by that time he might buy them for £90,000,

as he was running them down in conjunction with Mire & Sarmist by proceedings injurious to both companies, but justified by them on the ground of exigencies of competition, public convenience, and so on. So, at the last moment, he bought himself for delivery at £90,000 what he had sold fourteen days previously for £100,000, thus getting the advantage of the unwary purchaser, who was, of course, not "in the swim," to the tune of £10,000.

At last the ruinous effects of competition began to tell so severely upon both companies that the directors resolved to open negotiations for an amalgamation. This, again, was done in the most secret way; and while terms were being negotiated which could not but raise the price of my shares enormously whenever they should become known, Mire, Sarmist, and Sir Verrikute were buying shares, to the full extent of their available cash balances, at a low figure; and, as it afterwards turned out, again realised largely when the amalgamation was consummated and the shares rose in consequence.

It must not, however, be imagined that all the proceeds of their enterprising speculations went into their own pockets. It was necessary to "square" other directors, to "put them in for a call" of shares; in short, the weak and respectable fractions of both Boards had to be persuaded that they ought to agree to certain measures — hold their tongues, and participate in the illicit plunder, as it was "a sort of thing which every business man did."

My chairman, who was elected to that office chiefly through Sarmist's efforts, because he was a noble lord, and because he had the qualification, still more important in Sarmist's eyes, of the most charming and

absolute ignorance of business, was, shortly before the completion of the amalgamation, confidentially taken into a corner by Sarmist.

"It will be necessary, my lord," Mr Sarmist said, "that our company should increase its capital and create new shares. The new shares will be given in exchange for the shares of the opposition company. This it will be easy enough to carry at a general meeting of shareholders. Our capital being two millions, and that of the other company one, we should require to make ours three millions; but I should strongly recommend that it should be made six."

"What!" exclaimed the noble lord; "six?—what for?"

"Well," said Sarmist, complacently smiling, "it will halve the dividend—that is, our shareholders will receive £200 of share certificates for every £100 invested, and their dividends will apparently look only half as big as they are, and this will deter further competition."

The noble lord was not quite able to follow the argument; he rather thought there was something wrong about it, but the idea of doing away with further competition, and the business authority of Sarmist, at last made him yield.

Thus my competitor was bought; my capital was first increased to a sufficient amount to represent the shares of both companies, and the joint capital doubled, or, as they called it on the Stock Exchange, "watered," and we jogged on unitedly as one concern, and yielded half our former dividend.

My shares now became very much the instrument of gambling on the Exchange, and I am afraid that my directors gradually began to assume a less and less dignified position, as my shares passed into the hands of speculators far more knowing than

the majority of them were. In vain Mire and Sarmist, who were no doubt "up all to the dodges," attempted to keep my Board as well in hand as they had them formerly; the disastrous results of their general malfeasance and of the "watering" of my stock were only too perceptible. The high figure at which my capital now stood made "market operations" in my shares safe, and therefore attractive, and the bold speculator began to divide the controlling power with the wire-pulling.

A violent struggle now took place between a powerful combination of speculators, who bought large quantities of my shares, and Mire and Sarmist, as to who should control my destinies. The latter soon found that they would have to appropriate a very much larger amount of their own capital than they cared to lock up towards purchasing my shares, if they wished to retain their hold upon me. In order to meet this danger, and to find large sums of money belonging to other people which could be used for their own purposes, they conceived the brilliant idea of starting a trust company. The capital of this company was fixed at three millions. It was set forth in the prospectus that the trust company would exchange its own certificates against the certificates of various other companies at a given figure calculated upon the average market price of each security. The holder of one trust certificate would by this means become a part-proprietor in a large shareholding concern which owned a variety of securities, receiving their dividends and paying to its own shareholders the average on all the dividends it had taken. It was very plausibly urged that even the smallest investor would by these means always obtain a fair return for his outlay,

no matter whether some of the companies, the shares of which were owned by the trust, were paying well or not. Mire, Sarmist, and Sir Verrikutè naturally made themselves directors of the trust, completing their Board from the ranks of the necessary fashion and ignorance. The new trust was readily taken up by the public; large quantities of all the shares which had been selected as eligible for the trust were exchanged for the new certificates. Mire and Sarmist, by pointing out how very low my shares stood at that moment in the market, considering my intrinsic merits, easily induced their colleagues to sell the best of the securities which had been tendered for exchange by the public, and buy with the proceeds of the sale large quantities of my own shares. Before long, half a million sterling was invested by the trust in me. This practically gave to the trust—or, in other words, to the three directors who controlled it, once more an overwhelming influence over my fortunes. This was the culmination of the power of the triumvirate. They again were in a position to bull and bear my shares with an almost absolute certainty of success; and whenever adverse circumstances or unforeseen difficulties upset their calculations and involved loss, they immediately represented themselves to have undertaken the speculation on behalf of the trust, and "stuck" that unhappy company with the transaction. Their purse-proud arrogance and insufferable insolence at this period procured them great consideration in commercial circles, which unfortunately even extended to fashionable society in the West End. While my directors were thus triumphantly magnifying my stability and grandeur, I myself was becoming painfully conscious

of the seeds of incipient disease; the water seemed to be pressing upon all my vital functions. My works were allowed to fall into disrepair, and every consideration of prudence in management was sacrificed to giving the shareholders the highest possible dividend. My reserve fund was little more than nominal, and it was very evident to me that additional capital would soon be required to renew my already decaying system and make good my numerous deficiencies. At the moment when I was regarded with envy by my enemies, with pride by my friends, and was encircled with a general halo of respect, I began to feel myself tottering on my swollen limbs, and to have a dark presentiment of the final crash.

Meantime Messrs Chisel Bros. had not been nursing their vengeance in vain. Following with a watchful eye my rising fortunes, their quick experience soon detected the internally rotten condition I have just described; and they suddenly appeared as contractors of a rival company, which had been financed with unusual secrecy and honesty. Chisel himself was averse to the fraudulent dealings in which he had nearly become involved in my case, and determined, in order the more effectually to crush me and my contractors Gouge & Co., to content himself with moderate profits. The consequence was, that the A. B. C. Co. started with a capital of only one million, and with works almost as extensive as mine. It was utterly unable, however, to contend against the overwhelming forces which Mire and Sarmist brought to bear against it; they invoked the aid of their influential shareholders, of the Peers and Commoners who had assisted at my banquet, and, above all, of the Press. Many baser members of

the journalistic world wrote up those gentlemen and their enterprises on every possible occasion, and opened upon my rival with a chorus of slander like a pack of hounds on a hot scent. Every disgraceful transaction of which they had themselves been guilty, Messrs Mire and Sarmist darkly insinuated was practised by the Directors of the A. B. C. Co. These latter gentlemen did not happen to have been obtained by the same method as mine; but were quiet business men—not much known either to the world of fashion or of finance—their praises had not been sounded at banquets, nor had the public been made familiar with their names in articles written in their laudation. The consequence was that the poor A. B. C. Co. had a very rough time of it, and was generally regarded as one of the most dishonest, gambling, stock-jobbing concerns in the city—an impression which certain of the less reputable members of my own Board found it easy to produce, by getting up “rings” to bull and bear its shares, heaping discredit upon it thereby, while they at the same time filled their own pockets. Another favourite device was that of spreading false reports about it; and when they were found to be false, they accused the A. B. C. Directors of having invented them in order to “rig” the shares. I knew the A. B. C. Co. intimately; and I used to tell it that I felt like a skunk who squirted its own vile odour all over it, and then cried aloud to the passers-by to shun it on account of its noxious effluvia. So successful were these tactics, that for a year or two the poor A. B. C. Co. scarcely got business enough to pay its working expenses. In the meantime, Mire and Sarmist could not shut their eyes to the

danger which was slowly but surely threatening—not my existence alone—for which after all they cared very little—but their position as wire-pullers of a large joint-stock company, which had enabled them to accumulate so much ill-gotten wealth. They ceased, therefore, to be content with slandering the A. B. C. Co., but intrigues were secretly set on foot for the purpose of acquiring it. In this case, however, my competitor was not so easily absorbed as on the former occasion. No congenial friend was found on the Board who was willing to go halves in the plunder. The negotiations between the Boards failed. The unprincipled attempts of broken-down speculators, who at the command of Mire & Sarmist, and with their money, bought shares in the A. B. C. Co., and appeared at that body's public meeting in the characters of distressed shareholders, and insisted upon the necessity of coming to terms with me—the powerful rival—were frustrated by the firm attitude of the A. B. C. Board; and even the threat of the still powerful Trust Company to acquire a controlling influence in the A. B. C. shares and extirpate that Company's Board, unless they came to terms, was of no avail with my rival, and practically never carried out by the Trust Company for want of funds.

A feeling of intense irritation now took possession of Mire and Sarmist; but the despondency to which, for a moment, they almost succumbed, was succeeded by a reaction to their old arrogance and self-confidence; and with a boldness which was characteristic of their palmy days, they determined to infuse new life into me by supplying me with new works. This had, indeed, become absolutely necessary; for the contrast between my

efficiency and that of the A. B. C. Co. was dawning even upon the outside public.

With feverish anxiety they rushed a resolution through my Board for the raising of additional capital. With agitated anticipation my prospectus was placed before the public, inviting that never failing source of money to subscribe to my seven per cent first mortgage debenture bonds. This time, alas, the appeal was made in vain. Just as my prospectus appeared, a serious financial crisis had shaken the confidence, not only of the money circles in the city, but of the investing public at large. As a last resource, my shareholders were called together, and a piteous appeal was made to them by the noble lord who occupied the chair. My shareholders, however,—who had been in a fool's paradise up to this time, and only looked forward to receiving dividends, instead of being called upon to furnish additional capital,—indignantly demanded further explanations from the chairman, which the utter want of knowledge, on the part of that nobleman, of my affairs prevented him from affording in a satisfactory manner; and eventually a stormy meeting was brought to a close by the adoption of a resolution, moved by a powerful speaker, that a committee be elected from amongst the shareholders to inquire into the Company's position.

Now, for the first time, I became perfectly aware myself of my utter want of vitality. The weak and credulous part of my Board was even more astonished than I was myself at the revelations which were the result of this inquiry. On the second day of these investigations large defalcations were discovered, and upon summoning the elderly and highly respectable manager to account for them, it was

found that he had not yet arrived in his office. The day passed without this functionary making his appearance—indeed, it has since been ascertained that he spent the afternoon in a passage to Boulogne, and is to this day a subject of interesting but fruitless inquiry to the police. Sick at heart were the unhappy shareholders when they understood the real position of their fine property, and even Mire and Sarmist were crushed in spirit when they saw the proud Temple of Gambling, which they had reared to themselves, about to crumble to dust. It was some consolation to them doubtless to reflect upon the thousands they had made out of me, but even of this they were soon to be deprived. The Committee's report was submitted to a second meeting, recommending my immediate liquidation; and the necessary legal steps were at once taken, which landed me in that bourne from which no company returns—the Court of Chancery.

Inexorable fate, which had already overtaken me through the agency of Chisel Bros. and their friends, who had started my triumphant rival, dealt the final blow at the hand of my old friend and promoter the Captain. With the *cœur léger* which characterised that gentleman, he had applied at the outset for a few of my shares, which he retained through my varied fortunes; and now he appeared in a court of law in the since famous suit of "*Hawk v. Mire and others*," claiming to be reimbursed the purchase money for his shares, on the ground that a certain sum was paid to Mire and Sarmist, being directors, by Gouge & Co., being contractors, under a contract which was not disclosed in the prospectus, and which contract related to the X X X or plunder money with which my

readers are already familiar. This revealed the whole of the fraudulent transaction I have narrated. The high-minded judge who presided on the occasion ruled that Mire and Sarmist should repay to the shareholders the sum of £100,000; and he expressed himself in unequivocal language as to the corruption which had crept into a certain class of the commercial community of London.

My melancholy history is now closed. If I have wearied you, my patient readers, and still more patient investors, my apology must be that it would have been quite impossible for you ever to have obtained the valuable information which has been disclosed in this veracious history, excepting through the medium of an abstract being like myself. I now bid you farewell with that feeling of remorse akin to tenderness which those in their last moments are generally supposed to entertain towards persons whom they have irretrievably ruined in purse and character. I look mournfully for the last time upon the Captain as he dashes past the office in which I am now lying, behind his high-stepping bays, bent on the promotion of a new Company. Only yesterday I overheard Sarmist say to the official liquidator in greasy tones that he had been sorely chastened by Providence, but that he intended to kiss the rod and profit by the lesson he had received, by which I understood him to mean that for the future he would take proper precautions to see that X X X was so contrived that the law could not lay hold of it. Mire, I am informed by the remains of the Trust Company now lying under liquidation in the next room, took to his bed when the decision of the high-minded judge was communicated to him, at the fearful prospect of

having to disgorge several millions of pounds, under the precedent just created by the said decision. He sunk gradually and never rallied. He now lies in the cemetery of a synagogue not far distant, and on his tombstone, engraved in choice Hebrew, is a correct translation of the thirty-eighth clause of the Companies Act (1867), 30 & 31 Vict. cap. 131.

N.B.—The 38th clause runs as follows: "Every prospectus of a Company, and every notice inviting persons to subscribe for shares in any Joint-Stock Company, shall specify the dates and the names of

the parties to any contract entered into by the Company, or the promoters, directors, or trustees thereof, before the issue of such prospectus or notice, whether subject to adoption by the Directors, or the Company, or otherwise: and any prospectus or notice not specifying the same shall be deemed fraudulent on the part of the promoters, directors, and officers of the Company knowingly issuing the same, as regards any person taking shares in the Company on the faith of such prospectus, unless he shall have had notice of such contract."

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A WOMAN-HATER.

PART III.—CHAPTER VI.

THE next moment Fanny bounced into the room, and started a little at the picture of the pair ready to receive her; she did not wait to be taken to task, but proceeded to avert censure, by volubility and self-praise. "Aunt, I went down to the river, where I left them, and looked all along it, and they were not in sight. Then I went to the cathedral, because that seemed the next likeliest place. Oh, I have had such a race!"

"Why did you come back before you had found them?"

"Aunt, it was going to rain; and it is raining now, hard."

"*She does not mind that.*"

"Zoe? Oh, she has got nothing on!"

"Bless me!" cried Vizard. "*Godiva rediviva.*"

"Now, Harrington, don't: of course I mean nothing to spoil; only her purple alpaca, and that is two years old. But my blue silk, I can't afford to ruin *it*. Nobody would give me another, *I know.*"

"What a heartless world," said Vizard, drily.

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"It is past a jest, the whole thing," objected Miss Maitland: "and now we are together, please tell me, if you can, either of you, who *is* this man? What are his means? I know 'the Peerage,' 'the Baronetage,' and 'the Landed Gentry,' but not Severne. That is a river, not a family."

"Oh," said Vizard, "family names taken from rivers are never *parvenues*. But we can't all be down in Burke. Ned is of a good stock, the old English yeoman, the country's pride."

"Yeoman?" said the Maitland, with sovereign contempt.

Vizard resisted. "Is this the place to sneer at an English yeoman, where you see an unprincely prince living by a gambling-table? What says the old stave?—

'A German prince, a marquis of France,
And a laird o' the North Countrie;
A yeoman o' Kent, with his yearly rent,
Would ding 'em out, all three.'"

"Then," said Misander, with a good deal of malicious intent, "you are quite sure your yeoman is not a—*pauper*—an *adventurer*——"

"Positive."

"And a gambler."

"No, I am not at all sure of that. But nobody is all-wise. I am not, for one. He is a fine fellow; as good as gold; as true as steel: always polite, always genial; and never speaks ill of any of you behind your backs."

Miss Maitland bridled at that. "What I have said is not out of dislike to the young man. I am warning a brother to take a little more care of his sister, that is all. However, after your sneer, I shall say no more behind Mr Severne's back, but to his face,—that is, if we ever see his face again, or Zoe's either."

"Oh, aunt!" said Fanny, reproachfully. "It is only the rain. La, poor things, they will be wet to the skin! Just see how it is pouring!"

"That it is: and let me tell you there is nothing so dangerous as a *tête-à-tête* in the rain."

"A thunderstorm is worse, aunt," said Fanny, eagerly, "because then she is frightened to death, and clings to him—if he is nice."

Having galloped into this revelation, through speaking first and thinking afterwards, Fanny pulled up short the moment the words were out, and turned red, and looked askant, under her pale lashes, at Vizard. Observing several twinkles in his eyes, she got up hastily, and said she really must go and dry her gown.

"Yes," said Miss Maitland, "come into my room, dear."

Fanny complied, with rather a rueful face, not doubting that the public "dear" was to get it rather hot in private.

Her uneasiness was not lessened when the old maid said to her, grimly, "Now sit you down there, and never mind your dress."

However, it came rather mildly,

after all. "Fanny, you are not a bad girl, and you have shown you were sorry: so I am not going to be hard on you; only you must be a good girl now, and help me to undo the mischief, and then I will forgive you."

"Aunt," said Fanny, piteously, "I am older than she is, and I know I have done rather wrong, and I won't do it any more; but pray, pray, don't ask me to be unkind to her to-day: it is Broach-day."

Miss Maitland only stared at this obscure announcement: so Fanny had to explain that Zoe and she had tiffed, and made it up, and Zoe had given her a brooch. Hereupon she went for it, and both ladies forgot the topic they were on, and every other, to examine the brooch.

"Aunt," says Fanny, handling the brooch, and eyeing it, "you were a poor girl, like me, before grandpapa left you the money, and you know it is just as well to have a tiff now and then with a rich one, because, when you kiss and make it up, you always get some Reconciliation Thing or other."

Miss Maitland dived into the past and nodded approval.

Thus encouraged, Fanny proceeded to more modern rules. She let Miss Maitland know it was always understood at her school that on these occasions of tiff, reconciliation, and present, the girl, who received the present, was to side in everything with the girl who gave it, for that one day. "That is the real reason I put on my tight boots—to earn my broach. Isn't it a duck?"

"Are they tight, then?"

"Awfully. See—new on to-day."

"But you could shake off your lameness in a moment."

"La, aunt, you know one can fight *with* that sort of thing, or fight

against it. It is like colds, and headaches, and fevers, and all that. You are in bed, too ill to see anybody you don't much care for. Night comes, and then you jump up and dress, and go to a ball, and leave your cold and your fever behind you, because the ball won't wait till you are well, and the bores will. So don't ask me to be unkind to Zoe, broach-day," said Fanny, skipping back to her first position with singular pertinacity.

"Now, Fanny," said Miss Maitland, "who wants you to be unkind to her? But you must and shall promise me not to lend her any more downright encouragement, and to watch the man well."

"I promise that faithfully," said Fanny—an adroit concession, since she had been watching him like a cat a mouse for many days.

"Then you are a good girl; and to reward you I will tell you in confidence all the strange stories I have discovered to-day."

"Oh, do, aunt!" cried Fanny; and now her eyes began to sparkle with curiosity.

Miss Maitland then bade her observe that the bedroom window was not a French casement, but a double-sash window—closed at present because of the rain; but it had been wide open at the top all the time.

"Those two were smoking, and talking secrets: and, child," said the old lady, very impressively, "if you—want—to—know—what gentlemen really are, you must be out of sight, and listen to them, smoking. When I was a girl, the gentlemen came out in their true colours over their wine. Now they are as close as wax, drinking; and, even when they are tipsy, they keep their secrets. But once let them get by themselves and smoke, the very air is soon filled with scandalous secrets none of the ladies in the house ever dreamed of. Their real characters,

their true histories, and their genuine sentiments, are locked up like that geni in the 'Arabian Nights,' and come out in smoke as he did." The old lady chuckled at her own wit, and the young one laughed to humour her. "Well, my dear, those two smoked, and revealed themselves—their real selves; and I listened and heard every word on the top of those drawers."

Fanny looked at the drawers. They were high.

"La, aunt, how ever did you get up there?"

"By a chair."

"Oh, fancy you perched up there, listening, at your age!"

"You need not keep throwing my age in my teeth. I am not so very old. Only I don't paint, and whiten, and wear false hair. There are plenty of coquettes about, ever so much older than I am. I have a great mind not to tell you; and then much you will ever know about either of these men."

"Oh, aunt, don't be cruel! I am dying to hear it."

As aunt was equally dying to tell it, she passed over the skit upon her age, though she did not forget, nor forgive it; and repeated the whole conversation of Vizard and Severne with rare fidelity; but, as I abhor what the evangelist calls "battology," and Shakespeare "damnable iteration," I must draw upon the intelligence of the reader (if any), and he must be pleased to imagine the whole dialogue of those two unguarded smokers, repeated to Fanny, and interrupted, commented on at every salient point, scrutinised, sifted, dissected, and taken to pieces, by two keen women, sharp by nature, and sharper now by collision of their heads. No candour, no tolerance, no allowance for human weakness, blunted the scalpel in their dexterous hands.

Oh gossip! delight of ordinary

souls, and more delightful still when you furnish food for detraction!!!

To Fanny, in particular, it was exciting, ravishing; and the time flew by so unheeded, that presently

there came a sharp knock, and an impatient voice cried, "Chatter!—Chatter!—Chatter!—how long are we to be kept waiting for dinner, all of us?"

CHAPTER VII.

At the very commencement of the confabulation, so barbarously interrupted before it had lasted two hours and a half, the Misogyn rang the bell, and asked for Rosa, Zoe's maid.

She came, and he ordered her to have up a basket of wood, and light a roaring fire in her mistress's room, and put out garments to air. He also inquired the number of Zoe's bedroom. The girl said it was "No. 74."

The Misogyn waited half an hour, and then visited "No. 74." He found the fire burnt down to one log, and some things airing at the fire, as domestics air their employers' things, but not their own, you may be sure. There was a chemise carefully folded into the smallest possible compass, and doubled over a horse at a good distance from the cold fire. There were other garments and supplementaries, all treated in the same way.

The Misogyn looked, and remarked as follows: "Idiots!—at everything, but taking in the men."

Having relieved his spleen with this courteous and comprehensive observation, he piled log upon log, till the fire was half up the chimney. Then he got all the chairs, and made a semicircle, and spread out the various garments to the genial heat; and so close that, had a spark flown, they would have been warmed with a vengeance, and the superiority of the male intellect demonstrated. This done, he retired, with a guilty air; for he did not want to be caught med-

dling in such frivolities by Miss Dover or Miss Maitland. However, he was quite safe; those superior spirits were wholly occupied with the loftier things of the mind, especially the characters of their neighbours.

I must now go for these truants that are giving everybody so much trouble.

When Fanny fell lame, and said she was very sorry, but she must go home and change her boots, Zoe was for going home too. But Fanny, doubting her sincerity, was peremptory, and said they had only to stroll slowly on, and then turn; she should meet them coming back. Zoe coloured high, suspecting they had seen the last of this ingenious young lady.

"What a good girl!" cried Severne.

"I am afraid she is a very naughty girl," said Zoe, faintly; and the first effect of Fanny's retreat was to make her a great deal more reserved and less sprightly.

Severne observed, and understood, and saw he must give her time. He was so respectful, as well as tender, that, by degrees, she came out again, and beamed with youth and happiness.

They strolled very slowly by the fair river, and the pretty little nothings they said to each other began to be mere vehicles for those soft tones and looks, in which love is made, far more than by the words themselves.

When they started on this walk, Severne had no distinct nor serious

views on Zoe. But he had been playing with fire for some time, and so now he got well burnt.

Walking slowly by his side, and conscious of being wooed, whatever the words might be, Zoe was lovelier than ever. Those lowered lashes, that mantling cheek, those soft, tender murmurs, told him he was dear, and thrilled his heart, though a cold one compared with hers.

He was in love—as much as he could be, and more than he had ever been before. He never even asked himself whether permanent happiness was likely to spring from this love: he was self-indulgent, reckless, and in love.

He looked at her, wished he could recall his whole life, and sighed.

"Why do you sigh?" said she, gently.

"I don't know. Yes, I do. Because I am not happy."

"Not happy?" said she. "You ought to be; and I am sure you deserve to be."

"I don't know that. However, I think I shall be happier in a few minutes, or else very unhappy indeed. That depends on you."

"On me, Mr Severne?" and she blushed crimson, and her bosom began to heave. His words led her to expect a declaration and a proposal of marriage.

He saw her mistake; and her emotion spoke so plainly, and sweetly, and tried him so, that it cost him a great effort not to clasp her in his arms. But that was not his cue at present. He lowered his eyes, to give her time, and said, sadly, "I cannot help seeing that, somehow, there is suspicion in the air about me. Miss Maitland puts questions, and drops hints. Miss Dover watches me like a lynx. Even you gave me a hint the other day that I never talk to you about my relations, and my past life."

"Pray do not confound me with other people," said Zoe, proudly. "If I am curious, it is because I know you must have done many good things, and clever things; but you have too little vanity, or too much pride, to tell them even to one who—esteems you, and could appreciate."

"I know you are as generous and noble as most people are narrow-minded," said Severne, enthusiastically; "and I have determined to tell you all about myself."

Zoe's cheeks beamed with gratified pride, and her eyes sparkled.

"Only, as I would not tell it to anybody but you, I must stipulate that you receive it in sacred confidence, and not repeat it to a living soul."

"Not even to my brother, who loves you so?"

"Not even to him."

This alarmed the instinctive delicacy and modesty of a truly virgin soul.

"I am not experienced," said she. "But I feel I ought not to yield to curiosity, and hear from you anything I am forbidden to tell my brother. You might as well say I must not tell my mother; for dear Harrington is all the mother I have; and I am sure he is a true friend to you" (this last a little reproachfully).

But for Severne's habitual self-command, he would have treated this delicacy as ridiculous prudery; but he was equal to greater difficulties.

"You are right, by instinct, in everything. Well, then, I shall tell you, and you shall see at once whether it ought to be repeated, or to remain a sacred deposit between me and the only creature I have the courage to tell it to."

Zoe lowered her eyes, and marked the sand with her parasol. She was a little puzzled now, and half

conscious that, somehow, he was tying her to secrecy with silk instead of rope; but she never suspected the deliberate art and dexterity with which it was done.

Severne then made the revelation, which he had been preparing for a day or two past: and, to avoid eternal comments by the author, I must once more call in the artful aid of the printers. The true part of Mr Severne's revelation is in italics; the false in ordinary type.

"When my father died, I inherited an estate in Huntingdonshire. It was not so large as Vizard's, but it was clear. Not a mortgage nor encumbrance on it. I had a younger brother; a fellow with charming manners, and very accomplished. These were his ruin: he got into high society in London: but high society is not always good society. He became connected with a fast lot, some of the young nobility. Of course he could not vie with them. He got deeply in debt. Not but what they were in debt too, every one of them. He used to send to me for money oftener than I liked; but I never suspected the rate he was going at. I was anxious, too, about him; but I said to myself he was just sowing his wild oats, like other fellows. Well, it went on, until—to his misfortune, and mine—he got entangled in some disgraceful transactions; the general features are known to all the world. I daresay you have heard of one or two young noblemen who committed forgeries on their relations and friends some years ago. One of them, the son of an earl, took his sister's whole fortune out of her bank, with a single forged cheque. I believe the sum total of his forgeries was over £100,000. His father could not find half the money. A number of the nobility had to combine to repurchase the documents; many of them were in the

hands of the Jews; and I believe a composition was effected, with the help of a very powerful barrister, an M.P. He went out of his line on this occasion, and mediated between the parties. What will you think when I tell you that my brother, the son of my father and my mother, was one of these forgers; a criminal?"

"My poor friend!" cried Zoe, clasping her innocent hands.

"It was a thunder-clap. I had a great mind to wash my hands of it, and let him go to prison. But how could I? The struggle ended in my doing like the rest. Only poor I had no noble kinsmen with long purses to help me, and no Solicitor-General to mediate *sub rosa*. The total amount would have swamped my family acres. I got them down to sixty per cent, and that only crippled my estate for ever. As for my brother, he fell on his knees to me. But I could not forgive him. *He left the country with a hundred pounds I gave him. He is in Canada: and only known there as a most respectable farmer. He talks of paying me back. That I shall believe when I see it. All I know for certain is that his crime has mortgaged my estate, and left me poor—and suspected.*"

Whilst Severne related this, there passed a somewhat notable thing in the world of mind. The inventor of this history did not understand it; the hearer did, and accompanied it with innocent sympathetic sighs. Her imagination, more powerful and precise than the inventor's, pictured the horror of the high-minded brother, his agony, his shame, his respect for law and honesty, his pity for his own flesh and blood, his struggle, and the final triumph of fraternal affection. Every line of the figment was alive to her, and she realised the tale. Severne only repeated it.

At the last touch of his cold art, the warm-hearted girl could contain no longer.

"Oh! poor Mr Severne!" she cried; "poor Mr Severne!" and the tears ran down her cheeks.

He looked at her first with a little astonishment,—fancy taking his little narrative to heart like that!—then with compunction, and then with a momentary horror at himself, and terror at the impassable gulf fixed between them, by her rare goodness and his depravity.

Then for a moment he felt; and felt all manner of things at once. "Oh, don't cry," he blurted out, and began to blubber himself at having made her cry at all, and so unfairly. It was his lucky hour; this hysterical effusion, undignified by a single grain of active contrition, or even penitent resolve, told in his favour. They mingled their tears; and hearts cannot hold aloof, when tears come together. Yes, they mingled their tears, and the crocodile tears were the male's, if you please, and the woman's tears were pure holy drops, that angels might have gathered, and carried them to God for pearls of the human soul.

After they had cried together over the cool figment, Zoe said: "I do not repent my curiosity now. You did well to tell me. Oh no, you were right, and I will never tell anybody. People are narrow-minded. They shall never cast your brother's crime in your teeth, nor your own losses I esteem you for—oh so much more than ever! I wonder you could tell me."

"You would not wonder if you knew how superior you are to all the world: how noble, how generous, and how I——"

"Oh, Mr Severne, it is going to rain. We must get home as fast as ever we can."

They turned, and Zoe, with true virgin coyness, and elastic limbs, made the coming rain an excuse for such swift walking, that Severne could not make tender love to her. To be sure Apollo ran after Daphne, with his little proposals; but I take it he ran mute—till he found he couldn't catch her. Indeed it was as much as Severne could do to keep up with her "fair heel and toe." But I ascribe this to her not wearing high heels, ever since Fanny told her she was just a little too tall, and she was novice enough to believe her.

She would not stop for the drizzle; but at last it came down with such a vengeance, that she was persuaded to leave the path and run for a cattle-shed at some distance. Here she and Severne were imprisoned. Luckily for them "the kye had not come hame," and the shed was empty. They got into the farthest corner of it; for it was all open towards the river; and the rain pattered on the roof as if it would break it.

Thus driven together, was it wonderful that soon her hand was in his, and that, as they purred together, and murmured soft nothings, more than once she was surprised into returning the soft pressure which he gave it so often?

The plump declaration she had fled from, and now seemed deliciously resigned to, did not actually come. But he did what she valued more, he resumed his confidences: told her he had vices: was fond of gambling. Excused it on the score of his loss by his brother. Said he hoped soon to hear good news from Canada. Didn't despair. Was happy now, in spite of all. Had been happy ever since he had met *her*. What declaration was needed? The understanding was complete. Neither doubted the other's love; and Zoe would have

thought herself a faithless, wicked girl, if, after this, she had gone and accepted any other man.

But presently she had a mis-giving, and looked at her watch. Yes, it wanted but one hour to dinner. Now her brother was rather a Tartar about punctuality at dinner. She felt she was already in danger of censure for her long *tête-à-tête* with Severne, though the rain was the culprit. She could not afford to draw every eye upon her by being late for dinner along with him.

She told Severne they must go home now, rain or no rain; and she walked resolutely out into the weather.

Severne did not like it at all, but he was wise enough to deplore it only on her account; and indeed her light alpaca was soon drenched, and began to cling to her.

But the spirited girl only laughed at his condolences, as she hurried on. "Why, it is only warm water," said she: "this is no more than a bath in the summer sea. Bathing is getting wet through in blue flannel. Well, I am bathing in blue alpaca."

"But it will ruin your dress."

"My dress! why, it is as old as the hills. When I get home I'll give it to Rosa—ready washed, ha! ha!"

The rain pelted and poured, and long before they reached the inn, Zoe's dress had become an external cuticle, an alpaca skin.

But innocence is sometimes very bold. She did not care a bit; and, to tell the truth, she had little need to care. Beauty so positive as hers is indomitable. The petty accidents that are the terrors of homely charms, seem to enhance Queen Beauty. Dishevelled hair adorns it: close-bound hair adorns it. Simplicity adorns it. Diamonds adorn it. Everything seems to

adorn it, because the truth is, it adorns everything. And so Zoe, drenched with rain, and her dress a bathing-gown, was only a Greek goddess tinted blue, her bust and shoulders and her moulded figure covered, yet revealed. What was she to an artist's eye? Just the Townly Venus with her sculptor's cunning draperies, and Juno's gait.

"Et vera incesso patuit Dea."

When she got to the hotel she held up her finger to Severne with a pretty peremptoriness. She had shown him so much tenderness, she felt she had a right to order him now: "I must beg of you," said she, "to go straight to your rooms and dress very quickly, and present yourself to Harrington five minutes before dinner at least."

"I will obey," said he, obsequiously.

That pleased her, and she kissed her hand to him, and scudded to her own room.

At sight of the blazing fire and provident preparations, she started, and said aloud, "Oh, how nice of them!" and, all dripping as she was, she stood there with her young heart in a double glow.

Such a nature as hers has too little egotism, and low-bred vanity, to undervalue worthy love. The infinite heart of a Zoe Vizard can love but one with passion, yet ever so many more with warm and tender affection.

She gave aunt Maitland credit for this provident affection. It was out of the sprightly Fanny's line; and she said to herself, "Dear old thing! there, I thought she was bottling up a lecture for me, and all the time her real anxiety was lest I should be wet through." Thereupon she settled in her mind to begin loving aunt Maitland from that hour. She did not ring for her maid till she was nearly dressed;

and when Rosa came and exclaimed at the condition of her cast-off robes, she laughed, and told her it was nothing,—the Rhine was nice and warm,—pretending she had been in it. She ordered her to dry the dress, and iron it.

“Why, la, miss; you’ll never wear it again, to be sure?” said Rosa, demurely.

“I don’t know,” said the young lady, archly; “but I mean to take great care of it,” and burst out laughing like a peal of silver bells, because she was in high spirits, and saw what Rosa would be at.

Give away the gown she had been wooed and wet through in—no, thank you! Such gowns as these be land-marks, my masters.

Vizard, unconscious of her arrival, was walking up and down the room, fidgeting more and more, when in came Zoe, dressed high in black silk and white lace, looking ever so cosy, and blooming like a rose.

“What!” said he: “in, and dressed.” He took her by the shoulders, and gave her a great kiss. “You young monkey,” said he, “I was afraid you were washed away.”

Zoe suggested that would only have been a woman obliterated.

“That is true,” said he, with an air of hearty conviction. “I forgot that.”

He then inquired if she had had a nice walk.

“Oh, beautiful; imprisoned half the time in a cow-shed, and then drenched. But I’ll have a nice walk with you, dear, up and down the room.”

“Come on, then.”

So she put her right hand on his left shoulder, and gave him her left hand, and they walked up and down the room, Zoe beaming with happiness and affection for everybody, and walking at a graceful bend.

Severne came in, dressed, and perfect as though just taken out of a band-box. He sat down at a little table, and read a little journal unobtrusively. It was his cue to divest his late *tête-à-tête* of public importance.

Then came dinner, and two of the party absent. Vizard heard their voices going like mill-clacks at this sacred hour, and summoned them rather roughly, as stated above. His back was to Zoe, and she rubbed her hands gaily to Severne, and sent him a flying whisper, “Oh what fun! we are the culprits, and they are the ones scolded.”

Dinner waited ten minutes, and then the defaulters appeared. Nothing was said, but Vizard looked rather glum; and aunt Maitland cast a vicious look at Severne and Zoe: they had made a forced march and outflanked her. She sat down and bided her time, like a fowler waiting till the ducks come within shot.

But the conversation was commonplace, inconsecutive, shift, and vague, and it was two hours before anything came within shot: all this time not a soul suspected the ambushed fowler.

At last Vizard having thrown out one of his hints that the fair sex are imperfect, Fanny, being under the influence of Miss Maitland’s revelations, ventured to suggest that they had no more faults than men, and *certainly* were not more deceitful.

“Indeed?” said Vizard. “Not—more—*deceitful*! Do you speak from experience?”

“Oh no, no;” said Fanny, getting rather frightened. “I only think so, somehow.”

“Well, but you must have a reason. May I respectfully inquire whether more men have jilted you, than you have jilted?”

"You may inquire as respectfully as you like; but I shan't tell you."

"That is right, Miss Dover," said Severne: "don't you put up with his nonsense. He knows nothing about it: women are angels, compared with men. The wonder is, how they can waste so much truth, and constancy, and beauty, upon the foul sex. To my mind, there is only one thing we beat you in; we do stick by each other rather better than you do. You are truer to us; we are a little truer to each other."

"Not a little," suggested Vizard, drily.

"For my part," said Zoe, blushing pink at her boldness in advancing an opinion on so large a matter, "I think these comparisons are rather narrow-minded: what have *we* to do with bad people, male or female? A good man is good, and a good woman is good: still I do think that women have greater hearts to love, and men, perhaps, greater hearts for friendship:" then, blushing roseate, "even in the short time we have been here we have seen two gentlemen give up pleasure for self-denying friendship. Lord Uxmoor gave us all up for a sick friend. Mr Severne did more, perhaps; for he lost that divine singer;—you will never hear her now, Mr Severne."

The Maitland gun went off. "A sick friend!—Mr Severne?—ha! ha! ha! You silly girl, he has got no sick friend. He was at the gaming-table. That was his sick friend."

It was an effective discharge. It winged a duck or two. It killed, as follows; the tranquillity—the good-humour—and the content of the little party.

Severne started, and stared, and lost colour, and then cast at Vizard

a venomous look never seen on his face before; for he naturally concluded that Vizard had betrayed him.

Zoe was amazed, looked instantly at Severne, saw it was true, and turned pale at his evident discomfiture. Her lover had been guilty of deceit—mean and rather heartless deceit.

Even Fanny winced at the point-blank denunciation of a young man, who was himself polite to everybody. She would have done it in a very different way—insinuations, innuendo, &c.

"They have found you out, old fellow," said Vizard, merrily; "but you need not look as if you had robbed a church. Hang it all! a fellow has got a right to gamble, if he chooses. Any way, he paid for his whistle; for he lost three hundred pounds."

"Three hundred pounds!" cried the terrible old maid. "Where ever did he get them to lose?"

Severne divined that he had nothing to gain by fiction here; so he said, sullenly, "I got them from Vizard; but I gave him value for them."

"You need not publish our private transactions, Ned," said Vizard. "Miss Maitland, this is really not in your department."

"Oh yes, it is," said she; "and so you'll find."

This pertinacity looked like defiance. Vizard rose from his chair, bowed ironically, with the air of a man not disposed for a hot argument. "In that case—with permission—I'll withdraw to my veranda, and, in that—(he struck a light—) peaceful—(here he took a suck—) shade——"

"You will meditate on the charms of Ina Klosking."

Vizard received this poisoned arrow in the small of the back, as he was sauntering out. He turned

like a shot, as if a man had struck him, and, for a single moment, he looked downright terrible, and wonderfully unlike the easy-going Harrington Vizard. But he soon recovered himself. "What! you listen, do you?" said he; and turned contemptuously on his heel without another word.

There was an uneasy, chilling pause. Miss Maitland would have given something to withdraw her last shot. Fanny was very uncomfortable, and fixed her eyes on the table. Zoe, deeply shocked at Severne's deceit, was now amazed and puzzled about her brother. "Ina Klosking!" inquired she; "who is that?"

"Ask Mr Severne," said Miss Maitland, sturdily.

Now Mr Severne was sitting silent, but with restless eyes, meditating how he should get over that figment of his about the sick friend.

Zoe turned round on him, fixed her glorious eyes full upon his face, and said, rather imperiously, "Mr Severne, who is Ina Klosking?"

Mr Severne looked up blankly in her face, and said nothing.

She coloured at not being answered, and repeated her question (all this time Fanny's eyes were fixed on the young man even more keenly than Zoe's), "who — and what — is Ina Klosking?"

"She is a public singer."

"Do you know her?"

"Yes; I heard her sing at Vienna."

"Yes, yes; but do you know her to speak to?"

He considered half a moment, and then said he had not that honour. "But," said he, rather hurriedly, "somebody or other told me she had come out at the opera here, and made a hit."

"What, in Siebel?"

"I don't know; but I saw large bills out with her name. She made her *début* in Gounod's 'Faust.'"

"It is *my* Siebel!" cried Zoe, rapturously. "Why, aunt, no wonder Harrington admires her. For my part, I adore her."

"*You*, child! That is quite a different matter."

"No, it is not. He is like me; he has only seen her once, as I have, and on the stage."

"Fiddle-de-dee. I tell you he is in love with her, over head and ears; he is wonderfully inflammable for a woman-hater. Ask Mr Severne; he knows."

"Mr Severne, is my brother in love with that lady?"

Severne's turn had come; that able young man saw his chance, and did as good a bit of acting as ever was extemporised even by an Italian mime.

"Miss Vizard," said he, fixing his hazel eyes on her for the first time, in a way that made her feel his power, "what passed in confidence between two friends ought to be sacred. Don't—you—think so?" (The girl quivered, remembering the secret he had confessed to her.) "Miss Maitland has done your brother and me the honour to listen to our secrets. She shall repeat them, if she thinks it delicate; but I shall not, without Vizard's consent; and, more than that, the conversation seems to me to be taking the turn of casting blame, and ridicule, and I don't know what, on the best-hearted, kindest-hearted, truest-hearted, noblest, and manliest man I know. I decline to take any further share in it."

With these last words in his mouth, he stuck his hands defiantly into his pockets, and stalked out into the veranda, looking every inch a man.

Zoe folded her arms, and gazed after him with undisguised admiration. How well everything he did became him! his firing up—his brusquerie—the very movements of

his body, all so piquant, charming, and unwomanly. As he vanished from her admiring eyes, she turned, with flaming cheeks, on Miss Maitland, and said, "Well, aunt, you have driven them both out at the window; now, say something pretty to Fanny and me, and drive us out at the door."

Miss Maitland hung her head; she saw she had them all against her but Fanny, and Fanny was a trimmer. She said, sorrowfully, "No, Zoe. I feel how unattractive I have made the room. I have driven away the gods of your idolatry—they are only idols of clay; but that you can't believe. I will banish nobody else, except a cross-grained but respectable old woman, who is too experienced, and too much soured by it, to please young people when things are going wrong."

With this she took her bed-candle, and retired.

Zoe had an inward struggle. As Miss Maitland opened her bedroom door, she called to her, "Aunt! one word. Was it you that ordered the fire in my bedroom?"

Now, if she had received the answer she expected, she meant to say, "Then please let me forget everything else you have said or done to-day." But Miss Maitland stared a little, and said, "Fire in your bedroom; no."

"Oh!—then I have nothing to thank you for this day," said Zoe, with all the hardness of youth; though, as a general rule, she had not her share of it.

The old lady winced visibly, but she made a creditable answer. "Then, my dear, you shall have my prayers this night; and it does not matter much whether you thank me for them or not."

As she disappeared, Zoe flung herself wearily on a couch, and very soon began to cry. Fanny ran to her, and nestled close to her,

and the two had a rock together, Zoe crying, and Fanny coaxing and comforting.

"Ah!" sighed Zoe; "this was the happiest day of my life; and see how it ends! Quarrelling, and deceit; the one I hate, the other I despise. No, never again, until I have said my prayers, and am just going to sleep, will I cry, 'O giorno felice!' as I did this afternoon, when the rain was pouring on me; but my heart was all in a glow."

These pretty little lamentations of youth were interrupted by Mr Severne slipping away from his friend, to try and recover lost ground.

He was coolly received by Zoe; then he looked dismayed, but affected not to understand; then Zoe pinched Fanny, which meant, "I don't choose to put him on his defence; but I am dying to hear if he has anything to say." Thereupon Fanny obeyed that significant pinch, and said, "Mr Severne, my cousin is not a woman of the world; she is a country girl, with old-fashioned romantic notions that a man should be above telling fibs; I have known her longer than you, and I see she can't understand your passing off the gambling-table for a sick friend."

"Why, I never did," said he, as bold as brass.

"Mr Severne!"

"Miss Dover! My sick friend was at 'The Golden Star,' that's a small hotel in a different direction from the Kursaal. I was there from seven o'clock till nine. You ask the waiter if you don't believe me."

Fanny giggled at this inadvertent speech; but Zoe's feelings were too deeply engaged to shoot fun flying. "Fanny," cried she, eagerly, "I heard him tell the coachman to drive him to that very place, 'The Golden Star.'"

"Really?" said Fanny, mystified.

"Indeed I did, dear. I remember 'The Golden Star' distinctly.

"Ladies, I was there till nine o'clock. Then I started for the theatre. Unfortunately the theatre is attached to the Kursaal. I thought I would just look in for a few minutes. In fact I don't think I was there half an hour. But Miss Maitland is quite right in one thing. I lost more than two hundred pounds, all through playing on a false system. Of course I know I had no business to go there at all, when I might have been by your side."

"And heard La Klosking."

"It was devilish bad taste, and you may well be surprised and offended."

"No, no; not at that," said Zoe.

"But, hang it all! don't make a fellow worse than he is. Why should I invent a sick friend? I suppose I have a right to go to the Kursaal if I choose. At any rate I mean to go to-morrow afternoon, and win a pot of money. Hinder me who can."

Zoe beamed with pleasure. "That spiteful old woman! I am ashamed of myself. Of course you *have*. It becomes a man to say *je veux*; and it becomes a woman to yield. Forgive our unworthy doubts. We will all go to the Kursaal to-morrow."

The reconciliation was complete; and to add to Zoe's happiness, she made a little discovery. Rosa came in to see if she wanted anything. That, you must know, was Rosa's way of saying, "It is very late. I'm tired; so the sooner *you* go to bed the better." And Zoe was by nature so considerate, that she often went to bed more for Rosa's convenience than her own inclination.

But this time she said, sharply, "Yes, I do. I want to know who

had my fire lighted for me in the middle of summer."

"Why, squire, to be sure," said Rosa.

"What! *my* brother?"

"Yes, miss; and seen to it all hisself: leastways I found the things properly muddled. 'Twas to be seen a man had been at 'em."

Rosa retired, leaving Zoe's face a picture.

Just then Vizard put his head cautiously in at the window, and said, in a comic whisper, "Is she gone?"

"Yes, she is gone," cried Zoe, "and you are wanted in her place." She ran to meet him. "Who ordered a fire in my room, and muddled all my things?" said she, severely.

"I did. What of that?"

"Oh, nothing; only now I know who is my friend. Young people, here's a lesson for you. When a lady is out in the rain, don't prepare a lecture for her, like aunt Maitland, but light her fire, like this dear old duck of a woman-hating impostor. Kiss me!" (violently.)

"There—pest."

"That is not enough, nor half. There, and there, and there, and there, and there, and there."

"Now, look here, my young friend," said Vizard, holding her lovely head by both ears; "you are exciting yourself about nothing, and that will end in one of your headaches. So just take your candle, and go to bed, like a good little girl."

"Must I? Well, then, I will. Good-bye, tyrant dear. Oh, how I love you! Come, Fanny."

She gave her hand shyly to Severne, and soon they were both in Zoe's room.

Rosa was dismissed, and they had their chat; but it was nearly all on one side. Fanny had plenty

to say, but did not say it. She had not the heart to cloud that beaming face again so soon; she temporised: Zoe pressed her with questions too; but she slurred things. Zoe asked her why Miss Maitland was so bitter against poor Mr Severne: Fanny said, in an off-hand way, "Oh, it is only on your account she objects to him."

"And what are her objections?"

"Oh, only grammatical ones, dear. She says his *antecedents* are obscure, and his *relatives* unknown: ha, ha, ha!" Fanny laughed, but Zoe did not see the fun. Then Fanny stroked her down.

"Never mind that old woman. I shall interfere properly, if I see you in danger: it was monstrous, her making an *esclandre* at the very dinner-table, and spoiling your happy day."

"But she hasn't," cried Zoe, eagerly. "'All's well that ends well.' I am happy—oh, so happy! You love me. Harrington loves me. *He* loves me. What more can any woman ask for than to be *amata bene*?"

This was the last word between Zoe and Fanny upon St Brooch's day.

As Fanny went to her own room, the vigilant Maitland opened her door that looked upon the corridor, and beckoned her in. "Well," said she, "did you speak to Zoe?"

"Just a word before dinner. Aunt, she came in wet to the skin, and in higher spirits than Rosa ever knew her."

Aunt groaned.

"And what do you think? Her spoiled dress, she ordered it to be ironed and put by. *It is a case.*"

Next day they all met at a late breakfast, and good-humour was the order of the day.

This encouraged Zoe to throw out a feeler about the gambling-tables.

Then Fanny said it must be nice to gamble, because it was so naughty. "In a long experience," said Miss Dover, with a sigh, "I have found that whatever is nice is naughty, and whatever is naughty is nice."

"There's a short code of morals," observed Vizard, "for the use of seminaries. Now let us hear Severne; he knows all the defences of gambling lunacy has discovered."

Severne, thus appealed to, said play was like other things, bad only when carried to excess. "At Hamburg, where the play is fair, what harm can there be in devoting two or three hours of a long day to *trente et quarante*? The play exercises memory, judgment, *sang froid*, and other good qualities of the mind; above all, it is on the square. Now, buying and selling shares without delivery—bulling, and bearing, and rigging, and Stock Exchange speculations in general—are just as much gambling; but with cards all marked, and dice loaded—and the fair player has no chance. The world," said this youthful philosopher, "is taken in by words. The truth is, that gambling with cards is fair, and gambling without cards a swindle."

"He is hard upon the City," said the Vizard; "but no matter. Proceed, young man. Develop your code of morals for the amusement of mankind, while duller spirits inflict instruction."

"You have got my opinion," said Severne; "oblige us with yours."

"No; mine would not be popular just now: I reserve it till we are there, and can see the lunatics at work."

"Oh, then we are to go!" cried Fanny. "Oh, be joyful!"

"That depends on Miss Maitland. It is not in my department."

Instantly four bright eyes were turned piteously on the awful Maitland.

"Oh, aunt," said Zoe, pleadingly,

“do you think there would be any great harm in our—just for once in a way?”

“My dear,” said Miss Maitland, solemnly, “I cannot say that I approve of public gambling in general. But at Homburg the company is select. I have seen a German prince, a Russian prince, and two English countesses, the very *élite* of London society, seated at the same table in the Kursaal. I think, therefore, there can be no harm in your going, under the conduct of older persons—myself, for example, and your brother.”

“Code three,” suggested Vizard—“the chaperonian code.”

“And a very good one, too,” said Zoe. “But, aunt, must we look on, or may we play, just a little, little?”

“My dear, there can be no great harm in playing a little, in *good company*—if you play with your own money.” She must have one dig at Severne.

“I shan’t play very deep then,” said Fanny; “for I have got no money hardly.”

Vizard came to the front, like a man. “No more should I,” said he, “but for Herries & Co. As it is, I am a Croesus, and I shall stand £100, which you three ladies must divide; and between you, no doubt, you will break the bank.”

Acclamations greeted this piece of misogyny. When they had subsided, Severne was called on to explain the game, and show the young ladies how to win a fortune with £33, 6s. 8d.

The table was partly cleared, two packs of cards sent for, and the professor lectured. “This,” said he, “is the cream of the game. Six packs are properly shuffled, and properly cut; the players put their money on black or red, which is the main event, and is settled thus: The dealer deals the cards in two rows. He deals the *first* row for

black, and stops the moment the cards pass thirty. That deal determines how near *noir* can get to thirty-one.”

Severne then dealt for *noir*, and the cards came as follows:—

Queen of Hearts—four of Clubs—ten of Spades—nine of Diamonds: total, 33.

He then dealt for red:—

Knave of Clubs—ace of Diamonds—two of Spades—King of Spades—nine of Hearts: total, 32.

“Red wins, because the cards dealt for red come nearest thirty-one. Besides that,” said he, “you can bet on the colour, or against it. The actual colour of the first card the player turns up on the black line must be black or red. Which ever happens to be it is called ‘the colour.’ Say it is red, then, if the black line of cards wins, colour loses. Now I will deal again for both events.”

“I deal for *noir*.”

“Nine of Diamonds. Red, then, is the actual colour turned up on the black line. Do you bet for it, or against it?”

“I bet for it,” cried Zoe. “It’s my favourite colour.”

“And what do you say on the main event?”

“Oh, red on that too.”

“Very good. I go on dealing for *noir*. Queen of Diamonds, three of Spades, Knave of Hearts—thirty-two. That looks ugly for your two events, black coming so near as thirty-two. Now for red. Four of Hearts, Knave of Spades, seven of Diamonds, Queen of Clubs—thirty-one, by Jove! *Rouge gagne et couleur*. There is nothing like courage. You have won both events.”

“Oh, what a nice game!” cried Zoe.

He then continued to deal, and they all betted on the main event and the colour, staking fabulous

sums, till at last both numbers came up thirty-one.

Thereupon Severne informed them that half the stakes belonged to him. That was the trifling advantage accorded to the bank.

"Which trifling advantage," said Vizard, "has enriched the man-eating company, and their prince, and built the Kursaal, and will clean you all out, if you play long enough."

"That," said Severne, "I deny; it is more than balanced by the right the players have of doubling, till they gain, and by the maturity of the chances. I will explain this to the ladies: you see experience proves that neither red nor black can come up more than nine times running. When, therefore, either colour has come up four times, you can put a moderate stake on the other colour, and double on it till it *must* come, by the laws of nature. Say red has turned four times. You put a napoleon on black; red gains. You lose a napoleon. You don't remove it, but double on it. The chances are now five to one you gain: but if you lose, you double on the same, and, when you have got to sixteen napoleons, the colour must change; uniformity has reached its physical limit. That is called the maturity of the chances. Begin as unluckily as possible with five francs, and lose. If you have to double eight times before you win, it only comes to 1280 francs. Given, therefore, a man to whom fifty napoleons are no more than five francs to us, he can never lose if he doubles, like a Trojan, till the chances are mature. This is called 'the Martingale:' but observe, it only secures against loss. Heavy gains are made by doubling judiciously on the *winning* colour, or by simply betting on short runs of it. When red comes up, back red, and double twice on it. Thus you profit by the remarkable and

observed fact that the colours do not, as a rule, alternate, but reach ultimate equality by avoiding alternation, and making short runs, with occasional long runs; the latter are rare, and must be watched with a view to the balancing run of the other colour. This is my system."

"And you really think you have invented it?" asked Vizard.

"I am not so conceited. My system was communicated to me, in the Kursaal itself—by an old gentleman."

"An old gentleman, or *the*?"

"Oh, Harrington!" cried Zoe; "fie!"

"My wit is appreciated at its value. Proceed, Ned."

Severne told him, a little defiantly, it was an old gentleman, with a noble head, a silvery beard, and the most benevolent countenance he ever saw.

"Curious place for his reverence to be in," hazarded Vizard.

"He saw me betting, first on the black, then on the red, till I was cleaned out, and then he beckoned me."

"Not a man of premature advice, though."

"He told me he had observed my play. I had been relying on the alternations of the colours, which alternation chance persistently avoids, and arrives at equality by runs. He then gave me a better system."

"And, having expounded his system, he illustrated it. Tell the truth now; he sat down and lost the coat off his back. It followed his family acres."

"You are quite wrong again. He never plays. He has heart disease, and his physician has forbidden him all excitement."

"His nation?"

"Humph! French."

"Ah! the nation that produced

'*Le philosophe sans le savoir.*' And now it has added, '*Le philosophe sans le vouloir,*' and you have stumbled on him. What a life for an aged man! *Fortunatus ille senex qui ludicola vivit.* Tantalus handcuffed, and glowering over a gambling-table; a hell in a hell."

"Oh, Harrington!"

"Exclamations not allowed in sober argument, Zoe."

"Come, Ned, it is not heart disease, it is purse disease. Just do me a favour. Here are five sovereigns; give those to the old beggar, and let him risk them."

"I could hardly take such a liberty with an old gentleman of his age and appearance—a man of honour too, and high sentiments. Why, I'd bet seven to four he is one of Napoleon's old soldiers."

The ladies sided unanimously with Severne. "What! offer a *vieux de l'Empire* five pounds? Oh fie!"

"Fiddle-de-dee!" said the indomitable Vizard. "Besides, he will do it with his usual grace. He will approach the son of Mars with that feigned humility which sits so well on youth, and ask him, as a personal favour, to invest five pounds for *him* at *rouge et noir*. The old soldier will stiffen into double dignity at first, then give him a low wink, and end by sitting down and gambling. He will be cautious at starting, as one who opens trenches for the siege of Mammon; but soon the veteran will get heated, and give battle; he will fancy himself at Jena, since the croupiers are Prussians. If he loses, you cut him dead, being a humdrum Englishman; and if he wins, he cuts you, and pockets the cash, being a Frenchman that talks sentiment."

This sally provoked a laugh, in which Severne joined, and said, "Really, for a landed proprietor,

you know a thing or two." He consented at last, with some reluctance, to take the money; and none of the persons present doubted that he would execute the commission with a grace and delicacy all his own. Nevertheless, to run forward a little with the narrative, I must tell you that he never did hand that five pound to the venerable sire; a little thing prevented him—the old man wasn't born yet.

"And now," said Vizard, "it is our last day in Homburg. You are all going to gratify your mania—lunacy is contagious; suppose I gratify mine."

"Do, dear," said Zoe; "and what is it?"

"I like your asking that; when it was publicly announced last night, and I fled discomfited to my balcony, and, in my confusion, lighted a cigar. My mania is—the Klosing."

"That is not a mania; it is good taste. She is admirable."

"Yes, in an opera: but I want to know how she looks and talks, in a room; and that is insane of me."

"Then so you *shall*, insane or not. I will call on her this morning, and take you in my hand."

"What an ample palm! and what juvenile audacity! Zoe, you take my breath away."

"No audacity at all. I am sure of my welcome. How often must I tell you that we have mesmerised each other, that lady and I; and are only waiting an opportunity to rush into each other's arms! It began with her singling me out at the opera. But I daresay that was owing, *at first*, only to my being in full dress."

"No, no; to your being, like Agamemnon, a head taller than all the other Greeks."

"Harrington! I am not a Greek. I am a thorough English girl at

heart, though I *am* as black as a coal."

"No apology needed in our present frame—you are all the more like the ace of spades."

"Do you want me to take you to the Klosking, sir? Then you had better not make fun of me. I tell you she sang to *me*, and smiled on *me*, and curtsied to *me*; and, now you have put it into my head, I mean to call upon her; and I will take you with me. What I shall do, I shall send in my card. I shall be admitted, and you will wait outside. As soon as she sees me, she will run to me with both hands out, and say, in excellent *French*, I hope, '*How, Mademoiselle! you have deigned to remember me, and to honour me with a visit.*' Then I shall say, in school-French, '*Yes, Madame; excuse the intrusion; but I was so charmed with your performance. We leave Homburg tomorrow; and as, unfortunately for myself, I cannot have the pleasure of seeing you again upon the stage—*' then I shall stop, for her to interrupt me. Then she will interrupt me, and say charming things, as only foreigners can; and then I shall say, still in school-French, '*Madame, I am not alone. I have my brother with me. He adores music, and was as fascinated with your Siebel as myself. May I present him?*' Then she will say, '*Oh yes, by all means:*' and I shall introduce you. Then you can make love to her. That will be droll. Fanny, I'll tell you every word he says."

"Make love to her!" cried Vizard. "Is this your estimate of a brother's motives? My object in visiting this lady is, not to feed my mania, but to cure it. I have seen her on the stage, looking like the incarnation of a poet's dream. I am *extasié* with her. Now let me catch her *en déshabille*, with her porter on

one side, and her lover on the other: and so to Barfordshire, relieved of a fatal illusion."

"If that is your view, I'll go by myself; for I know she is a noble woman, and as much a lady off the stage as on it. My only fear is she will talk that dreadful guttural German, with its 'oches' and its 'aches,' and then where shall we all be? We must ask Mr Severne to go with us."

"A good idea; no—a vile one. He is abominably handsome, and has the gift of the gab—in German, and other languages. He is sure to cut me out, the villain! Lock him up, somebody, till we come back."

"Now, Harrington, don't be absurd. He must, and shall, be of the party. I have my reasons. Mr Severne," said she, turning on him with a blush and a divine smile, "you will oblige me, I am sure."

Severne's face turned as blank as a doll's, and he said nothing, one way or other.

It was settled that they should all meet at the Kursaal at four, to dine and play. But Zoe and her party would go on ahead by the one o'clock train; and so she retired to put on her bonnet—a technical expression, which implies a good deal.

Fanny went with her, and, as events more exciting than the usual routine of their young lives were ahead, their tongues went a rare pace. But the only thing worth presenting to the reader came at the end, after the said business of the toilet had been despatched.

Zoe said, "I must go now, or I shall keep them waiting."

"Only one, dear," said Fanny, drily.

"Why only one?"

"Mr Severne will not go."

"That he will: I made a point of it."

"You did, dear; but still he will not go."

There was something in this, and in Fanny's tone, that startled Zoe, and puzzled her sorely. She turned round upon her, with flashing eye, and said, "No mysteries, please, dear. Why won't he go with me wherever I ask him to go? or, rather, what makes you think he won't?"

Said Fanny, thoughtfully, "I could not tell you, all in a moment, why I feel so positive. One puts little things together, that are nothing apart: one observes faces; I do, at least. You don't seem, to me, to be so quick at that as most girls. But, Zoe, dear, you know very well one often knows a thing for certain, yet one doesn't know exactly what makes one know it."

Now Zoe's *amour propre* was wounded by Fanny's suggestion that Severne would not go to Hom-

burg, or, indeed, to the world's end with her; so she drew herself up in her grand way, and folded her arms, and said, a little haughtily, "Then tell me what is it you know about *him* and me, without knowing how on earth you know it."

The supercilious tone and grand manner nettled Fanny, and it wasn't "brooch day!" she stood up to her lofty cousin like a little game-cock. "I know this," said she, with heightened cheek, and flashing eyes, and a voice of steel; "you will never get Mr Edward Severne into one room with Zoe Vizard and Ina Klosking."

Zoe Vizard turned very pale, but her eyes flashed defiance on her friend.

"That I'll know," said she, in a deep voice, with a little gasp, but a world of pride and resolution.

CHAPTER VIII.

The ladies went down together, and found Vizard ready. Mr Severne was not in the room. Zoe inquired after him.

"Gone to get a sun-shade," said Vizard.

"There!" said Zoe to Fanny, in a triumphant whisper. "What is that for, but to go with us?"

Fanny made no reply.

They waited some time for Severne and his sun-shade.

At last Vizard looked at his watch, and said they had only five minutes to spare. "Come down and look after him. He *must* be somewhere about."

They went down, and looked for him all over the Platz. He was not to be seen. At last Vizard took out his watch and said, "It is some misunderstanding: we can't wait any longer."

So he and Zoe went to the train. Neither said much on the way to Homburg; for they were both brooding. Vizard's good sense and right feeling were beginning to sting him a little for calling on the Klosking at all, and a great deal for using the enthusiasm of an inexperienced girl to obtain an introduction to a public singer. He sat moody in his corner, taking himself to task. Zoe's thoughts ran in quite another channel; but she was no easier in her mind. It really seemed as if Severne had given her the slip. Probably he would explain his conduct; but then that Fanny should foretell he would avoid her company, rather than call on Mademoiselle Klosking, and that Fanny should be right, this made the thing serious, and galled Zoe to the quick: she was angry with

Fanny for prophesying truly ; she was rather angry with Severne for not coming, and more angry with him for making good Fanny's prediction.

Zoe Vizard was a good girl, and a generous girl ; but she was not a humble girl : she had a great deal of pride, and her share of vanity, and here both were galled. Besides that, it seemed to her most strange and disheartening, that Fanny, who did not love Severne, should be able to foretell his conduct better than she, who did love him ; such foresight looked like greater insight. All this humiliated, and also puzzled, her strangely ; and so she sat brooding as deeply as her brother.

As for Vizard, by the time they got to Homburg, he had made up his mind. As they got out of the train he said, "Look here ; I am ashamed of myself. I have a right to play the fool, alone ; but I have no business to drag my sister into it. We will go somewhere else. There are lots of things to see. I give up the Klosking."

Zoe stared at him a moment, and then answered, with cold decision, "No, dear ; you must allow me to call on her, now I am here. She won't bite *me*."

"Well, but it is a strange thing to do."

"What does that matter ? We are abroad."

"Come, Zoe, I am much obliged to you ; but give it up."

"No, dear."

Harrington smiled at her pretty peremptoriness, and misunderstood it. "This is carrying sisterly love a long way," said he. "I must try and rise to your level. I won't go with you."

"Then I shall go alone."

"What if I forbid you, Miss ?"

She tapped him on the cheek with her fingers. "Don't affect the tyrant, dear ; you can't manage it. Fanny said something that has mortified me. I shall go ; you can do as you like. But, stop ; where does she live ?"

"Suppose I decline to tell you ? I am seized with a virtuous fit—a regular paroxysm."

"Then I shall go to the opera and inquire, dear. But" (coaxingly) "you will tell me, dear."

"There," said Harrington, "you wicked, tempting girl, my sham virtue has oozed away, and my real mania triumphs. She lives at 'The Golden Star.' I was weak enough to send Harris in last night to learn."

Zoe smiled.

He hailed a conveyance ; and they started at once for "The Golden Star."

"Zoe," said Harrington, gravely, "something tells me I am going to meet my fate."

"All the better," said Zoe ; "I wish you to meet your fate. My love for my brother is not selfish. I am sure she is a good woman. Perhaps I may find out something."

"About what ?"

"Oh, never mind."

DOMESTIC YACHTING.

As the month of July 1875 began to pass away, we were exercised, like the rest of our neighbours, to know what should be done with the coming holiday. In our family it is the practice never to decide on a plan for the summer vacation till the last moment; in this way we are able to enjoy by anticipation an indefinite number of excursions and amusements out of one limited period of time—Switzerland, Scotland, the Lakes, the use of a friend's house in a charming spot on the Irish coast, the seaside at Whitby, the seaside at the Isle of Wight—lowest depth of all, the seaside at Margate,—all these become by this method what the late Mr J. S. Mill might have called our permanent possibilities of sensation: the plan may be recommended as affording a good deal of cheap and innocent pleasure.

But still, the time arrives when a final decision has to be made; and somehow, on this occasion, none of these alternatives tickled the palate of our imagination. A walking tour in Switzerland with the boys would be agreeable and healthful; but this would involve breaking up the family party; and moreover, our experience of public-school education reminds us that a cultivation of love of the picturesque is not among its strong points. The schoolboys that we have met with on our travels have so far been all alike, that they appeared to give their attention mainly to discussing the comparative merits of English and Continental "grub." It will be better to defer the Swiss tour for a season. It is no good going to Scotland without first securing a house for our large party; and a house taken without being

first seen, may prove to be the abomination of desolation. Castle in the air number three crumbles to pieces, the house in Ireland having been suddenly let on lease. Then the seaside, although full of delights for such of our number as still ply the spade and bucket, very soon palls on the elder ones. Sea-fishing might be very good fun if you ever caught anything; but, so far as our experience goes, you might as well fish for trout in the Thames as fish for anything in the sea. Each year, too, our former haunts seem to grow less inviting—more built upon, more taken possession of by brass bands and Ethiopian serenaders, more Cockneyfied in every way. After all, why not try a new plan this summer, and stop at home for once, with woods, and lawns, and flowers around, river boating and bathing and fishing for the boys, and lawn-tennis *ad libitum* for everybody? But no!—a fatal objection to this plan is, that it would be no holiday at all. There is no escaping from business as long as one stops at home, and our jaded nerves, after ten months continuous work, need complete relaxation of some sort.

Suddenly a happy thought strikes us! Why not go for a cruise in a yacht? The merit of this plan is at once apparent, if only that between the first conception and the fulfilment of the idea you may enjoy in imagination an indefinite number of cruises. Pottering about in the Solent; fair-weather day-sailing from port to port along the south coast: the Channel Islands, Scotland, and the Western Isles, or even beating up against the stern north wind to Norway,—all these delights can be indulged in by anticipation.

We have again a wide range of Mr Mill's permanent possibilities of sensation. The first thing to be done, however, is to set about finding our yacht; and an inspection of the columns of the 'Field' seems to indicate that this will be an easy matter. The only difficulty must lie in making a choice out of the enormous variety of craft at the hirer's disposal. One agent advertises a cutter which appears to be just the thing to suit us; another, an equally inviting schooner; a third has yachts to sell or let of all sizes, from five to two hundred and fifty tons; another gentleman announces an almost equally extensive choice, except that he draws the lower line at twenty, and the top at two hundred tons. On a visit to the agent's office, however, the inviting craft advertised as being "in commission and ready for sea" turns out to be a sort of floating city of Eden. She would be at sea, if she were not high and dry on the mud; and it transpires, on pushing the inquiry home, that the only commission actually involved is that to be paid to the agent, for that the gentleman who is styled her captain is precluded from quitting *terra firma*, by reason of the fact that he is also captain of some five-and-twenty other yachts, all in the same category of being elevated for the time above the contingencies involved in their native element. At the outset of our inquiries, indeed, we were induced to make a trip by rail to a certain port to view a small yacht lying there, which the agents assured us would be the very thing we were in want of; and we started on the journey duly fortified with a business-like card of authority to view the vessel in question, with the yacht's name, and our name, and the agent's name duly entered thereon—the agent giving us to in-

fer that this precaution was necessary to prevent the vessel being swamped by the number of unauthorised persons hurrying to the spot for the purpose of inspecting her. Arrived, however, at the port in question, the object of our search was not to be made out among the trim-looking craft that lay off the pier; and on inquiring of the pier-master where she was to be found, we learnt that she was on the mud about a mile off, and from his description readily recognised the object of our search in an ancient-looking, round-sterned craft, which might from her appearance have belonged to the Georgian era. "One of them agents sent you down, I suppose, sir," said the pier-master, observing our disappointed expression of face; "you ain't the first by a great many that's come down here on a wild-goose chase. Why, bless you! them agents know no more about yachts than a baby." Returning home we naturally conveyed to the agent our sense of annoyance at the useless trouble and expense he had put us to; whereupon that gentleman at once wrote to express his regret, stating that he had been misled by the owner's description, but added that he had another very nice craft on his book which would just suit us. We were not, however, to be caught a second time; but our friend, nothing daunted, thereon plied us with almost daily offers of eligible vessels. Now it was a cutter "with a gilt beading" and four berths, now a fast-sailing schooner with five berths, now a sea-going yawl with six. Each was fitted and ready for sea; and the agent would be happy to meet us by appointment and show us over the vessel; but as to where the vessel might be, and where the crew were to come from, a mysterious silence was maintained. Till we began to look

out for a yacht, we used to think that of all men in business, London house-agents were the most professionally incompetent: they never know anything whatever about the houses they have to let. But then you can at least go and look at a house for yourself; whereas an unknown yacht, in a port not specifically indicated, is not a very easy thing to find.

However, just as we were about to abandon our scheme in despair, a friend wrote from Cowes to say that he was obliged by family affairs to give up yachting for the rest of the season, and offering to let us his yacht for so long as we chose to keep it. Here was just the very thing to suit us; we knew the yacht, which would hold a small party comfortably; and we knew the crew and captain to be steady fellows, who had been a long time in the owner's service, and were well acquainted with the Channel. A good crew is, of course, as essential a condition for comfortable cruising as a good yacht, and is much more difficult to get if you go into the market late in the season, when the best men are already taken up. A friend of ours who hired a yacht from an agent not long ago, engaged the crew in the same way—the agent, by way of satisfying his requirements, shipping his own brother as sailing-master. “I can't do better by you than that—can I?” said the agent; “my own brother shall go with you.” Our own brother, however, distinguished himself by getting hopelessly drunk almost as soon as the yacht had started on her cruise, and the hirer had to put back in distress with the most important part of the ship's company hopelessly disabled in the fore-castle from *delirium tremens*. “Gone and got it again, has he?” said the agent, when my friend walked into

his office in wrathful indignation; “well, now, that's really too bad of him. I told him I'd give him this one more chance, and that if he didn't keep himself sober this time, I'd never get him a berth again—and no more I won't, neither.” In this case, however, there was no fear of any such mischance. So, gratefully closing with our neighbour's offer, we set off one fine afternoon in the beginning of August, a party of three, in high spirits, with clothes, books, and stores for a month's cruise. And let us observe that thoroughly to enjoy all the pleasurable anticipations involved in an excursion of this sort, it can only be made once. The pleasure afforded to the man who puts his yacht in commission every May as a matter of course, bears about the same relation to that of the landsman who does this sort of thing once, as the emotion caused by the Alps to a Swiss peasant compared with the effect of a first sight of them on the jaded Londoner who has been counting, all through sultry July, the hours to his annual holiday.

Cowes is soon reached by rail and steamboat, and we have time while steaming down Southampton Water to contrast by anticipation the discomfort of the crowded deck, with the coming luxury of a vessel all to ourselves. The Lomeri's cutter comes off to meet us as the steamer arrives at Cowes pier; our luggage and ourselves are transferred to the yacht without our going on shore, and we have just time to go below before a sharp squall with heavy rain, which had been following us all the way from London, breaks on the Roads. This gave us an opportunity of admiring the handiness and speed with which the sailors unpacked our luggage. All hands turned to the task, and in a very few minutes the clothes were all neatly put by in

their respective drawers, our books ranged on their shelves in the main cabin, and the stores stowed away in the lockers. No shore-going servants could have done the job so deftly ; and the idea occurred to us then and many times during our cruise, what a capital plan it would be to have nothing but sailors for domestic servants at home.

That night was cold and wet, but we felt very snug in our cosy little cabin, enjoying a game of bezique after a comfortable supper. What a contrast to life in a seaside lodging-house !—no mud, no dust, no danger of chimney-pots or tiles when it comes on to blow, no need for “Brighton wedges” to stop the noise of the rattling casements ; if it is cold you can shut down the hatches, or a plug of rope inserted underneath admits of a nice adjustment of just so much air as will be needed : and we resolve unanimously, that if ever we build a house again, we will have hatches instead of windows all over it, and plugs of ropes instead of sashes to regulate the ventilation.

The next morning was fine, and a brisk walk on shore, according to the doctor's orders, and some needful marketing, one of the crew bringing up the rear with the ship's basket—Cowes tradesmen are driving a thriving trade just now, but prices nevertheless appear reasonable—we return on board, and after breakfast get under way, and stand out to witness the race of the day, for this is regatta week, and Cowes presents an extraordinary sight. No less than a hundred yachts are moored in the Roads, and there are more big ones than small. Few things give a more impressive idea of the wealth of England than a view of Cowes or Ryde on such occasions. Here you see money being spent on an enormous scale, wholly on mere superfluities.

Yachting is pure luxury ; and the change which has come over yachting shows too, very markedly, the increase of wealth in recent times. Thirty years ago the yacht-racing used to be all among craft of twenty-five tons, or thereabouts. Nowadays a vessel of sixty or seventy tons is spoken of as the “little Fiona,” or the “tiny Iona,” and is not expected to make any show in the race unless the sea is very calm ; in fact, to believe the sporting correspondents of newspapers, one might suppose that anything under a hundred tons would not be safe outside the Solent. The change, so far as sport goes, has not been wholly on the side of gain. For a Channel race in half a gale of wind the big craft of the present day may be very suitable ; but for sailing round lightships and buoys inside the Wight, we suspect that better fun and more seamanship is to be got out of the little twenty-tonners, and certainly with the smaller craft there appears more suitability of means to end. To see a crowd of splendid vessels, big enough to go round the world, drifting along with the tide past Ryde pier on one of the calm days of which we had so many last season, was scarcely an edifying spectacle. But real yachting does not always go with big yachts. A not uncommon form of the pursuit seems to be to keep a big schooner of two hundred tons or thereabouts anchored off Ryde Pier, or in Cowes Roads, and to look at it through a big telescope from the window of a comfortable house, occasionally perhaps going out for an afternoon sail and luncheon, but always returning in good time for dinner, thereby laying up a good stock of gout to carry you through the winter. A famous London physician told us that more cases of that fashionable malady came before him from the effects of yachting than

from any other cause. The sea air makes people hungry who are taking no exercise, and so they eat more than is good for them. These big vessels seem to lie, some of them for weeks together, at their moorings, their decks crowded with men who have nothing to do but to keep them clean; while adventurous spirits are navigating little craft of ten and fifteen tons over every part of our seas, and often still further.

The fireworks on this night were a pretty sight, especially the illumination of the royal yacht, the outline of the vessel being marked by lines of men holding coloured lights. But the effect was rather spoiled than otherwise by repetition, just as the effect of a good song is spoiled by being encored. Playgoers may recollect the waltz scene in "*Madame Angot*," where the joke consisted in one of the *précieuses ridicules* dancing inanely by herself in the front of the stage. This is not such a bad joke, as theatrical jokes go nowadays, when one has to be thankful for small mercies; but when the curtain is drawn up again, and the whole performance gone through a second time, it becomes ineffably tedious, and one longs for some one to come forward and drag the poor creature away. But no people understand stage business so ill as stage-managers. Realism is supposed to be the strong point of the modern stage, at any rate; if the "business" is not good, nothing else is; yet what can be more inane than the conduct of opera choruses? and who ever saw stage soldiers that bore the smallest resemblance to the real thing?

But this is a digression. Cowes was too lively and crowded for comfort, and it was impossible to find one's friends where everybody was moving about; so, on the second morning after our arrival, having

voted unanimously that we had seen enough of the regatta, we weighed anchor just as the signal-gun was fired for the day's race, and the little yacht started for the westward with an ebb tide, and a spanking whole-sail breeze from the north-east, and Cowes soon faded in the distance. This is the time to say something about the Lomeri and her crew. The skipper, Abel Swell, is a quiet little fellow from the east coast, a fisherman by trade, and owner of a small cutter, in which he plies his vocation through the winter. Canute, the mate, is a stalwart Cornishman, with a curly beard, bright blue eyes, and teeth that a dandy might envy. The crew consist of Robert No. I. (we never got as far as the surnames after the captain), a handsome lad, hailing from Colchester; and Ned, nephew to the skipper, and, like ourselves, making his first cruise in a yacht. The complement of the ship's company is made up by Robert No. II., the cook and steward, who proved to be a first-rate fellow, more than equal to the discharge of both functions. For accommodation there is a little cabin, which shares with the pantry the space amidships, appropriated to the "governor," as the owner is always styled. The young lady of the party has the two-berthed ladies' cabin aft to herself; while Peter, æt. 14, sleeps in the saloon, one of the two sofas being converted at night into a comfortable cot, and the bedding stowed away during the day in a cupboard. The saloon itself has room for six at table, so that our party of three quite revel in the amplitude of space. The crew are not so well provided. The captain sleeps in a "standing bedplace" under the pantry locker, the whiles Robert No. II. cuts him off from the outer world by swinging his hammock, after the captain has

turned in, along the pantry passage, which has just space enough to contain it. The mate and crew swing their hammocks in the forecastle, the table being first removed, and galley-stove put out; and a very close fit indeed it is. Yet the accommodation for the crew of the *Lomeri* is unusually good for a craft of her size. But this is the weak point of yachts. However luxurious may be the arrangements aft—and some yachts are quite complete in this respect, even to being fitted with electric bells—the crew seem always to be huddled away in the forecastle, packed as tight as in the 'tween decks of a man-of-war. It may certainly be said that the men are accustomed to nothing better, and are at least as well off as they would be when plying their trade of fishermen in the winter. Still one is reminded rather plainly while afloat of the condition of society obtaining ashore, where the roomy square stands close to the crowded court; and of some London households where everything is sacrificed to the spacious public rooms, and the servants are squeezed away, three and four together, in ill-ventilated, ill-found garrets.

The day is fine, the sea calm, and the breeze although fresh being aft, for the first time we feel warm, and are able to keep the decks without greatcoats, and bringing up books establish ourselves in easy-chairs, and make a pretence of reading; but the time flies lightly in watching the quickly-changing scene. The water is all in commotion as the strong ebb-tide sweeps us through the narrow channel past Hurst Castle—a real castle, according to modern lights. Strong batteries succeed each other on the opposite shore, too, albeit already somewhat out of date. Still, the Isle of Wight, which bristles with forts, would make a very awkward

landing-place. If Lord Palmerston had done nothing else, he would deserve the lasting gratitude of the nation for the forethought and firmness with which he carried out his comprehensive scheme for rendering the British dockyards safe from a *coup de main*. Like all strong ministers, he had his way in the matter on which he had set his heart: people follow the lead of a statesman with convictions; it is those who are always looking about to see which way the breath of public opinion is blowing who meet with opposition when they propose to do anything. And now what the country wants is a minister who will take the needful steps to protect our chief coaling-stations in different parts of the world, before the discovery is made on the outbreak of war that the ships on foreign stations dare not leave port, for fear lest the coal left unprotected behind should be destroyed in their absence, a contingency to which a great number of our foreign ports are now liable. In this respect the British public are living in a fool's paradise, from which some day they may find themselves rudely awakened.

And now we have run past the Needles, a striking scene at any time, and are at last at sea. Not very far away, certainly, but Christchurch and Eastbourne can only just be made out on the straight cliff, and must be reserved for a later visit. Also Swanage—the Knollsea of Mr Hardy's last delightful novel, and the scene of his admirable picture of the storm—to which we pass pretty close, and which is, of course, not a bit like what we expected. From the name we fancied Swanage a flat place, like Hayling; but the little town lies sheltered from the west by a very steep cliff, and on the other side is a noble range of downs,

which must offer some splendid walks and views. Altogether a very inviting little spot as seen from the sea, and being still ten miles from a railway station, one where life at the seaside might be endurable for those who take their pleasure sadly in that form. However, we cannot stop to explore the beauties of Swanage to-day, Weymouth being our destination; but the breeze still holding fresh on the quarter, it seems a tempting of Providence to turn into Portland Bay. At this season of the year westerly winds usually prevail in the Channel, and working down to the westward is therefore commonly a tedious job. We may not get such a chance again, so hold our course.

Portland Point looks bright and bare and glary, and uninviting even on this fine summer day; a truly dreary spot it must be in winter, open as it is to all the winds of heaven, and therefore an admirable place for the convict prison placed here, the only thing, except the two lighthouses, to be seen from the sea, for the stony little town is on the inner side of the island. The great breakwater can, of course, be made out, giving a noble anchorage for the largest ships in all weathers. The famous Portland Race is also very conspicuous, about half a mile off our course; but the skipper does not come in to Peter's proposition that we should run through it, protesting that even on this fine day we should get a wet deck for our pains. Our choice expanding with the favourable gale now lies between Exmouth and Torquay, and pronouncing for the latter we stand boldly across the great West Bay, soon almost losing sight of land, except the two headlands, although, as the afternoon wears on, we can make out Haldon heights and the steep hill above

Exmouth. The wind now falls light, so we pipe to dinner, and come on deck again just as the yacht is rounding the entrance into Torbay. Here, under the high cliffs, we are almost becalmed—a great disappointment to Nelly, who had looked to our sailing up to the pier with a “splash,” while the good folks of Torquay were taking the evening air; so, leaving the yacht to find her way to a mooring, we are rowed ashore, and take in the dark through the hilly roads of Torquay the “brisk walk” prescribed by our kind physician as the needful antidote against the sedentary part of yachting. Truly it is not a bad day's sail to leave Cowes at eleven, and reach Torquay in time for dinner, and we calculate with pride that by no combination of railway trains would it have been possible to reach the latter place so soon.

Next morning we take another long walk about the place, starting before the Torquay world is up, and while the occupants of the after-cabins of the yachts anchored round us are still below. Torquay has grown out of all recognition to the place associated with our young days. The rocks over which we used to clamber as children are now covered with handsome villas, including a splendid hotel; houses now reach all the way to Babbicombe, and the cliffs which rise above that once retired cove are crowned by a long row of more than usually hideous lodging-houses. And whereas Torquay used to be a tidal harbour, a pier has now been constructed, behind which vessels can lie at all times of the tide, securely sheltered from the south-east wind, the dangerous quarter in Torbay.

Torquay, with its sheltered aspect, cheerful streets and terraces, and sunny houses, must be a pleasant

enough place for people who are obliged to live in a town, and cannot live in London; but it is not the least of a watering-place. There is no beach, and scarcely any promenade by the sea, and there must be a very trying glare from these white roads in summer. They made hot walking even in the early morning. But, sailing out of Torbay, as we do after breakfast, it is impossible not to be impressed with the beautiful appearance of the town from the sea. As the Scotchman said, "I've seen Paris, and I've seen Peebles; and for pleasure give me Peebles;" and, absurd as it may appear to say so, we are disposed to give the palm to Torquay over Naples. Certainly the former has no Vesuvius for a background, and the muddy green of the English Channel is a poor substitute for Mediterranean blue; but then the enormous size of the city of Naples detracts from the view, especially when, after a closer acquaintance, there is always the unpleasing sense of the physical and moral corruption of the place. Ancona, seen from the sea, is a very striking city; but there is an air of dilapidation about some of the buildings which, it needs hardly be said, is absent from Torquay, while the latter is equally free from the shrimp and lodging-house aspect of most watering-places.

We run across Torbay with a good breeze still from the north-east, and are soon among the Brixham trawlers. Capital, well-found cutters they are, of from fifty to eighty tons, making good weather of it at times when the long, narrow steamers of the present day can hardly keep from foundering. It must be a pleasant sort of life, this on board a trawler; when the trawl-net is down, all hands can turn in save one at the helm; once during the tide only need they turn out to hawl up the trawl; and

there is always plenty to eat and drink on board. So they go on year after year scraping the bottom of the sea—the fish, notwithstanding, remaining as numerous as ever—with a port to leeward which they can always be sure of making in any weather. The Channel fishermen are better off in this respect than those who work the iron-bound east coast. But every life has its drawbacks, and the chances are that the Brixham fishermen have never learnt to play whist, and that the time sometimes hangs heavy on their hands.

We get off the Start in time to hope that we shall make Plymouth before dinner; but the wind now falls away, the tide turns, and we scarcely hold our own. One cannot grudge the opportunity of having a good look at these fine cliffs, although, notwithstanding the frenzy of the author of the Handbook of Devon on this head, they are not quite equal in point of majestic grandeur to the west coast of Scotland. The Start, or the Lizard, are points which homeward-bound vessels always try to make on their way up Channel, to announce their arrival; and two steamers run in while we are near the former, to signal their numbers to the telegraph station on the height. A flag is run up to the staff, to signify that the signal has been read; and in a few minutes the London merchant in his counting-house will know that the vessel has nothing but collisions between it and safe arrival in the Thames.

It being hopeless to expect to get into Plymouth before night, we determined to hold on for Falmouth, and take the former port on our return voyage. The night is perfectly calm, and the bearings of the Eddystone light alone indicate that we are making a little progress; the sea is sparkling with phosphor-

escence, and a little distant summer lightning adds additional beauty to the scene. The night is so delightful that it is an effort to go below. This is our first night at sea: the cabins are certainly very snug, and we all sleep like tops, to find ourselves in the morning about nine miles from Falmouth; and a light breeze now springing up, we dress and get our breakfast in time to have a full view of the approach to the harbour. We have often heard people talk about Falmouth, but neither they nor the geography books prepared us for the sight which met us as we rounded the lighthouse headland, of a large fleet of merchantmen lying at anchor in the spacious harbour. We counted upwards of fifty large sail, besides several steamers. These were not wind-bound, for the wind served for going either up or down Channel: they were simply waiting for orders. Falmouth, it appears, is greatly resorted to by vessels which come to anchor there till the consignee of the cargo has made up his mind at what port it is likely to find the best market, when down comes an order by telegraph, and the vessel sails for the port in question. But the delay must take something out of the profits. Fine though the roadstead be, we can quite believe the skipper's statement, that a south-west gale must bring in a nasty swell; but then in bad weather vessels can get further up, and find snug anchorage in some of the numerous inlets which make up Falmouth harbour. At the place where the Lomeri is brought up, off the town, we are quite landlocked. Falmouth thrives, no doubt, on the droppings of these numerous marketers; but the profits of trade have not yet taken the form of architectural development. The town comprises one very long, straggling, dirty street; but on the

height above is a new and cheerful suburb, whence a beautiful view is obtained of the broken coast outside.

Sallying forth for our own marketing, with Robert No. I. carrying the ship's basket behind us, we record as two noteworthy facts that every girl we meet is pretty, and every boy eating an apple. The good looks of the Cornish damsels are indeed very striking; but we become painfully impressed with the high cost of butcher's meat, not relatively to that at other places—for indeed Falmouth rates are low—but as compared with other things. Hitherto the problem had merely presented itself in the abstract form of seeing one's dinner on the table, and drawing a cheque for housekeeping at the end of the month; but now it is quite a shock to our moral sense to find that this morsel of steak which you might put in your pocket, or that wretched little chicken, costs absolutely more than all those noble loaves which almost fill up the ship's basket. 'Tis enough to make one become a vegetarian, and forswear animal food for ever. If one could only do without eating and drinking, how rich he might become! and what a happy world it would be, with gout and dentists equally unknown!

People with young children at the spade-and-bucket age and in search for a seaside place, Falmouth is surely the very one to suit. There never was such a beach for shells—they are literally in myriads; the beach is made up of them; there are miles of rocks too, where the receding tide leaves endless successions of crystal ponds full of seaweed, and prawns, and green crabs, and anemones, and other delightful objects. Then for older folks there is the ever-present beauty of the broken coast-line; and walking round Pendennis Castle, on the pro-

jecting point which forms one side of the harbour, and which makes an admirable lounge for indifferent walkers, you come upon the harbour and all the shipping. Let it be added that there is a new first-class and seemingly well-conducted hotel on a narrow spit between the harbour and the outer beach, commanding a beautiful view each way. A day at Falmouth must be worth a month at Brighton. Then a man fond of boating can be sure of always getting it; for whatever the weather may be at sea, there are the numerous inlets of the harbour to be investigated, and it must be capital fun working a five or ten-tonner in and about them. These inlets run for a long way inland; and when travelling by railway, and, as you may fancy, in the middle of Cornwall, and far away from the sea, you are surprised every now and then to see the lofty yards of a large ship rising out of the woods in the valley below. It is lying up for repairs against some little village, where the shipwright dwells side by side with the agricultural labourer.

We spent Sunday at Falmouth. The church is plain and ill-kept, with a wheezy organ, but the service appeared to have a certain ritualistic flavour. We have noticed very often, by the way, that the more hideous the church the more strongly pronounced is the ritualistic tendency of the incumbent; but the sweet tone of the soft Cornish voices came pleasantly on ears accustomed to the twang and vile accent of Berkshire village choirs. Altogether our visit to Falmouth, which the kindness of friends made us feel all too short, was much enjoyed; and we started for Penzance with regret, our journey being made by rail, as time did not permit of sailing there and back. It was worth while gaining some experience of land travelling in Cornwall, if only to see the ingenu-

ity with which all the arrangements of the railway company were devised with a view to keeping down traffic. Cornwall differs from most other counties, in that while the towns are small, and the county gentlefolk few, there is a very large mining population scattered over the surface. The only profitable traffic is therefore a third-class traffic, and the aim of the Cornwall Railway Company should obviously be to encourage travelling among the only people who occupy the country, by running frequent third-class trains at low fares. Instead of this, the third-class traffic is limited to the bare Parliamentary requirements; all the other trains (of which there are not too many) are first and second class only, and of course half empty even in the tourist season. More fatuous railway management we have seldom seen, although for general incompetence and inadaptability of means to ends the wretched little Isle of Wight Railway holds a leading place. Now that the Cornish line has passed into the hands of the Great Western, it may be hoped that a little common-sense will find its way into the traffic arrangements.

Penzance struck us as being a decidedly overrated place. There is neither the *soigné* aspect of Torquay, nor the picturesque simplicity of a real fishing town; but it has a ragged, straggling aspect, and although there are plenty of gardens a little way inland, the line of the sea is bare and dusty-looking, and not improved by the disjointed fragments of terraces and esplanades which are scattered along the edge, as if building speculation had proved abortive and been abandoned halfway. The famous St Michael's Mount, too, proved to be a gross imposition, forming quite an insignificant feature in the bay, instead of the splendid object produced by the

fancy of certain painters. On the whole, it struck us that Falmouth would be vastly superior either as a permanent residence, or a place to visit; and we left after a short stay without regret, for Fowey, whither the Lomeri had gone round in the morning. Fowey is about five miles from the railway; and as the omnibus which was advertised to meet every train proved to be a small pony phaeton with barely room for three besides the fat driver, Peter and his father were fain to walk, while Nelly took the only available seat in the rumble, beside a lady who consoled us by saying that we pedestrians should get there as soon as the carriage. As the event turned out we got there half an hour before it, the hills being steep and Peter in good walking trim, and we were fortunate to have escaped the phaeton, for of all forms of agony, being driven at a slow pace is perhaps the greatest. A walk over a strange country, on the other hand, is a real delight; and it was a great treat to come suddenly upon the quaint little town nestling on the side of the steep hill, which barely allows room for a path between the house and the sea. Fowey is a miniature Dartmouth, but with a better entrance to the harbour; while it resembles Falmouth in the numerous creeks which spread out like the fingers of a hand, all with deep water and steep hills on either side. For those in search of the primitive and unconventional, Fowey may be strongly recommended. It would not do for very young children, in respect of there being no beach to speak of, and dangerous cliffs; but boys old enough to take care of themselves would appreciate the climbing. There is a charming little sandy cove for bad swimmers, and plenty of rocks and deep water for the good; and the boating would be first-rate. The difficulty would be

to get accommodation, and it may be suspected that the sanitary arrangements are not quite according to the latest lights. But a branch railway is about to be opened, and no doubt new houses will follow, with greater comforts, and a sacrifice of the primitive aspect of the place now so charming.

The Lomeri was lying at her anchor to receive us on board, and Robert No. II., who was always up to time, looked up the hatchway as the yacht's cutter came alongside, to announce that our "high tea" was ready; to which meal, after a long day's travelling and walking upon a scanty lunch, we were able to do ample justice, while enjoying also to the full the change from land to the comforts of the sea. No luggage to look after, no hotel bills to pay, no rattling dusty railways, nor incompetent railway officials to irritate the temper; how calm and quiet is the little harbour, and how fresh the air when the lee skylight is nicely adjusted with its plug of rope of the due thickness! The large land bed, too, by its very size invites restlessness and tossing; whereas in these tiny little cots there is no room for moving, even were you so minded; nothing can be snigger.

The wind blows fresh all the night, rattling through the rigging even in this sheltered haven, with smart rain, and the skipper forecasts that there will be a "bit of a kick-up" outside, half suggesting that we might without impropriety defer departure. But this is just what we want; we want to find out what the yacht will be like in a sea-way, for so far we have had nothing but smooth water; so, after an early breakfast and scramble over the rocks at the harbour-mouth, now lashed with foam, we return on board and get under way, not without misgiving, however, lest we

should be discredited before the crew by involuntary misconduct of the stomach; for although all of us have proved good sailors on long steamer voyages, we are apt to be ill at starting. Soon the harbour-mouth is reached, and the little yacht salutes the sea by dipping her bowsprit into the waves, as we beat out with the first of the ebb against the wind. Ten minutes suffices to settle the point of conduct satisfactorily. The young people are as good sailors as papa; and thus one of the possible drawbacks of the cruise is disposed of, for it must detract from the pleasure even of yachting if people are disposed to be sea-sick. After all, the wind has gone down since the night, and we carry only one reef; and although the deck is wet and we all get well soused—for the Lomeri, although stiff, is lively—the wind is warm, and the sail round to Plymouth is much enjoyed. Just as we pass within the breakwater, and the *herr* papa is beginning to point out to the young people the beauties of the place, a heavy Channel fog comes on, blotting out all view to within a few feet of the sea-level; and bringing up in the Hamoaze a little to windward of the great three-decker guardship, it requires an effort after dinner to face the dull wet evening, and rowing to shore to walk into Plymouth. Devonport is not an inviting town in wet weather; but letters have to be called for, and supplies for the morrow laid in. The tramway service from Devonport to Plymouth is very good, and the cars go up and down a very stiff gradient by Stonehouse in an astonishing way.

Next morning, after Peter had taken his usual plunge overboard—while paterfamilias, forewarned of rheumatic twinges that he is not so young as he was, is fain to content himself with Miss Nightingale's recipe of a wet towel in the "governor's"

cabin—we land at Mount Edgecumbe and walk over the lovely park, this being fortunately the one day of the week on which it is open to the public. And, still more fortunately, just as we reach the highest point, the fog, which so far has been low over land and sea, suddenly lifts, and the whole lovely scene of Plymouth bursts on our delighted view. Those who know the place will understand what this must have been like on a fine August morning, with nature refreshed by the night's rain; to those who do not know this spot—to our thinking one of the most beautiful in the world—it would be hopeless to try and convey an impression of it. Certainly when that readjustment of property on equitable principles takes place which some patriots look forward to, a slice of Mount Edgecumbe is what we shall put in a claim for. And for spending a happy day, what place is like a dockyard for young people, to whom every sight there is a novelty? Everything so clean, and everybody so civil. The Channel Fleet, too, happens to be in dock, and we wander at our will over ironclads and gunboats and guardships, for a man-of-war is as accessible as Hyde Park to the public, and generally an intelligent quartermaster is told off to take the strangers round. A Prussian squadron is anchored in the Sound at this time, and several of the superior officers belonging to it are being conducted over the Yard. They look about them in an easy-going *nonchalant* manner, as if not particularly attentive enough to what is going on; but the mind can readily conceive the careful way in which they would write up their notes as soon as they got on board again.

Next morning a heavy fog and calm oblige us to abandon the plan of getting under way; and for

want of something better to do, we stroll into Plymouth for a little marketing, and pay a visit to the *coiffeur*. The ingenious proprietor of the shop drives his hair-brushes by a small turbine, an excellent application of that machine which is especially adapted for intermittent work of that kind, no motive power being expended except while the instrument is at work. But while sauntering on the Hoe, the fog suddenly lifts, and after enjoying the splendid panorama for a time, we hasten back to Devonport and on board, and getting up anchor as quickly as possible, stand out to sea. The Himalaya troop-ship comes into the Sound as we are working out. Built in ante-Crimean days, she was thought a very big ship then, as well as a very beautiful one. In point of size she is now quite a moderate vessel; but for looks we doubt if anything better has been built since: she sits the water like a yacht—in fact, very few yachts have such graceful lines. Working out of the Sound with a light breeze, warm sun, and smooth sea, it seems the perfection of lazy enjoyment. No doubt one would soon tire of this sort of thing; but once in a way, it is a delightful break in a busy life to sit thus on deck looking at the changing landscape, merely making a pretence of reading a book. But the softer aspect does not last long. We have hardly cleared the breakwater when the wind shifts to the eastward, and a cross sea gets up with squalls of rain, and we have a cold and wet beat up to Dartmouth. A pelting wet night follows, and in the snug security of our cabin we are again able to find a full meed of compassion for the poor folks exposed to all the muddy discomfort of the land.

Next morning, bright, fresh, and sunny, presents one of those sud-

den contrasts which our charming climate affords; and going ashore, our heartstrings are wrung as usual at encountering the price of butchers' meat in the concrete. Yet rustic shopping in Devon is enjoyable, to the sound of that pleasant homely accent, scarcely heard for a quarter of a century, surely the most agreeable of all English *patois*, especially when spoken by the comely young housewives with which that county is so bountifully supplied. And if the butchers' meat is dear, how cheap are the eggs and butter, and that excellent Devonshire cream! on which, happily, Dr C—— has not laid a veto.

Walking to the castle by the harbour-mouth—ever mindful of our good doctor's injunctions about a "brisk walk" daily—we wait there for the Lomeri's boat to pick us up, as the yacht works up to the point; not too soon, for there is only just enough of the ebb left to take us out of this difficult harbour, where the high land is apt to take all the wind out of your sails at the critical moment. This day was the perfection of fine-weather sailing, for the wind has now in the most obliging way shifted to west, and we run down the coast and across Torbay with a calm sea, bright sun, and fair breeze. We lie-to off Teignmouth for a couple of hours, going ashore for the letters, which, as usual, we don't find, and revisiting the haunts familiar to childhood. Nothing has changed but the actors in those happy days. The old 'Diamond' which used to be hired more than thirty years ago, and in which kind elder brothers often took us out, although no doubt we were dreadfully in the way, is still to be hired by the day or week, and apparently as sound as ever; but the worthy crew who used to man

her have long since made their last cruise in Charon's boat. Nevertheless Teignmouth, after remaining stationary all that time, has now at last become inoculated with the spirit of the age; a pretentious new terrace has lately been built, quite dwarfing the old houses on the "Den" that used to look so respectable, and a number of well-dressed people are loitering about, listening to an Italian band. Strange notion of pleasure, to go to the seaside in order to dress well and listen to an Italian band! And yet one must not be too hard on the good folks. Perchance to the yachtsman who spends the summer exploring ice-bound Novaia Zemlia, or working through the big seas of the Western Isles, this homely little cruise in the sheltered Channel waters sounds mild and tame; and to a man who perforce spends his life in a London counting-house or a Manchester mill, it may well seem sufficient for content to be sitting on the Den at Teignmouth, even though an Italian band be playing. And truly one might choose an uglier spot. The perspective of red and marble cliffs reaching from the bold Ness to the Ore Stone is as pretty a bit of coast-line as one would wish to see, and the view up the Teign towards Dartmoor seems more beautiful than ever. But Exmouth is our destination this evening, and it seems to take only a few minutes to run across Dawlish Bay, and, taking the flood up the Exe, to come to an anchor off the Warren. The afternoon was still young; and we could not help thinking how pleased Dr C—— would have been, if he had seen how we walked ourselves off our legs visiting old haunts, and what a frugal dinner succeeded the exercise.

We were obliged to get under way early next morning in order to take the tide out with us, for

nothing can be done in Exmouth harbour against the tide; but long before it is time to start, the short-handed coasting-vessels around us are making preparations for departure, and the rattling of their cables as they heave them short awakes the "governor," although the more practical crew still keep snug in their hammocks. There is not a breath of wind stirring, and the beauty of the scene on that early August morning, with the rays of dawn lighting up Haldon heights and the broad estuary of the Exe, is a thing to be remembered. The Cornwall coast is beautiful; but for that kind of landscape beauty which with colour and form brings up also associations of peace and comfort, the estuary of the Exe at high water is, to our thinking, the most pleasing landscape on the English coast. Swiftly we drift down the narrow channel between the Warren and the beach, not a soul being up yet except the coast-guardsmen; and the early bathers, when they come down, will wonder what has become of the yacht which yesterday made quite a conspicuous feature in the small harbour. The ebb runs fast, fortunately for us, there not being enough wind to give the yacht steerage-way, and her head veers about from point to point, and her course is with difficulty kept within the buoys which mark out the narrow channel. Not much chance of getting to Weymouth to-day; it will be well if we make Portland Point; and we are not making enough way to render fishing of any use. But while we are below at breakfast, somewhere off the land between Budleigh Salterton and Sidmouth, having made about six miles in four hours, the rippling of the water against the yacht's sides announces wind; a light breeze from the S.W. has sprung up, which freshens every

minute, and soon we are spanking along with all sail set, including the large square sail now hoisted for the first time. The little Lomeri goes fast on an even keel; even the high land about Portland Point can be made out; evidently if all goes well we shall be able to make Weymouth to-night. Meanwhile nothing can be more delightful than the sensations of the ship's company, with a bright sun, a calm sea, and the warm soft westerly wind abaft. We sit on deck, each with a book in hand, but it is impossible to keep one's eyes fixed on it, for every minute some new point of land is coming into view, or another vessel passing us. We meet a good many yachts beating down to the westward, and a long business it is likely to be, for the westerly winds seem to have set in at last. We have certainly been in great luck so far, always to have carried a leading wind with us. The afternoon is still young as we round Portland Point, again prudently avoiding the race, and Weymouth can be made in an hour; but now a greater ambition possesses us. Why should we not push on for the Wight? If we get to the Needles by six, we shall carry the tide with us right up to Cowes and Ryde. And accordingly, withstanding the desire to visit Swanage and explore its picturesque downs, we hold on our easterly course, and the wind holds on too. The Needles are reached by about half-past six, and we run through the narrow passage past Hurst Castle over the bubbling water of a strong flood-tide. Inside the island the wind loses part of its force, but enough remains to bring us, before the tide turns, off Ryde Pier by half-past nine, just as the last train is starting; and we have time to take our place for Sandown, whither the rest of our party arrived from London a few hours before.

A quiet Sunday on shore is followed by a day's cruise inside the Wight for the benefit of the more juvenile members of the party; when our youngest, after an ebullition of the wildest spirits, which keeps everybody on the tenter-hooks of expectation lest she should tumble overboard or down one of the hatchways, suddenly collapses, without warning, and the sea being perfectly smooth, and piteously demands to be taken back instantly to Ryde. Then come out some of the sweeter characteristics of the gentler sex. What man, I wonder, be he ever so amiable, would be content to exchange the cool deck for a hot cabin, sitting with a sea-sick child in his lap, bathing its temples with *eau-de-Cologne*, a basin handy the while, and soothing it to sleep? But materfamilias does all this so tenderly that the child is made quite happy, and while thus petted thinks it no hardship that the cruise should be prolonged by a calm till far into the night.

And now we start for the French coast, our ship's company recruited by the addition of an eldest son, whom the stern requirements of a coming examination had kept reading at home during our first cruise. This addition necessitates an alteration in our disposition below; and accordingly, the aforesaid Tom and his father take possession of the two-berth ladies' cabin aft, Nelly being promoted to that rightfully belonging to the "governor;" while Peter, as before, is to occupy a shake-down in the saloon. A fresh whole-sail breeze is blowing as we weigh anchor in the afternoon from Sandown Bay, with enough westing in it to allow us to make a straight board for what the skipper calls "Havver." This wind is accompanied by a slight lop, the result being that, when we pipe to dinner, Tom discovers a sudden desire to

gaze on ocean ; while the rest of us, like weather-beaten salts, dive fearlessly below, and do justice to the good things with which Robert No. II. has furnished the well-spread table. If the wind holds, we shall make the French coast before daylight. But now we have an illustration of the glorious uncertainty of yachting, for suddenly the wind falls, and there comes on a dense Channel fog, and the watch on deck pass the night blowing the fog-horn, an instrument which, by the way, is as unlike any other sort of horn in sound as it can well be. This is the one danger to which yachts are exposed. A well-found yacht can beat off a lee-shore in any weather ; but yachts possess no immunity from being run down at night ; and so crowded is the Channel, the wonder seems to be, not that so many accidents happen, but that there are so few. However, the chance lessens as we get further away from the English coast, all the traffic being on that side.

Notwithstanding the lightness of the breeze, we have made the French coast by daybreak, about ten miles to the west of Havre ; so the skipper reports. He had hugged the wind so as to make as much westing as he could during the night, and would now run before the wind to Havre. Soon a village can be made out on the beach ; this must evidently be Trouville, which we scan with all the interest felt on a first acquaintance with a strange land, and are surprised to find that famous watering-place so humble-looking a collection of houses. There are not so many bathing-machines as one might expect ; and we can make out only one building answering to the description of a casino. And now the skipper points out "Havver ;" and the pier-head and lighthouse

on the cliff can soon be made out. As we draw near, "Havver" appears surprisingly small for so important a place. "Surely, Abel, there must be some mistake ; there is hardly a vessel to be seen inside. Where is all the shipping ?" "No mistake, sir," replies the skipper, who has never been here before ; "there is the lighthouse marked on the chart ; and there are the piers. The vessels are all lying high up the harbour." "But I don't see any river," still objects the 'governor ;' "we ought to be crossing the mouth of the Seine just here ; but there is no sign of any river." The skipper, however, was very positive, not to say contemptuous. The river could not be seen, because it was low water. And what place could it be but Havre ? There was no other port on this part of the coast. While this discussion is going on, the yacht is rapidly approaching the harbour. We had no pilot ; but a schooner-yacht which had been lying to outside, evidently waiting for the top of the flood, has just taken one on board, and we follow in its wake ; and, looking at the chart, while the skipper takes the helm, the unknown port—for Havre it certainly is not—is at once recognised to be Fécamp. There on the chart are the little piers plainly set out ; and there, too, is the lighthouse on the cliff. However, there is no time to turn back now, for we are running in now on the tide, without enough wind to stay her course, and in a very few minutes are moored alongside of the pier. The worthy Abel looks humble, not to say crushed, and we practise a forbearing magnanimity for the rest of the cruise in not alluding to Fécamp, although feeling to be much more of a "governor" in consequence of this little incident than we were before.

As in all French ports, the

amount of quay-space at Fécamp is quite out of proportion to the amount of trade, which is represented just now by about half-a-dozen coasting vessels. There is also a good-sized, regularly-built town, the inhabitants of which must apparently be puzzled to find means of gaining a livelihood; and a portentously dull casino, or combined hotel-restaurant and bathing-place on the beach. Breakfast and bathing completed, there can apparently be absolutely nothing to do for the rest of the day. There is no band, or library, or amusement of any sort; the country is uninviting, and the pebbly beach does not invite walking. Apparently the principal occupation for the visitors is to sit in a chair smoking, and silently gazing at the sea; but even this resource must fail in wet weather. So much we infer from a very rapid inspection; for if we would not have an enforced acquaintance with Fécamp dissipation, we must go out at once with the first of the ebb, which we accordingly do, and have a long beat down the coast against a light wind to Havre, which place we must have been close to this morning, but to leeward instead of windward as Abel had supposed. The place which, misled by his blunder, we had supposed to be Trouville, turns out to be Étretat, a neat little bathing-place nestling at the foot of some steep cliffs. Probably economical, and adapted for families in search of French and quiet.

The voyager in the Channel cannot fail to notice how unequally nature has distributed her advantages between the opposite shores. All the way along on the English coast, from the Land's End to the eastern extremity of the narrow seas, is a succession of harbours with deep water at all times of the tide—Falmouth, Fowey, Salcombe, Plymouth, Dartmouth, Weymouth,

Portsmouth, Southampton, Sheerness, and the Thames; to say nothing of safe roadsteads, and minor harbours like Exmouth and Poole, which by the French would be regarded as of the first importance. But along the north French coast there is not a single decent natural harbour, and the artificial ones are all very imperfect. Even at Havre, which is a large city with a great trade and frequented by big ocean-going steamers, there is no water at low tide, and the little Lomeri has to lie outside for three hours—a very unpleasant thing to have to do in bad weather, for the coast abounds in hidden shoals, indicated by an intricate system of buoys and beacons. No wonder, then, that the English are a nation of sailors; cause and effect act and react on each other. Well may the French be envious of the fortunate possessors of the happy northern shore.

While the little yacht lies outside the pier-head, waiting for enough water to go in, we row ashore in the calm evening. No sort of objection is made to our landing, nor are any customs formalities imposed. To belong to a "Yot Anglais" was found here, as at all the French ports we visited, to be a sufficient passport to civility; and after a stroll through the handsome town, where every sight is novel and interesting to the younger members of the party, and supper at a restaurant, we return to find the Lomeri moored in the central dock, alongside one of the best streets. For at Havre the docks are in the very centre of the city, and you step from the deck of your vessel on to the boulevards. Imagine Wapping transported to Regent Street and Pall Mall, and some idea may be formed of the appearance of Havre. It is a very fine city, with handsome public buildings, wide streets, well-planted boulevards with capital tram-

cars running to all parts, excellent shops, and of course an abundance of *cafés*, brilliant and hot at night with gas. The heights above the city are covered with spacious villas, occupied presumably by the merchants who make their money in the thriving mart spread at their feet. Nor is the Wapping of Havre at all objectionable to the senses. Although the best streets are crowded at evening with the sailors from the adjacent ships, there is nothing to offend either eye or ear, and there seem to be no slums. The poor classes must be numerous, as in every large city, but even the worst streets consist of well-built houses; there is nothing to correspond with the dismal wilderness of squalid cottages that the railways intersect which come into London—as, for example, from Clapham to Waterloo—and which forces on the traveller the question whether the trade and prosperity of a country are really matters for gratulation, when accompanied by an indefinite extension of dirt and poverty-stricken suburbs. At any rate, Havre and other large French ports are standing evidence that trade and squalor are not indissolubly connected. And although from long association we dwellers in large English towns may have become accustomed to wallow in dirt and its attendant discomfort, it is easy to understand, after seeing a cheerful, well-kept trading town in France, how unutterably dismal and dreary the combined dirt and climate of English town life must seem to the expatriated Frenchman.

But it can rain on occasion even in Normandy. The steady downpour of the succeeding day after our arrival might have taken place in Devonshire; and in the snug shelter of our little cabin, we thought that the people on shore with leaky roofs must be having a bad time of it. And the casino on the beach, a large

hotel and bathing establishment whither we go to dine—tired at last of books and whist, getting very wet on the way while trying to find a *fiacre*—is not very lively under the circumstances. The pottering life affected by Frenchmen at the seaside, which seems to consist chiefly in sitting about, smoking, and drinking an indefinite quantity of coffee and cognac, may be all very well on a fine summer's night, on the edge of a calm moonlit sea but when it is blowing half a gale of wind, and hardly a spot under the wide verandas is sheltered from the beating rain, this mode of taking pleasure becomes sad in the extreme. The band, driven indoors, is loud and brassy; the rooms, lighted with a profusion of gas chandeliers, are hot and stuffy; the dancing withal seems to go with wonderfully little spirit, considering that most of the people appear to be residents, and therefore presumably acquaintances. But next morning Havre is all smiles and sunshine; and as we drop out of the harbour with the first of the ebb, a large 2000-ton emigrant steamer coming in at the same time over what the evening before was almost dry land, the wind obligingly shifts to north-east, and we have every prospect of a speedy run to Cherbourg. But the breeze gets lighter and lighter, and when the tide turns we cannot do more than hold our own. But the air is delicious; and having earned an idle afternoon by a long morning walk before starting, we are in a position to enjoy it thoroughly, although it is difficult to avoid dropping off to sleep while making-believe to read in an easy-chair. One might suppose that it needed eleven months of hard work to appreciate the idleness of the twelfth, were it not that the crew seem equally capable of enjoying it without this stimulus. They are always ready to go to

sleep when off duty, Robert No. I. especially, whose favourite resort is a little hole aft, called the sail-room, and whose appearance, after he has had a good nap on the spare jibs, entirely disposes of the hypothesis that a certain amount of cubic breathing-space is necessary for health. On this occasion Robert No. I. is taking his nap on the bowsprit-end, while Edward amuses himself by taking shots at his mouth with a wet swab, and then diving down the fore-castle-hatch before the sleeper opens his eyes—Canute the mate, who is at the helm, looking on benevolently at his playful “sons,” as he calls them; while the skipper is taking his nap on the dignity of the “standing bedplace.” The only busy person is Robert No. II. He is always ready to work; no one bears a hand at the capstan with more spirit when the anchor is weighed—he goes up the rigging quicker than anybody else—and seems to take a real pleasure in cooking and providing for our comfort. Our orders are to put out the galley fire at seven in the evening, so that the fore-castle may be cool for the crew when they turn in; but if we come on board late, we always find that Robert No. II. has “kept a bit of fire in.” He thinks a cup of tea would do us good after our long walk, and one cannot help overlooking the breach of rule in the kind intention. Just now, Robert No. II. is having a grand sweeping-out of the cabins, and the sofa-cushions are being brushed over the side and divested of superfluous crumbs. Towards evening it falls dead calm, the yacht loses all steerage-way, and the main boom flops heavily from side to side with the motion of the slight swell left by the previous day’s breeze. The experience is not an unpleasant one for once in a way. The crew are all below, for there is no use in keeping a hand at the helm; the younger

male members of the party are skylarking about the rigging, an amusement in which Miss Nelly, judging from her wistful upward glances, would fain join. There is not a sail in sight, and the only part of the French coast to be made out is the low land of Cape Barfleur, with its lofty lighthouse. Presently strains of music are heard proceeding from the fore-castle. The skipper has produced a concertina, and the ship’s company treat us to a concert of Moody and Sankey’s hymns. This is a strange sensation of being thus a lonely company on the waters. We have made voyages before, but in crowded steamers, and always moving on. The curious thing is the being cut off in this way from the rest of the world of your own choice, and the total uncertainty about your future progress. But for the jaded politician or over-worked man of business, there can be no change so thorough and refreshing as yachting. Go where you may on land, you will always be within reach of the telegraph, and the post will be sure to find you out; but a few hours’ sail takes you beyond the reach of pursuit. Life on the sea is still as little influenced by the hurry and bustle of modern times as it was in the days of Jason; and the very uncertainty of progress, and the complete control which you possess over the disposal of your own time, must have great charms for the man accustomed to spend his days in trying from morning till night to overtake his engagements. One such evening as we are passing now, with its sense of absolute calm and quiet, would be an invaluable antidote for the nervous invalid suffering from an overdose of the high pressure of modern living. But the yachter in search of health should manage to make frequent visits to the land, for the sea air gives an appetite

and unless he can get his "brisk walk" daily, the cruise may do as much harm as good. Not that our crew, however, seem to suffer at all from want of walking exercise. I know not if they be exceptionally lazy fellows, but they never go ashore of their own choice. The work of a well-manned yacht can never be heavy at any time, and when in harbour it must be light; and if it were not that they have to row us to and fro from the yacht to the shore, and once a-week to lay in a fresh stock of water, they would never get any exercise at all. Yet the life seems to agree with them wonderfully well. The skipper has not even this amount of exertion, his functions being limited to taking the tiller when we go in or out of harbour; he eats three good meals a-day, sleeps for two, and yet is as thin as a whipping-post. Happy fellow! But this is flying in the face of Providence and Dr C.

Next morning the tall lighthouse of Cape Barfleur is still a few miles on our port bow, just where it was when we turned in. The very light breeze which has been blowing during the night has only enabled the yacht to hold her own against the tide, which runs with great force here. Tall lighthouses are needed in these parts, for the coast is low, and girt with dangerous shoals and reefs, which vessels do well to give a wide berth to. However, there is not a sail to be seen, save a fishing-boat or two; in this respect there is a very marked contrast between the two sides of the Channel. The tide turning, we begin at last to move: having kept as near inshore as was safe, we get the first of the ebb, and witness the curious phenomenon of two tides running at the same time in two different directions, like two separate rivers. It is still making to the eastward at sea, while running

down inshore. There is a great bubbling of waters along the well-marked line of demarcation, which swarms with fish, pursued by a crowd of birds and a shoal of porpoises, which play for a long time within pistol-shot of us. But, notwithstanding the favouring tide, we do not get into Cherbourg Roads until the afternoon is well advanced, having taken more than thirty hours to make the short run from Havre. Well, it has been as pleasant a time as fine weather and happy spirits could make it.

Cherbourg breakwater is a glorified edition of that at Plymouth, and encloses a very fine roadstead; but there is a pretty large opening left between the end of it and the land towards the north-east, and there must be a considerable sea inside when the wind blows hard from that quarter. The importance of such a harbour on the unprotected French coast can hardly be overestimated. And the Government dockyard is a fine establishment on a large scale, with roomy docks all excavated out of the solid rock. But the place is quiet enough just now, a couple of old-fashioned steam corvettes being the only men-of-war in the roads. There are very commodious commercial docks also, quite separate from the navy yard, and now almost empty. Trade will not be forced into new channels merely by affording facilities. Nor will it be easily driven out of old customary channels, even from places where it is carried on under constant difficulties. Any one who has seen the narrow and tortuous Avon at low tide must feel that the wonder is, not that the trade of newer ports should be outstripping the trade of Bristol, but that any trade should still cling to that most inconvenient port. It seems still more wonderful that any shipping should have ever attempted such difficult navi-

gation in the days before steam. Yet Bristol continues to flourish, and its awkward, ill-arranged docks are crowded, while the roomy wharves of Cherbourg remain empty. Indeed, but that a few English yachts are lying here, the harbour would have but a desolate appearance. The town is cheerful and well built, with the pleasing feature of having no straggling suburbs, the main street rising up at once from the country on one side and the sea on the other, as if its area had been limited at some time by fortifications. But although the general aspect of the town is cheerful, we fancy the cheerfulness is merely external. Life inside these tall houses must be rather dismal, one would think. There is no sense of snugness about them. That young lieutenant of the line, for example, who is just letting himself with his private key into his lodging in a back street, must find his solitary room *au quatrième* a dull resort in wet or winter weather, with no comfortable mess or reading-room to go to. No wonder French officers potter all day about the *cafés*. But the idleness of mankind generally and not French officers only, is something awful to contemplate. The time from five in the afternoon till midnight seems to be devoted in these Continental towns to doing nothing. After all, perhaps, things are not so much better at home. How many London men do anything useful after business hours? The time passed in the train on the way home is killed by spelling through the 'Globe,' or—for there is a lower depth still—the evening 'Echo.' Then comes an idle half-hour in the garden,—a pardonable indulgence, perhaps, after a day spent in a dismal city office,—to be followed by a heavy dinner. Another stroll in the garden ekes out

the long summer evening till it becomes time for bed. There is conversation, it may be said; but what conversation can be worth listening to which takes up four or five hours a-day? So passes day after day and year after year. No one seems to read anything nowadays; what brains people have are devoted to the accumulation of money. The idleness of mankind is something awful to contemplate.

Cherbourg being reported to do a considerable trade with England in eggs and dairy produce generally, we endeavour to forestall the operations of the market by laying in a stock at first hand, the result being that we buy our eggs for a good deal more than the same articles would cost at home after they had paid toll to three or four middlemen; and the current price for a diminutive chicken seems to be about fifty per cent above that of Leadenhall Street. But the proprietor of a "Yot Anglais" is evidently regarded as fair game. In Devonshire and Cornwall, on the other hand, provisions were really cheap. But this marketing in a Norman town is very good fun; the butter and eggs, if dear, are at any rate fresh, and the young people carry back in triumph a French loaf about as long as the yacht's bowsprit, and which, declining to accommodate itself to the companion-ladder, has to be taken below through the hatchway.

Cherbourg, besides containing the usual supply of French soldiers, is all brimful of sailors, fine-looking fellows, who live in barracks, are much drilled, clean shaven—this clean shaving is evidently made a great point of in the French navy—and look as if they could do anything but serve on board ship. The land-side of the town and dock-yard is of course strongly fortified, the hills around being all studded

with detached forts, built thirty years too soon, however, and therefore somewhat too near the dockyard for modern defence. The country at the back is very pretty, hilly, wooded, well watered. Of course there is a casino at Cherbourg on the shore, with an infinite number of bathing-boxes attached. The bathing is passably good when the tide is in, but the coast is flat, and the tide seemed to be always out, and the sea-margin several miles off. This casino, a well-organised establishment, belonging to a limited company, has an English manager; and families in search of quiet and excursions into a pretty country, where, too, the trout-fishing is reported to be good, might do worse than establish themselves here for the summer. But to the people of Cherbourg the attraction of the casino lies in the evening reunions. All Cherbourg, military, naval, and civilian, may be seen flocking there about sunset, to listen for an hour to the military band which plays in the casino gardens, and afterwards to repair for dancing to the large *salon*. Considering that these meetings take place two or three times a-week, the formality which attends them is impressive. One might have expected to see a little mild flirtation precede the dancing, or at least an exchange of friendly greetings between people who are evidently accustomed to meet one another so frequently. Not a bit of it. The ladies range themselves on chairs placed round the room, while the gentlemen either stand sheepishly in the doorways, or walk up and down in couples within the enclosure formed by the seated ladies, looking wistfully at them, but not daring to speak. One young gentleman especially, with dark hair and moustache, and a haughty, not to say fierce bearing, not unlike the picture of Lord Kew's antagonist

in 'The Newcomes,' and whom, following Mr Wagg's method of induction, we feel certain must be a clerk in the subprefecture, stalks up and down in company with a midshipman, glaring ferociously about him, and curling his moustaches. At first we set down this bearing to the workings of a supercilious temperament, but further observation shows it to be really the result of shyness. The young gentleman is evidently bent on asking some lady to be his partner for the first dance, but cannot summon up sufficient courage to make the plunge. At last the ice is broken, mainly through the exertions of a benevolent major of infantry, who, by dint of running actively about the room, succeeds in getting two or three couples to stand up together. The midshipman pairs off with a tall matron, and, when the waltzing actually begins, our dark hero in the agony of despair goes up to a very small girl in a back seat and leads her into the throng. But, these little difficulties apart, the good folks of Cherbourg certainly understand the art of rational and cheap amusement. In England, where nothing can be done cheaply, in order to dance some one or other must spend a great deal of money, and there must be show, and fuss, and ostentation. Here the waltzing can be done for a few centimes an hour.

We got to Cherbourg too late to visit the dockyard, and the next day being Sunday it was not on view. There is a French Protestant church at Cherbourg; but Tom and Peter being public-school boys, cannot of course speak a word of French, so that a service in that tongue would not tend to edification. There is, however, an English service to be held at the casino. Some one has made the profound observation that

wherever there is a large city, Providence has furnished it with a river to give the needful water; and we have noticed that wherever an English community is to be found abroad, no matter how small, there also will an English chaplain be forthcoming. A room at the casino is set apart for divine service, the congregation consisting of one English family and the quarter-deck occupants of the *Lomeri*. It must be confessed that the ritual of the English Church under such circumstances does not appear to the best advantage, and it is not surprising that the French should regard English Churchmen as a sort of spurious dissenters.

From Cherbourg the yachtsman naturally turns to the Channel Islands, and Alderney, the nearest, is but a three hours' sail, and even our light breeze carries us there in an afternoon. We had heard so much of the beauty of the Channel Islands that we expected great things from Alderney, and it was a disappointment to find it a particularly uninteresting little island, flat, of no great elevation, and with barely a single tree. The harbour, if such it can be called—for even with the aid of the long pier or breakwater about which so much has been heard, it is exposed to the north-east—bristles with fortifications, and any one attempting to take it would probably find the job cost a good deal more than the place was worth. No doubt the possession of this harbour in case of war would be a standing menace to France, for vessels might lie there within a few miles of the French coast, under shelter of its guns; but what good they would do by lying there is not so apparent. A great deal of public money must have been spent here,—in fact the island has evidently lived on the fortifications and breakwater, for its exports

must be insignificant. The size of the town, which lies just above the harbour, but at some little distance from the shore, is altogether out of proportion to the wants of the island; and now that the public works have come to an end, two houses out of every three are deserted, which gives the place a dismal aspect. The people are all at church as we land; and the voices of the congregation of a little Wesleyan chapel singing a hymn as we pass by, sound very sweet to ears accustomed to the harsh Berkshire accent. At the parish church, too,—a handsome building—a choral service is very respectably performed. But, indeed, the people of Alderney speak as well as sing softly, with a curious half-French idiom. The sights of the island are soon exhausted, being not more numerous than the snakes in Iceland: half an hour's walking takes you across the island, and twice that time from one end to the other. But to the political economist Alderney would be full of interest, for peasant proprietorship and *la petite culture* may be seen to perfection. The island is held in small, most of them very small, farms, tilled by the owner, and every available bit of it is under cultivation, the division of the little parallelograms which constitute the different properties being marked at most by a slight furrow, but easily distinguished by the difference of crops. Every plot has its Alderney cow, judiciously tethered so as to admit of its getting enough to eat without permitting waste. At this season of the year the cows are kept out all night, the owners coming out to milk them and returning to their houses in the town, where every one lives, there being no scattered farm-houses on the island. During the winter the cattle are kept entirely indoors; and indeed the little island must be very bleak, exposed

to the full force of the Atlantic gales, with no shelter anywhere except on the one road, which is bounded by high stone walls. Such a state of society, of course, affords no room for the middle classes, and except the officers stationed here, the doctor and the rector are the only gentlefolks on the island, which, however, appears equally free from paupers. Everybody is well dressed, and the poorest house is a palace compared with the ordinary cottage of the English peasant. Certainly, if peasant proprietorship is not favourable to the accumulation of wealth in a few hands, it is at any rate hostile to pauperism; and there is probably a much higher average of happiness in Alderney than in any English community of the same size. The clergyman, it appears, has held the living for nearly twenty years, and his children have been educated on the island, never going further than Guernsey—which place, indeed, seems to be regarded by the people of Alderney as the embodiment of all that is extensive and magnificent. Truly a curious life to be going on so close to the high pressure of modern times. At Guernsey, with its daily steamer from Southampton, you get your ‘Times’ only one day old, and the evening ‘Pall Mall’ on the following day, and plenty of money is spent in the island which has been saved elsewhere; but at Alderney the only communication with the outer world is by means of a very small packet, called there ‘The Cutter,’ but which is in fact a yawl, which plies to Guernsey, and occasionally arrives at its destination, bringing back the mails and such small cargo as constitutes the import trade. The Cutter must have a bad time of it during the long winter nights on that dangerous coast, for it can hardly make the passage in a winter’s day. The only shops in Alderney are the

butcher’s, the baker’s, and the grocer’s; for the people, although they have enough to live upon, having little or no spare cash, there is no room for commercial development. We did not see a book or print for sale in the place. Another phenomenon which would have interested a political economist, was the total absence of the commercial spirit, owing to the want of any stimulating cause to bring it out. At Guernsey and the French ports this spirit was rife enough, and the arrival of a yacht is the signal for boats to put off with the tradesmen’s cards, soliciting custom; but at Alderney, where it might have been supposed the appearance of a yacht full of hungry people would have been hailed as an excellent agency for getting rid of their superfluous edibles, there was not only no desire, but an absolute disinclination, to sell. The butcher made quite a favour of letting us have some meat, although his unwillingness might be accounted for from the fact that he had only a limited stock for his regular customers, all of which comes from Cherbourg; but there was just the same difficulty about getting butter and milk, the staple produce of the island. After much inquiry, and being passed on from one house to another, we at last came upon one, the owner of which confessed to dealing in milk. When the article had been measured out, however, a difficulty arose about carrying it away, as we had forgotten to bring the yacht’s milk-can with us. As the lady did not offer to help us out of it, we asked if she could direct us to any place where we could buy an empty bottle. They would sell us a bottle at the house on the left, four doors lower down, she’d dare say, if we asked them; “and they will sell you milk too,” she added, as we were quitting the shop, pouring, as she spoke, the

milk we had just purchased back into the can. Scarcity, therefore, does not always create competition. The ways of seller and buyer are very much matters of habit; and from having no market for their wares, the good people of Alderney have lost the desire for one.

The sights of Alderney being thus soon exhausted, we do not want to prolong our stay, and planning an early sail next morning down to Guernsey, get under way at daybreak, just as the tide suits. Nothing is to be done against the tides here, which run with great force. The harbour faces to the north-east, and we must therefore get out while the tide is slack, and if there be wind enough to let us get clear of the island and gain an offing, we shall easily run down the twenty miles to Guernsey in one tide, whatever may be the state of the wind. And as we let go from our moorings, a very light puff of air from the southward just suffices to carry us to the head of the breakwater; for the harbour being small, and having no stream to run out, the current within is but slack. But having got so far, the wind fails us, and even if we get beyond the harbour, there is no strength left to carry us clear of the island. The rush of water past the head of the breakwater tells us what there would be to contend against outside; and to avoid drifting on the dangerous reefs which surround the island, we are fain to stay our course and let the tide carry us back again to the head of the harbour, where we bring up ignominiously at our old moorings. There is nothing for it but another lost day in Alderney harbour, of which, save the afore-said cutter, the *Lomeri* is the sole tenant. The boys get a splendid swim overboard in the clear deep water—a joy from which paterfamilias, suffering, alas! from an

attack of *Anno Domini*, is obliged to abstain. One cannot be walking about all day; and somehow, while you may feel a great desire to read at other times, the mere fact that there is nothing else to be done makes books for once uninviting. Rowing about an empty harbour soon palls on the young people; the fish decline to be caught; and there is only the brisk walk morning and evening to break the day. The forts will repay a visit, and there are plenty of them. The soldiers in garrison seem to be well satisfied with their quarters, prices being low and duty light; but when it is said of the officers that the catching of sand-eels is their most exciting occupation, it will be understood that they are reduced to the last extremity of boredom. But, uninteresting though the island is in itself, a second walk round repays the pedestrian by the view; the French coast and the other islands, Guernsey and Sark, so plain this evening that it is difficult to believe they are twenty miles off, while even Jersey is distinctly visible in the clear air. There is always something mysterious in the view of a distant island when the whole length can be seen at once, terminated at each end by the sea; and to-night the sea is literally quite calm, and the whole scene exquisitely placid. But it can evidently look very different at other times. A few miles west of Alderney is that very dangerous cluster of rocks known as “The Caskets,” from which the mariner is now happily warned by a triple lighthouse; but the seas round these islands are studded with reefs and rocks, and, indeed, to read in the pilot book the description of the dangers which await the mariner in these parts, one might suppose that nothing short of a miracle could ever save him from

shipwreck. East of the island, between it and the French coast, is the famous "race" of Alderney, where the tide is said to run at times nine knots an hour—probably an exaggeration denoting its great velocity. Just now the surface is quite smooth, there being no wind to knock up the swell for which the race is distinguished; but we can see a fishing-boat which has been caught in it in course of being whirled along helplessly at a great pace. It will be carried half-way to Guernsey before it gets out of the stream. The great force of the tides on this part of the coast is explained by its configuration. A great promontory projects into the Channel almost perpendicularly to it, so the water heaped up in the bay thus formed must needs struggle violently for exit, forming a bewildering combination of vehement currents.

Next morning we again attempt the manœuvre of the preceding day, and this time with success. There is just enough wind to enable us to work out of harbour, and get clear of the north coast of the island, and give "The Caskets" a wide berth, when the yacht's head is turned to the southward, and we run down to Guernsey with a light breeze, but with progress due more to tide than wind. Guernsey is certainly very unlike Alderney. Here, too, the land is held mainly in peasant proprietorship, and *la petite culture* is therefore, as at Alderney, a striking feature; but the resemblance ends at this point. Guernsey is well wooded, and thickly inhabited by well-to-do classes spending the accumulation of others. There is a fair amount of trade, and the harbour is lively with yachts. It is much more English than French, and so far perhaps disappoints the traveller at first; but it is certainly a very charming little island, while the proximity of

Herm and Sark, as dependent satellites, takes away from the sense of isolation which attaches to the distant Alderney. Probably many persons have never heard of Herm, although everybody has heard of Sark, the school geography-books specifying it as one of the "four Channel islands;" nevertheless Herm is from Guernsey the more conspicuous object of the two, lying between it and Sark, and being of very picturesque form. St Peter's, the capital and port of Guernsey, is just what a seaport town ought to be—irregular but snug, with delightful walks by the shore, and excellent roads leading into the island, while the high grounds above the town are studded with comfortable mansions in trim grounds and gardens. Altogether the place is suggestive of an easy-going if not very lively society, where no one is very rich and no one very poor, and where a moderate income would go a long way. The island, with its undulating surface and broken coast-line, abounds in pleasing views, never grand, but never tame; a capital bird's-eye view may be obtained by ascending to the top of the Victoria Tower, erected on the high land above the town. It is pleasant to the patriot to see how well the only vulnerable points of the island are defended; while, after visiting Guernsey, the reader will enjoy Victor Hugo's 'Toilers of the Sea' with tenfold zest. But the most notable thing about the island is the effect of peasant proprietorship on its social aspect. The interior is studded with cottages, irregularly placed, apparently wherever the land can be best spared,—labourers' cottages—not the hovels which too often shelter the English agricultural labourer, but snug little tenements, showing that the owner is able to keep the wolf from the door, as

becomes the man who cultivates his own land, and generally with a pretty little garden, at this time of the year ablaze with flowers; while the neat window-curtains, which are an invariable adjunct to the cottage, indicate a comfortable interior to correspond with the outside. Altogether, although Guernsey is so closely associated with England, it is quite unlike any part of it; and for those who do not mind a few hours of the sea, it may be strongly recommended as an agreeable change, and in many respects a very preferable summer residence to the ordinary English watering-places. Well-found steamers run daily to Southampton, and moderate prices rule. It is perhaps hardly necessary to add that Guernsey has a Parliament of its own; but the most strikingly Little Teddingtonian point about it is the local copper coinage. The Guernsey halfpenny as a work of art is highly respectable, but it has the peculiarity of being worth something less than the English halfpenny; so that every time you change a sixpenny-piece—say in the purchase of a penny bun—there is a complicated exchange calculation to be gone through before the resulting balance is satisfactorily accounted for.

But now the time has come for turning the Lomeri's head homewards. Our last walk is taken, and last purchases made, and it only remains to fill up the water-tanks and weigh anchor. We miss the first of the tide, the watering not being quite complete when we come on board. By the way, the crew never went ashore all the time we were in harbour till they had to go with the water-casks. They certainly are the most lymphatic set of fellows I ever came across. I have heard of mutinies on board men-of-war because leave ashore was stopped; if anything would raise

a mutiny on board the Lomeri, it would be an order that all hands should take a "brisk walk" every day. However, the last breaker is on board at last, and the anchor up, Robert No. II. as usual leaving his duties below, and taking a hand at the windlass with the best of them. But the other yachts leaving by this tide have all got the start of us. And now a remarkable phenomenon occurs; for the wind, which throughout our cruise has always been favourable whichever way we wanted to go, again suddenly shifts in our favour. On our voyage down to Guernsey we had a light north-east breeze. Now this morning it is blowing lightly from the south-west, so that instead of a long beat up to the Wight, we may hope for a straight run, and as soon as we get an offing and are clear of the last beacon, our course is set for St Catherine's Head. Soon the breeze freshens, and the little Lomeri steps along. She is very quick on an even keel, and as we run through Alderney Race we almost overhaul a large schooner-yacht four times as big, which was three miles ahead at starting. Still the wind holds fair and fresh—the mild south-west wind of August. One might be in the Mediterranean, so soft and mellow is the air; and having nearly walked ourselves off our legs before starting in the morning, we are in a state to appreciate the luxury of rest under such circumstances. It is the perfection of sea-life. Off Alderney the log is heaved, this being our point of departure for reckoning the length of the run across Channel. This patent log is a small brass instrument at the end of a line, left out astern. The pressure of the water makes it rotate, the velocity of rotation being proportional to the rate with which it is moving through the water; the rate of rotation is self-registered upon an index. The instrument is

extremely accurate, but of course it only gives the rate of the vessel's motion through the water; in the narrow seas the water itself is usually moving at a considerable rate, and for this the navigator must allow in his calculations. But in sailing across the Channel, the vessel's way is not much influenced by the tides, which, generally speaking, run up or down; and in both our cruises we found the log-reckoning remarkably accurate.

Coming on deck after dinner, Alderney and the French coast have sunk out of view; but although the air is clear, we do not sight England before dark. And now the watch is set, and the customary ship's lights hoisted on the main shrouds; a green light on the starboard and a red on the port side. But no one feels disposed to turn in; Peter is enjoying the air in company with Robert No. II. on the crosstrees, and the rest of us keep the deck. Although we are homeward bound, there is something melancholy in the prospect that our expedition is so soon to come to an end. We are to have a few more days' cruising about "the island," but with not quite the same party, which is now scudding over the water together for the last evening. The little cruise ends as prosperously as it began. Somewhere in the small hours we are awake in our berths by the sound of the chain cable running out, and the crew on deck furling the sails; and turning round in his berth, the writer of this log goes to sleep again till morning, when he finds the yacht at anchor off Sandown beach.

To yacht-owners,—at least such of them as are accustomed to go outside the Solent, and compared with the feats of the adventurous amateur sailors who, fired by the interesting narrative of the "*Cruise of the Rob Roy Yawl*," now year after year make the circuit of the British Isles,

and still longer voyages, in tiny craft, alone, or with a single hand on board,—a mere landsman's fair-weather trip, such as has here been described, in a well-found yacht, must no doubt seem hardly worth talking about. But, on the other hand, compared with ordinary life at the seaside, yachting of any sort is a life of adventure; while it has manifold advantages over all other kinds of travelling, in its independence, its healthiness, and the absence of worry and bustle. And for comfort, what hotel can compare with your snug little cabin, set out with books, and charts, and everything handy and in place, and so convenient that you get whatever you want without leaving your seat? But, no doubt, for yachting to be thoroughly enjoyed, a man must be his own sailing-master. To be carried about as a mere passenger would soon pall on any one with a real taste for the life. Even in his own vessel the proprietor is quite a secondary person to the skipper in a foreign port. It is a mere accident, so to speak, that the owner happens to be on board; it is of the sailing-master only that the authorities take cognisance, and it is he, also, who is responsible for whatever happens to the vessel. There is a story floating about Cowes Road of a yacht skipper of independent character who threatened to put his own employer in irons because he got drunk and disorderly on a cruise. And it need not be remarked that, just as there are owners of gardens and stables who are complete slaves to their gardeners and grooms, so in many yachts the owner is at the mercy of the skipper, and the sailing or stopping in harbour is regulated very much at that worthy's pleasure. Every man, therefore, who means to take to yachting, should learn the busi-

ness thoroughly, if he wants to get the full pleasure from it. And the way to do this is to begin with a small craft, and gradually work your way upwards. Start at first with a little five-tonner, engaging the services of a smart sailor to teach you how to handle her, and to read the tides and currents on the part of the coast where you happen to be. Then, when you feel strong enough, leave your instructor on shore, and begin cruising alone. Our first yachting experiences—now, alas! more than a quarter of a century old—were gained in a little craft of this sort, in which with a friend we used to make our cruises, chiefly at night, for business kept us on shore during the day; and as often in winter as in summer. What happy nights they were! one hand at the helm, watch and watch about, while the other, in the tiny cabin which just admitted of sitting upright, occupied himself in trying to keep the stove alight—a stove which would insist on smoking or else going out, notwithstanding any amount of manipulation of the coals, and sacrifice of tallow-candles on the spluttering flames. How dirty, and greasy, and happy we used to be! But a languid stove is merely an incident; every one cannot expect to have the same good luck, but every one will be sure of finding interest and variety of some sort in this fascinating pursuit; and, pursued in this way, you will learn more of practical seamanship in a season than you would do in a lifetime of lounging on the deck of a big vessel, where everything is done for you. And an educated man, especially if he be accustomed to observe—say, to find his way across country—will learn the work much

faster than he would himself in the first instance believe to be possible, and will soon beat the regular sailor at his own trade. After a couple of seasons, when he is thoroughly master of his craft, let him promote himself into a ten-tonner. He will now need a hand to help him, still sailing his craft himself. So gradually your command will expand, supposing your purse to be equally expansive, and it will be found much easier to work up from the command of a small craft to a larger one, than to work downwards; indeed the man who begins his yachting career in a large vessel will never be a sailor. So expanding, exchanging your ten-tonner for one of double her size, and so on, you find yourself in due course the owner of a cutter of from fifty to sixty tons, and must now pass the Board of Trade to be qualified as a sailing-master. This, again, is not a serious ordeal for an educated person; and as your cruises will naturally expand with the size of your yacht, the need will by this time have arisen for a higher sort of navigation than steering by land-marks. In this way the interest in yachting will never fail; it will be made more than a mere amusement, the pursuit of a delightful and invigorating art. True, you must begin the business young, to work your way through all the stages; but then in so healthful a life you will never grow old; and when the highest round of the yachtsman's ladder is reached, and your craft has grown from five to two hundred tons, no captain of a first-rate iron-clad will move with a prouder step than that with which you will pace the deck of the spanking yawl or schooner which hails you as its happy owner and master.

MOLIÈRE.

THE process of translation from one language to another is always a difficult one. History, narrative, scientific demonstration sustain least damage in the transfer; but even with these graver productions of literature, the special graces of style are apt to evaporate, leaving us with the facts or the argument, without those attractions of diction and manner which recommend them. And poetry of the loftier kind—epic or dramatical—poetry of the class which creates, enriching the world with new types of being as well as new strains of music, may survive, though seldom without loss, the dangerous operation. But who is so potent as to hand over to us out of one language into another the charm of melodious words—the sweetness of the lyric—the tender bloom of literary style, delicate as the down on the peach or the foam on the wave? There is nothing within the domain of Art which is so near the impossible, as there is nothing which is more commonly attempted or done by such unskilled hands. Is not any one able to translate? The literary hack who is good for nothing else—the amateur—the poor lady or gentleman who has seen better days. It is easier than letting lodgings or going out governing; it is the one thing which everybody can undertake who has any knowledge, however fragmentary, of a foreign language. And this idea pervades even minds better qualified for the work. How many classical scholars have turned the Greek dramatists into nuisances! how many Germanists made Goethe an offence and stumbling-block to the unlearned! For, alas! even accuracy will not do it—even that fact which is to truth what flesh

often is to spirit, a bewildering semi-falsehood, more false than lies. Poetry is most frequently the victim, and poetry is precisely the kind of composition which most defies the process. From thence comes the startled scepticism, the doubting and servile applause, or rebellion alarmed at its own temerity, with which the uninstructed public, and especially women, regard the classics which they have no chance of knowing in the original: and nothing can be more prejudicial to all just canons of taste than this frightened subservience to a literary creed in the face of so huge a mass of testimony against its dogmas. The world is overawed by the authorities which impose upon it the doctrine, more absolute than St Athanasius, of classic perfection. “Whosoever would be saved” let him above all things believe that Greek literature is beyond all other, and that nothing approaching to it has ever been produced by mortal man. The faltering response which ignorance tries to make is choked in its very throat by the dead bones and dusty rags of verse, strophe and antistrophe, ode and lyric, dull, formal, and foolish, which are thrust upon us as evidences. “If this is Greek poetry!” the victim sobs aside underneath his alarmed Amens. But it is not, much tried and patient sufferer! no more than the poor composition into which it was once the fashion to make the youthful student turn a passage from Hamlet or Paradise Lost, was Shakespeare or Milton. Translation is folly, and translators (in most cases, barring such a fine example to the contrary, for instance, as Professor Jowett’s ‘Plato’) incompetent; and

fully to understand the excellence of a foreign author requires either the large gulp of robust faith or a knowledge of the language, one or the other. Even genius cannot always interpret genius, and the instances in which this sublime experiment can be tried are rare.

In the case of a writer like Molière the difficulties are lessened in one way, while increased in another. Even in his own country his poetry is not his charm; and the broad delight of those comic situations and complications in which he excels are quite within the reach of the translator. No failure in point of language can veil from us the ridiculous delightful figure of the 'Bourgeois Gentilhomme,' or make the fun of the 'Médecin Malgré Lui' incomprehensible. They are too clear, too real, too evident to be misconstrued. But, at the same time, the sparkle of fine wit, which is like the sparkle of champagne, incapable of being poured from one bottle into another, must necessarily evaporate in the process, not to say that the *nuances* of the French are often beyond the reach of the translator. M. Van Laun* does not bring to his task any special command of style or elegance of diction. The brilliant dialogue of Molière is apt to drop into somewhat vulgar English in his hands; but, on the whole, his work is well done, and no deficiency in style can blunt the point of those comical embroilments, those odd encounters, the fun, the laughter, the *enjouement* with which each drama skims along in unbroken flight, rarely tedious, never flat, whimsical, natural, absurd, with a sustained animation and gaiety which is irresistible. The comedy of Shake-

speare is entirely of a different kind. The fun is larger yet more individual and infinitely more profound. Take such a play as 'Twelfth Night' for example, which is pure comedy notwithstanding the charming fanciful romance with which its laughter is threaded through. The group which produces so much mirth is as individual in character as if each man was the special hero. The pompous, solemn steward—the riotous, tipsy old knight—superannuated, fat schoolboy, primed for every mischief and frolic within reach—the quaint clown with his sentimental songs—and, last of all, the shrill, fantastic figure of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, delighted to produce his experiences *à tout propos*, and to verify his own character as one whom many do call fool. What lavish life, force, and variety is in them! And what a wonderful touch is that which opens all the sadder side of life in the very heart of the jest, by showing, within the pedantic gravity of Malvolio, a folly more intense than all the other folly combined, the half-tragic absurdity of self-importance and mad vanity, latent, and wanting only the stimulus of the simplest practical joke to call it forth! Of all this splendid wealth of fooling there is nothing in Molière. His power lies not in exhibitions of human character, moved by genuine impulses of broad mirth like Sir Toby, or madness of folly like his victim, but rather in the concatenation of ludicrous or amusing circumstances around some semi-abstract figure, type of a class or ruling passion, which we follow through one comic situation after another, ourselves the spectators of

* The Dramatic Works of Molière rendered into English. By Henri Van Laun. Edinburgh: Paterson.

the jest, which is played for our amusement solely, and to which we are parties throughout. The breadth of humanity is wanting, along with the elasticity and irregularity which belong more or less to all studies of character. But the abstract, if more rigid, is more manageable, and there are no bounds to the comic imagination which pursues a typical figure through all the embarrassments that can be heaped on his head, without sympathy or relenting. The plotters in 'Twelfth Night' have an enjoyment in their fun which nobody ever has in Molière; but, at the same time, they end by being somewhat ashamed of themselves for what they have done—a consequence which is equally far from the ideas of the French dramatist, whose bourgeois is deceived throughout, and excites no sympathy from any one, though his embarrassments and mistakes never lose their comic force or cease to amuse us. The same instinct guides Molière in his choice of subjects, which are never caviare to the general. The miser, the *parvenu*, the blue-stocking, the hypochondriac, these are the butts of his wit; and already half the fun is suggested to us by the position of the personage who stands as the central figure, and around whose devoted head the drollest misfortunes, the wittiest deceptions, the keenest arrows of satire are to fall. All is uncompromising, consistent, logical. There is no moral effect to be produced, no compassion excited. We have nothing to do but look on, and laugh while our victim is baited, and enjoy the comical transformations he undergoes, the tricks that are played upon him, the developments of his vanity and ignorance, the cleverness with which he is made to do exactly the reverse of what he intends, and is tricked out of his money or his daughter, as the

case may be, to the general satisfaction. Or if it is the rogue, and not the victim, who holds the chief place, our entire attention is occupied by his laughable expedients, his clever trickery, the stupidity which sometimes balks his happiest efforts, but over which he triumphs in the end. *Fourbe* or sufferer, what does it matter? our dramatist has not the slightest intention of interesting us in the man. Moral disapproval of Scapin's naughty tricks, or compassion for the entire and complacent self-deception of Monsieur Jourdain, would be absolutely out of place. The most pedantic reader could scarcely be so far left to himself as to think such sentiments called for. We are equally indifferent to the personages of the drama, and delighted with their adventures. The element of sympathy is entirely left out.

Nor does Molière make up for the absence of character in his plays by any striking power of narrative or dramatic skill of construction. Nothing can be more simple than his plots. Some of them are taken direct from the classic models of Plautus or Terence; or, if not taken entire, are at least very closely copied, sometimes even with a want of intelligence which, if it did not happen to be conjoined with genius, would be remarkable enough. The favourite of ancient comedy, the well-known Davus or Tranio, the home-born slave whose interests were identical with those of the house, and who was as much the possessor as the property of his master, is a figure entirely belonging to the old world. Even the supernatural cleverness which belongs to this type of conventional character, is the cleverness of an inferior race, from which no scruples or higher sentiments are expected, and whose lying, stealing,

and chicanery of all kinds, are natural,—tricks to be laughed at rather than regarded with moral disapproval or judged by ordinary rules. The position of the classic slave-tutor, to whom the charge of his young master is committed—who loves, and fights for, and robs him with equal satisfaction—who is sometimes his most favoured counsellor, and at another moment is *roué de coups de baton*—seems impossible as an actual reality even in the time of Molière, though it is quite in harmony with the sentiments of the period to which it originally belongs. This is one of the odd results of that lingering influence of the Renaissance, which made it the fashion to leap over the immediate past into the atmosphere of an age that came before all the principles which have shaped our own. Christianity was not very potent in society in the reign of Louis XIV.; but yet it is impossible, wherever that divine system has been, to get it so entirely out of the air, as to make a return possible into the light-hearted indifference to good and evil of which paganism was capable. This, however, it is evident, Molière never thought of, but adopted his classic model, as many a graver writer has done, in simple assurance of faith that a classic model must always be right. Fortunately, however, along with this clever rogue, with his characteristic and sanctioned sins against honesty and truth, the French comedian has adopted that curious temperance of the imagination which distinguishes Latin comedy, which it would be absurd to call purity or morality, but which yet keeps his works free from that licentiousness which has been the snare and destruction of his successors on the national stage. There is scarcely any immorality, in the ordinary sense of

the word, in these dramas. The complications of the story are produced by the innocent expedient of a virtuous though misplaced love, and the intentions of the hero and heroine throughout are entirely honourable. Through all his best-known works, Molière has little or nothing to say to the seventh commandment. It is the father who is tricked and laughed at, and deceived by all his Scapins and Mascarilles, not the husband—which, on the whole, is a much safer system. By times he may be gross, or even rudely indecent, after the fashion of his age; but his medical nastiness is clean and sweet in comparison with the “delicacy” of Dumas fils, and many a dramatist besides. In this respect he carries off the palm, even from the more restrained and sober art on this side of the Channel. The worst catastrophe in his ken is a runaway marriage; and even that is generally avoided by some ingenious shuffling of the cards, some secret of parentage discovered, or unthought-of inheritance, which reconciles the angry parent; or, at the worst, some strong application of trickery which gets his consent under false pretences. Scapin himself has no worse conclusion in his thoughts. The “betrayed innocence” and rude libertinism of our own earlier dramatic literature, and even the equivocal expedients which Shakespeare does not hesitate to use, are unknown to the author of the ‘*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.’ So consistent is he in this virtuous *motif*, that the plans of his dramas are distinctly monotonous; and nothing but the extreme fun of the situations, the fresh arrangement of the puzzle, the new tricks which every new emergency calls forth, can account for the persevering interest which

we take in the adroitness of the brilliant knave who operates, or the deceived parent who endures.

This is a very remarkable feature in the plays of Molière. Louis XIV. had not a model Court, nor is his age supposed to have been specially distinguished for purity, and there is nothing in Molière himself which points at any particular elevation of sentiment—yet, either by chance or intention, such is the fact. A little judicious cutting, involving merely the elision of a phrase here and there, would make most of his comedies perfectly safe for the severest drawing-room without touching the plot or impairing the fun in any material point, which is a very great deal to say. And yet there are no traces of restraint upon the dramatist, or regard for that “propriety” which is an English attribute, and only of recent invention so far as the stage is concerned. When he has anything offensive to say, he says it simply in so many words, not troubling himself about the modesty of his listeners; but no deeper immodesty of insinuation, no strained situation nor expedient of naughtiness, is in the straightforward tale. How those pretty young people, the son and daughter of the miser, managed respectively to marry the partners they themselves had chosen—how Monsieur Jourdain was tricked into consenting to the love-match of his daughter—how the *Etourdi*, notwithstanding all his follies, got himself mated according to his wish by means of the pleasant villainies of his Mascarille—how Scapin did all his *fourberies* in the same cause—how even the *Malade Imaginaire* was coaxed into consent by the lovers, and the *Médecin malgré lui* became the happy instrument of Hymen: thus flows the tale. To be sure, the pretty young people are

of very inferior importance, in most cases; and it is the strictly comic figure of the injured father, the *Avare* or the *Malade*, who gives his name to the piece, or the knave who sustains all the machinery—the Scapin, Mascarille, or Sganarelle—who is the centre figure of the whole. But this does not affect the fact that the framework of the story is always virtuous, and the youthful and natural love which ends in wedlock its pleasant object. Such traditions as these ought to have kept a higher standard on the French stage; and though they have not succeeded, unfortunately, in doing so, Molière stands out with all the greater distinctness for the faults of his successors. The modern dramatists of France can draw no arguments in their favour from the example of the greatest of French comedians. Wheresoever they have got their evil stories, their “delicate” studies of vice, and fine entanglements of nastiness, it certainly has not been from Molière.

There is one point, however, in which he bears a certain resemblance to Shakespeare, scarcely to be looked for in the more scientific work of a Frenchman, and that is the spontaneousness, almost the accidental character, of his work. There is no elaboration of long-settled purpose in it. As our Shakespeare, there seems little doubt, wrote to supply the necessities of the Globe, so Molière worked for his *troupe* and for his immediate audience, acquiring fame unawares, and prospering in the natural way, as most honest men do, who do their best for the purpose before them, without immediate reference to the reward. Genius, we believe, is always ingenuous, whether in the higher or the lower levels of art. The age was full of humours, as every

age is to those who have eyes and can see ; and what so good for the *Comédiens de Monsieur*, so amusing to themselves as well as to their audience, as that flying shot at the vagaries of the moment, which the comic dramatist is so well qualified to deliver ? Woe to all the humbug which strutted its little day upon the bigger stage of contemporary life under the eye of Molière ! False pretension was the thing which excited him most wherever his keen eye could detect it, and he had abundant opportunity of detecting its developments. Some of these he pursues with a pertinacious and sharp raillery which shows a special aversion—as in the case of the physicians who appear so constantly, and are so hardly treated in all his most comic scenes. Wherever they appear, their sham knowledge, their false assumptions and real ignorance, stir him up to keener and keener ridicule ; nor does he permit one worthy doctor to interrupt the succession of bad ones. Even the worthy Sganarelle, the doctor in spite of himself, is an additional blow at the profession which pretended so much and did so little. The thing above all which this bold satirist of manners, this keen-sighted caterer for the public, could not in his own person away with, was false pretence. Not to say that few things are so comical, there is no human weakness so apt to raise the bile of the spectator ; most of us feel personally aggrieved by it in one way or other ; we can better endure crime, which does not touch us ; but the superior airs of our neighbour who, we feel in our hearts, is no better (if perhaps so good) as we, affects us all with unreasonable resentment. Thus he had the sympathy of his audience secure ; and his assaults upon philosophers and pedagogues of all kinds, upon

blue-stockings, provincial fine ladies, and other leading examples of this weakness, show how keen was his own appreciation of such follies. The *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* is perhaps the most kindly treated of all his victims ; but indeed there is never any bitterness in Molière's satire, and he laughs without *arrière pensée*, taking his fun freely out of everything that comes in his way, with a perfect indifference, indeed, to the sufferers, but no special desire to wound. But of all the butts of his wit there is none for whom we feel so kind a regard as for the good-natured citizen whose absurdities have so little gall in them, who is so complacent and so simple, so delighted with his own advance in the world and the wisdom of his instructors, and so ingenuously ready to be deceived.

M. Jourdain is the type and emblem of the ambitious yet good-natured *parvenu*—though perhaps the word has a harsher meaning than is consistent with the fatuous freshness of his vanity, and the simple *enjouement* with which he throws himself into the hands of his tormentors. The impression which he makes would be different if, as is usually the case, he had the support of a family, wife and daughters, pushing him forward, and breaking the isolation of egotism by an atmosphere of family sympathy. He is more laughable, as well as more open to all the strokes of fate or malice, from standing alone as he does, disapproved of by his wife, and laughed at by his servant, to whom his extravagances are an injury, and whose indignant contempt at the vagaries which are so amusing to us, enhances their ludicrous effect in the quaintest way. The fund of self-conceit in the honest burgher, whom neither the giggling of Nicole nor the scolding

of Madame Jourdain can shake in his complacency, but who is good-natured enough to wish to communicate to them the treasures of instruction which he receives with such delight, is almost sublime, and gives him not only an armour of proof against both ridicule and reproaches, but blinds him to all the extravagances that go on around him, the folly of his teachers as well as the farce played by his deceivers. This delightful *bonhomme*, with his easy folly, is contrasted with the more egregious nonsense of the masters whom he employs, with the happiest effect; for it is a peculiarity of an age which aimed at all the graces that the good bourgeois is eager to have himself enlightened and instructed in literature and the arts, as well as to display his wealth and the splendours with which he surrounds himself. To know how to pay a compliment in the best style to his *marquise*, is as much to him as to make his "trois reverences" in due form, and to air the finery which the tailor, who is still more authoritative and instructive than his professors, clothes him in; indeed the professors come before the tailor, so conscious is M. Jourdain that his inner man requires training and improvement. To see him among his instructors dancing his minuet, solemn, yet radiant; to hear him sing his little ditty about Jeanneton, of which he recollects chiefly the fact that "il y a du mouton dedans;" and receiving the compliments paid to him thereupon with delighted complacency, as one who can sing thus well, "sans avoir appris la musique,"—is the purest fun, unalloyed by either the bitterness of satire, or any keen shaft of instructive meaning. The surrounding group is as amusing as M. Jourdain, but not so agreeable. The

squabble of their professional jealousy around that smiling grotesque spectator, who inclines an ear good-humouredly to each, and does all he can to keep the peace among them, rouses a little storm in the easy atmosphere. The bourgeois's pleasant sham, so innocent and apparent, stands out in fine relief upon the angry and serious sham and bristling pretensions of the others, "La philosophie est quelque chose—mais la musique, monsieur, la musique!" "Et la danse," cries the rival professor, not to be left out,—*"la musique et la danse."* Then comes in the fencing-master, fine hero with his rapier, and bursts into that generous indignation which is so quick to note the extravagant claims of others. "Mon petit maître à danser, je vous ferais danser comme il faut!" he exclaims, running over with righteous wrath; "vous êtes de plaisantes gens, de vouloir comparer vos sciences à la mienne!" But the incipient row rises into violence when the *maître de philosophie* enters, solemn, in his black gown, and adjures them to moderation and patience, until, excited in turn, he falls upon his *collaborateurs* with the opprobrious titles of "gladiateur, chanteur, et baladin." "Que sera donc la philosophie?" he cries. "Je vous trouve tous trois bien impertinents de parler devant moi avec cette arrogance, et de donner impudemment le nom de science à des choses que l'on ne doit pas même honorer du nom d'art." The peaceable bourgeois standing by discomfited, while the quarrel goes on, interposing appealing cries of "Messieurs!" "Monsieur le philosophe!" takes the matter calmly, however, when they "sortent en se battant." "Fight as much as you like," he says; "I am not going to spoil my fine dressing-gown to

separate you." The climax of the contrast comes, however, when the philosopher returns victorious, and, failing the "trois opérations de l'esprit," which are rather too much for M. Jourdain, proceeds to instruct his promising pupil in the proper way of pronouncing the vowels. "Ah, la belle chose que de savoir quelque chose!" cries the delighted bourgeois, after mastering the important fact, at once by oral instruction and by experiment, that "la voix U se forme en rapprochant les dents sans les joindre entièrement, et allongeant les deux lèvres en dehors, les approchant aussi l'une de l'autre sans les joindre tout-à-fait." "Oh my father and mother, what a grudge I bear you!" cries Jourdain, enchanted, but in despair to remember how many years he has passed without this exquisite information. Here is the delightful result of his lessons, when, with a generosity quite unappreciated, he attempts to transmit the enlightenment he has just acquired to his wife, and the *servante* who plays so large a part in the family economy, the saucy Nicole:—

"*Monsieur Jourdain.* Je vous demande ce que c'est que les paroles que vous dites ici.

Madame Jourdain. Ce sont des paroles bien sensées, et votre conduite ne l'est guère.

Mon. J. Je ne parle pas de cela, vous dis-je. Je vous demande, ce que je parle avec vous, ce que je vous dis à cette heure, qu'est-ce que c'est?

Mad. J. Des chansons.

Mon. J. Eh! non, ce n'est pas cela. Ce que nous disons tous deux, le langage que nous parlons à cette heure?

Mad. J. Eh bien?

Mon. J. Comment est-ce que cela s'appelle?

Mad. J. Cela s'appelle comme on veut l'appeler.

Mon. J. C'est de la prose, ignorante.

Mad. J. De la prose?

Mon. J. Oui, de la prose. Tout

ce qui est prose n'est point vers, et tout ce qui n'est point vers est prose. Heu! voilà ce que c'est que d'étudier. (à Nicole). Et toi, sais-tu bien comme il faut faire pour dire un U?

Nic. Comment?

Mon. J. Oui. Qu'est-ce que tu fais quand tu dis U?

Nic. Je dis U.

Mon. J. Oui: mais quand tu dis U, qu'est-ce que tu fais?

Nic. Je fais ce que vous me dites.

Mon. J. Oh! l'étrange chose que d'avoir affaire à des bêtes! Tu allonges les lèvres en dehors, et approches la mâchoire d'en haut de celle d'en bas: U, vois-tu? Je fais la moue: U.

Mad. J. Qu'est-ce que c'est donc que tout ce galimatias-là?

Nic. De quoi est-ce que tout cela guérit?

Mon. J. J'enrage, quand je vois des femmes ignorantes."

Thus our bourgeois stands alone in the fervour of his self-culture, and great things happen to him. The unquestioning innocence with which he falls into the trap laid for him, as usual by the clever valet, is worthy of the man who has talked prose for years without knowing it. The episode of the Grand Turk who creates him a *mamamouchi*, and gets from him the hand of his daughter, is broad farce, too comical in its nonsense to demand the Attic salt of dialogue. Monsieur Jourdain's credulity is unbounded, and nothing can exceed the comic delight and bewilderment of his rapturous exclamation, "tant de choses en deux mots!" as he listens to the jargon of the supposed Turk who is so eager to marry his daughter. So far as we see of him his eyes are never opened. He disappears behind the curtain in full bliss of his self-deception, a *mamamouchi*, mysterious dignity, father-in-law to the most magnificent of bashaws. All the world may laugh, but Monsieur

Jourdain smiles in delightful vanity and innocent self-confidence, never finding out that he has been ridiculous any more than he has found out the trick played upon him.

The 'Précieuses Ridicules' is another assault upon the same folly. It is not, however, the bourgeois's vanity of becoming a fine gentleman, but the absurd conceit of two country girls whose ambition it is to be blue-stockings—learned Minervas à la mode, like those who held sway in Paris at the moment, and were laughed at and caricatured, but not cast from their supremacy. This little play has no story at all, not even the usual mild device of Molière. It is the story of a trick played upon the two *précieuses* by the unsuccessful suitors whom their father has chosen for them, and whom the young ladies treat with haughty rudeness. The rejected ones, in a ferocious revenge for their innocent sauciness, which perhaps Molière meant (or perhaps never thought of) as an instance of the terrible risk that is run by the thoughtless person who wounds the *amour propre* of a dandy, send the usual clever valet to avenge their wrongs in the disguise of a *précieux* marquis. The sham gentleman is naturally received with open arms, and a ridiculous interview follows, which is ended by the appearance of the two masters, and the disclosure of their notable and too successful plan. Oddly enough, however, notwithstanding his sneaking kindness for love, and the innocent matrimonies with which he concludes almost all his plays, it is into the mouth of Madelon, one of these ridiculous young blue-stockings, that Molière puts—a thing apparently as absurd as her other opinions—a claim to be treated as something more than a passive puppet in the

arrangement of her own marriage. This must have seemed a ridiculous claim at the time, or it would scarcely have been stated by Madelon amid all her other foolishnesses. The scene will bear English better than the absurdity of M. Jourdain.

Gorgibus. What have you done to these gentlemen whom I saw going out so coldly? Did I not tell you to receive them as those I intended to be your husbands?

Madelon. How do you suppose, papa, that we could put up with these ridiculous people?

Cathos. And by what means, uncle, could a reasonable girl reconcile herself to such persons?

Gorg. What have you got to say against them?

Mad. A nice sort of gallantry theirs! What! to begin in the first place by marriage!

Gorg. In what way would you like them to begin? By concubinage? Is not this a point on which you ought to pride yourself, as I do? Is there anything more polite than this? And the sacred tie which they aspire to, is not that a proof of the honesty of their intentions?

Mad. Ah, papa! you speak like the worst of Philistines. I am ashamed to hear you speak so; you ought to think a little of the finer aspect of things.

Gorg. I will have no nonsense of the sort. I tell you that marriage is a holy and sacred thing, and that to begin by that is an idea worthy of honest men.

Mad. *Mon Dieu!* how soon a romance would be finished if everybody were like you! What a fine affair it would be if Cyrus began by marrying Mandane, and if Aronce at the very outset was mated to Clélie!

Gorg. What nonsense you are talking!

Mad. Papa, my cousin will tell you, as well as I, that marriage ought to follow a great many other revelations. A lover, to be agreeable, should begin by fine sentiments, and proceed thence to the sweet, the tender, and impassioned, paying his court under all the forms. First, he ought to see at church, or out walking, or during some public

ceremony, the person with whom he falls in love; or perhaps be taken to visit her by a friend or relative, and come out of the house in which she is in a dreamy and melancholy condition. He conceals for a time his passion from the beloved object, but nevertheless pays her frequent visits, and takes care always to introduce some sentimental subject which exercises the mind of the whole assembly. At last the day of the declaration arrives, which happens usually in some alley of a garden, the rest of the company keeping a respectful distance; and this declaration is followed by a prompt fit of anger which conceals our blushes, and which for a time banishes the lover from our presence. Afterwards, however, he finds means of conciliating us—of accustoming us insensibly to the discussion of his passion—and at last draws from us an approval, which we will make with reluctance. After this come various adventures—rivals who interfere with the newly-established sentiment, the persecutions of fathers, jealousies caused by false appearances, complaints, despairs, elopements, and all that follows. This is how things happen according to the first fashion; and there are rules which in the best circles ought not to be dispensed with. But to strike at once to the point of conjugal union—to make love only by making the contract of marriage, and begin the romance by the wrong end—once more, papa, nothing could be more mercantile than this mode of acting, and even to think of it sickens me.

Gorg. What the devil does this jargon mean? This is high style indeed!

Cath. Indeed, uncle, my cousin speaks the truth. How can we receive men whose courtship is so incongruous? I wager that they have never seen the map of Tenderness, and that *billets-doux*, *petits-soins*, *billets-galants*, and *jolis-vers* are undiscovered countries to them. Don't you perceive that even in their persons they show this, and that they have not the air which prepossesses people in their favour? To come to make love in plain stockings, hats without feathers, hair in disorder, and coats bare of ribbons! *Mon Dieu!* what sort of lovers are these? What

frugal dresses!—what dearth of conversation! One has nothing to say—the other is exhausted directly. I remarked, besides, that even their ruffles were not of the best make, and that their *hauts-de-chausses* were half a foot too short.

Gorg. I think you are both mad, and I understand nothing of this nonsense. And you, Madelon—

Mad. I beseech you, papa, leave off these ridiculous names and call us something else.

Gorg. These ridiculous names! Why, they are your Christian names.

Mad. *Mon Dieu!* how vulgar you are! For me, one of my astonishments is how you could have a daughter so clever as I am. Did any one ever talk in good style of Cathos or of Madelon? Don't you see that such names would be enough to ruin the finest novel that ever was made?

Cath. It is true, uncle, that a delicate ear suffers horribly to hear such words; and the name of Polixène which my cousin has chosen, and that of Aminte which I have given myself, have a superior grace, which you must allow.

Thus these two delightful young women prattle; and their claim for a little courtship before the too straightforward opening of marriage is evidently as much a sign of the *précieuses* as any of the other fine talk. When they receive the disguised lackey, who is so much more to their taste than his master, Madelon reproves soundly the blunt *servante* who announces the visitor. *Voilà un laquais qui demande si vous êtes en logis*, says this other personage, ignorant *du beau style*. "Dites," says the young mistress, in all the elegance of superior instruction, "*voilà un nécessaire qui demande si vous êtes en commodité d'être visibles.*" The spectator sympathises with Marotte when she exclaims "Dame! je n'entends point le latin;" and the conversation with the disguised Mascarille, Marquis of that ilk, is delightfully absurd, less broad

than the corresponding conversation in the 'Femmes Savantes,' who are altogether less delicately painted than our two fantastic maidens, in whom there is a waft of the foolish fragrance of simplicity and youth. The 'Femmes Savantes' is more of a drama than the other quaint little episode, and affords us a glimpse of the *maitresse-femme* of Molière's time—the strong-minded woman whose vacillating and feeble husband is without power to resist her. Philaminte, however, ends, like the rest, in having her daughter snatched out of her hands, and married in spite of her, though by legitimate means, and with her ultimate consent. But the scenes which display the literary and intellectual pretensions of the three learned ladies—Philaminte, her sister Bélise, and her daughter Armande, and the poetaster, of whom they make an idol, are those in which the fun lies. Here is an example of the conversation of this refined coterie. We do not attempt, however, to follow Molière's rhyme, which somehow, turned into English, takes all savour out of the fooling.

Philaminte. Let us sit down here and listen at our ease to these beautiful lines, which require to be weighed word by word.

Armande. I burn to hear them.

Bélise. Every one in the house is dying to have this pleasure.

Phil. (to Trissotin). All is charming to me that comes from you.

Arm. No other pleasure is so delightful.

Bél. They are the most delicious food for the ear.

Phil. Do not keep us languishing. Let our impatience draw your epigram from you.

Trissotin. Alas, madame, it is but a new-born babe! but its fate ought to touch you, for it was in your court that it was born.

Phil. To please me it is enough that you are the father.

Triss. Your approbation will be as a mother to it.

Bél. What wit he has! . . .

Triss. For the great hunger which you display, a dish of eight lines is not much; and I think I should do well to add to the epigram—or rather to the madrigal which I am about to read to you—the little *ragout* of a sonnet which has been considered in the house of a princess to show some delicacy. It is well seasoned throughout with Attic salt, and I trust you will find it in sufficiently good taste.

Arm. Ah! I have no doubt on the subject.

Phil. Let us hear it—let us hear it.

Bél. (who interrupts Trissotin each time that he begins to read). I feel my heart thrill already. I love poetry to madness—especially when the lines are sentimental.

Phil. If we talk continually, he can say nothing.

Triss. So—

Bél. Silence, my dear cousin.

Arm. Ah! let him read in peace.

Triss. Sonnet addressed to the Princess Urania upon her Fever.

*Votre prudence est endormie,
De traiter magnifiquement
Et de loger superbement
Votre plus cruelle ennemie.*

Bél. What a delightful beginning!

Arm. How beautifully turned!

Phil. He alone has the secret of graceful verse.

Arm. There is no resisting that "prudence endormie."

Bél. I find *loger son ennemie* charming.

Phil. Superbement and magnifiquement are adorable; how fine is the junction of these two adverbs!

Bél. Now let us hear the rest.

Triss. *Votre prudence est endormie,
De traiter magnifiquement
Et de loger superbement
Votre plus cruelle ennemie.*

Arm. Prudence endormie!

Bél. Loger son ennemie!

Phil. Superbement et magnifiquement!

Triss. *Faites-la sortir, quoi qu'on die,
De votre riche appartement,
Où cette ingrate insolemment
Attaque votre belle vie.*

Bél. Softly, softly! let us breathe, I beseech you.

Arm. Give us a moment's leisure to admire.

Phil. These verses go to one's heart: one faints with pleasure.

*Arm. Faites-la sortir, quoi qu'on die,
De votre riche appartement.*

How prettily that *riche appartement* comes in! What spirit there is in the metaphor!

Phil. Faites-la sortir, quoi qu'on die. What admirable taste is in that *quoi qu'on die*! It is beyond praise, in my opinion.

Arm. I, too, am in love with *quoi qu'on die*.

Bél. I agree with you, *quoi qu'on die* is most happy.

Arm. Oh, how I should like to have written it!

Bél. It is worth a whole drama.

Phil. But do you fathom, as I do, all the subtle meaning in it? . . .

Faites-la sortir, quoi qu'on die. Whosoever takes an interest in this fever, take no notice, laugh at everything they can say—

Faites-la sortir, quoi qu'on die—

Quoi qu'on die, quoi qu'on die.

This *quoi qu'on die* means a great deal more than appears in it. I do not know if any one will feel like me, but I hear a million of words sounding through these.

Bél. It is true that it says much more than appears.

Phil. (to Trissotin). When you wrote that charming *quoi qu'on die*, did you yourself perceive all the force that lay in it? Did you realise everything that you were saying to us? were you aware that you had put so much genius in these words?

And thus these ecstatic critics go on. There is a scene in Miss Ferrier's novel of 'Marriage' which recalls slightly the sublime nonsense of these fashionable literary amateurs. The point given to this absurd scene by the piquant fact that the verses were the actual production of a contemporary poetaster, is of course lost upon us, but they are so true to experience as still to be often repeated in the records of affectation and social folly. Whether the brilliant satire had any effect

upon the *séances* of the hotel Rambouillet is a totally different matter. The *précieuses* themselves helped to make its fame, and if they did not enjoy the laughter, at least were too *spirituelles* to make any demonstration against it. Molière's contemporaries had thus the fun on both sides, the real and the caricature. Society in those days was, if not more characteristic, at least so much more limited in extent and concentrated in space as to be easily identified; and the piquant sense that the true *Femmes Savantes* were going into corresponding ecstasies in all the seriousness of sham enthusiasm over the way, must have added a comic reality to the parody over which all Paris, amused and envious and spiteful, exhausted itself in laughter. And nothing could be more legitimate or void of unpleasant malice—malice in the English sense of the word—than is the fun which is aimed, innocently enough, at the extravagances of the fashionable *fad*, and has no bitterness of personal meaning, except indeed for the Abbé Cotin. Unhappy man! whose verses are thus impaled for ever on the pin of the specimen-hunter. We suppose it is poor comfort to the unfortunate butterfly thus added to the finest collection to know that the stake which goes through him is a pin of gold.

It is by these broader comedies that Molière is most distinguished, in England at least; but this is not because he has failed in his higher attempts, though these are less known, and consequently less appreciated by the English reader. His graver satire, however, has had force enough to give a new name to hypocrisy; and in the treatment of his favourite subject—false pretence—the light-hearted comedian rises at length to almost tragic force.

From the delightful folly of Monsieur Jourdain to the blackness of Tartuffe is an enormous stride; and the one subject is so much more agreeable than the other, that the public may be excused for the preference generally given to the less serious play. 'Tartuffe' happily will never be so popular as the 'Bourgeois Gentilhomme;' but the graver effort is done with a concentrated force which befits the subject, and has, as we have just said, furnished French literature with a new type. To us, in a later age, who use the name as the severest of accusations, the effect produced by its first appearance can scarcely be realised. The Church took immediate fright at the figure of the hypocrite, with a foolish readiness to identify herself with the worst spectre which haunts her; and indeed the simple minds of honest people, alarmed lest virtue should be discountenanced even by the exposure of those crimes which attempt to find a shelter under her name, rose up also against the courageous assailant of falsehood. It is apparent that a fear of provoking this sentiment of alarm, which proves the power of the ecclesiastical element in the world of that day, must have increased the panic of the simple in respect to 'Tartuffe,' by converting it into a semi-secret, a mystery played before the initiated, which of itself was enough to prepossess the honest crowd against it, and raise all manner of false reports. Oddly enough, good people of the unenlightened kind are always a little alarmed by the exposure of the hypocrite, not only protecting him with the shield of their own irreproachableness, though they are in reality his principal victims, but casting a stigma upon the hand which brands him. Perhaps it is some lingering of this feeling which

makès every such attempt more or less disagreeable to us. The satire is of much higher aim than those gay caricatures of the lighter kinds of humbug and social falsity upon which we have been dwelling; but the serious hypocrite with his pretence at religion, his appeals to everything that is sacred, and the profaning touch which he puts so boldly upon the highest mysteries, is too odious a figure to tempt our laughter. It is painful and not amusing to watch the depth of deception into which he plunges his victims; and as it is scarcely possible to put the Tartuffe on the stage without marking his solemn falsehood throughout in the strongest shades, it is almost impossible to believe in the good faith of the duped Orgon and his sharp-tongued mother, who, we are always tempted to feel, are but pretending in the interests of the play to believe in so incredible a figure. And as the vice which betrays him must be viler than our dramatist is in the habit of bringing before us, we lose the safeguard of Molière's purer imagination, and find ourselves suddenly exposed to situations which art in those days had not learnt to treat "delicately." All these reasons combined make the hypocrite, if a more powerful, a much less tolerable picture than any of the others. Any amusement that there is to be found in the story of the family which is held under the thumb of this veiled miscreant, we enjoy, as it were under our breath, alarmed at every moment lest his detestable presence should reappear. And the folly of the father of the family, who believes in him, seems too gross and impossible to be credited. The reader will recollect the well-known scene in which, returning from the country after a few days' absence,

the master of the house inquires into the welfare of his family—as follows :—

Orgon. Has all gone well in my two days from home ?

What has been doing ?—how have passed the hours ?

Dorine. My mistress suffered much with feverish pain

And a strange headache till the end of day.

Org. And Tartuffe ?

Dor. Tartuffe ?—well as well might be, Both fresh and fair, red-lipped and rosy-cheeked.

Org. Poor man !

Dor. The evening brought her greater pain, She could not sup, so badly her head ached.

Org. And Tartuffe ?

Dor. Oh, he first had supped alone,

And with a great devotion made his meal, Hashed mutton and two partridges.

Org. Poor man !

Dor. For him she passed a restless night,

The heat kept her awake, and until day It was thought needful some one should watch by her.

Org. And Tartuffe ?

Dor. Drowsy from a pleasant meal

He left the table, to his chamber went, And warm in bed slept till the morning light.

Org. Poor man !

Dor. At last persuaded by our prayers, She suffered bleeding, and was better for it.

Org. And Tartuffe ?

Dor. He took courage like a man,

And fortified his soul against all ills ; And to make up the loss of blood in her, Drank at his breakfast four great cups of wine.

Org. Poor man !

Dor. Both now are well. I'll go and quick Inform my mistress of the anxious joy With which you hear of her amended health.

This is almost the only purely comic scene in 'Tartuffe,' and its satire is too keen to be very mirthful. The self-deception of Orgon in respect to the hypocrite is indeed

almost too complete throughout the early part of the play. The reader can endure that a woman should be thus completely deceived, but is less tolerant in respect to a man, who is supposed to know the world better. The attitude of the family towards the tyrant-guest, who has got into his hands the supreme direction of affairs, is, however, very unlike that of the master, who has all but abdicated in favour of the usurper. Orgon's beautiful young wife, his son and daughter, his brother, and the *servante*, who is one of Molière's characteristic personages, the friend of the family, and general manager of their affairs, are all banded together in *sour*d rebellion against the alien power which rules them. Orgon is alone in his almost lover-like enthusiasm. Here is his description, given to his brother, of the solemn deceiver, which is full of the conciliatory detail of apology :—

Did you but know him he would charm you too,

Brother, and give you comfort without end.

He is a man who—ah ! a man in short, And he who learns of him has peace profound.

He rates the world as filth and nothing more.

Yes, through his conversation I am changed,

He so withdraws my mind from likings vain,

Severs my soul from every friendship here, Till I feel strong enough to see you die,

Wife, brother, children, all, without a pang.

Chant. These are fine sentiments to hold, my brother.

Orgon. Ah ! if you had but met him as I did

You would have felt the self-same friendship for him.

Each day with gentlest looks he came to church,

And near me placed himself upon his knees,

Attracting wondering looks from all the crowd

By the great fervour of his prayers to heaven.

Sometimes he sighed, sometimes threw
up his eyes,
Then, stooping humbly, kissed the sacred
earth.

When I went out, he went before me
quick

To offer holy water at the door ;
And when his servant (who in all things
strove

To be the lowly copy of his master)
Informed me of his poverty and needs,
I made him presents, but with modest zeal
He pressed the half of all I gave him back.
“*It is too much,*” he said ; “*half is too
much ;*

I am not worthy of your charity.”

When I refused to take it back, the poor
He shared it with, before my very eyes.
At last, heaven gave me grace to bring
him here

Into my house, where all things since
have prospered.

All he reproves, and even in my wife
Takes for my honour interest extreme,
Keeping me warned of each admiring look ;
Six times more jealous than myself he
proves ;

Nor could you dream how high his ardour
swells.

The smallest bagatelle he counts a crime,
And a mere nothing troubles his pure
mind ;

So that the other day he blamed himself
For catching of a flea in time of prayer,
And with unseemly anger slaying it.

The figure of the hypocrite is, with perhaps one exception, the bitterest and most powerful of Molière's satirical sketches. His ‘*Avare*’ is almost purely comic ; but it is evident that social falsehood is the sin of humanity which went most entirely to his heart. He treats it lightly, as we have shown, in almost all his more purely comic productions, assailing it with all the shafts of flying ridicule and gay assault. He treats it seriously in ‘*Tartuffe*,’ with full appreciation of its more fatal mock-religious side. But it is reserved for the ‘*Misanthrope*’ to betray to us the passionate sense of injury, the profound suffering, which the gay comedian could put into his perpetual protest against this most pervasive of human vices. He has made no more brilliant

sketches than those in which Céli-mène's careless wit stigmatises all her acquaintances one after another ; but there is little mirth and no enjoyment in the picture. The Misanthrope is no misanthrope in the ordinary sense of the word—though indeed we may pause to ask whether there is any case in which the man-hater is not a man-lover jangled out of tune by the hard-heartedness of men, and forced into a strained and painful harshness alien to nature by the very sweetness of the trust which has been abused ? Such at least is Alceste, whose impatience of the ordinary falsities of society, the pretended applauses of friends, and fictitious protestations of acquaintances, does not prevent him from loving the fickle and heartless coquette Céli-mène, who exposes him to the last miseries of betrayed faith. It is said that this strange and passionate play, so wonderfully different in tone from all those productions which we think of most when we name Molière, was the expression of his own wounded and outraged feelings, when, betrayed by his wife and separated from her, he yet had to undergo the extraordinary ordeal of meeting the beautiful creature whom he loved and loathed, as man can love and loathe an unfaithful woman—on the stage, and acting with her in that sombre travesty of their own spoiled existence, he the melancholy, proud Alceste, and she the brilliant, false Céli-mène. No wonder the verses, in that French monotony of rhyme which is so little harmonious nowadays to our ears, should so thrill with hidden passion, with jar and shrillness of pain. It is scarcely possible to imagine a more extraordinary position ; or to realise anything more affecting than the mingled misery and longing which must have inspired the

dramatist as he poured his own injured soul into the words which he was himself to address to the woman who had wronged him, but whom it was still in his heart to forgive, even at this final moment. What must his feelings have been when, after all her offences, his Alceste holds out his arms to the faithless one, offering forgiveness, devotion, love unbounded, if only now she will be true! What temptation, at least in the drama, on the stage, to make love and truth prevail and balk the devil! But Molière, heaven help him! knew better. Even love did not blind him to the fact that there was no repentance in her, nor truth to be called forth by that generosity of appeal. Here is the scene. After full revelation of the coquette's heartless perfidy, he makes, as follows, one last attempt to bring back her heart to himself:—

Alceste. I have been silent notwithstanding all,

Each one has spoken but me; is it enough
That I have thus kept empire o'er myself,
And may I now—

Célimène. Yes, speak, say all you will.
You have a right whate'er complaints you
make;

Reproach me as you please: I have done
wrong—

I do not hide it; and my heart confused
Offers to you no vain apology.

Of all the others I despise the rage,
But your resentment is too reasonable.
I know how guilty I must seem to you—
How all combines to prove I have be-
trayed

Your faith, and given you too just cause
for hate,—

Hate me, then—I consent.

Alc. Ah, can I, traitress?—

Can I thus vanquish all past tenderness?
And howsoever ardently I long
To hate you, will my heart do't and obey
me?

(*To ÉLIANTE and PHILINTE.*)

You see how far unworthy passion goes:
You are the witnesses, how weak I am,
But yet, to say the truth, you know not
all,

For further depths remain, and you shall
see
How vain it is to call us wise, and how
Each man at heart, being man, is always
fool.

(*To CÉLIMÈNE.*)

Yes, false one, yes, I can forget your
faults,

Excuse your errors in my inmost soul,
Cover them with the gentle names of
weakness,

Vice of the age which has betrayed your
youth;

If only with your heart you will consent
To flee the world with me, to follow now
Into the wilds where I have vowed to live;
By this alone, in all men's sight, you can
Repair the evil you have done, and thus,
After those scandals which great hearts
abhor,

I yet may be allowed to love you still.

Cél. What, I! renounce the world ere
I am old—

Go and be buried in your wilderness!

Alc. If your soul answer mine, what
want we more?

Is not my love enough for your content?

Cél. At twenty solitude is terrible.

No; I have not a soul so great, so strong,
As to content myself with such a fate.

Our translation shares the usual fate in withdrawing the fire from these lines, which have, even in their natural shape, a certain formality inseparable from the style; but in the original they are instinct with fire, and the situation is one which impresses the imagination profoundly. Thus the lovers part, not without some feeble ghost of feeling on her part, some regret for the loss of the man who is not exactly as others, even in her frivolous and foolish eyes; while the Misanthrope paces the world with a heart all wrung and bleeding. "Trahi de toutes parts, accablé d'injustices," the optimist turned pessimist, the lover of truth and of mankind reduced to scorn and miserable distrust of mankind. Unless there is this sentiment involved, no misanthrope has any interest for man. And no writer has more truly shown the force of this contrast and struggle than the wit-

tiest and most brilliant of Frenchmen, he who has made the bourgeois strut before us in delightful finery, and inspired with the most charming fooling his Scapin and Sganarelle—strange climax and contradiction of nature, which takes no pains to be consistent, but gives the lie to all our theories with swift interchanges of tears and laughter, of scorn and sweetness! And yet there is a higher consistency in this injured and wounded spirit. It is falsehood he aims at in everything—lightly in his lighter moods, but always with pungent force, and in the end tragically, as the subject rises, and with all the force of suffering.

Perhaps the most complete, however, of all Molière's efforts, is the drama which, having been filched from him by a great composer, has now become so identified with baritones and sopranos as to be no longer the 'Festin de Pierre' but 'Don Giovanni,' one of the most popular of operas. It is vain to struggle against such an *enlèvement*, yet it may well be regretted as high treason to genius. A more complete figure than that of Don Juan is not to be found in dramatic literature. His high courage, his gallant bearing, his ease and light-hearted grace, make us half forget the wickedness, which is so constantly and steadily pursued that it becomes a quality and calls forth a kind of admiration, as do all persistent objects pursued without intermission with all the forces of the mind in unison.

And the valet shares in the higher inspiration which has made of his master an individual hero more vivid and perfect than anything else which Molière has attempted. The Sganarelle of the 'Festin de Pierre' is far beyond all his compeers. He is no longer the conventional knave, full of tricks and resources, but a

puzzled yet faithful human creature, whose mingled criticism of and devotion to his master, his mixture of admiration and horror at all the escapades of the dauntless reprobate, *l'épouseur du genre humain*, are always natural and lifelike. Sganarelle himself is no saint. After he has described the character of his master in the first scene with perfect frankness as *le plus grand scélérat que la terre ait jamais porté*, he adds, with equal sincerity, "Here he comes; let us part company. Remember, however; I have spoken to you freely, and perhaps my tongue has run away with me; but if anything of this comes back to his ears, I shall swear boldly that you lie." But even with this freedom from prejudice in respect to his own moral conduct, his master goes too far for honest Sganarelle; and his sermons, in which there is always a return of alarmed submission—"Assurément que vous avez raison, si vous le voulez"—are always admirable. Here is a specimen of his protestations, yet compliance. Don Juan has just abandoned his last wife Donna Elvira, as all opera-goers are aware.

Don J. What man is that with whom you were talking? He looks very like Donna Elvira's good Gusman.

Sgan. It is something very like him.

Don J. What! is it he? . . . And what does he want here?

Sgan. You may easily imagine what it is that brings him here.

Don J. Our departure, no doubt?

Sgan. The good man is quite distressed by it, and asks me what is the reason.

Don J. And what answer did you make?

Sgan. That you had not said a word to me on the subject.

Don J. But let us see now. What is your opinion? What do you think of the affair altogether?

Sgan. I? I suppose, without doing

you injustice, that you have fallen in love with some one else.

Don J. By my faith, you are right enough! I must confess that another lady has driven Donna Elvira out of my head.

Sgan. Eh, mon Dieu! Have I not my Don Juan at my finger-ends? I know your heart to be the greatest rover in the world, taking pleasure in wandering about from engagement to engagement, and incapable of remaining in one place.

Don J. And don't you think I am quite right?

Sgan. Ah, monsieur!—

Don J. What? Speak.

Sgan. Certainly you are right if you think so; no one can go against that. But if you did not think so, it might be another matter.

Don J. Very well. I give you leave to speak freely and to tell me your real opinion.

Sgan. In that case, monsieur, I must tell you frankly that I don't at all approve your mode of acting, and that I think it very wicked to fall in love all round as you do.

Don J. You think one should be bound to the first one sees—that one should renounce the world for her, and have no eyes for others. A fine thing to pique one's self on the false honour of fidelity, to bury one's self in a single passion, to be dead in one's youth to all other beauties! . . . There is nothing so delightful as to triumph over the resistance of a beautiful woman; and I have on that subject the ambition natural to conquerors who fly from victory to victory, and cannot make up their minds to restrain their desires. Nothing can arrest the impetuosity of my wishes. I have a heart to be in love with the whole world, and, like Alexander, I wish that there might be other worlds in which to extend my conquests.

Sgan. *Vertu de ma vie!* how you talk! You seem to have learned all that by heart, and pour it out like a book.

Don J. And what have you to say on the subject?

Sgan. My faith! I have to say—that I don't know what to say—for you turn things in such a way that you seem to be in the right; and yet it is certain

that you are not in the right. I had the finest arguments in the world, but you have confused them all with your talk. Let me alone; another time I will write down all my reasons when I have to argue with you.

Don J. That will be the best way.

Sgan. But, monsieur, will it be within the licence you have given me if I say that I am rather scandalised by the life you lead?

Don J. How?—what kind of life is it I lead?

Sgan. Oh, very good! but, for instance, to see you make a new marriage every month as you do—

Don J. Could anything be more agreeable?

Sgan. It is true. I can imagine it is very agreeable and very amusing, and I could very well reconcile myself to it if there was no harm in it; but, monsieur, to play like this with a sacred mystery, and—

Don J. Get along! this is an affair between Heaven and me, and we can manage it quite well without any need for you to mix yourself up with it.

Sgan. My faith, monsieur! I have always heard that it was a bad joke to jest with Heaven, and that libertines never came to a good end.

Don J. Holloa, master fool! you know that I don't like sermons.

Sgan. I don't say this for you, heaven preserve me from taking the liberty! You know what you are doing; and if you believe in nothing, you have reasons for it: but there are certain insignificant persons in the world who are libertines without knowing why, who set up for being freethinkers (*que font les esprits forts*) because they think it becomes them; and if I had one of them for my master, I should say to him distinctly, looking him in the face, How do you dare thus to play with Heaven? and are you not afraid to make a jest of the most sacred things? It is well your part, poor worm of earth, little idiot that you are (this is what I should say to the kind of master I spoke of)—it is well your part to turn into a joke all that men reverence most. Do you think, because you are a man of quality, because you have a wig well dressed and curled, feathers in your hat, a laced coat, and flame-coloured ribbons (it is not you I speak

to, but the other)—do you think, I say, that these things make you more of a man, that everything is permitted to you, and that no one must venture to speak the truth? Learn of me, though I am only your valet, that sooner or later Heaven punishes the impious, that a bad life ends in a bad death, and that——

Don J. Peace!

Sgan. What have we in hand now?

Thus the valet smothers his remorse and his sermon together, and remonstrating but docile, goes on to the next villany, his perplexed fidelity, obedience, and reluctance raising him to as much higher an eminence over the Mascarilles and Scapins as Don Juan in his unhesitating courage and confidence holds over the young *étourdis* and more virtuous gallants of the previous plays. But what can even a fine drama do against the superior charms of opera? It is almost a pity that great composers do not always content themselves with an idiotic *libretto*, conceived and planned for their use alone. 'Don Giovanni' has altogether eclipsed 'Don Juan,' and

Sganarelle is lost in Leporello. The 'Festin de Pierre,' with all its wit and wisdom, its charming grace, its unflagging animation, and the tragic pauses it makes upon the edge of the abyss which finally swallows its hero, has fallen into obscurity. We desire to speak no blasphemy of Mozart or his genius, but it is somewhat hard upon Molière.

It was in this great but neglected drama that the powers of the first of French comedy-writers reached their highest development; but it is not by this that he is remembered among ourselves at least. The gay wit and amusing situations of his lighter works, however, keep their supremacy. The doctors and the philosophers, the *Précieuses* and learned ladies, the Dorines and Sganarelles, the Scapin and the Nicole, have lost none of their charms. These personages are always delightful to meet with; there is no weariness in them. Stories retold, even situations repeated, do not interfere with the inherent life of beings so fantastic, so humorous, so gay.

A RUN THROUGH KATHIAWAR—JÚNÁGHAR.

BOMBAY, I admit, is a delightful place of residence if you can take it on the conditions enjoyed by its governors, commanders-in-chief, and members of council. Granted that you are at liberty to spend the hot season, from the middle of March till the commencement of June, in the forest shade of the cool tableland of Mahabaleshwar at a height of 4500 feet; that you can pass the time from the commencement of June to the end of September at Poona or Nasik, on the elevated plains of the Deccan, where the great rains of the south-west monsoon (which at that season make Bombay like the bottom of an old well) do little more than screen off the sun and moisten the arid air; that in the unhealthy season of October and the commencement of November you can place yourself high above the decaying vegetation of the plain, at such isolated hill-forts and sanitaría as Singhur and Poorundhur; and that, in the cold season, you can take a two months' tour in Kathiawar, Sind, or Rajpútana, in order to get a little real cold weather and brace yourself up after your fatiguing residence in Bombay,—then, I frankly admit, a residence in the capital of Western India is not only endurable, but has great advantages of its own. Admirable as this arrangement is, it does not appear to leave much time to be spent in Bombay; but then a very little time spent there goes a long way, and also goes far to impart a pleasing consciousness that you have been an unrewarded and unacknowledged benefactor of your fellow-creatures. It may be well, however, not to impart any whisper of this conviction to your fellow-citizens of Bombay; for now that

the Indian element has got the upper hand there, nothing is regarded with more dislike and distrust than any expression of dissatisfaction with the climate of that great city. Admit at once that it is simply perfection, and that your sole duty in life is to devote all your capacity and all your means to the benefit of its population, and then you will soon become a popular character; even though you may labour under the serious disadvantage of never having been twice born or circumcised, or bowed as a worshipper of the sacred fire.

It need not be denied, however, that the climate of Bombay, though debilitating, and favourable only to sub-forms of human life, is a pretty safe climate, and that Bombay has the advantage over the other Presidency towns in the easy access which it affords to immediate changes of climate at all seasons of the year. It is supposed to have a very delightful climate in what, by courtesy, is called its cold season; and, no doubt, visitors at that season, contrasting its sunny air and brilliant skies with the cold and fog and darkness of an English winter, have good reason to be delighted with the change: but those who have had some years' experience of tropical climes will perceive that a winter on the coast of Western India may do them much harm, while it is not likely to do good. The weather is not cold enough to brace, or to allow of warm clothes being worn with any degree of comfort; but the dry, desiccating wind of the north-east monsoon so rapidly cools the body as to be a real source of danger. When protected from that wind we are in a tropical climate; when ex-

posed to it we are cooled almost as rapidly as were the bottles of beer and sherry which, wrapped in wet cloth, used to be exposed to its influence before ice was imported into India.

Hence it follows that for those who have to reside in Bombay it is quite as important to get out of that place in the cold season as in any other; and fortunately, in the provinces lying to the north, but in not distant neighbourhood, really bracing weather is to be found at that season, besides many objects of interest, and an entire change in one's habits of life. Of these provinces the little-known peninsula of Kathiawar is the most interesting; and I had for long had my eye on it, as a sort of Indian *bonne bouche*, before a favourable opportunity occurred of taking a run through it. Some little time has elapsed since that visit was made; but, happily for itself, the Kathiawar peninsula has not yet been overwhelmed by the intolerable rushing tide of modern events; and, beyond a steady improvement in the action both of the English officials and the Kathi chiefs, to which I shall allude, there has been little or no change in it since my visit. There I had the privilege of seeing a large province entirely, or almost entirely, under the rule of native princes, with its population in a feudal state, and little affected by the progress of English ideas and rule. Many warlike tribes were met with which, it is true, were no longer permitted to indulge in war, yet retained all the traditions and feelings of a not distant period when they constantly did so. And this province presented also antiquarian remains of the highest interest and importance, together with great series of elaborate temples sacred to the religion of the Jains, a corrupt form of Búdhism which still survives and flour-

ishes in that part of the world. Thus I had the opportunity of seeing much of the interior working of Indian native states; of mingling with their princes and ministers; of combining an examination of antiquities with a round of gaieties; of passing from the society of dancing-girls to that of the statues of the twenty-four Tirthankaras or holy saints of the Jain religion; of exchanging the presence of princes for that of ashy devotees; and, above all, of obtaining admission to the Amijhara or Perspiring Statue of the holy mountain Gírnar, and of sleeping at the foot of Kalika, the Dread Mother, among the Aghoras, or carrion-eating devotees, by which it is infested.

Kathiawar can be reached from the Presidency town by the railway which runs through the Northern Koncan and Gúzerat to Ahmedabad, and by the extensive line from that place to Vírumgaum; but as easy and rapid a way is by the well-appointed steamboats of the British India Steam Navigation Company, which run from Bombay to Karachi in Sind, touching at Vairawal, the chief port of Júnághar, and at various other places, by the way. That preliminary part of the journey was very easy. It was only after being turned out of the railway at Vírumgaum, or landed at Vairawal, that the incautious traveller who had not made sufficient preparations for the journey found himself in a difficulty. Kathiawar, I need scarcely say, was not, and is not to-day, a land of hotels, or drawing-room cars, or public conveyances of almost any kind. It was not a land where private conveyances, or even the means of subsistence, could be had in many parts except as a matter of favour. Between Vírumgaum and the English station of Rájkot, where the political resident has his head-

quarters, something like public traffic now goes on; but in most parts of the country the traveller may have the greatest difficulty in getting a worn-out camel or donkey to ride on, and one egg to appease his hunger with, unless he is welcomed, and almost as a guest, by the chief of the district. In Kathiawar there still lingers the idea that all visitors should be guests; and though this, of course, does not imply that travelling there is really very much cheaper than anywhere else, yet those who attempt to proceed on any other footing will find great, though almost intangible, difficulties rising in their path—for nothing that they require will be forthcoming when they want it, or perhaps at all, if they get irritated.

Personally, I had no experiences of difficulties of this kind, having been invited to visit the country by one of its greatest princes, and having introductions to the political agent and other English officers, who can see that travellers are well cared for; but, even with such advantages, many things have to be provided for, and a run through Kathiawar is not less expensive than a run from Bombay to England and back. Servants, cooking-pots, bedding, liquors, preserved provisions, and many other things, have to be carried with one; and though a tent and a riding-horse are not absolute necessities, yet they will be found very useful. The chiefs of Kathiawar are really exceedingly hospitable, after their own time-honoured fashions, but these do not meet all the wants of an Englishman: a sense of propriety forbids one drawing upon that hospitality more than the circumstances justify; and it needs no satirical turn of mind to be aware that, in all parts of the world, hospitality is most freely accorded to

those who are most independent of it.

It is pleasant in the cool month of January to find one's self running up the coast of Western India in a comfortable steamer, with an entirely new district of country in prospect. Three weeks, in old times, would have been a very fair run at this season in a *pattimar* from Bombay to Surat, on the mainland entrance of the Gulf of Cambay; but now in less than twenty-four hours we find ourselves anchored on the other side of the gulf, beside the little Portuguese island of Diu, close to the great Kathiawar peninsula. There is something attractive to some minds in these decaying remnants of the Portuguese colonial empire—such as Diu and Goa on the Indian coast, and Macao on that of China. They are dear to the same tone of mind which made Byron find a congenial home in Pisa, Venice, and Ravenna. Something of the heroism and glory of the past still lingers about them, affects the very air, and prevents the meanness of their present becoming the meanness of poor places which have had no past. But probably, of all such places in the world, the Indian remains of the Portuguese empire are the least calculated to afford that meditative repose which we seek amid ruins; their life is too far gone and too much mingled with the still more advanced decay of ancient Indian races.

There is much of interest in these shores of the upper portion of the Arabian Sea, stretching up by Kathiawar, Kutch, and Sind, formed on the north by the coast of Beloochistan, and coming down, on the Arabian side, in the shores of Oman and Hadramaut. It is a coast-line for the most part desert and sparsely inhabited, but it has wild beauties of its own. Its summer sea is not

much ruffled by storms, and strange, picturesque-looking people live upon it, or at no great distance inland. Emphatically, it is a region of blinding sunlight by day, and brilliant skies by night. Its palms and mimosas, and thinly-scattered human beings, do not oppress its naked deserts and flame-like mountains. But Kathiawar is midway between this arid region and the rich fertile shores of the Northern Koncan and Southern Gúzerat. It partakes of the nature of both zones, and illustrates the change between them.

As we approached Vairawal, the chief port of the Kathiawar state of Júnághar, the great isolated mountain-mass of Gírnar was visible in the distance, in the clear, cool, evening air, a great tract of cultivated plain stretching up to it; while on the right, or towards the southern side of the peninsula, lay the thick jungly hills and forest of the Gír, which is still the habitat of many lions, but is so unhealthy that it is almost never visited except in the depth of the hot season, and even then but rarely. This peninsula of Kathiawar—the ancient Saurashtra—is surrounded by the Gulf of Cambay, the Arabian Sea, the Gulf of Kutch, and a continuation of the salt-covered Runn of Kutch, by which and a neck of firmer land it is attached to the mainland of Gúzerat. Thus its position is somewhat isolated; and, until recent years, it has had almost no external trade, except that carried on by pirates and slave-dealers. Roughly speaking, it is about 160 miles in breadth, by 200 in extreme length, and has an area of about 22,000 square miles, and a population of under 2,000,000. Thus it has an area of rather more than two-thirds that of either Ireland or Scotland; and, socially and politically, it has not a few points of resemblance to the condition of

those countries a few centuries ago. Physically and climatically, however, it differs greatly from them both. Here are no great chains of mountains, or deep fresh-water lakes, or long arms of the sea. The coast is compact; and by far the greater part of the peninsula is a plain, broken only by low rugged undulations and the beds of streams, dry during more than half of the year. The mountain-mass of Gírnar rises from nearly level plains in the south-east of the country to a height of 3500 feet; but there are no other high mountains, unless we call the isolated 1500 feet peaks of Palitana such, and one of the Burda Hills near Porebunder, which is a little higher. But there are wild hills in the north-east, and stretching from Gírnar in the direction of the sea, with a few peaks of about 1000 feet. The plains are in great part under pasture and the cultivation of Indian cereals and cotton. There are large stretches of jungle and of barren land; and in the north, where the salts of the Runn of Kutch encroach, the plain is white, as with hoar-frost, except during the south-west monsoon, when Kathiawar becomes an island.

Very different, too, is the climate from that of either Ireland or Scotland; but as an Indian climate, it may be said to be delightful. *Ag ka gurm*, or “hot as fire,” in March, April, and May, that season is not an unhealthy one; the hot winds are not bad, and the nights are usually tolerable. Still this is a hot season. Lieut. Macmurdo, in his report of the 2d Oct. 1815, remarks naïvely of it: “The climate of the peninsula is, in general, pleasant. In the hottest weather the thermometer is seldom above 110° in a tent, although generally above 104° or 102°.” Within reach of the south-west monsoon, but not exposed

to its full force, the heats of summer are tempered by clouds and rain; and, though steamy September and October are very unhealthy, there is a long delicious cold season, extending from October to March, when scarcely any rain falls, when the sky is clear (except occasionally in the mornings, when there are thick fogs), the air pure and bracing, and the cold is sometimes great enough to cause the formation of ice. In its great characteristics the climate is not different from that of Western India in general; but except in the hot season, it has these characteristics in a vastly superior style to that of by far the greater part of the Bombay Presidency. In a country so partially cultivated, fever and dysentery of course abound, but they can be guarded against. Numerous herds of black buck and of *nilghai* — the large Indian elk — spot the plains of Kathiawar, and are easily approached, though the aversion of the people to their being killed renders the pursuit of them often inexpedient; but the same objection does not apply to hunting the lions, leopards, wolves, and deer with which some of the jungles are full.

Kathiawar may very justly be called the Scotland of Gúzerat; and, in accordance with that comparison, its hardy, muscular people contrast strikingly with the fuller-bodied, more placid, more English-like inhabitants of the adjoining mainland. The great social peculiarity of the country is its division into an immense number of small states, the chiefs of some of which exercise the power of life and death, and most of which are governed by their own chiefs, who are semi-independent, although feudatories of Great Britain. There are about four hundred of these chiefs altogether; and though some of them are no better than petty proprietors, others,

such as the Nawab of Júnághar and the Jam of Naoanágar, have really small kingdoms, and what would have been counted as such even in Europe ten years ago. In addressing these chiefs in 1867, Sir Bartle Frere, the then Governor of Bombay, said: "Some of your chiefs can show pedigrees which run back for nineteen centuries and extend over forty generations. And this at least is certain, that you have in Kathiawar landed proprietors who tilled land in that province while the descendants of the Cæsars still ruled over the Roman empire; and many who believe, with some show of reason, that their ancestors had fields of their own to till in the same province when Porus met Alexander on the frontier of India." I saw some very ancient-looking individuals in Kathiawar, but whether they had actually tilled land there a thousand years ago, I am not prepared to affirm. There is no doubt, however, that many of the proprietors can show credible genealogies of immense antiquity; and the antiquity of the land settlements of the peninsula must be taken into account in order to form an idea of the character of the people. It must be noted, also, that there has been a great infusion of races into Kathiawar, not only of Negroes, Arabs, and Beloochees from the shores of the Arabian Sea, but also from many parts of India, from Tartary, and perhaps from Europe; and it has a share of the wilder jungle and nomadic tribes of India, such as the Bháls and Jats. Colonel Tod has even gone so far as to say that, "for diversity of races, exotic and indigenous, there is no region in India to be compared with Saurashtra." It swarms, moreover, with many pilgrims, besides those of the Jain religion, who repair to the shrines of Gárnar, Palitana, and Túlshishama. Kathiawar has

a most interesting ancient history in connection with the Yadevas, the great Buddhist emperor Ashoka, the Sinha or Lion-kings, and Mahmúd of Ghazni; but great conquerors have not much disturbed the relationships of its landed proprietors; and it was only with the advent of the paramount power of Great Britain that their incessant feuds had to be exchanged for lawsuits. It has only to be added that *bhair-wuttia*, or going into a state of outlawry—or, in fact, becoming robbers, descending for their prey from the fastnesses of the mountains—is an ancient Kathiawar resource for the oppressed, and still lingers in the peninsula.

The above remarks may serve to give a rough general idea of the country on which we are entering at Vairawal. I fancy steamers sometimes touch at that port all the year round without landing a single European; but it so happened that on this occasion there landed, besides myself, a civil engineer and his assistants going to Júnághar, in connection with a projected railway which still remains a project, and two young merchants of a leading Bombay house, bent on a run through Kathiawar for purposes of pleasure combined with an eye to the extension of commerce. I was the only expected guest; due preparations had been made for me; and I received every attention from Durga Prasaad Hurridas, the Vahivatdar or collector, and Maharánidas Vidzaman Anderji, the Nazir or sheriff of the town; but the wholly unexpected arrival of the others took Vairawal by surprise, and threw its officials into a state of perplexity and sulkiness. The Nawab's bungalow, about a mile from the town, was quite roomy enough for us all; but considerable difficulty was experienced by the rest of the party in making their way

through the country. The engineer eventually rode into Júnághar on an ass; and the two young merchants, at the end of their first day's ride inland, were kept waiting for two or three hours before any supplies were brought to them, though of course they were quite willing to pay; and at the end of that period, the Foujdar of the village appeared before them holding up *one* egg in triumph, alleging it was all the food he had been able to procure. There was surely satire, and not of a very covert kind, in thus offering one egg to two hungry young Sahibs after a ride of thirty miles; but this did not deter them from carrying out their enterprise, and afterwards they got on better. Probably the officials had directions not to act so as at all to encourage the visits of uninvited Europeans, or at least of travellers who did not give due previous notice that they were coming.

Vairawal, we found to our surprise, had one European inhabitant, and he was a young Scotchman, established there by some mercantile house. He bore the name of the hero of Aytoun's most celebrated comic ballad. We travellers (drawing fearful but entirely imaginary pictures of the reasons which had brought him into the land) used to speak of him as "the Phairshon;" and this phrase having been misunderstood by the captain of the steamer, the latter remarked to us that really the Persian spoke English remarkably well. If you do meet a solitary European in such a place, he is pretty sure to be either a German or a Scotchman. One of our party had a very characteristic story of two Scotchmen whom he heard conversing together under a banian-tree. They were not exactly European loafers, but were railway *employés* out of work,

and were pushing their way—a long and dreary one—from Ahmedabad towards Agra, or Awgry, as they called it. Their remaining funds had been invested in a large stock of *chapátis*, or girdle-cakes; and though *chapátis* are exceedingly palatable when fresh from the girdle, after being kept a few days they assume the consistency of leather. This the unfortunate Scotchmen soon found; but instead of damning and cursing the scones, as Englishmen of their class would probably have done, the following was all the conversation that passed between them under the banian-tree:—

“Awfu’ teuch, John!”

“Ay, it’s teuch.”

Vairawal, curiously enough, reminds one of the Latin grammar, for *ver* or *vir* in Sanscrit means a hero, and the translation of the name is “Line of Heroes,” rather a misnomer at the present day. It was formerly a great haunt of pirates and slave-dealers, but is now more noted for its export of cotton. But its great attraction is the world-famous temple of Somnáth, which stands about two miles off on the peninsula of Pathan Somnáth. This place is known to my readers by the story of the Gates of Somnáth, which were carried off to Kaubul by Mahmúd of Ghazní after his sacking the temple (with a force of 300,000 men, of whom, say the historians, 50,000 were slain) in 1025 A.D., and which were brought back into India with great pomp by the late Lord Ellenborough when he was Viceroy, and are now in the fort at Agra. Tod has called it “perhaps the most renowned of all the shrines of India,” and one of its names denotes it as the chief dwelling-place of the great god Mahadeva or Shiva. It contained one of the twelve *lingas* of this god which are believed by the Hindus

to have fallen from heaven—rather a curious place for them to come from. To go into the associations of this temple so as to render intelligible the feelings which it is calculated to excite, would involve a small volume on the history and mythology of India. Suffice it to say, that both the position and character of the ruin make it a most striking object, though it has been much changed and disfigured by the Muhammadans, and is now quite a ruin. It must emphatically have been a sculptured temple; and the richness of Hindu sculpture is seen to better effect in the built than in the cave or rock temples. Even as a ruin it is beautiful, and it must have been a wonderful place when its fifty-six pillars were inlaid with precious stones; when pilgrims flocked to it from all parts of India; when the rise and fall of the tide was adduced, and readily received, as a proof of Ocean’s adoration of it; and when thousands of priests, musicians, and dancing-girls were engaged in its service. There are also other and very interesting antiquities and sacred places in its neighbourhood. Among these may be specially mentioned the Súrya Kanda in the town of Pathan, which presents a colonnade of over two hundred elaborately-carved pillars; and farther off the Devasarga, where Krishna, the Indian Apollo, yielded up his life.

It occurred to a certain merchant of Bombay, after he had resided for twenty years there, and was about to return to England, that he had seen nothing of the interior of India. Fired with a laudable ambition to repair this defect in his education, he went as far as he could get by rail in his time, and then betook himself to the only available means of conveyance—a bullock *gárhí*. The result was, that the Bombay merchant returned

home without seeing the interior; for after advancing ten miles in a bullock *gárhí*, he precipitately returned on foot to the railway and fled from India. Now the conveyance provided for me, in which to go a short four-days' journey from Vairawal to Júnághar, was a bullock *gárhí*—and a very superior one it was, cushioned, gilded, and ornamented, as became the vehicle of a Nawab. The bullocks, also, were very superior bullocks, not requiring to have their tails twisted, and quite willing to go much faster than suited the convenience of the opium-eating old driver, who spent most of his time in tipsy slumber. But notwithstanding these advantages, I did not become reconciled to that method of transit. I could stretch myself at full length on soft cushions, and was well protected from the sun by an arched and quilted cover; but what avails that when you feel as if the screw of a steamboat were working below, flapping your person and the ground alternately? A bullock *gárhí* has either no springs at all, or springs which only imperfectly protect the vehicle. It is a very long affair—sometimes eight feet long—placed upon only two wheels. The result is a combination of motions which it is easier to remember than describe. There is a rotatory motion, a lateral motion, a perpendicular motion, and a nondescript motion, such as occurs in the tail of a water-wagtail. This combination of motions is quite bad enough; but it is far from the worst. The roads are not good—in fact they are execrable. There are great ruts and hollows in them, and they go down unexpectedly into the dry beds of water-courses. The consequence is, that there comes every now and then the most tremendous series of bumps and crashes, which no pillows can render tolerable, and which are almost as bad as a railway collision.

You are going on quietly enough, only your brain feeling rather confused by the above-noted mysterious motions, when suddenly you are bumped and dashed about in the most violent manner. You are tossed off your couch for a couple of feet, and, as you descend, the couch rises to meet you with a violent blow, and knocks you up to the roof of the *gárhí*; while, an instant after, you are nearly knocked through the side, and brought into violent contact with iron stanchions and wooden boards. After a little more of this sort of business, you subside into the mysterious motion again, but bruised, bewildered, wondering where you are, and what crime you have committed. Such sufferings the traveller has to endure in even a well-appointed bullock *gárhí*; and I never heard any Englishman say a good word in favour of that vehicle except the now member of Parliament for the Dumfries district, who, on his visit to India, declared in favour of it, on the ground that “at least you have it all to yourself.” But what are all these sufferings compared with those of the man who is obliged to have recourse (as we sometimes have in Western India) to one of the ordinary cultivators' bullock-carts, which might be thrown over a precipice without sustaining much harm, and the wheels of which are segments of solid wood! All Gúzerat is famous for its cattle, and certainly my bullocks had a largeness and calmness about them which was delightful to contemplate, and made them contrast beautifully with the shrivelled little opium-eater, their nominal superior.

At the small *gaum* or village of Bhandúri, where we stopped for the night, I found a chamber above the gateway prepared for me; but it was so full of loopholes, that I preferred to sleep in one of the half-

open houses below, my cot being stretched facing a large wood-fire which was kindled in the court. But the houses of Hindus, especially of Brahmans, are *dépendu*. In India one does not see the house-life as in China and some other countries of the East. Only among the poorer classes, and on occasions like this, we get glimpses of it, and perceive its meagreness. What a contrast the starry heavens presented that clear, cold night of January to the meanness of my human surroundings! There are nights when the earth's position on its orbit, our place on its surface, the position of the larger planets, and the clearness of the atmosphere, all combine to afford, nearly at the same moment, a view of the more magnificent constellations and individual heavenly bodies. Such a glorious night was this, in the perfectly clear air of Kathiawar. Towards morning Venus was rising as Jupiter was setting, and near the latter planet were all the splendours of Orion, the great white light of Sirius, Procyon's more modest brilliance, the dazzling Capella, and the milder radiance of Castor and Pollux. Towards the zenith, the most prominent objects were Regulus and the stars of the Sickle, followed by the great triangle of Denebola, Arcturus, and Spica. The baleful red fire of the rising Antares contrasted with the soft blue light of the Northern Vega; and a little above the horizon, nearly on the meridian, there shone the Southern Cross, followed by the two most brilliant, piercing stars Alpha and Beta Centauri, and all the galaxy of Argo Navis. Watching such a sky, one begins to understand the fixed position of the stars—to feel and see that it is the earth which is slowly moving round amid the vast concave of heaven; and we also realise most vividly that this

earth, with all its endless variety of self-destroying sentient life, with its mighty burden of joy and agony, is but a revolving grain of sand in the midst of a boundless universe of stars.

On this journey I was always accompanied by a mounted trooper or two; and at my next halting-place, Kussodi, there were a number of these men about, and other police of the Nawab. They and the Foujdar occupied a large square court, in which were various buildings. I was again allotted the room in the tower over the gateway; and this I occupied, as it was comfortable and had been carpeted for me, though the whole concern was in a great state of decay, and looked as if it might collapse at any moment. There was much excitement in this place about a rising of outlaws in the neighbouring forest of the Gir, and this was one of the reasons why I was not allowed to pay a visit to that haunt of lions as well as of outlaws.

Bhairvuttia, or going into a state of outlawry, was, and to a less extent still is, a highly respectable institution in Kathiawar; it was the safety-valve of society. When a chief or a *Grassia* felt himself oppressed beyond endurance by a powerful neighbour, he took to the jungle, and from thence made predatory excursions upon that neighbour's territory. The expedient was perfectly respectable, and served as a real safeguard against oppression. The most powerful chief knew that if he pushed matters beyond a certain point those he oppressed would betake themselves to parts of the country where there would be the greatest difficulty in getting at them, and from whence they might cause his subjects serious loss and trouble. He also had before him the possibility of these outlaws so increasing in number and

banding together that they might entirely overthrow his power and put him to a cruel death. The outlaw of to-day might become the prince of to-morrow, but there would be very little chance of the overthrown prince being permitted to escape into a state of outlawry. General Legrand Jacob has related how some of these outlaws once carried off an English officer and kept him a prisoner for months in their retreat among the mountains. A year or two before my visit, two English officers of the Federal *Sebundi*—the force kept up at the expense of the principal chiefs to deal with these outlaws—were killed by them. Fighting was going on with them when I was on my way to Júndghar, but they made submission before I left that town. In the immediate neighbourhood of Júndghar itself, when I was there, another band of outlaws gave some trouble. At Wadwan I found that Mr Jardine, the then Assistant Political Resident of the district, kept horses ready for him to start, on a moment's notice, in pursuit of outlaws. On the way between Saila and Múli I was warned that there were *bhairwuttia* on the road, and in the early morning came suddenly on a party of mounted men armed with spears. Suspiciously enough, at this moment the horse of the *sowar* who accompanied me ran off with him, and I had an opportunity of perceiving that in a *gárhí* one might be speared with a good deal of ease. However, I had no need to use my revolver, for the leader of the party salaamed to me politely, and passed on; and though I am by no means sure, it is possible that this was not a party of outlaws, but a patrol guarding the road against them. Even if outlaws, it was extremely unlikely that they would aggravate the difficulties of their position by meddling with an Englishman. The

sowar turned up a long time afterwards, with marks of earth on his dress, and complaining of having had a severe fall from his unmanageable steed. Thus it will be seen I found *bhairwuttia* by no means extinct in Kathiawar. That noble institution still exists there, though in diminished vigour.

Colonel Alexander Walker—the first, and, considering his great work, the most prominent of our officials concerned with Kathiawar—has referred to this subject of *bhairwuttia* in his Report to Government of the 7th October 1807. He derives the word from *bhar*, “outside,” and *wat* or *war*, “a road,” which evidently indicates people who are outside existing arrangements, and have taken to the road as a means of subsistence; but Kathiawar gentry of this kind are a much more justifiable class than our own Dick Turpins and similar “knights of the road.” Among its collateral supports, he mentions the personal independence characteristic of all the Rajpút tribes; the right of avenging personal wrongs, as also the wrongs of relatives; and the recognised duty of affording refuge to fugitives and criminals of almost all kinds. When a proprietor goes into outlawry, all his dependants go with him, and his village and its lands are left waste, as a sort of protest and standing justification of his conduct. As the outlaw only attacks his enemies, and the system is well understood in the country, he receives a great deal of information and quiet protection from the neutral bystanders, who do not want to make an enemy of him, and who feel that they may some day themselves have to take to *bhairwuttia* and will stand in need of similar tolerance.

I made so many inquiries about the great forest of the Gír, with a view of spending some time there afterwards, that I know a great deal about it, though it still remains for

me a sweet unvisited woodland. Its hills, as can plainly be seen from the sea, are a low continuation of the Gírnar group, notwithstanding General Jacob's objection (which has no geological validity) that there is a plain of twelve miles between them. The Gír is not a plain, but a vast succession of ridges and low hills, covered by forest-trees and the densest jungle. Jacob, in his report of 4th October 1842, says that he marched twenty miles in it without finding room to pitch a *bechova*. It covers a distance of about fifty miles by thirty, and would be almost impenetrable were it not for two valleys which fall through it from north to south, and the numerous streamlets which enter these valleys. Its hills rise on the south to about 1000 feet, and descend from that towards the north into mere undulations. Its malaria is so injurious, and its water is so poisoned by the decaying vegetation, that it is not considered at all safe to enter it except between January and the commencement of the rains in June. Every way the best season for a hunting excursion in it is in April and May, when the heat, as Major Le Geyt described it to me, is something tremendous, and yet is neither oppressive nor unhealthy. It was in that season that Sir Seymour Fitzgerald made his excursion into it, when he was Governor of Bombay, and bagged several lions; and he is almost the only Englishman I have heard of as having visited the Gír, except two or three of the civil and military officers employed in Kathiawar. Here is a fine playground for the sportsmen of Europe; but it would be vain for them to attempt to hunt in it without the cordial assistance of the Júnághar Durbar.

Tents would be required in this wild district: there are many half-open dells in which small ones might be pitched under great teak-

trees, ebony-trees, or wide-spreading peepul and barr; and there are even large amphitheatres surrounded by the wooded hills. Around all the yellow, withered vegetation, and in the burning sky above, there quivers a furnace-like air; but on the banks of the poisonous though limpid streamlets, and climbing up every rock and precipice where moisture remains and dews fall, there blooms the gaudy luxuriance of tropical vegetation. Among these wild rocks and thick glens there is the very savagery of nature, both in vegetable and animal life. The great maneless lion of Gúzerat abounds, and comes down in the moonlight nights to the pools to drink, or to watch for the beautiful antelope and the splendid sambar. Large serpents twine, scarce distinguishably, among the creepers, or lie coiled in the hearts of decaying trees. Herdsmen with splendid cattle are found on the more open borders of this enchanted land; but no one penetrates into its jungly depth except rude Kolís and Bhíls of the more primitive races of India, large African Sídís, descendants of runaway slaves, and a few hunted and desperate outlaws, who have betaken themselves to the fastnesses of its mountains.

I saw a very fine specimen of the Kathiawar lion at Júnághar, in the garden of Bhauaddín, the brother-in-law of the Nawab. It was an enormous creature; and though the almost entire want of mane detracted somewhat from the dignity of the king of beasts, it served to display the gigantic proportions of the chest and shoulders. It has been surmised that the thick jungle of its habitat has, by the law of natural selection, deprived the Kathiawar lion of this appendage, which it retains only in a very modified and scanty degree; and the surmise that each individual lion may be denuded of its mane by the thorny

thickets through which it has to pass, is disproved by the case of this lion of Júnághar, which had grown to full size in its cage, where there were no thorny thickets. Occasionally the lion makes excursions to the base of Gírnar and the walls of Júnághar, but that rarely happens now. The usual way of hunting it is to watch for it in a tree, beside some drinking-place it is known to frequent, or above a dead bullock, which has been placed to attract it. The lion, on seeing the bullock, begins licking its jaws, and gives unmistakable indications of its appreciation of a good meal, when the poor fellow is rudely undeceived as to what is in store by the crash of a shell or conical bullet into him. Mrs Postans says that in her day (1838) the noblest of the lions frequented the plains, and were hunted on elephants; but very seldom do they venture on the plains, now that firearms are so abundant. They require to be sought for in their sequestered haunts; and there elephants are useful, but hardly for the purpose of hunting them, the jungle being so high, and the forest so thick.

At Bantli, my next halting-place, I was put up in a palace of the Nawab, surrounded by gardens, and with a fine view over the plain from the upper rooms, which were of great height, and covered with a very fine, white, close chunam, which looked almost like marble. Ladi-bhai, the Vahivatdar, was very gracious, and mutton-chops were produced which would not have disgraced a city of London dining-house. On the first part of the way up from the sea, the soil had been very thin, light, and cretaceous. It did not seem to be more than a foot or a foot and a half thick, and rested upon gravel; but about Bantli, and between that place and Júnághar, there was more

of a black soil, about three feet in depth. The rock everywhere was cretaceous sandstone, which seemed here and there to have been exposed to plutonic action. Close to Júnághar the land became still richer, and the road lay between mango-trees and fruit-gardens.

At Júnághar I found the bungalow for travellers occupied by the Assistant Political Agent for the district, Major Le Geyt, and his lady; and commodious tents were pitched for me on the other side of the city, under some mimosa and large banyan trees, just inside the walls of the city at the north gate, above which there were some fine airy rooms that would make a pleasant residence in hot weather. The walls of Júnághar enclose a vast circuit of open land occupied by kitchen-gardens and scrub-jungle. My tents were about two miles away from the city; and though there was an *octroi* guard of about twenty Arabs and Belooches at the north gate, a special guard of eight sepoy, with rifles and sword-bayonets, and under an officer of the Nawab, was sent down every night to guard my tents. Possibly this may have been to protect me, not so much from ordinary thieves or from *bhairwuttias*, as from the guard at the gate. These latter were certainly exceedingly pious men, so far as outward forms went, but neither their visages nor their demeanour were calculated to inspire confidence. Regularly every morning and evening, and sometimes even during the day, they engaged in long devotional services, kneeling with their faces towards Mecca, and uttering their prayers and chants in a sonorous way which would have delighted the ear of a ritualist. Their piety, however, was very little appreciated by the old women who passed through the gate, whose bundles, and even

whose persons, they searched in a most unceremonious way, and who in return cursed them from head to heel, and otherwise treated them to a profusion of the most abusive language.

I enjoyed life in these tents exceedingly, but nothing exciting occurred there except one day when a *sowar* galloped down and told us that one of the Nawab's elephants had gone wild, had broken loose from its keeper, and was coming down upon us. The skedaddle which immediately took place was most amusing. The guard of Arabs and Belooches disappeared instantly, leaving the gate to take care of itself. The old women threw down their bundles and made a rush for some huts outside the gate. My servants and attendants fled for the gateway tower, and never stopped until they attained the highest positions possible. And, curiously, a number of pariah dogs which had been lying and playing about seemed at once to understand that some danger was near, and ran into concealment in the jungle. In half a minute the whole place was deserted. There was a very large half-uprooted and sloping trunk of a banian-tree close beside me, and it at once occurred to me that (with the aid of the trunk of a mad elephant behind) I could walk up that banian-tree with sufficient alacrity to place myself out of danger; so, keeping a keen look-out in the direction of the elephant, I continued smoking quietly in my chair, notwithstanding the entreaties addressed to me from the tower, especially by my Portuguese cook, who cried, half pathetically half indignantly, "S'pose that *must hattí* (mad elephant) come, Sahib not can eat that roast mutton." Before getting quite close to us, however, the elephant halted in some jungle, and its keeper, stealing behind it,

clapped a half-opened iron ringround one of its hind ankles, and this not only closed with a spring, but had sharp spikes on its inside surface, which checked the huge animal's further progress, and made it submit to its mahout. To do justice to the cook, he only mounted the wall connected with the gateway tower, and returned to his beloved mutton before any one else ventured down.

This state of Júnághar, at the capital of which I spent a fortnight, is the largest and most important of the states of Kathiawar, excepting, perhaps, Bhaunágar. It is a Muhammadan state; and its prince, the Nawab, is a Muhammadan, and so are one or two of his principal advisers, but its affairs are administered chiefly by Nágár Brahmans. The city is renowned as a most ancient place, even in a country so abundant in ancient places, and is believed to have been the capital of princes of the Yadu race, the Yádevas of the Mahábhárata. According to the "*Mirat-i-Secundri*," the Chúrasma dynasty had ruled in it, as over all Soruth, for nineteen centuries previous to the Muhammadan conquest. After resisting several very formidable Muhammadan attacks, conducted by such great conquerors as Sultan Muhammad Taglak of Delhi, and Ahmed Shah, the founder of Ahmedabad, it succumbed, A.D. 1477, to Sultan Muhammad Begra of Gúzerat. It afterwards became a dependency of the Mogul empire, and hence arose the present title of its prince—Nawab, originally meaning a deputy. Here the history becomes intricate, and the details would be uninteresting. Suffice to say, that about 1735 Shere Khan Babí, a soldier of fortune, displaced the deputy and founded the present dynasty. Its ruler, when I visited it, Nawab or Nabob Sahib

Mohobutkhanji, was between thirty and forty years old. His jurisdiction, under the paramount power of Britain, was a first-class one—that is to say, he had the power of life and death over all but British subjects; and in many other respects he had the entire control of his state, subject only to the advice of the British political agents and of the Bombay Government. His state comprised 890 towns and villages, 62,300 houses, a population of 249,200, and afforded him an acknowledged land revenue of Rs. 1,300,000, or about £130,000. But most of the states of Kathiawar paid him annual sums ranging from Rs. 20 to Rs. 5000; and if I am not mistaken, these payments, which form a very considerable aggregate, are not included in the above revenue. They go under the name of Zortalabi or black-mail, literally “taking by force,” and that, no doubt, was their origin; but by custom, and being guaranteed to the Nawab by the British Government, they are now legitimate sources of revenue; and not a few of the nobles of Europe became possessed of property by a similar process. I need only add that the Nawab has about 3000 soldiers, horse and foot; for the character of his state, in so far as I can give any idea of it, will come out best incidentally in the descriptions of what I saw.

Much of the gaiety of Júnághar consisted in evening parties of a kind unknown in Belgravia, and I was a guest at several of these, given by Bhauaddín, the brother-in-law of the Nawab, Lakshmi Shankar, the son of a former Dewan, and others. Some of the principal men of Júnághar were always present at these parties, and the conversation turned on subjects both trivial and important. The chief amusement was singing, in Persian, by Nautch girls, and their dancing, if slight

and measured movements could be called by that name. There was not even impropriety in the performances I witnessed, and to have watched them long would have been tiresome in the extreme. No doubt Nautch girls are capable of highly improper dancing as well as improper singing, and possibly, later on in the evening there may have been something of that kind; but, as a rule, the nautching an Englishman sees in India is excessively dull, and one would require to be born to the amusement in order to appreciate it. Some of Bhauaddín's Nautch girls were dressed in the costume of Scotch Highlandmen, with the addition of trews fitting tightly at the ankle; and their solemn movements resembled those of dancing-dervishes at the commencement of a dance. The fruit and sweetmeats provided for the guest are either given at parting or sent over to his residence next day, and betelnut to chew was all we had to support exhausted nature. As the Assistant Political Agent, who knew the people well, was present with me at these parties, it was not for me to suggest that a “peg,” as Anglo-Indians call a glass of brandy-and-soda, would have been much more refreshing than chewing betelnut or being sprinkled with attar of roses and adorned with garlands of sweet-smelling yellow Mogri flowers; but I was told that after our departure, *kusimba*, a decoction of opium, was introduced, and that the singing of the dancing-girls and the conversation of the guests continued till near morning. Nothing can be more absurd than the practice of giving *pan supári* or a leaf-full of pounded betel on leaving; but the chewing of betel in India, though a disagreeable practice to the onlookers, from the way in which it reddens the teeth and fills the mouth with saliva, has

undoubtedly its advantages, where vegetable diet so much prevails, from the very astringent qualities of the nut. The Nautch girls were far from beautiful, and, to an English ear, they screamed rather than sang, sometimes raising their voices in a most ear-piercing manner, but always keeping time to the music with the motions of their limbs and bodies. On leaving one of these parties the Civil Engineer expressed a wish that our friends could see us, adorned as we were with garlands of Mogrí flowers. A more objectionable practice was that, on our departure, of daubing our hands, handkerchiefs, and the sleeves of our coats with attar of roses, sandal-oil, and other—I cannot say always sweet-smelling, but certainly always strong-smelling—oils. Indeed the higher up in society we went, the more awful and prostrating was the perfume which was graciously rubbed on our coats. At least, however, we had hookahs, the smoke of which was tempered by passing through rose-water, and were at liberty to smoke cheroots.

I was first introduced to the Nawab at an elephant-fight, which he invited me to see after the other Englishmen had departed from Júnághar. He had about twenty elephants of all sizes, and I had examined the stud. The fighting was between both men and elephants, and elephants and elephants. The balcony in which his Highness and myself sat, accompanied by Bhauaddín, Salahindi, and other Muhammadan nobles of his court, opened on the large walled arena in which the fighting took place, and was by no means out of reach of an elephant's trunk; but to guard against any accident from that cause, we were provided with long spears, and Bhauaddín showed himself particularly active and courageous when one large

elephant did threaten us. The fighting was by torchlight, which added to the extraordinary character of the scene. A large elephant in an excited state was let loose into the arena, and surrounded by a number of men, each holding a torch in one hand and a very long sharp spear in the other. First one man would give the elephant a prog with his spear, and when it turned upon him another would arrest its attention by proggng it on the other side. When hard pressed the spearmen had apertures in the wall of the arena into which they could escape, and accidents seldom happen, but one or two of them had rather narrow escapes. If the elephant was excited when he entered, he became ten times more so under this system of proggng, and some difficulty was experienced in getting him out of the arena by exploding fireworks behind him, which also did not tend to soothe his mind; but he seemed to enjoy the thing in a way, and it can hardly be said that there was any cruelty in the amusement, or that it was as bad as fox-hunting, in which men run the risk of breaking their necks, and the fox suffers not a little. It was a moonless night, and a curious effect was produced by the infuriated animal rushing about with a swiftness rendered remarkable by its vast proportions, amid the flickering light of torches, the glare of fireworks, or the steady blue light of some magnesium wire with which once or twice I lit up the arena. The bejewelled Muhammadan nobles around me were very picturesque figures; and so, in another way, were the wild-looking spearmen; while the top of the walls of the arena were alive with the population of Júnághar.

The fighting of elephants with elephants was a mere trial of strength; and they were placed

with a thick low wall, about three or four feet high, between them. This was in order to prevent the victor going to extremities, and killing his opponent. As it was, they only pushed against each other with their foreheads, and pushed each other's trunks aside, or entwined their trunks, and so tried to bend each other's heads down. I was curious to see a fight between an elephant and a very fine rhinoceros which the Nawab had, and the quickness of whose motions was quite astonishing; but was told that every time the rhinoceros had been brought into the arena it had killed either a man or an elephant, and so it was no longer brought out to do battle.

The Nawab himself impressed me favourably in some respects. He was evidently a man of good disposition, and not wanting in natural shrewdness of mind; but the circumstances of his training had unfitted him for taking much part in the cares of government. In a native state so isolated and left to itself as Júnághar has been, and yet with the corrective of revolution suppressed, great abuses must exist; but it is difficult—almost impossible—to know to what extent they do exist, and how far current stories may be the invention of discontented persons who have been justly deposed from influential positions, and of native *employés* of the English Agency who seek to serve their own private ends. I shall say nothing on this and similar subjects, on which I do not feel competent to form an opinion. It was evident, however, that considerable efforts were being made in Júnághar to improve the administration of the state, and to fashion it in accordance with modern ideas. In its courts of justice, its schools, and its jail, great reforms had been effected; and its Khábrarís struck

me as able, well-meaning, and, judged by an Indian standard, honest men.

For instance, I assisted Major Le Geyt in the examination of the principal school; but in order to appreciate that establishment, we must bear in mind what an exceedingly out-of-the-way place Júnághar is, and how little it is directly affected by the modernising agencies at work in the Presidency towns of India and throughout great parts of the Mofussil. This head-school had over 300 scholars, and 70 of these were learning English; and it was noticeable that of these 70 only two were Muhammadans, though the state is a Muhammadan state, the rest being almost entirely either Brahmans or Jains. The higher class in English read fluently, and explained easily in English the meaning of the words they were asked to explain. They also wrote wonderfully correctly from dictation, and showed a good knowledge of the geography of Europe. Major Le Geyt put the whole school through a very sensible, testing, and fair examination, which brought out the actual proficiency and the deficiencies of the scholars very well indeed, and I am bound to say that the result was highly creditable to them. On the whole, they showed great intelligence and eagerness. The chanting in Gúzerathí and Urdú was very melodious, with a pathetic cadence, and was executed apparently with much feeling. A large girls' school, which we also examined, was a novelty in such a state. The girls were almost entirely the daughters of Brahmans, some of whom were high in the Nawab's service. They were exceedingly quick, clever, and eager; and it was curious to notice the great and unaffected delight with which even such an astute old official as Narsing Prasaad

looked upon the success of the little performers.

To improve the administration of justice, efforts had been made to establish courts, with regular forms resembling those existing in British territory; but there did not seem to be sufficient appreciation of the importance of having well-paid judges placed in a position to be at least somewhat independent of the Nawab's court. One of the gravest accusations brought against native states in India is, that the ruler and his favourites can do exactly as they please; that they can crush all opposition, violate the honour of any woman, ruin any man, and, in general, gratify their wishes, however unwarrantable these may be. Though a step in the right direction, the mere creation of courts of justice does not meet this evil so long as the judges can be displaced at will; and to place native judges in very independent positions might be to make them independent fountains of corruption and oppression. I saw that the chief court of Júnághar followed a regular course of procedure, but cannot vouch for it in other respects, nor do I know of anything against it. The advantage which has been conferred on India by the fair administration of justice by Englishmen of high character is incalculable; but I doubt if the value of that administration is at all properly appreciated by the natives of India. They distrust native judges altogether, and never like personally to go before such an administrator unless he happens to be of their own caste; but still very many of them would prefer to see native administrators of justice appointed in preference to English ones. In almost the same breath an educated native will betray a desire that all the judicial appointments of India should be filled by his own countrymen, and express his profound dis-

trust of every native who is in such an appointment. By his own countrymen he really means himself, and gives vent to his very natural desire to obtain for himself (at any cost to the country) a place of what to him would be high emolument. But when he speaks of his brethren in office he draws on his own knowledge, and sometimes on his imagination.

The jail in Júnághar was quite a model affair; but I have noticed of late years that jails in India usually are, whether in native states or in British territory. A jail is a very easy thing to keep in a nice showy condition; and as visitors almost always look at it, even the worst prince likes to have his prison in that condition. The late Guikwar of Baroda had a beautiful jail, and I saw there the ex-prime-minister of that state, Bhau Sindiah; but a few weeks afterwards Bhau Sindiah died under rather suspicious circumstances, and, according to popular rumour, he was pressed to death in a *sikunja*, or contracting-wheel. A much better indication of the progress of modern civilisation in Júnághar was the Alfred Hospital, which had been founded in commemoration of the Duke of Edinburgh's visit to India, and was relieving hundreds of patients, under the superintendence of Anundass Morji, a licentiate of the Bombay Medical College. The splendid specimens of *Bothriocephalus latus*, *Tænia solium*, and *Filaria medinensis* which he had extracted from his patients were particularly striking, and showed that tape and guinea worms flourish in Júnághar. I made some interesting notes regarding this hospital, but unfortunately (or fortunately) for my readers I cannot lay my hands upon them. A similar fate has overtaken other Júnághar statistics which I collected; but probably my general impression will be quite suf-

ficient for the British reader, and it was that a slow but steady improvement was going on in Júnághar.

The principal men of this state were either Muhammadans or Nágars Brahmans. After the Nawab himself, the chief noble was his brother-in-law, the Jemadar Bhauaddín, a very handsome and active but somewhat dissipated-looking man, who, both by reputation and in appearance, struck one as a sort of oriental Earl of Rochester. His influence with his Highness and in the state generally was very great. I should not think he was a man to do much business that he could get any one to do for him, but that was from love of pleasure rather than from lack of capacity; and, indeed, to uphold his position must have required no little tact and ability. His right-hand man was Salahindi, a pure Arab, of large strong frame, who alone of the Muhammadan nobles appeared to take much interest in public affairs, and who acted as a sort of Minister of Public Works, that being the department to which he chiefly devoted himself. In Bhauaddín you came in contact with a polished and agreeable courtier, who probably could be something the very opposite of that if occasion required; in Salahindi you had a soldierly, practical man of visible shrewdness and good sense.

The Nágars Brahmáns are an exceedingly powerful caste in Júnághar, as in all Kathiawar, and have monopolised the political management of by far the greater part of the peninsula. There are about 1500 families of them in Kathiawar, and three-fourths of these are devoted to secular pursuits, especially to the art of government; while the remainder, who devote themselves to religious duties, are specially called Brahmans—but all are of Brahmanical caste. As a priest-

hood they have no weight in the country; but they have a great deal of importance from their ability as administrators, and from the way in which they have got the affairs of the chiefs into their hands. The Kocaní Brahmans, or those of the Southern Koncan, are considered the cleverest and the most restless and pushing of the Brahmans of Western India; many of them have light-coloured eyes; and they have a tradition which might be interpreted as indicating (though they would utterly repudiate such an interpretation) that at some former period their blood had mingled with that of shipwrecked European mariners. But Vishnú Venayek, a very clever young Kocaní Brahman whom I had with me, and who was very desirous of obtaining some more permanent employment in Kathiawar, soon found that there was no hope for him there, so closely was everything held in the hands of the Nágars, and so averse were these to any other caste finding employment in the country. There are, however, a number of Kocaní and Deccaní Brahmans in the employment of the British Agency, and in states administered by officers appointed by the Bombay Government; and I noticed that these regarded the Nágars with much jealousy, and took every opportunity of finding fault with the condition of states under the charge of these latter. The enemies of the Nágars derive the name from *nág*, the Indian word for a cobra, the most venomous of all snakes; but they themselves have a more complimentary derivation. No doubt they have a good deal of the wisdom of serpents; but they also struck me (and I have had a great deal of intercourse with them) as having something of the harmlessness of doves, in so far as manners and kindness of disposition go.

Runcharjî, the celebrated former Dewan of this state of Júnághar, was a Nágár Brahman; and his praises have been sounded by so many persons of very different character, that he must have been a man of high qualities. Mrs Postans, describing him in her 'Western India in 1838,' spoke of his "purity and high-mindedness," of his dignity and grace, of his liberal opinions, and of his remarkable acquaintance with Eastern history. General Jacob, in his General Report of 1842, said that Runcharjî was "the nearest approach to an educated native gentleman the country contained; his tastes and habits of thought were above his age." He was one of the first in giving effectual aid to the suppression of infanticide; and Dr Wilson, in his 'History of the Suppression of Infanticide in Western India,' says of him that he "was one of the best-informed natives whom we have met in India. He had even a knowledge of Arabic, a language to which few of his caste ever pay any attention."

The Dewan of Júnághar, when I visited Kathiawar, was also an exceedingly courteous, dignified, and intelligent gentleman. This was the Azum Gokuljî Sumpatram, also a Nágár Brahman. At this time he was absent at Rájkot, in attendance on the young prince, the Nawab's son and heir; but I met him at Rájkot, and had before made very friendly acquaintance with him. His disposition was very kind and pleasing, his knowledge great, his piety unaffected; and, in the course of much intercourse with him relating to business affairs, in which there was some temptation to depart from strict rectitude, I never saw in him the least shadow of guile, or anything which would be deemed unworthy of the highest class of English gen-

tlemen. Even those who found most fault with the state of Júnághar had nothing to say against his personal character; but they alleged that he was only nominally Dewan, and was put forward in that position in order to give respectability to an administration that otherwise would not bear looking into. In a certain sense this was no doubt true. Gokuljî saw evils existing around him which he was powerless to remedy, as Runcharjî had been before him, and every man in high position is similarly placed in all parts of the world; but I do not believe, and have not the least reason to believe, that his dewan-ship was a nominal one, or that he held it on any other than legitimate conditions. I also had much genial intercourse with, and formed a high opinion of another Júnághar official, Narsing Prasaad, who was also a Nágár Brahman, and had the advantage of having previously served in the English agency. No one can accuse me of an undue regard for native states or native officials; and, for many reasons which cannot here be entered into, I look with disapproval on the whole process, as now pursued, of pushing forward natives into Government employment in British India; but in Kathiawar, if some of the native states were backward, and showed an undue adherence to time-honoured vicious customs, there were quite as serious faults in the method of dealing with them pursued by the Rájkot agency and the Bombay Government. This is a subject, however, which belongs to Kathiawar in general, rather to Júnághar in particular.

Mr Kinloch Forbes, of the "Ras Mala," who both knew the natives of India and loved them well, has said that "we should recollect, in regard to the Hindus as a people, that they are almost as

different from ourselves as the laws of nature will permit one set of men to be from another." This was a true enough statement for his time, though an extended knowledge of the Chinese and of other races has since indicated that there is a wider and deeper (though still by no means an impassable) gulf between ourselves and many peoples than there is between us and the Hindus, or any members of the Aryan race. Yet undoubtedly, there is sufficient difference between us and the Hindus to form a serious difficulty in the way of that understanding and reliance which is the basis of all friendly and happy intercourse. I would not say that the fault is theirs, and still less that it is ours; rather it rises unavoidably from the intractability of human nature, and its incapacity for making rapid transitions without losing much of what is most admirable in it. But Mr Forbes wisely puts in the qualification that it is "as a people" that the Hindus are so different from us; and, making due allowance for superficial differences of manner and mode of thought, there are among them admirable men, who

can be met with a feeling of perfect confidence on that somewhat indefinitely bounded yet very real elevation of calm good sense, of unselfishness and kindly sympathetic feeling, of enlarged and unprejudiced intellect, of devotion to immediate practical good combined with a desire to further the higher possibilities of the human race, of a natural unaffected courtesy, and of all the collateral qualities which create the real nobility of the human race,—that nobility which it is one of the peculiar glories of England to have heartily recognised as an ever-enlarging circle which can be entered from every quarter, from every clime and condition of life, and whose golden gates, though they may occasionally for a moment admit the gilded lackeys of civilisation, and other pretenders of higher or lower origin, and may also be held closed for a time against suspicious-looking wandering strangers, who would possibly be at once admitted into the courts of heaven, yet are unalterably closed — persistently from the beginning, or at last in the end—only against the hopelessly unworthy.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S PENDULUM: A TALE FROM GERMANY.

BY RUDOLPH LINDAU.

I.

DURING many long years Hermann Fabricius had lost sight of his friend Henry Warren, and had forgotten him.

Yet when students together they had loved each other dearly, and more than once they had sworn eternal friendship. This was at a period which, though not very remote, we seem to have left far behind us—a time when young men still believed in eternal friendship, and could feel enthusiasm for great deeds or great ideas. Youth in the present day is, or thinks itself, more rational. Hermann and Warren in those days were simple-minded and ingenuous; and not only in the moment of elation, when they had sworn to be friends for ever, but even the next day, and the day after that, in sober earnestness, they had vowed that nothing should separate them, and that they would remain united through life. The delusion had not lasted long. The pitiless machinery of life had caught up the young men as soon as they left the university, and had thrown one to the right, the other to the left. For a few months they had exchanged long and frequent letters; then they had met once, and finally they had parted, each going his way. Their letters had become more scarce, more brief, and at last had ceased altogether. It would really seem that the fact of having interests in common is the one thing sufficiently powerful to prolong and keep up the life of epistolary relations. A man may feel great affection for an absent friend, and yet not find time to

write him ten lines, while he will willingly expend daily many hours on a stranger from whom he expects something. None the less he may be a true and honest friend. Man is naturally selfish; the instinct of self-preservation requires it of him. Provided he be not wicked, and that he show himself ready to serve his neighbour—after himself—no one has a right to complain, or to accuse him of hard-heartedness.

At the time this story begins, Hermann had even forgotten whether he had written to Warren last, or whether he had left his friend's last letter unanswered. In a word, the correspondence which began so enthusiastically had entirely ceased. Hermann inhabited a large town, and had acquired some reputation as a writer. From time to time, in the course of his walks, he would meet a young student with brown hair, and mild, honest-looking blue eyes, whose countenance, with its frank and youthful smile, inspired confidence and invited the sympathy of the passer-by. Whenever Hermann met this young man he would say to himself, "How like Henry at twenty!" and for a few minutes memory would travel back to the already distant days of youth, and he would long to see his dear old Warren again. More than once, on the spur of the moment, he had resolved to try and find out what had become of his old university comrade. But these good intentions were never followed up. On reaching home he would find his table covered with books and pamphlets to be reviewed, and letters from

publishers or newspaper editors asking for "copy"—to say nothing of invitations to dinner, which must be accepted or refused; in a word, he found so much *urgent* business to despatch that the evening would go by, and weariness would overtake him, before he could make time for inquiring about his old friend.

In the course of years, the life of most men becomes so regulated that no time is left for anything beyond "necessary work." But, indeed, the man who lives only for his own pleasure—doing, so to speak, nothing—is rarely better in this respect than the writer, the banker, and the *savant*, who are overburdened with work.

One afternoon, as Hermann, according to his custom, was returning home about five o'clock, his porter handed him a letter bearing the American post-mark. He examined it closely before opening it. The large and rather stiff handwriting on the address seemed familiar, and yet he could not say to whom it belonged. Suddenly his countenance brightened, and he exclaimed, "A letter from Henry!" He tore open the envelope, and read as follows:—

"MY DEAR HERMANN,—It is fortunate that one of us at least should have attained celebrity. I saw your name on the outside of a book of which you are the author. I wrote at once to the publisher; that obliging man answered me by return of post, and, thanks to these circumstances, I am enabled to tell you that I will land at Hamburg towards the end of September. Write to me there, *Post Restante*, and let me know if you are willing to receive me for a few days. I can take Leipzig on my way home, and would do so most willingly if you say that you would see me again with pleasure.—Your old friend,

"HENRY WARREN."

Below the signature there was a postscript of a single line: "This is my present face." And from an inner envelope Hermann drew a small photograph, which he carried to the window to examine leisurely. As he looked, a painful impression of sadness came over him. The portrait was that of an old man. Long grey hair fell in disorder over a careworn brow; the eyes, deep sunk in their sockets, had a strange and disquieting look of fixity; and the mouth, surrounded by deep furrows, seemed to tell its own long tale of sorrow.

"Poor Henry!" said Hermann; "this, then, is your present face! And yet he is not old; he is younger than I am; he can scarcely be thirty-eight. Can I, too, be already an old man?"

He walked up to the glass, and looked attentively at the reflection of his own face. No! those were not the features of a man whose life was near its close; the eye was bright, and the complexion indicated vigour and health. Still, it was not a young face. Thought and care had traced their furrows round the mouth and about the temples, and the general expression was one of melancholy, not to say despondency.

"Well, well, we have grown old," said Hermann, with a sigh. "I had not thought about it this long while; and now this photograph has reminded me of it painfully." Then he took up his pen and wrote to say how happy he would be to see his old friend again as soon as possible.

The next day, chance brought him face to face in the street with the young student who was so like Warren. "Who knows?" thought Hermann; "fifteen or twenty years hence this young man may look no brighter than Warren does to-day. Ah, life is not easy! It has a way

of saddening joyous looks, and imparting severity to smiling lips. As for me, I have no real right to complain of my life. I have lived pretty much like everybody; a little satisfaction, and then a little disappointment, turn by turn; and often small worries: and so my youth has gone by, I scarcely know how."

On the 2d of October Hermann received a telegram from Hamburg announcing the arrival of Warren for the same evening. At the appointed hour he went to the railway station to meet his friend. He saw him get down from the carriage slowly, and rather heavily, and he watched him for a few seconds before accosting him. Warren appeared to him old and broken-down, and even more feeble than he had expected to see him from his portrait. He wore a travelling suit of grey cloth so loose and wide that it hung in folds on the gaunt and stooping figure; a large wideawake hat was drawn down to his very eyes. The new-comer looked right and left, seeking no doubt to discover his friend; not seeing him, he turned his weary and languid steps towards the way out. Hermann then came forward. Warren recognised him at once; a sunny youthful smile lighted up his countenance, and, evidently much moved, he stretched out his hand. An hour later, the two friends were seated opposite to each other before a well-spread table in Hermann's comfortable apartments.

Warren ate very little; but, on the other hand, Hermann noticed with surprise and some anxiety that his friend, who had been formerly a model of sobriety, drank a good deal. Wine, however, seemed to have no effect on him. The pale face did not flush; there was the same cold fixed look in the eye; and his speech, though slow

and dull in tone, betrayed no embarrassment.

When the servant who had waited at dinner had taken away the dessert and brought in coffee, Hermann wheeled two big arm-chairs close to the fire, and said to his friend—

"Now, we will not be interrupted. Light a cigar, make yourself at home, and tell me all you have been doing since we parted."

Warren pushed away the cigars. "If you do not mind," said he, "I will smoke my pipe. I am used to it, and I prefer it to the best of cigars."

So saying, he drew from its well-worn case an old pipe, whose colour showed it had been long used, and filled it methodically with moist, blackish tobacco. Then he lighted it, and after sending forth one or two loud puffs of smoke, he said, with an air of sovereign satisfaction—

"A quiet, comfortable room—a friend—a good pipe after dinner—and no care for the morrow. That's what I like."

Hermann cast a sidelong glance at his companion, and was painfully struck at his appearance. The tall, gaunt frame in its stooping attitude; the greyish hair, and sad, fixed look; the thin legs crossed one over the other; the elbow resting on the knee and supporting the chin,—in a word, the whole strange figure, as it sat there, bore no resemblance to Henry Warren, the friend of his youth. This man was a stranger, a mysterious being even. Nevertheless, the affection he felt for his friend was not impaired; on the contrary, pity entered into his heart. "How ill the world must have used him," thought Hermann, "to have thus disfigured him!" Then he said aloud—

"Now, then, let me have your story, unless you prefer to hear mine first."

He strove to speak lightly, but he felt that the effort was not successful. As to Warren, he went on smoking quietly, without saying a word. The long silence at last became painful. Hermann began to feel an uncomfortable sensation of distress in presence of the strange guest he had brought to his home. After a few minutes, he ventured to ask for the third time, "Will you make up your mind to speak, or must I begin?"

Warren gave vent to a little noiseless laugh. "I am thinking how I can answer your question. The difficulty is that, to speak truly, I have absolutely nothing to tell. I wonder now—and it was that made me pause—how it has happened that, throughout my life, I have been bored by—nothing. As if it would not have been quite as natural, quite as easy, and far pleasanter, to have been amused by that same nothing—which has been my life. The fact is, my dear fellow, that I have had no deep sorrow to bear, neither have I been happy. I have not been extraordinarily successful, and have drawn none of the prizes of life. But I am well aware that, in this respect, my lot resembles that of thousands of other men. I have always been obliged to work. I have earned my bread by the sweat of my brow. I have had money difficulties; I have even had a hopeless passion—but what then? every one has had that. Besides, that was in bygone days; I have learned to bear it, and to forget. What pains and angers me is, to have to confess that my life has been spent without satisfaction and without happiness."

He paused an instant, and then resumed, more calmly—"A few years ago I was foolish enough to believe that things might in the end turn out better. I was a professor with a very moderate salary at the

school at Elmira. I taught all I knew, and much that I had to learn in order to be able to teach it—Greek and Latin, German and French, mathematics and physical sciences. During the so-called play-hours I even gave music lessons. In the course of the whole day there were few moments of liberty for me. I was perpetually surrounded by a crowd of rough, ill-bred boys, whose only object during lessons was to catch me making a fault in English. When evening came, I was quite worn out; still, I could always find time to dream for half an hour or so with my eyes open before going to bed. Then all my desires were accomplished, and I was supremely happy. At last I had drawn a prize! I was successful in everything; I was rich, honoured, powerful—what more can I say? I astonished the world—or rather, I astonished Ellen Gilmore, who for me was the whole world. Hermann, have you ever been as mad? Have you, too, in a waking dream, been in turn a statesman, a millionaire, the author of a sublime work, a victorious general, the head of a great political party? Have you dreamt nonsense such as that? I, who am here, have been all I say—in dreamland. Never mind; that was a good time. Ellen Gilmore, whom I have just mentioned, was the elder sister of one of my pupils, Francis Gilmore, the most undisciplined boy of the school. His parents, nevertheless, insisted on his learning something; and as I had the reputation of possessing unwearying patience, I was selected to give him private lessons. That was how I obtained a footing in the Gilmore family. Later on, when they had found out that I was somewhat of a musician—you may remember, perhaps, that for an amateur I was a tolerable performer

on the piano—I went every day to the house to teach Latin and Greek to Francis, and music to Ellen.

“Now, picture to yourself the situation, and then laugh at your friend as he has laughed at himself many a time. On the one side—the Gilmore side—a large fortune and no lack of pride; an intelligent, shrewd, and practical father; an ambitious and vain mother; an affectionate but spoilt boy; and a girl of nineteen, surpassingly lovely, with a cultivated mind and great good sense. On the other hand, you have Henry Warren, aged twenty-nine; in his dreams the author of a famous work, or the commander-in-chief of the Northern armies, or, it may be, President of the Republic—in reality, Professor at Elmira College, with a modest stipend of seventy dollars a-month. Was it not evident that the absurdity of my position as a suitor for Ellen would strike me at once? Of course it did. In my lucid moments, when I was not dreaming, I was a very rational man, who had read a good deal, and learned not a little; and it would have been sheer madness in me to have indulged for an instant the hope of a marriage between Ellen and myself. I knew it was an utter impossibility—as impossible as to be elected President of the United States; and yet, in spite of myself, I dreamed of it. However, I must do myself the justice to add that my passion inconvenienced nobody. I would no more have spoken of it than of my imaginary command of the Army of the Potomac. The pleasures which my love afforded me could give umbrage to no one. Yet I am convinced that Ellen read my secret. Not that she ever said a word to me on the subject; no look or syllable of hers could have made me suspect that she had guessed the state of my mind.

“One single incident I remember which was not in accordance with her habitual reserve in this respect. I noticed one day that her eyes were red. Of course I dared not ask her why she had cried. During the lesson she seemed absent; and when leaving she said, without looking at me, ‘I may perhaps be obliged to interrupt our lessons for some little time; I am very sorry. I wish you every happiness.’ Then, without raising her eyes, she quickly left the room. I was bewildered. What could her words mean? And why had they been said in such an affectionate tone?

“The next day Francis Gilmore called to inform me, with his father’s compliments, that he was to have four days’ holidays, because his sister had just been betrothed to Mr Howard, a wealthy New York merchant, and that, for the occasion, there would be great festivities at home.

“Thenceforward there was an end of the dreams which up to that moment had made life pleasant. In sober reason I had no more cause to deplore Ellen’s marriage than to feel aggrieved because Grant had succeeded Johnson as President. Nevertheless you can scarcely conceive how much this affair—I mean the marriage—grieved me. My absolute nothingness suddenly stared me in the face. I saw myself as I was—a mere schoolmaster, with no motive for pride in the past or pleasure in the present, or hope in the future.”

Warren’s pipe had gone out while he was telling his story. He cleaned it out methodically, drew from his pocket a cake of Cavendish tobacco, and after cutting off with a pen-knife the necessary quantity, refilled his pipe and lit it. The way in which he performed all these little operations betrayed long habit. He had ceased to speak while he

was relighting his pipe, and kept on whistling between his teeth. Hermann looked on silently. After a few minutes, and when the pipe was in good order, Warren resumed his story.

"For a few weeks I was terribly miserable; not so much because I had lost Ellen—a man cannot lose what he has never hoped to possess—as from the ruin of all my illusions. During those days I plucked and ate by the dozen of the fruits of the tree of self-knowledge, and I found them very bitter. I ended by leaving Elmira, to seek my fortunes elsewhere. I knew my trade well. Long practice had taught me how to make the best of my learning, and I never had any difficulty in finding employment. I taught successively in upwards of a dozen States of the Union. I can scarcely recollect the names of all the places where I have lived—Sacramento, Chicago, St Louis, Cincinnati, Boston, New York; I have been everywhere—everywhere. And everywhere I have met with the same rude schoolboys, just as I have found the same regular and irregular verbs in Latin and Greek. If you would see a man thoroughly satiated and saturated with schoolboys and classical grammars, look at me.

"In the leisure time which, whatever might be my work, I still contrived to make for myself, I indulged in philosophical reflections. Then it was I took the habit of smoking so much."

Warren stopped suddenly, and looking straight before him, appeared plunged in thought. Then, passing his hand over his forehead, he repeated, in an absent manner, "Yes, of smoking so much. I also took another habit," he added, somewhat hastily—"but that has nothing to do with my story. The theory which especially occupied my thoughts was that of the oscillations

of an ideal instrument of my own imagining, to which, in my own mind, I gave the name of the *Philosopher's Pendulum*. To this invention I owe the quietude of mind which has supported me for many years, and which, as you see, I now enjoy. I said to myself that my great sorrow—if I may so call it without presumption—had arisen merely from my wish to be extraordinarily happy. When, in his dreams, a man has carried presumption so far as to attain to the heights of celebrity or to being the husband of Ellen Gilmore, there was nothing wonderful if, on awaking, he sustained a heavy fall before reaching the depths of reality. Had I been less ambitious in my desires, their realisation would have been easier, or, at any rate, the disappointment would have been less bitter. Starting from this principle, I arrived at the logical conclusion that the best means to avoid being unhappy is to wish for as little happiness as possible. This truth was discovered by my philosophical forefathers many centuries before the birth of Christ, and I lay no claim to being the finder of it; but the outward symbol which I ended by giving to this idea is—at least I fancy it is—of my invention.

"Give me a sheet of paper and a pencil," he added, turning to his friend, "and with a few lines I can demonstrate clearly the whole thing."

Hermann handed him what he wanted without a word. Warren then began gravely to draw a large semicircle, open at the top, and above the semicircular line a pendulum, which fell perpendicularly and touched the circumference at the exact point where on the dial of a clock would be inscribed the figure VI. This done, he wrote on the right-hand side of the pendulum, beginning from the bottom and at

the place of the hours V, IV, III, the words, *Moderate Desires*—*Great Hopes, Ambition*—*Unbridled Passion, Mania of Greatness*. Then, turning the paper upside-down, he wrote on the opposite side, where on a dial would be marked VII, VIII, IX, the words, *Slight Troubles*—*Deep Sorrow, Disappointment*—*Despair*. Lastly, in the place of No. VI, just where the pendulum fell, he sketched a large black spot, which he shaded off with great care, and above which he wrote, like a scroll, *Dead Stop, Absolute Repose*.

Having finished this little drawing, Warren laid down his pipe, inclined his head on one side, and raising his eyebrows, examined his work with a critical frown. "This compass is not yet quite complete," he said; "there is something missing. Between *Dead Stop* and *Moderate Desires* on the right, and *Slight Troubles* on the left, there is the beautiful line of *Calm and Rational Indifference*. However, such as the drawing is, it is sufficient to demonstrate my theory. Do you follow me?"

Hermann nodded affirmatively. He was greatly pained. In lieu of the friend of his youth, for whom he had hoped a brilliant future, here was a poor monomaniac!

"You see," said Warren, speaking collectedly, like a professor, "if I raise my pendulum till it reaches the point of *Moderate Desires*, and then let it go, it will naturally swing to the point of *Slight Troubles*, and go no further. Then it will oscillate for some time in a more and more limited space on the line of *Indifference*, and finally it will stand still without any jerk on *Dead Stop, Absolute Repose*. That is a great consolation!"

He paused, as if waiting for some remark from Hermann; but as the latter remained silent, Warren resumed his demonstration.

"You understand now, I suppose, what I am coming to. If I raise the pendulum to the point of *Ambition* or *Mania of Greatness*, and then let it go, that same law which I have already applied will drive it to *Deep Sorrow* or *Despair*. That is quite clear, is it not?"

"Quite clear," repeated Hermann, sadly.

"Very well," continued Warren, with perfect gravity; "for my misfortune, I discovered this fine theory rather late. I had not set bounds to my dreams and limited them to trifles. I had wished to be President of the Republic, an illustrious *savant*, the husband of Ellen. No great things, eh? What say you to my modesty? I had raised the pendulum to such a giddy height that when it slipped from my impotent hands it naturally performed a long oscillation, and touched the point *Despair*. That was a miserable time. I hope you have never suffered what I suffered then. I lived in a perpetual nightmare—like the stupor of intoxication." He paused, as he had done before, and then, with a painfully nervous laugh, he added, "Yes, like intoxication. I drank." Suddenly a spasm seemed to pass over his face, he looked serious and sad as before, and he said, with a shudder, "It's a terrible thing to see one's self inwardly, and to know that one is fallen."

After this he remained long silent. At last, raising his head, he turned to his friend and said, "Have you had enough of my story, or would you like to hear it to the end?"

"I am grieved at all you have told me," said Hermann; "but pray go on; it is better I should know all."

"Yes; and I feel, too, that it relieves me to pour out my heart. Well, I used to drink. One

takes the horrid habit in America far easier than anywhere else. I was obliged to give up more than one good situation because I had ceased to be *respectable*. Anyhow, I always managed to find employment without any great difficulty. I never suffered from want, though I have never known plenty. If I spent too much in drink, I took it out of my dress and my boots.

"Eighteen months after I had left Elmira, I met Ellen one day in Central Park, in New York. I was aware that she had been married a twelvemonth. She knew me again at once, and spoke to me. I would have wished to sink into the earth. I knew that my clothes were shabby, that I looked poor, and I fancied that she must discern on my face the traces of the bad habits I had contracted. But she did not, or would not, see anything. She held out her hand, and said in her gentle voice—

"‘I am very glad to see you again, Mr Warren. I have inquired about you, but neither my father nor Francis could tell me what had become of you. I want to ask you to resume the lessons you used to give me. Perhaps you do not know where I live? This is my address,’ and she gave me her card.

"I stammered out a few unmeaning words in reply to her invitation. She looked at me, smiling kindly the while; but suddenly the smile vanished, and she added, ‘Have you been ill, Mr Warren? You seem worn.’

"‘Yes,’ I answered, too glad to find an excuse for my appearance—‘yes, I have been ill, and I am still suffering.’

"‘I am very sorry,’ she said, in a low voice.

"Laugh at me, Hermann—call me an incorrigible madman; but believe me when I say that her looks conveyed to me the impression of more

than common interest or civility. A thrilling sense of pain shot through my frame. What had I done that I should be so cruelly tried? A mist passed before my eyes; anxiety, intemperance, sleeplessness, had made me weak. I tottered backwards a few steps. She turned horribly pale. All around us was the crowd—the careless, indifferent crowd.

"‘Come and see me soon,’ she added hastily, and left me. I saw her get into a carriage, which she had doubtless quitted to take a walk; and when she drove past, she put her head out and looked at me with her eyes wide open—there was an almost wildly anxious expression in them.

"I went home. My way led me past her house—it was a palace. I shut myself up in my wretched hotel-room, and once more I fell to dreaming. Ellen loved me; she admired me; she was not for ever lost to me! The pendulum was swinging, you see, up as high as *Madness*. Explain to me, if you can, how it happens that a being perfectly rational in ordinary life should at certain seasons, and, so to speak, voluntarily, be bereft of reason. To excuse and explain my temporary insanity, I am ready to admit that the excitement to which I gave way may have been a symptom of the nervous malady which laid hold of me a few days later, and stretched me for weeks upon a bed of pain.

"As I became convalescent, reason and composure returned. But it was too late. In the space of two months, twenty years had passed over my head. When I rose from my sick-bed I was as feeble and as broken-down as you see me now. My past had been cheerless and dim, without one ray of happiness; yet that past was all my life! Henceforward there was nothing

left for me to undertake, to regret, or to desire. The pendulum swung idly backwards and forwards on the line of *Indifference*. I wonder what are the feelings of successful men—of men who *have* been victorious generals, prime ministers, celebrated authors, and that sort of thing! Upheld by a legitimate pride, do they retire satisfied from the lists when evening comes, or do they lay down their arms as I did, disappointed and dejected and worn out with the fierce struggle? Can no man with impunity look into his own heart and ask himself how his life has been spent?"

Here Warren made a still longer pause than before, and appeared absorbed in gloomy thought. At last he resumed in a lower tone—

"I had not followed up Ellen's invitation. But in some way she had discovered my address, and knew of my illness. Do not be alarmed, my dear Hermann; my story will not become romantic. No heavenly vision appeared to me during my fever; I felt no gentle white hands laid on my burning brow. I was nursed at the hospital, and very well nursed too; I figured there as "Number 380," and the whole affair was, as you see, as prosaic as possible. But on quitting the hospital, and as I was taking leave of the manager, he handed me a letter, in which was inclosed a note for 500 dollars. In the envelope there was also the following anonymous note:—

"An old friend begs your acceptance, as a loan, of the inclosed sum. It will be time enough to think of paying off this debt when you are strong enough to resume work, and you can then do it by instalments, of which you can yourself fix the amount, and remit them to the hospital of New York."

"It was well meant, no doubt, but

it caused me a painful impression. My determination was taken at once. I refused without hesitation. I asked the manager, who had been watching me with a friendly smile while I read the letter, whether he could give the name of the person who had sent it. In spite of his repeated assurances that he did not know it, I never doubted for a single instant that he was concealing the truth. After a few seconds' reflection I asked if he would undertake to forward an answer to my unknown correspondent; and, on his consenting to do so, I promised that he should have my answer the next day.

"I thought long over my letter. One thing was plain to me—it was Ellen who had come to my help. How could I reject her generous aid without wounding her, or appearing ungrateful? After great hesitation I wrote a few lines, which, as far as I can recollect, ran thus:—

"I thank you for the interest you have shown me, but it is impossible for me to accept the sum you place at my disposal. Do not be angry with me because I return it. Do not withdraw your sympathy; I will strive to remain worthy of it, and will never forget your goodness."

"A few days later, after having confided this letter to the manager, I left New York for San Francisco. For several years I heard nothing of Ellen; her image grew gradually fainter, and at last almost disappeared from my memory.

"The dark river that bore the frail bark which carried me and my fortunes was carrying me smoothly and unconsciously along towards the mysterious abyss where all that exists is engulfed. Its course lay through a vast desert; and the banks which passed before my eyes were of fearful sameness. Inde-

scribable lassitude took possession of my whole being. I had never, knowingly, practised evil; I had loved and sought after good. Why, then, was I so wretched? I would have blessed the rock which wrecked my bark so that I might have been swallowed up and have gone down to my eternal rest. Up to the day when I heard of Ellen's betrothal, I had hoped that the morrow would bring happiness. The long-wished-for morrow had come at last, gloomy and colourless, without realising any of my vague hopes. Henceforward my life was at an end."

Warren said these last words so indistinctly that Hermann could scarcely hear them; he seemed to be speaking to himself rather than to his friend. Then he raised the forefinger of his right hand, and after moving it slowly from right to left, in imitation of the swing of a pendulum, he placed it on the large black dot he had drawn on the sheet of paper exactly below his pendulum, and said, "*Dead Stop, Absolute Repose.* Would that the end were come!"

Another and still longer interval of silence succeeded, and at last Hermann felt constrained to speak.

"How came you to make up your mind," he said, "to return to Europe?"

"Ah yes, to be sure," answered Warren, hurriedly; "the story—the foolish story—is not ended. In truth it has no end, as it had no beginning; it is a thing without form or purpose, and less the history of a life than of a mere journeying towards death. Still I will finish—following chronological order. It does not weary you?"

"No, no; go on, my dear friend."

"Very well. I spent several years in the United States. The

pendulum worked well. It came and went, to and fro, slowly along the line of *Indifference*, without ever transgressing, as its extreme limits on either hand, *Moderate Desires* and *Slight Troubles*. I led obscurely a contemplative life, and I was generally considered a queer character. I fulfilled my duties, and took little heed of any one. Whenever I had an hour at my disposal, I sought solitude in the neighbouring woods, far from the town and from mankind. I used to lie down under the big trees. Every season in turn, spring and summer, autumn and winter, had its peculiar charm for me. My heart, so full of bitterness, felt lightened as soon as I listened to the rustling of the foliage overhead. The forest! There is nothing finer in all creation. A deep calm seemed to settle down upon me. I was growing old. I was forgetting. It was about this time that, in consequence of my complete indifference to all surroundings, I acquired the habit of answering 'Very well' to everything that was said. The words came so naturally that I was not aware of my continual use of them, until one day one of my fellow-teachers happened to tell me that masters and pupils alike had given me the nickname of 'Very well.' Is it not odd that one who has never succeeded in anything should be known as 'Very well'?

"I have only one other little adventure to relate; and I will have told all. Then I can listen to your story.

"Last year, my journeyings brought me to the neighbourhood of Elmira. It was holiday-time. I had nothing to do, and I had in my purse a hundred hardly-earned dollars, or thereabout. The wish seized me to revisit the scene of my joys and my sorrows. I had not

set foot in the place for more than seven years. I was so changed that nobody could know me again; nor would I have cared much if they had. After visiting the town and looked at my old school, and the house where Ellen had lived, I bent my steps towards the park, which is situated in the environs—a place where I used often to walk in company of my youthful dreams. It was September, and evening was closing in. The oblique rays of the setting sun sent a reddish gleam through the leafy branches of the old oaks. I saw a woman seated on a bench beneath a tree on one side of the path. As I drew near I recognised Ellen. I remained rooted to the spot where I stood, not daring to move a step. She was stooping forward with her head bent down, while with the end of her parasol she traced lines upon the gravel. She had not seen me. I turned back instantly, and retired without making any noise. When I had gone a little distance, I left the path and struck into the wood. Once there, I looked back cautiously. Ellen was still at the same place, and in the same attitude. Heaven knows what thoughts passed through my brain! I longed to see her closer. What danger was there? I was sure she would not know me again. I walked towards her with the careless step of a casual passer-by, and in a few minutes passed before her. When my shadow fell on the path, she looked up, and our eyes met. My heart was beating fast. Her look was cold and indifferent; but suddenly a strange light shot into her eyes, and she made a quick movement, as if to rise. I saw no more, and went on without turning round. Before I could get out of the park her carriage drove past me, and I saw her once more as I had seen her

five years before in Central Park, pale, with distended eyes, and her anxious looks fixed upon me. Why did I not bow to her? I cannot say; my courage failed me. I saw the light die out of her eyes. I almost fancied that I saw her heave a sigh of relief as she threw herself back carelessly in the carriage; and she disappeared. I was then thirty-six, and I am almost ashamed to relate the schoolboy's trick of which I was guilty. I sent her the following lines—'A devoted friend, whom you obliged in former days, and who met you yesterday in the park without your recognising him, sends you his remembrances.' I posted this letter a few minutes before getting into the train which was to take me to New York; and, as I did so, my heart beat as violently as though I had performed a heroic deed. Great adventures, forsooth! And to think that my life presents none more striking, and that trifles such as these are the only food for my memory!

"A twelvemonth later I met Francis Gilmore in Broadway. The world is small—so small that it is really difficult to keep out of the way of people one has once known. The likeness of my former pupil to his sister struck me, and I spoke to him. He looked at me at first with a puzzled expression, but after a few moments of hesitation he recognised me, a bright smile lighted up his pleasant face, and he shook hands warmly.

"'Mr Warren,' he exclaimed, 'how glad I am to see you! Ellen and I have often talked of you, and wondered what could have become of you. Why did we never hear from you?'

"'I did not suppose it would interest you.' I spoke timidly; and yet I owed nothing to the

young fellow, and wanted nothing of him.

"'You wrong us by saying that,' replied Francis ; 'do you think me ungrateful? Do you fancy I have forgotten our pleasant walks in former days, and the long conversations we used to have? You alone ever taught me anything, and it is to you I owe the principles that have guided me through life. Many a day I have thought of you, and regretted you sincerely. As regards Ellen, no one has ever filled your place with her; she plays to this day the same pieces of music you taught her, and follows all your directions with a fidelity that would touch you.'

"'How are your father and mother, and how is your sister?'" I inquired, feeling more deeply moved than I can express.

"'My poor mother died three years ago. It is Ellen who keeps house now.'

"'Your brother-in-law lives with you, then?'"

"'My brother-in-law!'" replied Francis, with surprise; 'did you not know that he was on board the Atlantic, which was lost last year in the passage from Liverpool to New York?'"

"I could find no words to reply.

"'As to that,' added Francis, with great composure—'between you and me, he was no great loss. My dear brother-in-law was not by any means what my father fancied he was when he gave him my sister as a wife. The whole family has often regretted the marriage. Ellen lived apart from her husband for many years before his death.'

"I nodded so as to express my interest in his communications, but I could not for worlds have uttered a syllable.

"'You will come and see us soon, I hope,' added Francis, without

noticing my emotion. 'We are still at the same place; but to make sure, here is my card. Come, Mr Warren—name your own day to come and dine with us. I promise you a hearty welcome.'

"I got off by promising to write the next day, and we parted.

"Fortunately my mind had lost its former liveliness. The pendulum, far from being urged to unruly motion, continued to swing slowly in the narrow space where it had oscillated for so many years. I said to myself that to renew my intimacy with the Gilmores would be to run the almost certain risk of reviving the sorrows and the disappointments of the past. I was then calm and rational. It would be madness in me, I felt, to aspire to the hand of a young, wealthy, and much-admired widow. To venture to see Ellen again was to incur the risk of seeing my reason once more wrecked, and the fatal chimera which had been the source of all my misery start into life again. If we are to believe what poets say, love ennobles man and exalts him into a demi-god. It may be so, but it turns him likewise into a fool and a madman. That was my case. At any cost I was to guard against that fatal passion. I argued seriously with myself, and I determined to let the past be, and to reject every opportunity of bringing it to life again.

"A few days before my meeting with Francis, I had received tidings of the death of an old relative, whom I scarcely knew. In my childhood I had, on one or two occasions, spent my holidays at his house. He was gloomy and taciturn, but nevertheless he had always welcomed me kindly. I have a vague remembrance of having been told that he had been in love with my mother once upon a time,

and that on hearing of her marriage he had retired into the solitude which he never left till the day of his death. Be that as it may, I had not lost my place in his affections, it seems: he had continued to feel an interest in me; and on his deathbed he had remembered me, and left me the greater part of his not very considerable fortune. I inherited little money; but there was a small, comfortably-furnished country-house, and an adjoining farm let on a long lease for £240 per annum. This was wealth for me, and more than enough to satisfy all my wants. Since I had heard of this legacy I had been doubtful as to my movements. My chance meeting with Francis settled the matter. I resolved at once to leave America, and to return to live in my native country. I knew your address, and wrote to you at once. I trusted that the sight of my old and only friend would console me for the disappointments that life has inflicted on me—and I have not been deceived. At last I have been able to open my heart to a fellow-creature, and relieve myself of the heavy burden which I have borne alone ever since our separation. Now I feel lighter. You are not a severe judge. Doubtless you deplore my weakness, but you do not condemn me. If, as I have already said, I have done no good,

neither have I committed any wicked action. I have been a nonentity—an utterly useless being; ‘one too many,’ like the sad hero of Tourgueneff’s sad story. Before leaving, I wrote to Francis informing him that the death of a relative obliged me to return to Europe, and giving him your address, so as not to seem to be running away from him. Then I went on board, and at last reached your home. *Dixi!*”

Warren, who during this long story had taken care to keep his pipe alight, and had, moreover, nearly drained the bottle of port placed before him, now declared himself ready to listen to his friend’s confession. But Hermann had been saddened by all he had heard, and was in no humour for talking; he remarked that it was getting late, and proposed to postpone any further conversation till the morrow.

Warren merely answered, “Very well,” knocked the ashes out of his pipe, shared out the remainder of the wine between his host and himself, and raising his glass, said, in a somewhat solemn tone, “To our youth, Hermann!” After emptying his glass at one draught, he replaced it on the table, and said complacently, “It is long since I have drunk with so much pleasure; for this time I have not drunk to forgetfulness, but to memory.”

II.

Warren spent another week in Leipzig with his friend. No man was easier to live with: to every suggestion of Hermann’s he invariably answered, “Very well;” and if Hermann proposed nothing, he was quite content to remain seated in a comfortable arm-chair by the fireside, holding a book which he

scarcely looked at, and watching the long rolls of smoke from his pipe. He disliked new acquaintances; nevertheless the friends to whom Hermann introduced him found in him a quiet, unobtrusive, and well-informed companion. He pleased everybody. There was something strange and yet attractive in his

person ; there was a "charm" about him, people said. Hermann felt the attraction without being able to define in what it consisted. Their former friendship had been renewed unreservedly. The kind of fascination that Warren exercised over all those who approached him, often led Hermann to think that it was not unlikely that in his youth he had inspired a real love in Ellen Gilmore.

One evening Hermann took his friend to the theatre, where a comic piece was being performed. In his young days Warren had been very partial to plays of that kind, and his joyous peals of laughter on such occasions still rang in the ears of his friend. But the attempt was a complete failure. Warren watched the performance without showing the slightest interest, and never even smiled. During the opening scenes he listened with attention, as though he were assisting at some performance of the legitimate drama ; then, as if he could not understand what was going on before his eyes, he turned away with a wearied air and began looking at the audience. When, at the close of the second act, Hermann proposed that they should leave the house, he answered readily—

"Yes, let us go ; all this seems very stupid—we will be much better at home. There is a time for all things, and buffoonery suits me no longer."

There was nothing left in Warren of the friend that Hermann had known fifteen years before. He loved him none the less ; on the contrary, to his affection for him had been superadded a feeling of deep compassion. He would have made great sacrifices to secure his friend's happiness, and to see a smile light up the immovable features and the sorrowful dulness

of the eye. His friendly anxiety had not been lost upon Warren ; and when the latter took his leave, he said with emotion—

"You wish me well, my old friend. I see it and feel it ; and, believe me, I am grateful. We must not lose sight of each other again—I will write regularly."

A few days later, Hermann received a letter for his friend. It was an American letter, and the envelope was stamped with the initials "E. H." They were those of Ellen Howard, the heroine of Warren's sad history. He forwarded the letter immediately, and wrote at the same time to his friend—"I hope the inclosed brings you good news from America." But in his reply Warren took no notice of this passage, and made no allusion to Ellen. He only spoke of the new house in which he had just settled himself—"to end," as he said, "his days ;" and he pressed Hermann to come and join him. The two friends at last agreed to pass Christmas and New Year's Day together ; but when December came, Warren urged his friend to hasten his arrival.

"I do not feel well," he wrote, "and am often so weary that I stay at home all day. I have made no new acquaintances, and, most likely, will make none. I am alone. Your society would give me great pleasure. Come ; your room is ready, and will be, I trust, to your liking. There is a large writing-table and tolerably well-filled book-shelves ; you can write there quite at your ease, without fear of disturbance. Come as soon as possible, my dear friend. I am expecting you impatiently."

Hermann happened to be at leisure, and was able to comply with his friend's wish, and to go to him in the first week of December. He found Warren looking worn

and depressed. It was in vain he sought to induce him to consult a physician. Warren would reply—

“Doctors can do nothing for my complaint. I know where the shoe pinches. A physician would order me probably to seek relaxation and amusement, just as he would advise a poor devil whose blood is impoverished by bad food to strengthen himself with a generous diet and good wine. The poor man could not afford to get the good living, and I do not know what could enliven or divert me. Travel? I like nothing so well as sitting quietly in my arm-chair. New faces? They would not interest me—yours is the only company I prefer to solitude. Books? I am too old to take pleasure in learning new things, and what I have learned has ceased to interest me. It is not always easy to get what might do one good, and we must take things as they are.”

Hermann noticed, as before, that his friend ate little, but that, on the other hand, he drank a great deal. The sincere friendship he felt for him emboldened him to make a remark on the subject.

“It is true,” said Warren, “I drink too much; but what can I do? Food is distasteful to me, and I must keep up my strength somehow. I am in a wretched state; my health is ruined.”

One evening, as the two friends were seated together in Warren’s room, while the wind and sleet were beating against the window-panes, the invalid began of his own accord to speak about Ellen.

“We now correspond regularly,” he said. “She tells me in her last letter that she hopes soon to see me. Do you know, Hermann, that she is becoming an enigma for me? It is very evident that she does not treat me like other people, and I often

wonder and ask myself what I am in her eyes? What does she feel towards me? Love? That is inadmissible. Pity, perhaps? This, then, is the end of my grand dreams—to be an object of pity? I have just answered her letter to say that I am settled here with the fixed intention of ending my useless existence in quiet and idleness. Do you remember a scene in Henry Heine’s ‘Reisebilder,’ when a young student kisses a pretty girl, who lets him have his own way and makes no great resistance, because he has told her—‘I will be gone to-morrow at dawn, and I will never see you again’? The certainty of never seeing a person again gives a man the courage to say things that otherwise he would have kept hidden in the most secret depths of his being. I feel that my life is drawing to a close. Do not say no, my dear friend; my presentiments are certain. I have written it to Ellen. I have told her other things besides. What folly! All I have ever done has been folly or chimera. I end my life logically, in strict accordance with my whole Past, by making my first avowal of love on my deathbed. Is not that as useless a thing as can be?”

Hermann would have wished to know some particulars about this letter; but Warren replied, somewhat vaguely, “If I had a copy of my letter, I would show it to you willingly. You know my whole story, and I would not be ashamed to lay before you my last act of folly. I wrote about a fortnight ago, when I felt sure that death was drawing near. I was in a fever, not from fear—Death gains but little by taking my life—but from a singular species of excitement. I do not remember what were the words I used. Who knows? Perhaps this last product of my brain may have

been quite a poetical performance. Never mind ! I do not repent of what I have done ; I am glad that Ellen should know at last that I have loved her silently and hopelessly. If that is not disinterested, what is ?" he added, with a bitter smile.

Christmas went by sadly. Warren was now so weak that he could scarcely leave his bed for two or three hours each day. Hermann had taken upon himself to send for a doctor, but this latter had scarcely known what to prescribe. Warren was suffering from no special malady ; he was dying of exhaustion. Now and then, during a few moments, which became daily more rare and more brief, his vivacity would return ; but the shadow of Death was already darkening his mind.

On New Year's eve he got up very late. "We will welcome in the New Year," he said to Hermann. "I hope it may bring you happiness ; I know it will bring me rest." A few minutes before midnight he opened the piano, and played with solemnity, and as if it had been a chorale, a song of Schumann's, entitled, "To the Drinking-cup of a departed Friend." Then, on the first stroke of midnight, he filled two glasses with some old Rhenish wine, and raised his own glass slowly. He was very pale, and his eyes were shining with feverish light. He was in a state of strange and fearful excitement. He looked at the glass which he held, and repeated deliberately a verse of the song which he had just been playing. "The vulgar cannot understand what I see at the bottom of this cup." Then, at one draught, he drained the full glass.

While he was thus speaking and drinking, he had taken no notice of Hermann, who was watching him

with consternation. Recovering himself at length, he exclaimed, "Another glass, Hermann ! To friendship !" He drained this second glass, like the first, to the very last drop ; and then, exhausted by the effort he had made, he sank heavily on a chair. Soon after, Hermann led him, like a sleepy child, to his bed.

During the days that followed, he was unable to leave his room ; and the doctor thought it right to warn Hermann that all the symptoms seemed to point to a fatal issue.

On the 8th of January a servant from the hotel in the little neighbouring town brought a letter, which, he said, required an immediate answer. The sick man was then lying almost unconscious. Hermann broke the seal without hesitation, and read as follows :—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—A visit to Europe which my father had long planned, has at last been undertaken. I did not mention it to you, in order to have the pleasure of surprising you. On reaching this place, I learn that the illness of which you spoke in your last letter has not yet left you. Under these circumstances, I will not venture to present myself without warning you of my arrival, and making sure that you are able to receive me. I am here with my brother, who, like myself, would not come so near to you without seeing you. My father has gone on to Paris, where Francis and I will join him in a few days.

"ELLEN."

Hermann, after one instant's thought, took up his hat and dismissed the messenger, saying he would give the answer himself. At the hotel he sent in his card, with the words, "From Mr Warren," and

was immediately ushered into Ellen's presence.

She was alone. Hermann examined her rapidly. He saw an extremely beautiful woman, whose frank and fearless eyes were fixed on him with a questioning look.

Hermann had not frequented the society of women much, and was usually rather embarrassed in their presence. But on this occasion he thought only of his friend, and found no difficulty in explaining the motive of his visit. He told her his friend was ill—very ill—dying—and that he had opened the letter addressed to Warren. Ellen did not answer for some time; she seemed not to have understood what she had heard. After a while her eyes filled with tears, and she asked whether she could see Mr Warren. On Hermann answering in the affirmative, she further inquired whether her brother might accompany her.

"Two visitors might fatigue the invalid too much," said Hermann; "your brother may come later."

"Are you not afraid that my visit may tire him?"

"I do not think so; it will make him very happy."

Ellen only took a few minutes to put on her hat and cloak, and they started. The short journey was accomplished in silence. When they reached the house, Hermann went in first to see how the dying man was. He was lying in his bed, in the delirium of fever, muttering incoherent sentences. Nevertheless he recognised Hermann, and asked for something to drink. After having allayed his thirst, he closed his eyes, as if to sleep.

"I have brought you a friend," said Hermann; "will you see him?"

"Hermann? He is always welcome."

"No; it is a friend from America."

"From America? . . . I lived there many years. . . . How desolate and monotonous were the shores I visited! . . ."

"Will you see your friend?"

"I am carried away by the current of the river. In the distance I see dark and shadowy forms; there are hills full of shade and coolness, . . . but I will never rest there."

Hermann retired noiselessly, and returned almost immediately with Ellen.

Warren, who had taken no notice of him, continued to follow the course of his wandering thoughts.

"The river is drawing near to the sea. Already I can hear the roar of the waves. . . . The banks are beginning to be clothed with verdure. . . . The hills are drawing nearer. . . . It is dark now. Here are the big trees beneath which I have dreamed so often. A radiant apparition shines through their foliage. . . . It comes towards me. . . . Ellen!"

She was standing beside the bed. The dying man saw her, and without showing the least surprise, said with a smile, "Thank God! you have come in time. I knew you were coming."

He murmured a few unintelligible words, and then remained silent for a long while. His eyes were wide open. Suddenly he cried, "Hermann!"

Hermann came and stood beside Ellen.

"The pendulum. . . . You know what I mean?" A frank childish smile—the smile of his student days—lighted up his pallid face. He raised his right hand, and tracing in the air with his forefinger a wide semicircle, to imitate the oscillation of a pendulum, he said, "Then." He then figured in the same manner a more limited and

slower movement, and after repeating it several times, said, "Now." Lastly, he pointed straight before him with a motionless and almost menacing finger, and said, with a weak voice, "Soon."

He spoke no more, and closed his eyes. The breathing was becoming very difficult.

Ellen bent over him, and called him softly, "Henry, Henry!" He opened his eyes. She brought her mouth close to his ear, and said, with a sob, "I have always loved you."

"I knew it from the first," he said, quietly and with confidence.

A gentle expression stole over his countenance, and life seemed to return. Once more he had the confident look of youth. A sad and

beautiful smile played on his lips; he took the hand of Ellen in his, and kissed it gently.

"How do you feel now?" inquired Hermann.

The old answer, "Very well."

His hands were plucking at the bed-clothes, as if he strove to cover his face with them. Then his arms stiffened and the fingers remained motionless.

"Very well," he repeated.

He appeared to fall into deep thought. There was a long pause. At last he turned a dying look, fraught with tender pity and sadness, towards Ellen, and in a low voice, which was scarcely audible, he said these two words, with a slight emphasis on the first—"*Perfectly* well."

CALDERON'S TRAGEDIES OF JEALOUSY.

THERE are analogies, which it is always interesting to trace, between Shakespeare's tragedies and those of the Greek stage. Nature is found to have presented substantially the same crimes, the same sorrows, and the same mournful grandeurs, to the hand whose business it was to "ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears," in the days of Bupleigh and of Bacon, as to that of the tragedian of the times of Themistocles or of Pericles. Under other skies, other government, other faith, man is still viewed by a keen observer as the same sinner and the same sufferer. His direst calamities are still the same; he still presents the same mark for the arrows of fate to pierce. And yet the likeness does not hold at all points. There are some parts vulnerable now, which were not exposed of old: others have acquired defensive armour which they lacked before. Man's cheek can still be crimsoned with shame; his heart still torn by anguish; but not always from the cause which stirred the like feelings in the elder days. For instance: the Hæmon of Sophocles and the Romeo of Shakespeare both alike kill themselves for love. But the passion of the latter for Juliet does not shun notice like that of the former for Antigone. Romeo's is an ever-burning Etna: Hæmon's a Vesuvius, whose hidden unsuspected fires only burst forth with sudden ruin at the last. Juliet frankly returns Romeo's passion almost unasked, and indignantly refuses to survive him: Antigone's despair and death are not caused by Hæmon. As we compare the Eng-

lish with the Greek play, we feel that a new power has entered the world since the time of Sophocles; a power which has so consecrated and so purified the most vehement of human affections, that from thenceforth it need have no cause to shrink back ashamed out of the light. Or, again, in that far deeper tragedy than "Romeo and Juliet," in which the dutiful Cordelia recalls to us the Antigone of the "Œdipus Coloneus," where the curse of the aged and discrowned Lear is mighty, as that of the Theban king, to draw destruction down on the heads of his own unnatural children, we are not left without witness that, if Sophocles wrote in the early morning twilight, it was the brightness of the noon-day that encircled Shakespeare. The unrelenting sternness of Œdipus speaks of a mind nurtured in a creed that knew little of mercy; while Lear is softened, not hardened, by his sufferings, and yields himself no unapt scholar to the teaching of adversity. In like manner the fatal oracles of the "King Œdipus" find their counterpart in those predictions of the weird sisters which lure Macbeth to his destruction; and Lady Macbeth, so strong to evil, bears no distant resemblance to the Clytemnestra of Æschylus and of Sophocles, with her bold leadership in crime. But the Attic dramatists depict *their* crowned murderess as remorseless to the close of her career: no "sleep-walking" scene in *their* dramas unveils to us, as in Shakespeare's, the agonies of a high-born criminal whose own awakened conscience is slowly working out upon her the behests of

1. Las Comedias de Calderon. 2. Dramas of Calderon, translated from the Spanish by D. F. MacCarthy, Esq.

justice. Clytemnestra only shudders at the possible consequences of her evil deed in this world. Lady Macbeth stands aghast at the stain of innocent blood upon her hand, which she knows will cry out against her before the last dread seat of judgment. And then, again, if that play (which in the outline of its story comes so close to the Electras of the tragic poets of Greece), Hamlet, is placed by the trilogy of Æschylus, how vast is the difference between the two sons who have each received a supernatural summons to slay the murderer of a father! Or-estes is Apollo's passive instrument, and it needs the persecution of the Furies to enlighten him as to the horrible nature of his deed of vengeance; but Hamlet communes with his own heart, reflects and questions till he has all but outstayed the time for action, and shows by his very waverings of purpose how strongly the sense of individual responsibility has been awakened in man since the Greek tragic muse grew silent. But nowhere are we made so sensible of the gulf between the ancient and the modern world, as when we look round for some masterpiece of antiquity with which to compare Othello, and find none. We have indeed famous Greek dramas surviving on the subject of jealousy; but it is jealousy on the wife's part, not on the side of the husband, which produces their tragic situations. Deianeira slays Herakles (though without purposing his death) in the attempt to recall to herself his alienated affections; Medea avenges the infidelity of Jason upon her own hapless children; and the great Agamemnon's murder finds its pretext at least in Clytemnestra's wrath at the sight of the captive Trojan maiden in his company. But Menelaus takes back his guilty wife to the splendid

palace which she forsook, and calmly reinstates her in her forfeited grandeur; although his daughter Hermione burns with wrath on finding the heart of her husband Pyrrhus given to the enslaved Andromache. The husband's jealousy of his wife's affection was not thought an appropriate theme for Hellenic tragedy; because the preciousness of that affection was but dimly apparent to Euripides and to Sophocles. They can depict a wife stung to fury by the sense of her own wrongs, or, if of gentler nature, overwhelmed with grief at the sight of her irreparable loss; but the sacredness of the affection that has been outraged, the solemn sanctions of the tie that has been broken, are beyond their ken. Othello—armed against the wife whom he still loves tenderly by his belief in the holiness of that innermost sanctuary which he has been told that she has violated, standing forth as the minister of the divine vengeance to inflict less after all than he himself suffers, unable to survive the discovery of the innocence which his thoughts have wronged—is a conception which would have been impossible to the greatest tragedians of old. They lacked the materials out of which to form it; for the true mystery of marriage had not yet been revealed to men.

It is not, then, on the Greek stage that we must seek a parallel to what is, after all, the most moving of the tragedies of Shakespeare. Shall we succeed better if we seek it in what Schlegel rightly calls the only national drama that Europe has produced besides the Greek and the English, as opposed to the literary drama of a court or a coterie—in the drama of Spain? Spanish plays, it is perhaps superfluous to remark, bear a greater external resemblance to our Elizabethan tragedies than Greek plays can bear. Calderon,

like Shakespeare, disregards the unities of time and place, and dresses the warriors and the beauties of distant lands and ages in the garb of his own period. But though the methods by which his genius finds expression are the same, his genius in itself is essentially different. Never when we read him can we say, "Ah, here is Shakespeare talking Spanish;" although often, while perusing Sophocles, we have said to ourselves, "So would Shakespeare have thought in Greek."

Accordingly, while three of Calderon's plays end with the same catastrophe as does Othello (so far as the wife is concerned), the resemblance between their heroes and the noble Moor is of the slightest. Their pangs are chiefly those of wounded honour; his, above all, those of wronged affection. To enjoy these sensational and unquestionably horrible tragedies, it is therefore expedient to forget Shakespeare for the time, and to surrender our consciences for the moment to the rule of the Spaniard's code of honour; just as we have provisionally to adopt his religion if we would fully enter into the weird grandeur of Calderon's "Devotion of the Cross," with its mysterious bursts of light and Salvator Rosa-like gloom. Nor do we find Calderon more successful on any other ground, except perhaps, in his fine Martyr-plays,* than in these tragedies of jealousy. A Spaniard above all things, he is nowhere more completely himself than he is here.

There is a fourth play by Calderon which, from its subject, Herod and Mariamne, might also promise a parallel with Othello. But its treatment excludes this; its author having, with his wonted disregard of historic truth, chosen

to convert Herod's awful story into what admirers have been pleased to term, "a genuine fate-drama, colossal both in the conception and execution," by introducing into it the old apparatus of predictions which work their own fulfilment, despite of earnest efforts to avert it on the part of a man worthier throughout of pity than of blame. Mariamne is threatened with death from "the world's greatest monster." Herod is informed that his dagger is fated to slay the thing he loves best. It seems impossible that both prophecies can come true, since both evidently point at Mariamne; yet in the end both are fulfilled, since the monster, jealousy, aims the dagger, though at another than the hapless queen, in whose breast it sheathes itself against its holder's will. Herod's jealousy is excited by no less a person than Octavius himself, who, far from being the "dull, cold-blooded Cæsar" of whom Cleopatra complains, was only rendered insensible to her charms by his passion for Mariamne's picture—a part of his spoils after the battle of Actium! Herod, a captive in his hands, about to suffer death under the walls of Jerusalem, despatches the well-known order for his beloved consort's death, rather than let the original pass into those hands in whose keeping he has with rage seen the portrait. The order becomes known to Mariamne, and the conflict in her breast between love and anger is well depicted. She resolves that though as a queen she must, yet as a wife she will not, pardon the husband who could not trust her. So she goes forth in mourning robes to supplicate the victor for his life; and having obtained it, with a facility that surprises her, from the love-smitten

* Two of these, "The Two Lovers of Heaven," and "The Wonder-working Magician," have been remarkably well translated by Mr MacCarthy.

Octavius, upbraids Herod, as soon as they are alone together, with his cruelty, and pronounces sentence of separation from her on him. "Miser of love," she says, "would nothing serve you but to bury me, your treasure, with yourself? Birds, serpents even, die to save their offspring. You only, harder of heart than they, would kill your love." With these reproaches the injured Mariamne retires, henceforth, as she says, a widow, and no wife, to her own apartments. There at evening Herod comes by stealth to sue for her forgiveness. There a cry warns him that some one else is intruding on his wife's solitude, from whom she needs protection; and finding a dagger on the floor, he snatches it up and hastens to defend her. The intruder is Octavius; the dagger, little as he suspects it, Herod's own fated weapon, which passed from his keeping when, in a transport of anger at the sight of Mariamne's picture in the tent of Octavius, he flung it at his captor. Once more he aims it at him, and with worse success than before. That time it quivered in the canvas and wounded Mariamne's pictured beauty; this time it is her own self that it pierces in the dark. Herod will not survive her, and casts himself into the sea.

This is all, no doubt, very ingenious. That it is unhistorical is a minor consideration. Here, as in King *Œdipus* (but with what a diminution of dignity!), man is made to appear the sport of circumstances. Calderon's ruling idea, says a German critic, is the vanity of life. Man's designs and purposes are broken off, are contradicted, by forces against which he fights in vain. Without his knowledge, against his expectation, against his will, though actually by his means, the terrible end comes. But is it worth while, when history does

present us with an impressive and awful figure like that of Herod, to blot it out for the sake of even such an artistic combination as that by which Calderon has replaced it? His Mariamne is noble and interesting; but her weak spouse, what can we say of him? Is it wise, by naming him Herod, to remind us of the savage Idumæan who attained such an awful sublimity of guilt; whose love was more dangerous than other men's hate; whose remorse but led him to wade deeper in a sea of blood?

It is here, as elsewhere, that we see how much stronger Calderon was in constructive ingenuity than in power of presenting character. And we sigh for Shakespeare, who knew how to depict a Roman, and how to understand the most abnormal types of humanity; who would have given us less love-making and more real passion; would have kept up the dignity of Octavius; made us by turns hate and pity, but never despise, Herod; and instead of showing us captor and captives alike struggling in the cold grasp of iron fate, would have let us feel the presence of the

"Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

It may be bad taste, but for our own part we turn with pleasure from this curious specimen of an historical drama to plays in which the author was on firmer, because on national, ground; to the tragedies which work from within instead of being worked on from without, of which a passion, not fate, is the mainspring. We have observed already that not one of them, despite of this, sets before us an *Othello*. We shall see that while to him there presented itself

"No way but this,
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss,"

Calderon's husbands prove both

able and willing to survive the gentle victims of their jealous rage, and in some cases to contract new ties over their deathbeds. They act not so much from a sense of duty, or from the sharp pang of wronged love, as from a wish to preserve what they call their honour pure and unspotted in the eyes of men. The altar on which their sacrifice is offered is raised to the idol reputation; and, with a refinement of severity acting on grounds slight as Cæsar's, they slay where to divorce contented him. These tragedies therefore exhibit a retrograde movement to the old oriental view of woman as man's slave and man's plaything, instead of his life's equal partner; for which Moorish influence on the Spanish character must be held responsible—backward, too, from the Christian dread of sin to the heathen dread of disgrace. But, whatever we may say against them, they are genuine tragedies nevertheless; for they awaken in their reader's mind true pity, and a very real horror at the sight of the impenetrably dark mantle in which the "green-eyed monster" knows how to shroud himself in Spain, and of the added keenness with which the Castilian poniard pierces after it has been dipped in the bitter fountain of the "waters of jealousy."

Of these "atrocious dramas," as some critics have styled them, Trench, an able judge, does not hesitate to give the palm to the one called "*Secret Vengeance for a Secret Affront*;" moved, perhaps, by this, that its unhappy heroine, Leonor, does something to deserve her fate; since she is guilty of meditating the offence which her husband avenges upon her before she has time to commit it. There is thus more of poetic justice in this drama than in some other of Calderon's tragedies; while the secret and

stealthy steps by which the avenger advances in the moment of the criminal's greatest security exert a horrible fascination on the beholder's mind.

Yet even here Leonor is made as little blameworthy as possible. It is her misfortune to have loved a noble cavalier, Don Luis de Benavides, to have received false tidings of his death, and, supposing herself free, to have yielded to the importunities of her friends, and, while still adoring the memory of Don Luis, to have contracted marriage with a noble Portuguese, Don Lope de Almeida. She has been actually espoused to him by proxy, and is on her way to meet him when the resuscitated Don Luis, disguised as a merchant of precious stones, craves an interview with the bride, and sends her a specimen of his wares by her uncle's hand, as, reposing after the fatigues of her journey on a flowery bank near a river, she awaits Don Lope's coming. She shudders at the sight of the diamond ring, for it had been her own gift to the deceased Don Luis. Then she begs to see its sender, perhaps expecting to learn more of the fate of the man whom she still loves so passionately. The scene which ensues has great poetic merit. Luis is restrained by the uncle's presence from reproaching his lady openly for her breach of faith. Both Leonor and he exhibit that regard for appearances which to Calderon's characters is ever the most sacred of obligations. After one start of surprise, the lady endures in silence the terrible conviction forced upon her that not death, but her own precipitate act, has separated her for ever from the man whom she loves; and with Spartan calmness she listens, and prepares to reply to the reproaches and pleadings so covertly conveyed, that they sound to her aged relative only as an ingenious recom-

mendation by the jeweller of his wares. "I bring you," he says, "a clasp fit to adorn your bosom, a diamond Cupid such that the god of love, unstable with others, is ever firm with me; I bear with me a heart wholly true in every stone which forms it, and beautiful rings, some of which are memorials. It is true that on my road, though keeping the blue turquoise of jealousy, I had the misfortune to be robbed of the emerald of hope; but the heart, the memorials, the love, the clasp are at your service—will it please you that I disclose them to your view?" "You have come at the wrong time to show me such wares," replies Leonor; "I should have rejoiced to see them earlier; but it is too late now. What would be said of me if I could care to see such things while just awaiting the arrival of my noble husband? Put them up, and take back your diamond, though it shines in my eyes like the snow; and do not blame me for your disappointment, but yourself for coming at the wrong time." The unhappy lovers have a brief moment for clearer explanations when Leonor's uncle goes forth to meet her husband; and when he re-enters and presents to her Don Lope, the sonnet with which she greets him on his first introduction to her, bears a concealed reference to the lover from whom fate is parting her. Don Luis understands its import only too distinctly, and follows her to Lisbon. There in due time his form haunting the street where she resides attracts attention; her husband's faithful friend Don Juan is startled, as by other symptoms of ill, so by Leonor's readiness to let her recently-wedded lord accompany the king on a proposed expedition to Africa. Sinister rumours reach his ears, and he debates with himself whether he shall acquaint Don Lope with them. He proposes to

him an imaginary case. He has a friend, he says, who has done something which leads men to reflect upon his honour. Is it his duty to tell him the remarks which he has overheard, so that he may set himself right with the world by some explanation? "If you ask my advice," replies Don Lope (comprehending but too well the meaning of the parable), "I say, keep silence. Were it my case, and were the best friend I have to come and tell me I was dishonoured, I should slay him on the spot." Don Juan takes the hint and says nothing; he only ventures a little later on another piece of counsel given with equal precaution. Matters have by this time gone so far that the king himself has significantly told Don Lope that he had better not accompany him to Africa, as he would be "missed at home." Leonor has written to Don Luis offering him an interview in the country-house by the sea, where her husband was to leave her during the expedition. At the same time Don Juan, knowing well what deed her injured lord is designing, interposes with a recital of his own misfortunes; and tells how, having, as he thought, washed off an insult which he once received in the blood of the offender, he is still known, to his disappointment and disgust, as the man who was struck, not the man who slew in return of the blow. "So ill it is," is his conclusion, "when, where the offence might have kept silence, the vengeance speaks." Don Lope promptly understands. He must not be known as the slayer of the guilty pair, lest men speak of his injury and forget its punishment; and lo! while he is meditating on this, Don Luis approaches reading the fatal note, and confides to him his anxiety to pass to the other side of the bay, as he says, to see the king embark. Don

Lope politely offers to take him across in his own boat, all others being now engaged; and with a secret sneer at the too obliging husband, Luis steps into the boat which is to land him near Leonor. Then the scene changes, and Leonor is shown to us expecting her lover's approach. She hears a cry of distress on the waters; soon a panting swimmer struggles with difficulty to her feet. It is her husband, who details the misfortune which has befallen him. His boat has, he says, been upset, and though he has saved his own life, he professes to feel deep regret that a Castilian gentleman whom he had offered to take across has perished, *in spite* of his help, in the waves. "If I recollect right," he adds carelessly, "his name was—Don Luis de Benavides." Leonor swoons away, and her husband carries her tenderly into the house to lay her on a couch;—where he stabs her, as he had done Don Luis, but out of sight of the audience. They only see the king advancing; startled as he approaches by a cry of "Fire," and by the sight of flames bursting from the windows of Don Lope's country-house. As the king and his train hasten forward to offer help, Don Lope rushes forth with his dead wife in his arms, to bewail before his royal master his own irreparable loss, in the death *by fire* of the most beautiful, discreet, and virtuous lady that ever husband had to deplore. "Only," he subjoins, "this sad disaster sets me at liberty to attend your Majesty to the wars; I cannot now *be missed at home*. Let me end my sorrows in battle—if sorrows like mine can have an end."

This outline of what is in its way a very powerful tragedy, will illustrate our meaning in saying that while "Othello" possesses a world-wide interest, an intelligibility, at first sight, to any spectator who

has the heart of a man, Calderon's similar dramas appeal to a far more limited audience. Othello's one thought when he believes himself to have suffered the worst of wrongs is vengeance: Don Lope's state of mind is a more artificial one; and his extreme care to save appearances, his patient tarrying for the right moment, deprive us of the power of looking upon him as a mad-dened man, and therefore as a slayer, but no murderer. The peculiar code of honour under which he is supposed to live, and which his sovereign's approbation at the close of the play certifies to us, must be taken into the account before we can at all understand his conduct: blame both him and it we must after every possible explanation. Nor is there much to stamp Lope's individual character on our remembrance, like those marked traits of Othello's noble and generous nature which print it for ever on our mind. Lope is favoured by fortune with opportunities which do not occur to Calderon's similar heroes. He scarcely differs from them in anything else, and could change places with them easily enough; whereas Shakespeare's jealous husbands, like all his personages, are individual. Thespouse of Imogen in "Cymbeline" is another man to the consort of the unjustly-suspected Hermione in the "Winter's Tale," and both vary by a vast diversity from Othello.

The hero of a second of these tragedies of Calderon, "The Painter of his own Dishonour," goes to work without concealment; but that is, not because he is another style of man from Don Lope, but because he is otherwise situated. Seraphina, the heroine of the play, is like Leonor, in having been contracted in marriage to a man whom she loves not, while falsely believing in the death of the man whom she loves. The scene of the play is laid for the

most part in Italy, at or near Gaeta, where Seraphina is brought by her father to meet her intended husband Don Juan. A scene between herself and Porcia (her lost love's sister) shows her so overcome by the sad memories recalled by her friend's sight, that she faints away as she finishes telling how she and Don Alvaro put off disclosing to their respective parents their mutual affection till he should have returned from that fatal voyage to Spain in which he was drowned. At the very moment of her swoon, Porcia's lover, the Prince of Ursino, has just sailed into the harbour, bringing with him her lost brother, whom he had saved from the wreck of his vessel. Impatient to embrace his sister, Alvaro rushes into her apartment, to find his beloved Seraphina recovering consciousness. She sadly exclaims, when he has convinced her that it is not a ghost that she sees, "It must be true, since I am so unfortunate that even good fortune, when mine, ceases to be such ; for dead or alive thou art equally lost to me." The poor girl does all she can afterwards to hide her tears from Alvaro, and to deny their too obvious cause: it is all in vain; he wickedly resolves to follow her to Barcelona. There, disguised as a sailor, bringing a letter from her friend Porcia, he forces his way into Seraphina's presence, who assures him with becoming dignity that her husband's love and her sense of duty have changed her into a rock which the waves may assault in vain, an oak that no wind can uproot. "Before you became a rock," rejoins Alvaro, "I knew your heart to be love's temple; before you were an oak you were the flower which turns sunward enamoured: what has been, may be again." Regardless of every discouragement, Alvaro masks himself among the carnival mummers, to try his fate

a second time. There is a pretty scene of the Catalonian national song and dance in the open air, under cover of which Seraphina finds herself obliged to dance one measure with her former lover. But she turns sternly from his wooing, and breaks away from him as soon as she can do so without exciting suspicion in the bystanders. Then Alvaro renounces his evil hopes; and prepares to row back alone to the brigantine, which, hired with other design, waits for him in the harbour. He has just told his servant so, and resumed his common sailor's dress, when the fainting Seraphina is borne forward in her husband's arms from the supper-room, which an accident has set on fire. He sees in Don Alvaro and his attendant mariners only a party of common sailors, and commits his wife to their care; while he rushes back to succour other friends and relatives. But he has committed his lamb to the charge of a cruel wolf. Basely and treacherously, Alvaro places the unhappy lady in a boat, embarks her on board his brigantine, and sets full sail for Italy. Her husband at first believes her to have been stolen by corsairs; but he has had his suspicions before of a disguised cavalier whom he has encountered, and is, alas! too ready to suspect Seraphina of having been carried away with her own consent. He quits Spain in disguise, and, being an accomplished artist, maintains himself by painting instead of appealing to his Italian friends for assistance. Porcia's lover, the Prince of Ursino, employs him to paint for him Hercules pursuing Nessus to rescue Deianeira. The prince is well pleased with the picture, and next commissions him to paint for him the portrait of a beautiful lady, whose charms have remained engraven on his memory since the day when he saw her embarking for Barcelona, and whom he has dis-

covered to his surprise in her retreat near Gaeta. "A servant will admit you," he says, "to a place where unseen yourself you can see and paint the lady. The matter requires the utmost secrecy, which is one reason why I employ you, a Spaniard, in preference to native artists." "If the lady's beauty is, as you say, perfect," replies Don Juan, "I fear that I shall not satisfy you: only once before have I tried to take the portrait of one faultlessly fair (his own lost wife), and failed in the attempt." On the prince's insisting, he goes on the errand nevertheless; and, believing that the description which he has heard will only suit one woman in the world, he provides himself with a case of pistols, as well as with a box of colours, muttering, as he does so—

"Since so bids my outraged honour,
I will still a painter be,
Till, with blood, time sets me free,
Once to paint out my dishonour."*

Don Juan is so far right in his conjecture that the lady of whom the prince, while visiting Porcia, has caught a glimpse in a lonely tower some miles from Gaeta, is no other than the wretched Seraphina. Yet even he might have hesitated before seeking to include her in the same destruction as the man who had wronged her so cruelly, could he have seen, as the audience do, her tears and hopeless sorrow, or overheard her entreaties to Alvaro to suffer her to withdraw in peace to a convent, and her just reproaches to the man whose fatal passion in one day cost her "husband, home, rank, honour and reputation;" who, as she says, "in detaining her only retains her statue, since her soul defies his power and shall never be his." But not such is Juan's good fortune. He is introduced, at his princely patron's request (by an old

servant whom he has bribed), behind a grating, through which (himself unseen) he sees his lost wife asleep in the castle-garden. He begins his picture, asking himself whether it is possible that jealousy can succeed better in taking her likeness than love did. Meantime the prince, watching outside over the safety of his artist friend, sees a state coach slowly advancing. It contains Porcia, her father Don Luis (who, unsuspecting of his son's villany, has but lately been uttering curses on the miscreant who robbed his noble friend, Don Juan, of his spouse), and Seraphina's father, Don Pedro, too, who, distressed at receiving no letter from her or her husband, has come to consult Don Luis on the subject. Don Alvaro rushes hastily into the garden to warn Seraphina to keep concealed during his father's visit to his hunting-lodge. Don Juan sees her rise, awaking from a frightful dream of his vengeance, and go forward to meet the object of his worst suspicions. He fires a pistol at each, and so fulfils the omen of the warning shot which, from various fortuitous causes, had rung in Seraphina's ears at more than one critical moment of her life. She falls into her father's arms as he comes in, saying, as she expires, "Father, you are saved from having to kill me, by finding me dead already." Don Luis, in like manner, discovers his son's guilt and his death at the same moment. Hearing the shots, the prince enters to protect the artist, and starts with horror when he hears him say, "Look at the picture which the painter of his own dishonour has painted with blood. I am Don Juan de Roca. Ye who all see your injuries before you, slay me: you, Don Pedro, because I return to you, a sad and bloody

* Same rhyme in the original.

corpse, the beauty whom you gave me ; you, Don Luis, since your son lies dead by my hand ; and you, prince, since I have painted the portrait bespoken by you with but a red enamel." The prince at once offers to insure his escape ; but there is no need for flight. The two fathers step forward with Roman sternness to declare themselves obliged rather than affronted by the justice that has been executed on their unhappy children.

Don Juan bows gravely and departs, leaving an English spectator, at least, disappointed that he has no third pistol ready for his own breast ; that he can bear to survive her whom, to all appearance, he once loved so tenderly, whom he compassed with so many fond observances, whose path, as he said, he would fain have paved with diamonds, — the hapless Seraphina. True, Juan does not know—no one of the actors in the drama ever will know—how much more sinned against she was than sinning ; and it is here that the play is as wanting in poetic justice as real life can be, involving, in a common doom, two persons of such different degrees of desert as the all but innocent Seraphina, and the double-dyed villain Alvaro. That the lady should die was inevitable ; like Roman Lucrece, death is the only refuge left to her : the hardship is that she should "leave behind her such a wounded name," that no power is granted to her to command her undoer, if only for a few brief minutes, to "live and report me truly." Among the "Autos" of Calderon, is one bearing the same name as this secular tragedy, and exhibiting its author's ingenious daring by applying its outline of story, as well as its title, to the purposes of sacred allegory. The lady, so heavenly in her name, so unhappy in her fate, is there made the type of Human Nature in its fall.

The cruel tyrant who has got her into his power, and who detains her from her rightful lord, is the Evil One. Who that Lord Himself is there is no need to say ; but there is much grandeur in Calderon's conception of him as the Supreme Artist, the Painter of earth and sky and sea ; and much tender beauty in the lines which describe His voluntary humiliation, when, disguised in poor and humble weeds, He comes to seek His alienated Bride. Let us hope that when Calderon penned his mystic drama's close, shadowing forth in allegoric figures the death which destroyed the power of the devil, and the ransomed Church reunited to her risen Lord, the poet had bethought him how unjust man's best justice often is, and designed an act of reparation to the memory of his wronged heroine.

But it is time to approach the most thoroughly Spanish of Calderon's tragedies,—one, too, of which we possess a translation (though an early one) by Mr MacCarthy, "The Physician of his own Honour."

Belonging, as the characters of this play do, to the days of King Pedro the Cruel, their strange and savage proceedings are less startling and horrible to us than if we thought of them as living in better times, or under a milder sway. The king himself, described as he is from the most favourable point of view as the strict Justicer rather than as the murderer of Leonor de Guzman or of Blanche of Bourbon, gives to the drama a fine historical background. And in the very extravagance of its hero, favourable German and French critics have seen a "tender sensibility to honour, aptly typified by the fabled ermine which prizes so highly the whiteness of its fur, that rather than stain it in flight, it at once yields itself up to the hunters and to death." They are ready to applaud him for "avenging him-

self as it were by anticipation of the possibility of an outrage which he fears." To us it rather seems that his is the fanaticism of honour, blind and cruel as fanaticism is wont to be; that he strikes the wrong person, that person being alike sacred by her weakness and by her especial claim on his protection, and spares from a false sense of loyalty the real offender, whom a proud Castilian noble would have struck resolutely;* and lastly, that for an unscrupulous defender of honour, his own hands are scarcely clean enough at the outset. Our readers must judge for themselves between these opposing views.

Dona Mencía, a noble lady of Seville, has attracted the notice of the king's half-brother, Don Enrique. Though touched by his suit, she has withstood it with proper dignity; but yet it is against her will that her father has placed her under the protection of a husband, Don Gutierre de Solís, at whose country-house she is residing at the commencement of the play. Don Gutierre, who now loves her passionately, was not long before his marriage the accepted lover of Dona Leonor; but a slight circumstance having cast suspicion on her perfect truth, he had no scruple in breaking off his engagement with her and in contracting another. An accidental fall from his horse, as he is accompanying King Pedro to Seville, brings Don Enrique once more face to face with Mencía. He is carried senseless into her castle, where Don Arias, the confidant of his passion, is amazed to find its object in the lady to whose care he intrusts the prince. At the sight of Enrique's danger Mencía's old love revives, but with it comes the quick sense of

duty forbidding it to live. For one moment, while standing alone beside his motionless form, she indulges the wish—

"Would that I with words might open
The icy dungeon of my silence,
Where the glowing flame is prisoned;
*Flame which, now sunk down in ashes,
Even in its ruin telleth,
Here was love!"†

But the next instant she recollects that she has no right either to say such words or to think such thoughts, and arms herself for self-conquest with the consoling reflection that it is by conflicts such as that to which she is now called that virtue is proved.

"'Tis only
In the crucible that truly
Gleams the golden ore; the loadstone
Tests the steel, and by the diamond
Is the diamond tried; while metals
*Shine the brighter in the furnace.
Thus, my honour, by relying
On itself, shall still grow brighter
When I come myself to conquer."

Strengthened by such thoughts, she meets the recovering Enrique with the formal compliments of a dutiful subject, and hastens to acquaint him with her recent marriage, and that he is at present in her husband's house. The prince starts up at once, and, refusing to remain there another moment, calls for his horse, exclaiming—

"My o'erthrowing
Was not purely accidental,
Rather a prophetic omen
Of my death: indeed 'twas fitting
That by Heaven's decree I hither
Should be carried to my deathbed
In the house where you were married,
*That at once there might be spoken
Gratulations and condolence
For your wedding and my burial."

As these words are spoken before witnesses, Mencía replies to them wisely by a straightforward explanation, in which she reminds the

* Calderon here, as elsewhere, imports the Spain of the seventeenth into the Castile of the fourteenth century.

† MacCarthy's Calderon. The asterisk prefixed to a line, or passage, signifies, here and elsewhere, an alteration made by ourselves.

prince how she had withstood his eager courtship, knowing herself "too good to be his mistress, but not good enough to be his wife;" and how he had found her steadfast for many years past—

"Standing like an ice-crowned mountain,
Which the squadrons of the flowers,
Armed by time, were round besieging."

But when, on her husband's entrance, the prince continues his lamentations by complaining of an imaginary friend, who in his absence had treacherously supplanted him with his lady, Mencia cannot resist suggesting that the lady, if she could speak, might be able to explain her conduct, and to prove that she had acted under constraint. On this Don Enrique takes his leave, promising (an ominous promise) to seek out the lady and hear her explanations; and Mencia shortly after sums up her own sad story, far as it has yet gone, in these words, to her confidante, Jacinta:—

* "My name was Henry's star. When he
Departed, on my liberty
My father trampled; his command
To Gutierre gave my hand.
The prince returns; as love of old
So firmly honour now I hold.—
This, and no more, I understand."

Shortly after, Mencia is left alone at the castle—her husband having departed to pay his respects to the king at Seville. There he is confronted by an unexpected accuser in the person of the forsaken Leonor; who, veiled in black, has knelt before the king on his way to mass that morning, and presented a petition to him to redress her wrongs. Those she has reserved for his private ear, when, after satisfying the common crowd of suppliants, he grants her a secret audience; in which Leonor, surnamed the Beautiful by Andalusia ("Alas!" she says, "beautiful is but another name for unfortunate"), complains to Pedro, the Justicer, of Gutierre's broken

faith; who, having been received by her as her affianced husband, has not only cast a slur on her honour by refusing to perform his promise, but has now made it impossible for himself to do her right by having wedded another. "I have lodged complaints against him," she says, "but in vain. He is very powerful, and I am very poor. Famous Pedro, bid him make me such wretched amends as he yet can." The king assents to her request, and conceals her behind a screen as a witness to his interview with Gutierre, whom he at once charges with his breach of faith to a lady, and bids disclose its cause. The cavalier, with all persistence, refuses for some time to answer. At last, on the king's express command, he reveals that he saw a man leap one night from the balcony of Leonor's house; and, ready as he is to hope that his presence there could be explained, it would still have been unbecoming in him to wed a lady against whom appearances spoke so strongly.

At these words Leonor steps forward from her concealment, saying that she would rather die than listen in silence to such a charge against her honour. But she is saved the trouble of saying more by Don Arias (present in attendance on Prince Enrique), who at once declares that he was himself the man who leapt from the balcony; that he was then the suitor of a lady, since deceased, who lived with Leonor; and that he had fled on the occasion referred to for fear of falsely causing the jealousy of Leonor's betrothed husband. Now, since Don Gutierre openly repudiates the lady as his wife, there is no longer any cause to spare him, and Don Arias challenges him to instant combat for the fair fame of Leonor. Gutierre at once responds by drawing his sword; and the king is so angry at

this act of disrespect to himself, that, without passing sentence on the original complaint, he orders both the champions at once into custody. The unhappy Leonor vents her disappointment in curses,—

*“I am left as dead! God grant me,
 Treacherous, ingrate, and cruel,
 False, deceiver and dissembler,
 Faithless, godless, lawless man,
 For this loss I feel, though guiltless,
 Of my honour, heaven's high vengeance;
 Mayst thou feel my grief, beholding,
 Bathed in blood, thine own dishonour!”

How far Don Gutierre deserves these passionate imprecations is not quite clear. Of Leonor's own innocence we have substantial proof in a subsequent scene, wherein Don Arias (released and reconciled to Gutierre by the king's command) offers himself to her in the place of the husband whom she lost through his fault; and is refused by her, though poor and desolate, because she fears that such a marriage would confirm the truth of the old suspicions against her; and because likewise, even after all she has suffered from him, her heart is Gutierre's still. That Mencia's charms had much to do with her husband's inexorable severity to his first love, we have at least his own assurance, in this pretty speech, made to his wife in an earlier scene, where, in answer to a hint from her of jealousy of Leonor, he replies, either now or before a dissembler,—

*“To me yestreen the moon looked bright,
 Because the sun was hid from sight;
 But, worshipping the sun to-day,
 I see, enlightened by its ray,
 The difference betwixt day and night.
 My thought I will more plain declare:
 A flame amid the shades obscure
 Burns beauteous, and its light seems
 pure;
 Its lambent breath and shining hair
 Light up the region of the air:
 But, when heaven's torch is lit on high,
 Lost in the crimson of the sky,
 The flame, like shade, appears no more;
 Its fire, its spark, its light is o'er,
 In the sun's sea of rays they die.
 Even so the light I loved was seen

Until a greater planet came
 To quench it with resplendent flame:
 There shone on me a flame serene,
 A flame doomed in the dazzling sheen
 Of thy divine and beauteous light
 To be eclipsed and lost from sight,
 Thou crucible of shining things;
 For till the sun its radiance flings,
 A star seems beauteous in the night.”

The entangled web which leads this adoring husband to quench with his own hand the light so fondly worshipped, is spun in the second act. There Enrique, having bribed Mencia's attendant, intrudes upon her in her garden, emboldened by Gutierre's captivity; is nearly surprised there by his returning to pay his wife a stolen visit; and escapes with difficulty, leaving behind him a dagger which Gutierre finds, and shortly after identifies as the prince's. Mencia, trembling, though innocent, dares not tell her husband a tale which she knows he will not credit. Gutierre, a prey to the most terrible suspicions, has them strengthened by the address which his wife makes to him (evidently mistaking him for Don Enrique), when he steals up to her in the dark as she is reposing in the garden. In an evil hour he invokes the king's intervention—an hour evil alike to both of them; for Pedro repeats the same stratagem as with Leonor, and hides Gutierre in the room, where he questions his brother on his dealings with Mencia. What Enrique says of his hopes only adds to the disquiet of the concealed husband; while the king's sharp reproofs have a principal share in producing that quarrel between the two royal brethren, which was to end by reddening Enrique's hands with the blood of Pedro near the castle of Montiel. The prince, seeing his brother so angry with him, resolves to leave Seville; and sends Mencia word that she is the cause of his departure. She is unhappily per-

suaded by her attendants to write and implore him to stay, lest scandal should couple her name with his; and Gutierre surprises her as she writes, sees her faint at his coming, and draws his own conclusions from the entreaty he finds in her unfinished note. They are now in their house in Seville; and Mencia, on recovering her senses, finds the doors locked, the servants dismissed,—and these ominous words on her own letter, written in her husband's hand: "Love adores thee, honour abhors thee; therefore while the one slays, the other warns thee thus: thou hast two hours of life left; thou art a Christian,—save thy soul,—thy life is past saving."

Gutierre is as good as his word. Two hours later a physician is led with bandaged eyes to his house, and to the chamber where the fainting Mencia lies on a bed already decked for death, with burning tapers and crucifix beside it, her face covered by a veil. Gutierre stands beside the doctor, poniard in hand, and bids him bleed his patient to death. The trembling physician obeys; but is horrified to hear his victim's last protestations of her innocence dying away with her life. A moment after, his eyes are again blinded, and he is led outside. But, like other heroes of similar tales, he takes care to draw his bloody hand over the outer door, hoping to identify the house by the red token in the morning. Gutierre (who meant to make the doctor unable to report the tale) is scared back at the sight of two forms silently patrolling the street in the moonlight, before he has conducted the physician far. He leaves him unwillingly in the hands (as it proves) of the king, who, with one attendant, is playing the part of Haroun Alraschid in the streets of Seville. To him the trembling man reveals his dreadful

secret. The blood-red hand is found at sunrise on Don Gutierre's house-door; the king stands before it a moment lost in thought, and then arrests Dona Leonor on her way to early mass, and, with her standing by his side, listens to the sad recital of Mencia's death from her husband, who rushes out in seeming anguish to describe the fatal accident (the displacement of a bandage after bleeding) which has robbed him of his peerless wife. In the recesses of the house, the eye, following as he points, discerns, white and motionless but still fair in death, the lady whom Don Enrique wooed in vain, and whose truth, kept through such conflicts, has met with so sad a guerdon.

King Pedro sees the whole at a glance, and prepares to do justice on Gutierre alike for the living and the dead. He bids him espouse Leonor forthwith. "Let me weep a little longer," is the entreaty; "scarcely safe from the storm, would you bid me tempt the sea once more?" The king insists. Then Gutierre begs to say a word to him in private: "What if I find your brother again disguised in my house?" "Give no credence to suspicions." "How if I once more find Don Enrique's dagger in my own chamber?" "Servants may be to blame for that."

Gutierre.

How if all my house's precincts
Night and day I see him haunting?

King.

Complain to me.

Gutierre.

If, so complaining,
I a worse grief hear while listening.

King.

What matter if all proves unreal;
And time her beauty shows a fortress
Which tempests blow around, but shake
not?

Gutierre.

How if, to my house returning,
I should find a note, beseeching
The Infánté to remain here ?

King.

There are remedies for all things.

Gutierre.

For a case like mine, how can there ?

King.

Yes, there is one.

Gutierre.

What, my lord ?

King.

'Tis your own.

Gutierre.

And that is ?

King.

Bleeding.

Gutierre.

What say you ?

King.

Go and cleanse your portals ;
Upon them is a hand all bloody.

Gutierre.

Those who exercise some office
Place, my lord, their arms emblazoned
At their gates upon a scutcheon ;
Honour is my business, therefore
I my hand upon my portal
Place, in red blood bathed ; for honour
Must, if stained, from blood seek cleans-
ing.

King.

Then on Leonor bestow it ;
Since her fame declares her worthy.

Gutierre (offering to Leonor his hand).

Here it is. But, ere thou take it,
Note what blood has washed it over,
Leonor !

Leonor.

For that I care not ;
Marvelling not at all, nor trembling.

Gutierre.

Note that I have been Physician
To my Honour ; nor such science
Can forget.

Leonor.

Should I so sicken
Cure my life with this.

Gutierre.

I give it
On such terms into thy keeping.

We have already anticipated some of the most obvious remarks suggested by a perusal of this terrible drama. Of its artistic construction, of the way in which its main and under plot fit into one another and help each other forward, it is impossible to speak too highly. Its general poetic elevation is scarcely so great as that reached in the two similar tragedies which we have already noticed ; but it contains several fine passages—in particular, Gutierre's soliloquy in the second act (though not quite original), and Mencia's noble and pathetic speeches. The poetic justice which makes the wrong done by Gutierre to Leonor the remote cause of the misery of his married life, is worth noting ; since, but for the challenge to which her complaint against him gives rise and his subsequent imprisonment, Don Enrique would scarcely have dared to invade his house. The after-punishment of the cruel husband is perhaps well committed to a woman so unwomanly as to behold with dry eyes her fair dead rival (even if she believed her guilty), and to receive without repugnance the hand reddened with her blood. But Leonor, whose character is more strongly marked with individual traits than many of Calderon's heroines, is, like the stern spouse whom she pursues, a fanatic of honour. To her, who at its stern dictates accused to his sovereign the man whom she still loved, Gutierre's merits are rather enhanced by his fearful deed ; he is, from her point of view,

“An honourable murderer, . . .
For nought *he* did in hate, but all in
honour.”

Yes ; but (as we cannot help repeating) how different from the man who so speaks of himself in Shakespeare,—from Othello ! Each has been deceived,—the one by a fatal

concurrence of suspicious circumstances, the other by the matchless, though villanous, skill of Iago; each has avenged his supposed wrong; but where Othello dies, Gutierre—marries again. And such different ends are possible; because, while Othello loved Desdemona with the deepest and truest love of man for woman, and was by her beloved again with a love answering to his own, Gutierre loved himself better than he loved Mencia, and dimly felt all along that he had won her hand without her heart. And Mencia herself is less to be pitied than Desdemona, seeing that in her case death blighted a less perfect wedded happiness; nay, more, stepped timely into the lists to throw down the truncheon ere, in the conflict between love and duty in her breast, the weaker though worthier champion might sink down exhausted by the protracted combat.

It is time now to draw the curtain before our "Chamber of Horrors."

That Shakespeare is much greater than Calderon is a point too universally acknowledged to stand in need of proof. The one takes man as he essentially is, the other the Spaniard of a particular period, for his theme; the one deals with the deepest things of the human heart, the other mostly with conventionalities; the one occupies us with realities, the other mainly with appearances. Othello teaches us that, "Love born of Hate is blind as he:" Calderon's jealous husbands that, even where Love might pardon, Honour must slay. But though the tragedies at which we have been looking do not deserve the minute study which Othello so well repays, we may yet

hope that the short time which we have given to them has not been ill bestowed. The delicate touch laid in them on a most hazardous subject, their lofty and pure strain of feeling, and the view which they give us of the Spaniards of a day when Spain imposed its sentiments on Europe, make them well worth at least one reading. If their heroines cannot win such a place in our memories as that which belongs to "the gentle lady wedded to the Moor," they still claim tears by their sad histories which few would refuse them. Their heroes are noble and courteous gentlemen, though so grievously misled by their false notions of honour. They are indeed far the inferiors of Calderon's own Portuguese Regulus, that saintly knight, his "constant prince." But although they do not attain his high standard, we feel, after all, inclined to take our leave of them with a word of pity rather than of blame. It is perhaps their misfortune more than their fault that they survive their slain wives; for from each of them is withheld that revelation of his victim's innocence which is the portion of Othello, and which makes him count it "happiness to die." Fatal regard for seeming rather than being seals their lips where his spoke out so plainly; and therefore to them never comes that knowledge, at once so satisfactory and so deadly, which exempts Othello from their hard necessity of putting forth to brave fresh storms in their rent and shattered vessels; and enables him to say, as he stands beside his dead, "Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail."

THE PROSPECTS IN THE EAST.

A MONTH ago it was quite clear that, although no progress had been made and no alteration effected in the relations of the Turkish Government to the insurgent provinces, yet a new phase of what is called the Eastern Question had been reached, and one uncertain chapter of diplomacy had been closed. Nearly twelve months had passed since the Turkish troubles had begun, and the principal subject of attention had been the attitude of the Great Powers to one another. The failure of the Andrassy Note, and the hopelessness of internal reform in Turkey, were small matters compared with the possible designs of Russia and Austria, and the undisclosed policy of Great Britain. The assent of the Powers to the Berlin Memorandum, the refusal of England to join in it, and the events which followed, threw light, at all events, upon that portion of this intricate problem which concerns the external rivalry of those Powers which are compelled to interest themselves in the internal difficulties of the Turkish empire. The result was, as we observed a month ago (and events have subsequently confirmed that impression), that the policy of the Great Powers was not of a character to precipitate European war; and that the adverse criticism passed by the English Government upon the policy disclosed by the Berlin Memorandum had indirectly dissolved the triple alliance, and had opportunely evoked the censure of Europe upon a precipitate and ill-judged interference. The result was due partly to the firmness of the English diplomacy, partly to the course of events at Constantinople. The one brought to light the divergent interests of

the three Powers and the dissatisfaction of Europe; the other rendered the proposed measures inapplicable, and facilitated their withdrawal. Some excitement ensued, and hard words were written and spoken; but it soon became apparent that warlike counsels were not in the ascendant. Both sides in the controversy had ostensibly paid exclusive regard to "the alarming news from Turkey," "the dangers of the situation," the *sur-excitation menaçante*, and the Salonica massacre. The Berlin Memorandum did so in express terms; and some weeks later, Lord Derby, as we had anticipated, attributed the movements of the British fleet to precisely the same cause—the strong and general excitement which prevailed. A policy of aggression is fortunately at the present time forbidden, by the circumstances in which every great European Power, and especially Russia, now finds itself placed. And we are not surprised that, after the silent trial of strength which ensued on the first intimation of the Berlin Memorandum and its designs, a calm descended upon the politics of Europe, that the principle of non-intervention assumed an unwonted sanctity, and that the political atmosphere was cleared of its more threatening elements. Whatever may have been the real political motives for ordering the British fleet to Besika Bay in such considerable strength, and in retaining it there, the official explanation of the matter forbids the supposition that it was intended as a hint to Russia or as an encouragement to Turkey. However mistaken the world may have been in the construction which it put upon that important move-

ment, it was not intended to impair the harmony which prevailed, nor has it produced the slightest misunderstanding amongst the Great Powers.

The important deputation which expressed to Lord Derby its "profound conviction that our country would not be justified under any pretext in upholding, even by its moral influence, far less by force of arms, the Turkish authority in conflict with its revolted subjects," did essential public service by eliciting Lord Derby's truly valuable speech in reply. It contained a fuller exposition of Ministerial policy than we had previously received; it tended, by timely explanation, to check a growing division of feeling as to our policy in these disputes. Its memorial deprecated using "our power in helping to fasten on the necks of the oppressed subjects of the Porte a yoke which neither they nor their fathers were able to bear." It denounced as execrable an "alliance with a cruel and criminal despotism;" and earnestly hoped that our policy would be that of strict neutrality, "except when it may be able to interpose its friendly offices to mitigate the horrors and to hasten the close of the conflict that is now raging." Lord Derby did not accept every statement contained in the memorial; but with regard to the policy recommended—"I say, as regards that expression of opinion, your feeling is absolutely and entirely mine." It is to be noted that Lord Derby declares that he was never very sanguine as to preventing the war which is still proceeding. And according to the papers recently published, it would seem that that war was in contemplation as far back as last February.

We need not refer to the Foreign Secretary's vindication either of refusing to concur in the Berlin Memorandum or of sending the fleet to Besika Bay. We have most of us

formed our own opinions on those subjects; and the expressions in regard to the future are of far more importance. "I think it is the most improbable thing in the world, that in consequence of anything that is now passing within the limits of the Turkish empire a general European war should ensue." He briefly reviewed the circumstances in which each one of the Great Powers was placed, with a similar conclusion. And as regards the policy of England, non-intervening and pacific as it is declared to be, "we must push no doctrine to an extreme; and an absolute declaration of non-intervention under all circumstances is a declaration of international anarchy, and I need not tell you that international anarchy does not mean either international peace or progress." We cannot tell all the world that "we have nothing to do with the East, that we mean to give no advice, to exercise no influence, to cancel all treaties, and to profess entire indifference to what is going on." Lord Derby was much more explicit with regard to the political position external to Turkey than with regard to the view taken by the Government of the internal commotions of that unhappy country. Except that he expected the rising of the Slavs, the speech contained no definite reference to purely Turkish questions.

In answer to a second deputation, however, the Foreign Minister declined to admit that the application of the same *régime* to the two creeds of Christianity and Mohammedanism is utterly impracticable. He explained that the integrity of the Ottoman empire meant—"Here is an extensive territory which we agree to respect; because, if not respected, it would lie open to a general scramble in the theatre of war." Within the limits of the Turkish empire the scramble is between "savage races fighting in a pecu-

liarily savage manner." The atrocities were not all on one side, exaggerations were abundant, and no case had been made out for our interference.

The policy of maintaining the political *status quo* seems therefore to have been completely successful, as far as any intrigues or attempts at interference by any of the Great Powers are concerned. Count Andrassy and General Ignatieff, who seem to be credited with the risings in Bosnia and Herzegovina respectively, have increased the anxieties of their Governments without any corresponding advantage, or prospect of advantage. But the pacific intentions of the European Cabinets, however satisfactory, are not the only factors in this great controversy. It is, of course, of infinite satisfaction to find that those powerful committees, who have an immense though not an absolute control over the destinies of European races, are all of them ranged on the side of peace. Turkish difficulties—which are, as no one knows better than the Turk himself, European difficulties—are no longer complicated and aggravated by the competing ambitions of external Powers, and involved with the larger issues of international peace or war. The controversy is now, to all appearances, confined within the limits of the Turkish empire, except so far as it is influenced by the excited state of surrounding populations, and by the mode in which these populations may ultimately influence, perhaps determine, the future policy of the powerful Governments to which they are subject. For the present, however, the dispute is localised; the matter is cleared of all political passion of the kind which centred in the Crimean war: we shall hear no more, as we trust, of Russia as the exclusive friend and protector of the Christian; or of the

English as concerned, with Bashi-Bazooks, Kurds, and Circassians, in a ruthless support of Turkish domination. All the Governments of Europe are shown to be of one mind, at least with regard to the greater question of European peace: their concurrence in the Andrassy Note, and their general spirit of enlightenment and humanity, as well as considerations of policy to which they cannot be indifferent, lead us to hope that their union in non-intervention does not imply a further union in indifference to the scandal and the danger of an oppressed and misgoverned empire.

Public attention, therefore, has for the last month been diverted from the action and diplomacy of the Great Powers, and concentrated upon what is passing within the limits of the Turkish empire and its immediate neighbourhood. And within those limits we find abundant testimony to the fact, that however powerful may be the influence of imperial Cabinets, they are not omnipotent. The sudden quiescence of Russia in presence of the events of last June, was followed by the equally sudden quiescence of Prince Milan and the Servian Government, no doubt in obedience to the word of the Russian Minister. There arose a general hope that an indefinite adjournment of all the more serious portions of this controversy was at hand, and that the matter was reduced to the dimensions of a local and insignificant disturbance, of no great European importance—one which might be removed by an improved administration of the disaffected districts, in the matters of taxation, judicature, and police. But it is easier to fan than to allay the excitement of whole populations, full of religious and race animosities, burning with the sense of oppression, perhaps inspired by the memories of former greatness and the consciousness of growing num-

bers. It is clear that the Servian Government was powerless to restrain the Servian population; and that the various communities which congregate near the banks of the Danube are, when the greater political excitements which obscure them to the public eye have subsided, found to have wills and ambitions of their own, which cannot be left entirely out of account. The revolutionary committees are as potent as Cabinets in stirring up mischief, and are more difficult to restrain. The declaration of war by Servia, in spite of the remonstrances of all the Powers, took most people by surprise. It is a small principality with a small army, consisting ten years ago of about 4000 men; but it has a considerable militia service. Its revenue is less than a million; and by the treaty of 1856 the protectorate of Russia was abandoned, and Servia was placed, under the collective guarantee of the contracting Powers, as a semi-independent State under the suzerainty of the Porte, but with an "independent and national administration, as well as full liberty of worship, of legislation, of commerce, and of navigation." It was in full possession, therefore, of all the advantages to be derived from autonomy; its favourable position was assigned to it as one of the results of the Crimean war, and maintained by precisely the same authority as the integrity and independence of the suzerain empire—viz., the guarantee of all Europe. Large concessions had been made to it in 1862 and 1867 by the Porte, with a view to secure its friendly relations. One can hardly conceive a position in which the duty of deferring to the collective wish of the Great Powers was more obvious: if sense of duty to the suzerain was weakened by the growing incapacity and misrule of the Sultan, the obligations of this little State to

its guarantors at least remained in full force, and ought to have prevented a step so fatal to the peaceful settlement of a perilous controversy. Montenegro, of course, is in a different position; and being more independent, violated less public duty by assuming the character of a belligerent. Neither country, in the documents published to vindicate their proceedings, appears to assert any special grievances of its own as a justification for war. Moral and economical sufferings from neighbouring insurrections, explosions of Mussulman fanaticism throughout European Turkey, the progress of the Turkish army to their frontiers, and the desire to represent civilisation and liberty in the East, are assigned as the reasons for these aggressions. It is difficult to find any ground upon which such proceedings can be vindicated which would not sap the foundation of public order within, and public tranquillity without, the boundaries of any State. The palliation and excuse for what would otherwise be wanton aggression must be found in the barbarous nature of the scenes which are enacted in their neighbourhood, in the ungovernable excitement produced by the sufferings and oppression of their kindred.

M. Magazinovich, on behalf of the Servian Government, formally presented Prince Milan's ultimatum to the Porte. He declared himself warmly interested in the integrity of the Ottoman empire, but insisted on the calamities produced by the Bosnian insurrection, which it traced to the misrule and misconduct of the Sultan's officials. Its requirements were, that Prince Milan should be invested with the administration of Bosnia, whose people are one with the Servians, and who might easily be united with them as a tributary province of the Porte. A similar communication came from

the Prince of Montenegro, who complained that his principality had suffered much from the insurrection, had been "enclosed, as it were, within a circle of iron," its communications and means of subsistence cut off. He refused any longer to endure the sufferings of the Herzegovinians, who are bound to his own subjects by the ties of race and religion, or the continuance of a prolonged menace to the peace and security of his own principality. Both princes had gone too far to recede, although it is said that General Ignatieff assured them that Russia could do nothing to help them, and that Sir Henry Elliot declined to wish them success.

The rising, therefore, of the Slavs against the Ottoman Government has come at last; and it appears that, as far as policy can prevail over passion, they will be left to fight it out by themselves. To judge from what is reported of the meeting at Reichstadt, in spite of Austrian and Russian complicity in the earlier efforts at insurrection, the two emperors have agreed upon a policy of non-intervention; while, with regard to England, Lord Derby has declared that, "as regards intervention between Turkey and the subjects of the Porte, or between Turkey and the semi-independent States which form part of the Turkish empire, that is a question which has never been so much as entertained." So far as political sympathy is concerned, it would in most countries, and with most races of Europe, always excepting the Magyars, the Austrian Germans, and perhaps the Roman ecclesiastics, be in favour of the Slavs. Sympathy with them, in spite of their unjustifiable aggression, is very general. We notice one outburst from Italy, which was as outspoken as any. The Italians have as much interest as any nation in staving off trouble on the other side of the

Adriatic; but their enthusiasm, as well as that of their Government, would appear to have been stirred by the recent action of Servia. They regard it, to judge by the expressions of the 'Diritto,' less as a question of the existence of Servia, than as a question of her being great, "of becoming the centre of the national tendencies of the Slavs of the south, of realising a grand promise, or of remaining for some time further the little principality on the banks of the Danube and the Save." And further, as "Servia cannot do other than gain by war—gain if she conquer, gain if she is vanquished—never will Europe permit of her being cancelled from the number of the States. Cancelled from the map of Europe, Servia would rise to-morrow as she did in 1812, with greater danger to Turkey and to the general peace, inasmuch as, since then, the Ottoman empire has decreased in strength, while the vague aspirations of the Slav have assumed a determinate character, and the national sentiment has grown up strong and indomitable."

It would be impossible for either the Russian or the Austrian Governments so far to set the feelings of their subjects at defiance as to impede or coerce the disaffected subjects of the Turk; and having regard to the experience of the last twenty years, and to recent atrocities and oppression, any English Government,—although its action is not influenced by any ties of blood and language between its subjects and the inhabitants of Turkey, although its interest is, or is assumed to be, to stand well with the Mussulman power, and although its traditional policy has been to uphold the Ottoman empire,—would, if it endeavoured in the slightest degree to put down the present rebellion, raise a storm of public passion which would probably sweep it

from office. The strongest passions which influence mankind exist to prevent succour to the Turk; but well-known considerations of policy, and in the present case we think we may add, of political justice, will prevent all attempts to coerce him.

However unjust and unjustifiable the declaration of war may have been, the struggle on the part of Servia and Montenegro, linked as it is with the insurrectionary movement in Bosnia and Herzegovina, will necessarily be regarded as a war to assert a right to freedom and independence. It is waged by men who are united by the ties of blood and language to numerous subjects of the two emperors, and it is exasperated by the passions which have long been engendered by the oppression and cruelty of masters who are alien both in race and in religion. A war against foreign domination, against the misrule which no intercession, however powerful, and no pledges, however solemn, are able to mitigate, appeals with irresistible force to the sympathy and passions of the surrounding peoples. Powerful as are the motives which must compel the Czar to wish for peace, he may in the end be wholly unable to restrain the excitement of his subjects. The Government of Austria-Hungary is still more hardly driven, for the antipathies of one portion of its subjects are as strongly marked as the sympathies of another portion; and this war may at any time act as a solvent to loosen the existing union between the different races which compose the recently-consolidated empire.

No doubt the Slavs are not all united: there are divisions of feeling and interest amongst them; but it is a question how far these will tend to disappear in the presence of a war for very existence. There are the leaders whose sympathy for Russia is not always shared by the masses; there are others who turn

for support in the direction of Austria; there are the Greek Christians, the Roman Catholics—those who prefer hostilities to the Turk, and those who regard the Magyar with the greater hatred—those who, like the Roumanians and Croats, have more to lose than to gain from strife.

What, then, was the motive of the Servians, as leaders of the Slavic race, in plunging into this contest, complicating the whole question by a new and by the world at large unexpected enterprise? The only explanation of it is the simple one, that it was a sudden access of war-like patriotism, nourished by animosity against the Turk, and a longing to be at him; and by the desire to place itself at the head of a movement which could no longer be restrained. The public excitement overbore the Servian Government; it was independent of immediate Russian inspiration. With all the advantage of that autonomy which others are eager to obtain, the Servians were seized with a determination to do or die, to vindicate their freedom with their own hands, to put all to the risk rather than hang on the breath of a delusive diplomacy. It seems to us a generous enthusiasm, one which commands our sympathies, and which is not, in the view which we take of it, necessarily hostile to our interests, except so far as it disturbs that *status quo* which only outsiders are resolute to maintain. The chief reason for looking askance at the disaffection or the insurrection of the Slavic or Christian or other inhabitants of Turkey, is to be sought in the well-founded suspicion that Russia is turning that disaffection to her own purposes. But that reason or ground of hostility towards it is cut from beneath our feet when it is clear beyond all reasonable doubt that Russia is far more bent upon maintaining peace than upon

any aggressive projects, and when the insurgents are clearly fighting for their own hands, and, in spite of the cold comfort which they have received—in spite of the neutrality which they must know that nothing but the necessities of the situation will disturb—vindicate their sincerity by staking their own lives against overwhelming odds, in the manifest attempt to secure for themselves their own freedom and independence. Our interests are not so intertwined with those of the Turks that we can be in the smallest degree affected by a further loss of her European provinces, even if that were likely to result. Russia has gained nothing as Egypt, Greece, Roumania, Servia, have one by one practically fallen from the grasp of the Turk, and have been guaranteed their self-government. Still less would she gain by the completion of Servian and Montenegrin independence, and the erection of further independent provinces which would not be bound to her by the ties of gratitude, and which must inevitably prefer the guarantee of Europe to her protectorate. While the question was, whether these provinces should change their masters, whether they should be retained in the Ottoman grasp, or practically increase the territories and power of the Russian emperor, England might well say, in view of distant eventualities, or in view of her great interests in the east of the Mediterranean, that the alternative was one upon which she must throw her influence into the scale, not so much in favour of the Turks as in opposition to the aggressive policy of the Czar. It is not now a question of blood or of religion disposing the Sultan's subjects to enrol themselves amongst the members of a hostile empire; it is the idea of national independence which is awakened. The history of Europe

for the last thirty years has been the history of oppressed nationalities struggling to vindicate their independence and their separate existence. How mankind came to mark themselves off by an attachment to particular geographical limits, overpowering the ties either of blood or of faith, is matter of history; but the passion of nationalities, as it is called, has been strongly aroused in our generation, and has suddenly and unexpectedly appeared on the banks of the Danube. The Servians demand a country and a name. They wish to restore their kingdom to its ancient limits: that wish has grown in recent years; it received a fresh impulse when nine years ago the Turks were removed from their strongholds; and at the present moment, not even the existence of overwhelming odds and the withdrawal of the Northern Powers could avail to quench it. There may be difficulties in the way of her success; but if Russia and England could break through the fetters of their traditional policy, it might very probably be found that the latter is more interested in that success being finally achieved than the former. At all events, any settlement which tended to satisfy these unhappy races, and to stave off these constantly recurring explosions, would be heartily welcome to us. It seems to be quite clear that independent States established under the joint protection and guarantee of Europe, have in the past proved to be a barrier against Russia—a barrier which in future years is capable of being strengthened and increased.

Difficulties, no doubt, are always being enumerated to incorporating Bosnia with Servia, or Herzegovina with Montenegro, or granting to them separately the rights of self-government; but the difficulties

always seem to us to be of a class which experience has shown may be surmounted. Mussulmans and Christians have ere now lived together on other terms than those of Mussulman domination and Christian subjection. If it becomes a question of deporting Mussulmans anxious to live under an unadulterated Ottoman rule, arrangements might be made to take over the lands which they leave behind them at a reasonable valuation. If Austria dislikes to witness the growth of the Panslavic interest or power upon her confines, she can derive from the memories of Italian unity a becoming fortitude against disaster and disappointment. The difficulties with which she has to contend in respect of hostile races within her own limits, must be met, if they are met at all, by other expedients than those of checking the development and stifling the aspirations of the populations beyond her frontier. At any rate, this is a war of nationalities, and not of religion—a war of independence, and to settle territorial limits. “There is one thing,” said Mr Disraeli, “which is consolatory amid these dreadful circumstances,—there appears to be a complete failure throughout in creating anything like a religious war. I cannot trace in any manner that the feeling of religious animosity has prompted, I will not say every deed, but has prompted the general conduct of the masses of the population on either side.” It appears from Sir H. Elliot’s despatch that there are both Christians and Mussulmans who are united to the Servian aggression, and that the Crescent and the Cross are to appear side by side on the volunteer flag.

It is clear that the strife is not one which at present concerns English interests; and however much we may lament the atrocities and sufferings which ensue, and although we may

use our best influence to mitigate them, the struggle is one which is inevitable, which must be left to the parties themselves to settle, and in reference to which, so far as our political action apart from our sympathies is concerned, we must stand aloof until it is quite clear that the interests of that large portion of the human race which obeys the British Government are involved. The integrity of the Turkish empire means that its territory is not to be scrambled for by the Great Powers of Europe; but it does not necessarily mean that such territory is not to be scrambled for by the different races which inhabit it. The same Powers which guaranteed the integrity of the Turkish empire guaranteed also the integrity of the Servian province; and it will not be for the interests of Europe that the settlement should be materially altered. Be that as it may, the case which has arisen is one which was not contemplated by the treaty of 1856; and we, as well as the rest of Europe, are unfettered with regard to it. Servia, as the aggressor, has no claim, except such as she may derive from the interest which Europe has in the maintenance of the *status quo*, and the reluctance to witness any disturbance of the existing settlement. The contest is carried on under the eye of the Great Powers; and we trust that Lord Derby’s confidence in the maintenance of European peace means that there is agreement as to the general character of the future settlement. The Turks, no doubt, are showing considerable vigour, and are actively bringing up their forces from Asia and Egypt. On the other hand, both Austrians and Russians are said to flock in numbers to Belgrade with the tender of their services; and from the ‘Times’ correspondent at Ragusa, we learn that the number of volunteers has increased till 150,000 men are said to be under arms. At Ragusa

itself the excitement was equally great, priests with their flocks disappearing in order to join in the struggle, the Slavs everywhere feeling "that it is now the decisive moment for the struggle which shall decide their fate." Another correspondent at Therapia writes that the "Servian declaration of war seems to have been the signal for a *levée de boucliers* of the whole Slavic race; and it remains to be seen whether or not there will be sufficient latent force in that abstract principle of Panslavism to work its way without the help of the Governments, or to overcome the resistance of the Governments, or finally to drag the Governments along with it. Panslavism may be a mere name, but it may also be a force sufficiently strong to drive the Turk from the Danube and the Balkan, to disorganize and in some manner reconstruct the Austrian empire, and to accept the aid without succumbing to the ambition of Russia; and it will be interesting to see what its real strength, when put to the test by this war, will prove to be." The insurgents in Bosnia and Herzegovina and in the mountains of Bulgaria are formidable allies. Beyond that, there is in the last resort the probable interference of European diplomacy. There are other influences besides the force of the Servian army which will be at work to prevent either the restoration of Servia to the Turkish empire or a ruthless prosecution of the rights which, under ordinary circumstances, the Turks might derive from victory. The guarantee of Servian autonomy by Europe was not a gratuitous act; Russia gave up her protectorate, and may possibly claim that the guarantee should be effective. The most singular characteristic of the strife is, that neither the Turks nor their opponents are their own masters. Both exist under the guarantee of Europe; they

have by no means an exclusive interest in their own fate; and the final decision will not depend upon the result of their own battles. For a time the Great Powers who are vitally interested in the distressing vicissitudes of this troublesome empire stand aside to watch events; their Governments are all anxious for peace; the conversations at Reichstadt, the declarations of Lord Derby, and the attitude of France and Germany, show that, as far as the issue depends upon the policy of emperors and statesmen, everything will be done that can be done to maintain the peace of Europe. But the passions of large populations are aroused; the Slavs are demanding the liberation of their brethren; the Turks are, even when large deductions are made by reason of the falsity and exaggeration of newspaper reports, pursuing a policy of vindictive retaliation, of ruthless determination to stamp out the rebellion; and it seems to us impossible but that intervention, whether it is called mediation or arbitration (we are assured that it will not be warlike), must sooner or later ensue.

The ring, no doubt, is formed, and will be kept as long as possible; but even policy as well as passion may eventually prescribe intervention. If there is prolonged agitation, and the war settles down into that species of guerilla strife which desolated Spain, it would become a standing and prolonged menace to the peace of Europe, and would force a resolution on the European Powers. If, on the other hand, the war ends in Turkish victory, the consequences would be equally grave. The Turks appear, both from the vigorous efforts they are making to assert their mastery, and from the ruthless vengeance which they inflict where they regain it, to be animated by the rage of despair. They feel that their exist-

ence is at stake. We pity the fate of those provinces in which, as in Bulgaria, there has been an effort to rebel without the necessary power or precautions to sustain a conflict. The policy pursued towards them is a policy of sheer terrorism and cruelty. But if the Turks are decisive victors in the struggle with Serbia and Montenegro, the intervention of Russia would be a thing almost impossible to avert. Indeed it is said that the Emperors agreed at Reichstadt that the two provinces should not, in any event, be converted into Turkish *pashalics*. The united protest of all the Powers might avail, but it could only be upon the terms of those Powers agreeing in concert with Russia to separate the combatants, and to prescribe the conditions upon which a permanent divorce might be arranged. If, on the other hand, the Slavs should be victorious, the Powers which are interested will hardly allow them to settle the fate of Turkey. The excitement in the Austrian provinces of Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia would be increased. There are Servian troops and generals in the Austrian army; and the rivalry which exists amongst the different branches of the south Slavic race might disappear in the general enthusiasm.

Again, even in the European dominions of the Sultan it is not yet clear whether the present area of the war will not be enlarged; the policy of terrorism pursued betrays the existence of considerable fear. No doubt the Albanian Christians are disaffected; and if they do not rise in insurrection, their conduct at least will be more influenced by terror than by loyalty. Roumania maintains its neutrality, for it has nothing to gain. It is independent in all but name; it governs itself under the sovereignty of a German Prince—and Prince Charles is not likely to revolt with-

out the sanction of Berlin. However much they may like to see the Porte weakened, they dislike the Servians, and wish to retain their present hold upon the Danube. Possibly the Roumanians, as well as the Magyars and the Austrian Germans, dread a Panslavic conquest; but at any rate they are already making complaints, and will not be without pretexts whenever opportunity arises. The Greeks, who are also opposed to the Slavs, have remained quiet; and their sovereign, in his confidence of tranquillity, has quitted his dominions: but in case of a decisive Slavic victory, Greece will probably strike a blow to recover in the general scramble Thessaly and Epirus. Thus, whether the Slavic cause is defeated or triumphant, the probability of an extended area to the struggle is in either case considerable; and even if the contest were maintained on a footing of equality, the chances of their being able themselves to come to terms are remote. Intervention would probably be in that case as necessary as in either of the other alternatives.

A neutral policy on the part, therefore, of all the Great Powers, cannot, we believe, be permanently maintained, except in the single alternative of a Slavic victory which is used with moderation. That might terminate the difficulty. A decisive Slavic victory would lead to the general insurrection of the Turkish tributary States, and an overwhelming defeat of Serbia would rouse to arms the greater portion of the Slavic race. For England in that case to endeavour to prescribe non-intervention and to enforce neutrality, would, if unsuccessful, involve her in war on behalf of Turkey; and if it succeeded, would rivet the yoke of Turkish domination upon the necks of those whose autonomy has been guaranteed, and would be, *pro tanto*, a disturbance or a reversal of the settlement of 1856.

We may be taking an exaggerated view of the formidable difficulties and prospects in the East; but it seems to us, to use Lord Derby's expression at the first news of the insurrection, that there is a quantity of loose gunpowder lying about; and further than that, the place is already on fire. No one can predict what will happen; and probably there are few men in all Europe who thoroughly understand all the complicated relations of these South-Eastern tribes to one another, and the manner in which rival interests and mutual animosities react upon each other, and the degree in which the passions and sympathies of neighbouring peoples are engaged, with the amount of ultimate influence which such people may have it in their power to wield. It is emphatically a statesman's question; and the man whom, next to Lord Derby, or even more than Lord Derby, the English people must trust in this emergency, is Sir H. Elliot. It is to his sagacity, temper, and judgment that in a great degree the interests of England in this controversy are confided; the Foreign Secretary must largely depend upon the Ambassador: and as for the public, if "our own correspondents" are as little trustworthy as Mr Disraeli hinted, they have no means of surmounting the difficulties in the way of a fair judgment from time to time on the exigencies of a position which is constantly misrepresented. The only course which the English public can safely take is, to trust their Government and Ambassador, and to indicate the general spirit of the policy which they wish to have pursued, and to hold the Ministers responsible for the judgment which they exercise and the course which they pursue. The difficulties in the way of obtaining accurate intelligence, of learning exactly what

is doing, are formidable; and the difficulty of deciding upon what course of action to adopt is in every emergency proportionately difficult. Occasions constantly arise which are not to be disposed of by the application of a few trite maxims, however easy it may be to enforce such maxims in spirited leading articles. What England really wants in this matter is, that having regard to the multifarious and complicated interests all over the world already committed to her charge, she should not be involved in the conflicts and disputes of these unhappy races more than her duty, which in this case is measured by her interest, imperatively demands. Subject to that, she has no desire to profit the Turks—would be glad if Europe could be safely quit of them. But in the existing state of European politics the Turkish empire is unfortunately a necessary evil; it exists in pursuance of a great international settlement, and to all appearances it is impossible to replace it. However much we may lament the inevitable atrocities of this barbarous and savage warfare, we do not advance matters one atom by giving way to false sentiment about the virtues and the sufferings of the Christians, as if they were the gentlest and worthiest of men; or by denouncing any fulfilment of a treaty obligation towards Europe and the Turks as "utter infamy." The whole matter is too difficult and complicated to be solved by a little loose rhetoric. Nor, on the other hand, need we be scared from sympathising with the efforts of an oppressed population struggling into a separate national life by any supercilious questions, urged with an affectation of superior knowledge, as to the probable effects of such successes upon the safety of our Indian empire, or in increasing civil strife in South-Eastern Europe. To quote

from an excellent book which has recently been written by Mr Evans—‘Through Bosnia and the Herzegovina’—the supposition “that the freedom of the Slavs of the south, of the Bosnians, the Serbs of old Servia, and Bulgarians will, when accomplished, add to the strength of Russia, because in language they are somewhat similar, is as if any one should have opposed the liberation and unity of Italy on the score that it would be aggrandising Russia.” We cannot foretell what may happen in European Turkey; it is a most misgoverned and unhappy country as it is, and perhaps must be worse before it can improve. But as for our Indian empire, and the vague hints which are thrown out of a Mohammedan rising in India on account of disaffection amongst the Sultan’s subjects, we should like to know on what ground they are supposed to rest. Our rule in India was founded on force of arms, and is maintained by the justice and equality of our government. There is no analogy whatever between the relations of Christian and Mohammedan in India and in Turkey. In English rule in India may be seen all, and more than all, the reforms pressed upon the Turkish Government, reduced to practice in a degree which is as perfect as political science could devise. Indian Mohammedans are on a footing of perfect equality with Hindus and Christians—they are secured their rights of worship, the administration of their own law in matters of succession, inheritance, social rights, religious usages, and contracts. It is penal to offend their religious

prejudices; their social usages are protected by law from infringement. What have they in common with the Turks, that our policy in Turkey should be in any way affected by them? Our vigorous aid to the Sultan in the Crimean war, so far from conciliating our Indian Mussulmans, led indirectly but very speedily to the Indian Mutiny; and we need not be coerced into helping the Turk by any fear of Mohammedan opinion in India. It seems to us that we ought to view this unhappy struggle without unworthy fears, free from all sentiment of any extravagant kind, to be ready at all times to use our undoubted influence with the Porte to mitigate and repress the horrors of this strife as far as possible, and to be ready to join in effecting such settlement at the earliest opportunity as shall afford the best chance of permanence. We must, in fact, trust the Government to use the best judgment they can, as circumstances arise, to intervene or not to intervene, as may best tend to pacify the disputants. The less we endeavour to mix the question up with party feelings or national sympathies or antipathies, the better. The Ministry have not yet made a mistake with regard to it; on the contrary, they have secured for England a commanding position—their policy is respected and their wishes deferred to. We have no doubt that the same sagacity and firmness which availed to secure for the diplomacy of Great Britain a position of such commanding influence, will be sufficient to deal with future difficulties as they arise.

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A WOMAN-HATER.

PART IV.—CHAPTER IX.

ALL this time Ina Klosking was rehearsing at the theatre, quite unconscious of the impending visit. A royal personage had commanded 'Il Barbiere,' the part of Rosina to be restored to the original key. It was written for a contralto, but transposed by the influence of Grisi.

Having no performance that night, they began to rehearse rather later than usual, and did not leave off till a quarter to four o'clock. Ina, who suffered a good deal at rehearsals from the inaccuracy and apathy of the people, went home fagged, and with her throat parched—so does a bad rehearsal affect all good and earnest artists.

She ordered a cutlet, with potato chips, and lay down on the sofa. While she was reposing, came Joseph Ashmead, to cheer her, with good photographs of her, taken the day before. She smiled gratefully at his zeal. He also reminded her that he had orders to take her to the Kursaal: he said the tables would be well filled from five o'clock till quite late, there being

no other entertainment on foot that evening.

Ina thanked him, and said she would not miss going on any account; but she was rather fatigued and faint.

"Oh, I'll wait for you as long as you like," said Ashmead, kindly.

"No, my good comrade," said Ina. "I will ask you to go to the manager and get me a little money, and then to the Kursaal and secure me a place at the table in the largest room. There I will join you. If *he* is not there—and I am not so mad as to think he will be there—I shall risk a few pieces myself, to be nearer him in mind."

This amazed Ashmead; it was so unlike her. "You are joking," said he. "Why, if you lose five napoleons at play, it will be your death; you will grizzle so."

"Yes; but I shall not lose. I am too unlucky in love, to lose at cards. I mean to play this afternoon; and never again in all my life. Sir, I am resolved."

"Oh, if you are resolved, there

is no more to be said. I won't run my head against a brick wall."

Ina, being half a foreigner, thought this rather brusque. She looked at him askant, and said, quietly, "Others, besides me, can be stubborn, and get their own way, while speaking the language of submission. Not I invented volition."

With this flea in his ear, the faithful Joseph went off, chuckling, and obtained an advance from the manager, and then proceeded to the principal gaming-table, and, after waiting some time, secured a chair, which he kept for his chief.

An hour went by; an hour and a half. He was obliged, for very shame, to bet. This he did, five francs at a time; and his risk was so small, and his luck so even, that by degrees he was drawn into conversation with his neighbour, a young swell, who was watching the run of the colours, and betting in silver, and pricking a card, preparatory to going in for a great *coup*. Meantime he favoured Mr Ashmead with his theory of chances; and Ashmead listened very politely to every word; because he was rather proud of the other's notice—he was so handsome, well dressed, and well spoken.

Meantime Ina Klosking snatched a few minutes' sleep, as most artists can in the afternoon, and was awakened by the servant bringing in her frugal repast, a cutlet, and a pint of Bordeaux.

On her plate he brought her a large card, on which was printed "Miss Zoe Vizard:" this led to inquiries, and he told her a lady of superlative beauty had called and left that card; Ina asked for a description.

"Ah, madame," said Karl, "do not expect details from me. I was too dazzled, and struck by lightning, to make an inventory of her charms."

"At least you can tell me was she dark or fair."

"Madame, she was dark as night; but glorious as the sun. Her earthly abode is the 'Russie,' at Frankfort; blest hotel!"

"Did she tell you so?"

"Indirectly. She wrote on the card with the smallest pencil I have hitherto witnessed: the letters are faint, the pencil being inferior to the case, which was golden. Nevertheless, as one is naturally curious to learn whence a bright vision has emerged, I permitted myself to decipher."

"Your curiosity was natural," said Ina, drily. "I will detain you with no more questions."

She put the card carefully away; and ate her modest repast. Then she made her afternoon toilet, and walked slowly and pensively to the Kursaal.

Nothing there was new to her, except to be going to the table without the man on whom it was her misfortune to have wasted her heart of gold.

I think, therefore, it would be better for me to enter the place in company with our novices; and, indeed, we must; or we shall derange the true order of time and sequence of incidents: for, please observe, all the English ladies of our story met at the Kursaal, while Ina was reposing on her sofa.

The first comers were Zoe and Harrington. They entered the noble hall, inscribed their names, and, by that simple ceremony, were members of a club, compared with which the greatest clubs in London are petty things: a club with spacious dining-rooms, ball-rooms, concert-rooms, gambling-rooms, theatre, and delicious gardens. The building that combined so many rich treats was colossal in size, and glorious with rich colours and gold laid on with oriental profusion, and sometimes with oriental taste.

Harrington took his sister through

the drawing-rooms first; and she admired the unusual loftiness of the rooms, the blaze of white and gold, and of celadon green and gold, and the great Russian lustres, and the mighty mirrors. But, when they got to the dining-room she was enchanted. That lofty and magnificent *salon*, with its daring mixture of red and black, and green and blue, all melted into harmony by the rivers of gold that ran boldly among them, went to her very heart. A Greek is half an oriental; and Zoe had what may be called the courage of colour. "Glorious!" she cried, and clasped her hands. "And see! what a background to the emerald grass outside, and the ruby flowers! They seem to come into the room through those monster windows."

"Splendid!" said Harrington, to whom all this was literally Greek. "I'm so excited, I'll order dinner."

"Dinner!" said Zoe, disdainfully; and sat down and eyed the Mooresque walls around her, and the beauties of nature outside, and brought them together in one picture.

Harrington was a long time in conclave with M. Chevet. Then Zoe became impatient.

"Oh, do leave off ordering dinner," said she, "and take me out to that other paradise."

The Chevet shrugged his shoulders with pity. Vizard shrugged his too, to soothe him: and, after a few more hurried words, took the lover of colour into the garden. It was delicious, with green slopes, and rich foliage, and flowers, and enlivened by bright silk dresses, sparkling fitfully among the green leaves, or flaming out boldly in the sun: and, as luck would have it, before Zoe had taken ten steps upon the green sward, the band of fifty musicians struck up, and played, as fifty men rarely play together out of Germany.

Zoe was enchanted. She walked on air, and beamed as bright as any flower in the place.

After her first ejaculation at the sudden music, she did not speak for a good while; her content was so great. At last she said, "And do they leave this paradise, to gamble in a room?"

"Leave it? They shun it. The gamblers despise the flowers."

"How perverse people are! Excitement! Who wants any more than this?"

"Zoe," said Vizard, "innocent excitement can never compete with vicious."

"What! is it really wicked to play?"

"I don't know about wicked: you girls always run to the biggest word. But, if avarice is a vice, gambling cannot be virtuous; for the root of gambling is mere avarice, weak avarice. Come, my young friend, *as we're quite alone*, I'll drop Thersites, and talk sense to you, for once. Child, there are two roads to wealth: one is by the way of industry, skill, vigilance, and self-denial; and these are virtues, though sometimes they go with tricks of trade, hardness of heart, and taking advantage of misfortune, to buy cheap, and sell dear. The other road to wealth is by bold speculation, with risk of proportionate loss; in short, by gambling with cards, or without them. Now look into the mind of the gambler: he wants to make money, contrary to nature, and unjustly. He wants to be rewarded without merit, to make a fortune in a moment, and without industry, vigilance, true skill, or self-denial; 'a penny saved is a penny gained,' does not enter his creed. Strip the thing of its disguise, it is avarice, sordid avarice: and I call it weak avarice; because the gambler relies on chance alone, yet accepts uneven chances, and

hopes that Fortune will be as much in love with him as he is with himself. What silly egotism! You admire the Kursaal, and you are right; then do just ask yourself why is there nothing to pay for so many expensive enjoyments; and very little to pay for concerts and balls; low prices at the opera, which never pays its own expenses; even Chevet's dinners are reasonable, if you avoid his sham Johannisberg. All these cheap delights—the gold, the colours, the garden, the music, the lights—are paid for by the losses of feeble-minded Avarice. But, there—I said all this to Ned Severne, and I might as well have preached sense to the wind.”

“Harrington, I will not play. I am much happier walking, with my good brother——”

“Faute de mieux.”

Zoe blushed, but would not hear—“and it is so good of you to make a friend of me, and talk sense. Oh!—see!—a lady with two blues!—Come and look at her.”

Before they had taken five steps, Zoe stopped short, and said, “It is Fanny Dover, I declare. She has not seen us yet. She is short-sighted. Come here.” And the impetuous maid dragged him off behind a tuft of foliage.

When she had got him there, she said hotly that it was too bad.

“Oh, is it?” said he, very calmly. “What?”

“Why, don't you see what she has done? You, so sensible, to be so slow about women's ways; and you are always pretending to know them: why, she has gone and bought that costume with the money you gave her to play with.”

“Sensible girl!”

“Dishonest girl! I call her.”

“There you go to your big words. No, no. A little money was given her for a bad purpose. She has used it for a frivolous one. That

is ‘a step in the right direction’—jargon of the day.”

“But to receive money for one purpose, and apply it to another, is,—what do you call it—*chose?*—*détournement des fonds*—what is the English word? I've been abroad till I've forgotten English; oh, I know—embezzlement.”

“Well, that is a big word for a small transaction; you have not dug in the mine of the vernacular for nothing.”

“Harrington, if you don't mind, I do: so please come. I'll talk to her.”

“Stop a moment,” said Vizard, very gravely. “You will not say one word to her.”

“And why not, pray?”

“Because it would be unworthy of us, and cruel to her; barbarously cruel. What! call her to account before that old woman and me?”

“Why not? She is flaunting her blues before you two, and plenty more.”

“Feminine logic, Zoe. The point is this—she is poor. You must know that. This comes of poverty and love of dress; not of dishonesty and love of dress: and just ask yourself, is there a creature that ought to be pitied more, and handled more delicately, than a *poor lady*? Why, you would make her writhe with shame and distress. Well, I do think there is not a single wild animal so cruel to another wild animal, as a woman is to a woman. You are cruel to one another by instinct. But I appeal to your reason—if you have any.”

Zoe's eyes filled. “You are right,” said she, humbly. “Thank you, for thinking for me. I will not say a word to her before *you*.”

“That is a good girl. But, come now, why say a word at all?”

“Oh, it is no use your demanding impossibilities, dear; I could no more help speaking to her than I

could fly; and don't go fancying she will care a pin what I say, if I don't say it before a *gentleman*."

Having given him this piece of information, she left her ambush, and proceeded to meet the all unconscious blue girl: but, even as they went, Vizard returned to his normal condition, and doled out, rather indolently, that they were out on pleasure, and might possibly miss the object of the excursion, if they were to encourage a habit of getting into rages about nothing.

Zoe was better than her word. She met Fanny, with open admiration: to be sure, she knew that apathy, or even tranquillity, on first meeting the Blues, would be instantly set down to envy.

"And where did you get it, dear?"

"At quite a small shop."

"French?"

"Oh no; I think she was an Austrian: this is not a French mixture: loud, discordant colours, that is the French taste."

"Here is heresy," said Vizard: "why, I thought the French beat the world, in dress."

"Yes, dear," said Zoe, "in form and pattern: but Fanny is right; they make mistakes in colour. They are terribly afraid of scarlet; but they are afraid of nothing else: and many of their mixtures are as discordant to the eye, as Wagner's music to the ear. Now, after all, scarlet is the king of colours; and there is no harm in King Scarlet, if you treat him with respect, and put a modest subject next to him."

"Gipsy locks, for instance," suggested Fanny, slyly.

Miss Maitland owned herself puzzled. "In my day," said she, "no one ever thought of putting blue upon blue; but really, somehow, it looks well."

"May I tell you why, aunt?—because the dressmaker had a real

eye, and has chosen the right tints of blue. It is all nonsense about one colour not going with another. Nature defies that; and how? by choosing the very tints of each colour that will go together. The sweetest room I ever saw was painted by a great artist; and, do you know, he had coloured the ceiling blue and the walls green: and I assure you the effect was heavenly: but then he had chosen the exact tints of green and blue that would go together. The draperies were between crimson and maroon. But there's another thing in Fanny's dress; it is velvet. Now blue velvet is blue to the mind; but it is not blue to the eye. You try and paint blue velvet; you will be surprised how much white you must lay on. The high lights of all velvets are white. This white helps to blend the two tints of blue."

"This is very instructive," said Vizard: "I was not aware I had a sister, youthful, but profound. Let us go in and dine."

Fanny demurred. She said she believed Miss Maitland wished to take one turn round the grounds first.

Miss Maitland stared, but assented in a mechanical way; and they commenced their promenade.

Zoe hung back, and beckoned her brother. "Miss Maitland!" said she, with such an air. "*She* wants to show her blues to all the world and his wife."

"Very natural," said Vizard. "So would you, if you were in a scarlet gown, with a crimson cloak."

Zoe laughed heartily at this, and forgave Fanny her new dress: but she had a worse bone than that to pick with her.

It was a short but agreeable promenade to Zoe; for, now they were alone, her brother, instead of sneering, complimented her.

"Never you mind my imperti-

nence," said he; "the truth is, I am proud of you. You are an observer."

"Me? Oh—in colour."

"Never mind: an observer is an observer; and genuine observation is not so common. Men see and hear with their prejudices, and not their senses. Now we are going to those gaming-tables. At first, of course, you will play; but, as soon as ever you are cleaned out, observe! Let nothing escape that woman's eye of yours: and so we'll get something for our money."

"Harrington," said the girl, proudly, "I will be all eye and ear."

Soon after this they went in to dinner. Zoe cast her eyes round for Severne, and was manifestly disappointed at his not meeting them even there.

As for Fanny she had attracted wonderful attention in the garden, and was elated; her conscience did not prick her in the least, for such a trifle as *détournement des fonds*: and public admiration did not improve her. She was sprightly and talkative as usual; but now she was also a trifle brazen, and pert all round.

And so the dinner passed, and they proceeded to the gaming-tables.

Miss Maitland and Zoe led. Fanny and Harrington followed: for Miss Dover, elated by the blues—though, by the by, one hears of them as depressing—and encouraged by admiration and Chevet's violet-perfumed St Peray, took Harrington's arm, really as if it belonged to her.

They went into the library first, and, after a careless inspection, came to the great attraction of the place. They entered one of the gambling-rooms.

The first impression was disappointing. There were two very long tables, rounded off at the

ends: one for *trente et quarante* and one for *roulette*. At each table were seated a number of persons, and others standing behind them. Amongst the persons seated were the dealer, or, in *roulette*, the spinner. These officials sat in the centre, flanked on each side by croupiers with rakes: but at each end of the table there was also a croupier with his rake.

The rest were players or lookers-on; most of whom, by well-known gradations of curiosity and weakness, to describe which minutely would be to write a little comedy that others have already written, were drawn into playing at last. So fidgets the moth about the candle before he makes up what, no doubt, the poor little soul calls his mind.

Our little party stopped first at *trente et quarante*, and Zoe commenced her observations. Instead of the wild excitement she had heard of, there was a subdued air, a forced quiet, especially among the seated players. A stern etiquette presided, and the gamblers shrouded themselves in well-bred stoicism—losing without open distress or ire, winning without open exultation. The old hands, especially, began play with a padlock on the tongue and a mask upon the face. There are masks, however, that do not hide the eye; and Miss Vizard caught some flashes that escaped the masks even then at the commencement of the play. Still, external stoicism prevailed, on the whole, and had a fixed example in the *tailleur* and the croupiers: playing many hours every day in the year but Good Friday, and always with other people's money, these men had parted with passion, and almost with sensation; they had become skilful automata, chanting a stave, and raking up or scattering haycocks of gold, which to them were counters.

It was with the monotonous voice of an automaton they intoned—

“Faites le jeu, Messieu, Messieu.”

Then, after a pause of ten seconds—

“Le jeu est fait, Messieu.”

Then, after two seconds—

“Rien ne va plus.”

Then mumble—mumble—mumble.

Then, “La! Rouge perd et couleur,” or whatever might be the result.

Then the croupiers first raked in the players' losses with vast expedition; next, the croupiers in charge of the funds chucked the precise amount of the winnings on to each stake with unerring dexterity and the indifference of machines, and the chant recommenced, “Faites le jeu, Messieu.”

Pause, ten seconds.

“Le jeu est fait, Messieu.”

Pause, two seconds.

“Rien ne va plus.”

The *tailleur* dealt, and the croupier intoned, “La! Rouge gagne et couleur perd;” the mechanical raking and dexterous chucking followed.

This, with a low buzzing, and the deadened jingle of gold upon green cloth, and the light grating of the croupiers' rakes, was the first impression upon Zoe's senses; but the mere game did not monopolise her attention many seconds. There were other things better worth noting: the great varieties of human type, that a single passion had brought together in a small German town. Her ear was regaled with such a polyglot murmur as she had read of in Genesis, but had never witnessed before.

Here were the sharp Tuscan and the mellow Roman; the sibilation of England, the brogue of Ireland, the Shibboleth of the Minorities, the twang of certain American States, the guttural expectoration of Germany, the nasal emphasis of France,

and even the modulated Hindostanee, and the sonorous Spanish, all mingling.

The types of face were as various as the tongues.

Here was the green-eyed Tartar, the black-eyed Italian, and the grey-eyed Saxon; faces all cheek-bones, and faces no cheek-bones; the red Arabian, the fair Dane, and the dark Hindoo.

Her woman's eye seized another phenomenon,—the hands. Not nations only, but varieties of the animal kingdom were represented. Here were the white hands of fair women, and the red paws of obese shopkeepers, and the yellow, bird-like claws of old withered gamblers, all stretched out, side by side, in strange contrast, to place the stakes or scratch in the winnings; and often the winners put their palms, and paws, on their heap of gold, just as a dog does on a bone when other dogs are nigh.

But what Zoe's eye rested on longest was the costume and deportment of the ladies. A few were in good taste; others aimed at a greater variety of beautiful colours, than the fair have, up to this date, succeeded in combining, without inflicting more pain on the beholders, than a beneficent Creator—so far as we can judge by His own system of colour—intended the cultivated eye to suffer. Example—as the old writers used to say—one lady fired the air in primrose satin, with red velvet trimming. This mild mixture reappeared on her head in a primrose hat with a red feather. A gold chain, so big that it would have done for a felon instead of a fool, encircled her neck, and was weighted with innumerable lockets, which in size and inventive taste resembled a poached egg, and betrayed the insular goldsmith. A train three yards long completed this gorgeous figure.

She had commenced life a shrimp-girl, and pushed a dredge before her, instead of pulling a silken besom after her. Another stately queen (with an "a") heated the atmosphere with a burnous of that colour the French call *flamme d'enfer*, and cooled it with a green bonnet. A third appeared to have been struck with the beauty of a painter's palette, and the skill with which its colours mix before the brush spoils them. Green body, violet skirts, rose-coloured trimmings, purple sleeves, light-green boots, lavender gloves. A shawl all gauze and gold, flounced like a petticoat; a bonnet so small, and red feather so enormous and all-predominant, that a peacock seemed to be sitting on a hedge-sparrow's nest.

Zoe suspected these polychromatic ladies at a glance, and observed their manners in a mistrustful spirit, carefully. She was little surprised, though a good deal shocked, to find that some of them seemed familiar, and almost jocular, with the croupiers; and that, although they did not talk loud, being kept in order by the general etiquette, they rustled, and fidgeted, and played in a devil-may-care sort of manner: this was in great measure accounted for by the circumstance that they were losing other people's money: at all events, they often turned their heads over their shoulders, and applied for fresh funds to their male companions.

Zoe blushed at all this, and said to Vizard, "I should like to see the other rooms." She whispered to Miss Maitland, "Surely they are not very select in this one."

"Lead on," said Vizard; "that is the way."

Fanny had not parted with his arm all this time. As they followed the others, he said, "But she will find it is all the same thing."

Fanny laughed in his face. "Don't

you see? C'est la chasse au Severne qui commence."

"En voila un Sévère," replied he.

She was mute. She had not learned that sort of French in her finishing school. I forgive it.

The next room was the same thing over again.

Zoe stood a moment and drank everything in, then turned to Vizard, blushed, and said, "May we play a little now?"

"Why, of course."

"Fanny!"

"No; you begin, dear. We will stand by and wish you success."

"You are a coward," said Zoe, loftily; and went to the table with more changes of colour than veteran lancers betray in charging infantry. It was the *roulette* table she chose. That seems a law of her sex. The true solution is not so profound as some that have been offered. It is this: *trente et quarante* is not only unintelligible, but uninteresting. At *roulette* there is a pictorial object and dramatic incident; the board, the turning of the *moulinet*, and the swift revolutions of an ivory ball, its lowered speed, its irregular bounds, and its final settlement in one of the many holes, numbered and coloured. Here the female understanding sees something it can grasp, and, above all, the female eye catches something pictorial and amusing outside the loss or gain; and so she goes, by her nature, to *roulette*, which is a greater swindle than the other.

Zoe staked five pounds on No. 21, for an excellent reason; she was in her twenty-first year. The ball was so illogical as to go into No. 3, and she lost. She stood by her number, and lost again. She lost thirteen times in succession.

The fourteenth time the ball rolled into 21, and the croupier handed her thirty-five times her stake, and a lot more for colour.

Her eye flashed, and her cheek flushed, and I suppose she was tempted to bet more heavily, for she said, "No; that will never happen to me again, I know:" and she rose, the richer by several napoleons, and said, "Now let us go to another."

"Humph!" said Vizard. "What an extraordinary girl! She will give the devil more trouble than most of you. Here's precocious prudence."

Fanny laughed in his face. "C'est la chasse qui recommence," said she.

I ought to explain that when she was in England, she did not interlard her discourse with French scraps. She was not so ill-bred. But abroad she had got into a way of it, through being often compelled to speak French.

Vizard appreciated the sagacity of the remark, but he did not like the lady any the better for it. He meditated in silence. He remembered that, when they were in the garden, Zoe had hung behind, and interpreted Fanny ill-naturedly; and here was Fanny at the same game, literally backbiting, or back-nibbling at all events. Said he to himself, "And these two are friends! female friends." And he nursed his misogyny in silence.

They came into a very noble room, the largest of all, with enormous mirrors down to the ground, and a ceiling blazing with gold, and the air glittering with lustres. Two very large tables, and a distinguished company at each, especially at the *trente et quarante*.

Before our little party had taken six steps into the room, Zoe stood like a pointer; and Fanny backed. Should these terms seem disrespectful, let Fanny bear the blame. It is her application of the word "chasse" that drew down the simile.

Yes, there sat Ned Severne, talking familiarly to Joseph Ashmead, and preparing to "put the pot on," as he called it.

Now Zoe was so far gone, that the very sight of Severne was a balsam to her. She had a little bone to pick with him; and, when he was out of sight, the bone seemed pretty large. But when she saw his adorable face, unconscious, as it seemed, of wrong, the bone faded, and the face shone.

Her own face cleared at the sight of him: she turned back to Fanny and Vizard, arch and smiling, and put her finger to her mouth, as much as to say, "Let us have some fun. We have caught our truant: let us watch him, unseen, a little, before we burst on him."

Vizard enjoyed this, and encouraged her with a nod.

The consequence was that Zoe dropped Miss Maitland's arm, who took that opportunity to turn up her nose,—and began to creep up like a young cat after a bird; taking a step, and then pausing; then another step, and a long pause; and still with her eye fixed on Severne. He did not see her, nor her companions, partly because they were not in front of him, but approaching at a sharp angle, and also because he was just then beginning to bet heavily on his system. By this means two progressive events went on contemporaneously: the arch but cat-like advance of Zoe, with pauses, and the betting of Severne, in which he gave himself the benefit of his system.

Noir having been the last to win, he went against the alternation, and put £50 on *noir*. Red won. Then, true to his system, he doubled on the winning colour. £100 on red. Black won. He doubled on black, and red won; and there was £400 of his £500 gone in five minutes.

On this proof that the likeliest

thing to happen—viz., alternation of the colour—does *sometimes* happen, Severne lost heart.

He turned to Ashmead, with all the superstition of a gambler, "For God's sake, bet for me!" said he. He clutched his own hair convulsively, in a struggle with his mania, and prevailed so far as to thrust £50 into his own pocket, to live on, and gave Ashmead five tens.

"Well, but," said Ashmead, "you must tell me what to do."

"No, no. Bet your own way, for *me*."

He had hardly uttered these words, when he seemed to glare across the table at the great mirror, and, suddenly putting his handkerchief to his mouth, he made a bolt sideways, plunged amidst the by-standers, and emerged only to dash into a room at the side.

As he disappeared, a lady came slowly and pensively forward from the outer door; lifted her eyes, as she neared the table, saw a vacant chair, and glided into it, revealing, to Zoe Vizard and her party, a noble face, not so splendid and animated as on the stage, for its expression was slumbering; still it was the face of Ina Klosking.

No transformation trick was ever done more neatly and smoothly than this, in which, nevertheless, the performers acted without concert.

Severne fled out, and the Klosking came slowly in; yet no one had time to take the seat, she glided into it so soon after Severne had vacated it.

Zoe Vizard and her friends stared after the flying Severne; then stared at the new-comer; and then turned round and stared at each other, in mutual amazement and inquiry.

What was the meaning of this double incident, that resembled a conjuror's trick?

Having looked at her companions, and seen only her own surprise reflected, Zoe Vizard fixed her eyes, like burning-glasses, upon Ina Klosking.

Then that lady thickened the mystery. She seemed very familiar with the man Severne had been so familiar with.

That man contributed his share to the multiplying mystery. He had a muddy complexion, hair the colour of dirt, a long nose, a hatchet face, mean little eyes, and was evidently not a gentleman: he wore a brown velveteen shooting-coat, with a magenta tie that gave Zoe a pain in the eye. She had already felt sorry to see her Severne was acquainted with such a man; he seemed to her the *ne plus ultra* of vulgarity: and now, behold, the artist, the woman she had so admired, was equally familiar with the same objectionable person.

To appreciate the hopeless puzzle of Zoe Vizard, the reader must be on his guard against his own knowledge. *He* knows that Severne and Ashmead were two Bohemians, who had struck up acquaintance, all in a minute, that very evening. But Zoe had not this knowledge; and she could not possibly divine it. The whole thing was presented to her senses thus—a vulgar man, with a brown velveteen shooting-coat, and a red-hot tie, was a mutual friend of the gentlemanly Severne and the dignified Klosking. Severne left the mutual friend; Made-moiselle Klosking joined the mutual friend; and there she sat, where Severne had sat a moment ago, by the side of their mutual friend.

All manner of thoughts and surmises thronged upon Zoe Vizard; but each way of accounting for the mystery contradicted some plain fact or other: so she was driven at last to a woman's remedy. She

would wait, and watch. Severne would probably come back, and somehow furnish the key; meantime, her eye was not likely to leave the Klosking, nor her ear to miss a syllable the Klosking might utter.

She whispered to Vizard, in a very peculiar tone, "I will play at this table," and stepped up to it, with the word.

The duration of such beauty as Zoe's is proverbially limited; but the limit to its power, while it does last, has not yet been discovered. It is a fact that, as soon as she came close to the table, two male gamblers looked up, saw her, wondered at her, and actually jumped up and offered their seats: she made a courteous inclination of the head, and installed Miss Maitland in one seat, without reserve. She put a little gold on the table, and asked Miss Maitland, in a whisper, to play for her. She herself had neither eye nor ear, except for Ina Klosking. That lady was having a discussion, *sotto voce*, with Ashmead; and if she had been one of your mumblers, whose name is legion, even Zoe's swift ear could have caught little or nothing. But when a voice has volume, and the great habit of articulation has been brought to perfection, the words travel surprisingly.

Zoe heard the lady say to Ashmead, scarcely above her breath, "Well, but if he requested you to bet for him, how can he blame you?"

Zoe could not catch Ashmead's reply, but it was accompanied by a shake of the head: so she understood him to object.

Then, after a little more discussion, Ina Klosking said, "What money have you of mine?"

Ashmead produced some notes.

"Very well," said the Klosking. "Now I shall take my twenty-five pounds, and twenty-five pounds

of his, and play. When he returns, we shall, at all events, have twenty-five pounds safe for him. I take the responsibility."

"Oh," thought Zoe, "then he is coming back. Ah, I shall see what all this means." She felt sick at heart.

Zoe Vizard was on the other side, but not opposite Mademoiselle Klosking; she was considerably to the right hand, and as the newcomer was much occupied, just at first, with Ashmead, who sat on her left, Zoe had time to dissect her, which she did without mercy. Well, her costume was beautifully made, and fitted on a symmetrical figure; but as to colour, it was neutral—a warm French grey—and neither courted admiration nor risked censure; it was unpretending. Her lace collar was valuable, but not striking. Her hair was beautiful, both in gloss and colour, and beautifully, but neatly, arranged. Her gloves and wristbands were perfect.

As every woman aims at appearance, openly or secretly, and every other woman knows she does, Zoe did not look at this meek dress with male simplicity, unsuspecting of design, but asked herself what was the leading motive; and the question was no sooner asked than answered. "She has dressed for her golden hair and her white throat. Her hair, her deep grey eyes, and her skin, are just like a flower: she has dressed herself as the modest stalk. She is an artist."

At the same table were a Russian Princess, an English Countess, and a Bavarian Duchess, all well dressed, upon the whole; but their dresses showed off their dresses; the Klosking's showed off herself. And there was a native dignity, and, above all, a wonderful seemliness about the Klosking that inspired respect. Dress and deport-

ment were all of a piece—decent, and deep.

While Zoe was picking her to pieces, Ina, having settled matters with Ashmead, looked up, and, of course, took in every other woman, who was in sight, at a single sweep. She recognised Zoe directly, with a flush of pleasure; a sweet, bright, expression broke over her face, and she bowed to her with a respectful cordiality that was captivating. Zoe yielded to the charm of manner, and bowed and smiled in return, though, till that moment, she had been knitting her black brows at her in wonder and vague suspicion.

Ina trifled with the game, at first. Ashmead was still talking to her of the young swell and his system. He explained it to her, and how it had failed. "Not but what," said he, "there is a great deal in it most evenings. But to-day there are no runs; it is all turn and turn about. If it would rain, now, you would see a change."

"Well," said Ina, "I will bet a few pounds on red, then on black, till these runs begin."

During the above conversation, of which Zoe caught little, because Ashmead was the chief speaker, she cast her eyes all round the table, and saw a curious assemblage of figures.

There was a solemn Turk melting his piastres with admirable gravity; there was the Russian Princess; and there was a lady, dressed in loud, incongruous colours, such as once drew from a horrified *modiste* the cry, "Ah, Dieu! quel immoralité!!" and that's a fact. There was a Popish priest, looking sheepish as he staked his silver; and an Anglican rector, betting fivers, and as *non-chalant*, in the blest absence of his flock and the Baptist minister, as if he was playing at whist with the old Bishop of Norwich, who

played a nightly rubber in my father's day—and a very bad one. There was a French Count, nearly six feet high, to whom the word "old" would have been unjust: he was antique, and had turned into bones and leather; but the hair on that dilapidated trunk was its own; and Zoe preferred him much to the lusty old English beau beside him, with ivory teeth, and ebon locks, that cost a pretty penny.

There was a fat, livid, Neapolitan betting heavily; there was a creole lady, with a fine oval face rather sallow, and eyes and hair as black as Zoe's own. Indeed the creole excelled her, by the addition of a little black fringe upon her upper lip, that, prejudice apart, became her very well. Her front hair was confined by two gold threads, a little way apart, on which were fixed a singular ornament, the vivid eyes of a peacock's tail set close together all round. It was glorious, regal. The hussy should have been the Queen of Sheba, receiving Solomon, and showing her peacock's eyes against his crown jewels. Like the lilies of the field, these products of nature are bad to beat, as we say on Yorkshire turf.

Indeed that frontlet was so beautiful and well placed, it drew forth glances of marked disdain from every lady within sight of it, Zoe excepted. She was placable. This was a lesson in colour; and she managed to forgive the teacher, in consideration of the lesson.

Amidst the gaudier birds there was a dove—a young lady, well dressed, with Quaker-like simplicity, in grey silk dress, with no trimmings, a white silk bonnet and veil. Her face was full of virtues. Meeting her elsewhere, you would say, "That is a good wife, a good daughter, and the making of a good mother." Her expression at the table was thoughtful and a little anxious; but every

now and then she turned her head to look for her husband, and gave him so sweet a smile of conjugal sympathy and affection, as made Zoe almost pray they might win. The husband was an officer, a veteran, with grizzled hair and moustache, a colonel who had commanded a brigade in action, but could only love and spoil his wife. He ought to have been her father, her friend, her commander, and marched her out of that "Curse-all" to the top of Cader Idris, if need was. Instead of that, he stood behind her chair like her lackey all day: for this dove was as desperate a gambler as any in Europe; it was not that she bet very heavily, but that she bet every day and all day. She began in the afternoon, and played till midnight if there was a table going. She knew no day of religion—no day of rest. She won and she lost: her own fortune and her husband's stood the money drain; but how about the golden hours? She was losing her youth and wasting her soul. Yet the Administration gave her a warning; they did not allow the irretrievable hours to be stolen from her with a noiseless hand. At All Souls' College, Oxford, in the first quadrangle, grave, thoughtful men raised to the top storey, two hundred years ago, a grand sundial, the largest, perhaps, and noblest in the kingdom. They set it on the face of the Quad, and wrote over the long pointers, in large letters of gold, these words, "Pereunt et imputantur," which refer to the hours indicated below, and mean literally, "They perish, and go down to our account;" but really imply a little more—viz., that "they are wasted, and go to our debit." These are true words and big words, bigger than any Royal Commissioner has uttered up to date, and reach the mind through the senses, and have

warned the scholars of many a generation not to throw away the seed-time of their youth, which never can come twice to any man. Well, the Administration of the Kursaal conveyed to that lost English dove and others a note of warning, which struck the senses, as does the immortal warning emblazoned on the fair brow of that beautiful college; only, in the Kursaal the warning struck the ear, not the eye. They provided French clocks with a singularly clear metallic striking tick; their blows upon the life of Time rang sharp above the chant, the mumble, and the jingle. These clocks seemed to cry aloud, and say of the hours, whose waste they recorded, "Pere-unt-et-impu-tantur, pere-unt-et-impu-tantur."

Reckless of this protest, the waves of play rolled on, and, ere long, sucked all our characters, but Vizard, into the vortex. Zoe hazarded a sovereign on red, and won; then two on black, and won; then four on red, and won. She was launched, and Fanny too. They got excited, and bet higher; the croupiers pelted them with golden coins, and they began to pant and flush, and their eyes to gleam. The old gamblers' eyes seem to have lost this power—they have grown fishy; but the eyes of these female novices were a sight. Fanny's, being light grey, gleamed like a panther's whose prey is within leap. Zoe's dark orbs could not resemble any wild beast's; but they glowed with unholy fire: and, indeed, all down the table was now seen that which no painter can convey—for his beautiful but contracted art confines him to a moment of time—and writers have strangely neglected to notice,—viz., the *progress of the countenance* under play. Many of the masks melted, as if they had been of wax, and the natural expressions forced their way; some got flushed with

triumph, others wild and haggard with their losses. One ghastly glaring loser sat quite quiet, when his all was gone; but clenched his hands so that the nails ran into the flesh, and blood trickled: discovering which, a friend dragged him off like something dead. Nobody minded.

The fat old beau got worried by his teeth, and pulled them out in a pet, and pocketed them.

Miss Maitland, who had begun with her grey hair in neat little curls, deranged one so with convulsive hand, that it came all down her cheek and looked most rakish and unbecoming. Even Zoe and Fanny had turned from lambs to leopardesses. Patches of red on each cheek, and eyes like red-hot coals.

The colours had begun to run, and at first the players lost largely to the bank, with one exception.

Ina Klosking discerned the change, and backed the winning colour, then doubled on it twice. She did this so luckily three or four times that, though her single stake was, at first, only £40, gold seemed to grow around her; and even notes to rise and make a cushion. She, too, was excited, though not openly; her gloves were off, and her own lovely hand, the whitest in the room, placed the stakes. You might see a red spot on her cheek-bone, and a strange glint in her deep eye; but she could not do anything that was not seemly.

She played calmly, boldly, on the system that had cleared out Ned Severne, and she won heavily, because she was in luck. It was her hour and her vein.

By this time Zoe and Fanny were cleaned out; and looked in amaze-

ment at the Klosking, and wondered how she did it.

Miss Maitland, at her last sovereign, began to lean on the victorious Klosking, and bet as she did: her pile increased. The dove caught sight of her game, and backed her luck. The creole backed her heavily.

Presently there was an extraordinary run on black. Numbers were caught. The Klosking won three times, and lost three times: but the bets she won were double bets, and those she lost were single.

Then came a *refait*, and the bank swept off half her stake; but even here she was lucky. She had only £40 on.

By-and-by came the event of the night. Black had, for some time, appeared to rule the roost, and thrust red off the table; and the Klosking lost £200.

The Klosking put £200 on red; it won. She doubled: red won. She doubled. There was a dead silence. The creole lady put the maximum on red, £300. Red won. Ina Klosking looked a little pale: but, driven by some unaccountable impulse, she doubled. So did the creole. Red won. The automata chucked £1600 to the Klosking, and £600 to the other lady. Ina betted £40 on black. Red won again. She put £200 on black: black won. She doubled: black won again. She doubled: black won. Doubled again: black won.

The creole and others stood with her in that last run, and the money was chucked. But the settlement was followed by a short whisper, and a croupier, in a voice as mechanical as ever, chanted that the sum set apart for that table was exhausted for that day.

The Klosking and her backers had broken the bank.

CHAPTER X.

There was a buzzing and a thronging round the victorious player.

Ina rose, and, with a delicate movement of her milk-white hand, turned the mountain of gold and column of notes towards Ashmead. "Make haste, please," she whispered; then put on her gloves deliberately, while Ashmead shoved the gold and the notes anyhow into the inner pockets of his shooting-jacket, and buttoned it well up.

"*Allons*," said she, calmly, and took his arm: but, as she moved away, she saw Zoe Vizard passing on the other side of the table. Their eyes met: she dropped Ashmead's arm, and made her a sweeping curtsy full of polite consideration, and a sort of courteous respect for the person saluted, coupled with a certain dignity; and then she looked wistfully at her a moment. I believe she would have spoken to her if she had been alone; but Miss Maitland and Fanny Dover had, both of them, a trick of putting on *noli me tangere* faces amongst strangers. It did not mean much; it is an unfortunate English habit: but it repels foreigners; they neither do it nor understand it.

Those two faces, not downright forbidding, but uninviting, turned the scale; and the Klosking, who was not a forward woman, did not yield to her inclination and speak to Zoe. She took Ashmead's arm again, and moved away.

Then Zoeturned back and beckoned Vizard. He joined her. "There she is," said Zoe: "shall I speak to her?"

Would you believe it? He thought a moment, and then said, gloomily, "Well?—no. Half cured now. Seen the lover in time." So that opportunity was frittered away.

Before the English party left the Kursaal, Zoe asked, timidly, if they

ought not to make some inquiry about Mr Severne. He had been taken ill again.

"Ay, taken ill, and gone to be cured at another table," said Vizard, ironically. "I'll make the tour, and collar him."

He went off in a hurry: Miss Maitland faced a glass, and proceeded to arrange her curl.

Fanny, though she had offered no opposition to Vizard's going, now seized Zoe's arm with unusual energy, and almost dragged her aside. "The idea of sending Harrington on that fool's errand!" said she, peevishly. "Why, Zoe! where are your eyes?"

Zoe showed her by opening them wide. "What *do* you mean?"

"What—do—I—mean? No matter. Mr Severne is not in this building, and you know it."

"How can I know? All is so mysterious," faltered Zoe. "How do *you* know?"

"Because—there—least said is soonest mended."

"Fanny, you are older than me, and ever so much cleverer. Tell me, or you are not my friend."

"Wait till you get home, then. Here he is."

Vizard told them he had been through all the rooms: the only chance, now, was the dining-room. "No," said Fanny, "we wish to get home: we are rather tired."

They went to the rail; and, at first, Vizard was rather talkative, making his comments on the players; but the ladies were taciturn, and brought him to a stand. "Ah," thought he, "nothing interests them now; Adonis is not here." So he retired within himself.

When they reached the "Russie," he ordered a *petit souper* in an hour,

and invited the ladies. Meantime they retired; Miss Maitland to her room, and Fanny, with Zoe, to hers. By this time Miss Dover had lost her alacrity, and would, I verily believe, have shunned a *tête-à-tête* if she could; but there was a slight paleness in Zoe's cheek, and a compression of the lips, which told her plainly that young lady meant to have it out with her. They both knew so well what was coming, that Zoe merely waved her to a chair, and leaned herself against the bed, and said, "Now, Fanny." So Fanny was brought to bay.

"Dear me," said she, piteously, "I don't know what to do, between you and Aunt Maitland. If I say all I think, I suppose you will hate me; and, if I don't, I shall be told I'm wicked, and don't warn an orphan girl. She flew at me like a bull-dog before your brother; she said I was twenty-five; and I only own to twenty-three. And after all, what could I say? for I do feel I ought to give you the benefit of my experience, and make myself as disagreeable as *she* does. And I *have* given you a hint, and a pretty broad one; but you want such plain speaking."

"I do," said Zoe. "So please speak plainly—if you can."

"Ah, you *say* that."

"And I mean it. Never mind consequences; tell me the truth."

"Like a man, eh? and get hated."

"Men are well worth imitating, in some things. Tell me the truth, pleasant or not; and I shall always respect you."

"Bother respect. I am like the rest of us; I want to be loved a little bit. But there—I'm in for it. I have said too much, or too little. I know that. Well, Zoe, the long and the short is—you have a rival."

Zoe turned rather pale, but was not so much shaken as Fanny expected.

She received the blow in silence. But, after a while, she said, with some firmness, "Mademoiselle Klosing?"

"Oh, you are not quite blind, then."

"And pray which does he prefer?" asked Zoe, a little proudly.

"It is plain he likes you the best. But why does he fear her so? This is where you seem all in the dark. He flew out of the opera, lest she should see him."

"Oh! Absurd!"

"He cut you and Vizard, rather than call upon her with you."

"And so he did."

"He flew from the gambling-table the moment she entered the room."

"Behind him. She came in behind him."

"There was a large mirror in front of him."

"Oh, Fanny! oh!" and Zoe clasped her hands, piteously. But she recovered herself, and said, "After all, appearances are deceitful."

"Not so deceitful as men," said Fanny, sharply.

But Zoe clung to her straw. "Might not two things happen together? He is subject to bleeding at the nose. It is strange it should occur twice so: but it is possible."

"Zoe," said Fanny, gravely, "he is not subject to bleeding at the nose."

"Oh! *then*—but how can you know that? what right have you to say that?"

"I'll show you," said Fanny, and left the room.

She soon came back, holding something behind her back. Even at the last moment she was half unwilling. However, she looked down, and said, in a very peculiar tone, "Here is the handkerchief he put before his face at the opera; there!" and she threw it into Zoe's lap.

Zoe's nature revolted against evi-

dence so obtained. She did not even take up the handkerchief. "What!" she cried: "you took it out of his pocket?"

"No."

"Then you have been in his room, and got it."

"*Nothing of the kind!* I sent Rosa."

"My maid!"

"Mine, for that job. I gave her half-a-crown, to borrow it for a pattern."

Zoe seized the handkerchief, and ran her eye over it in a moment. There was no trace of blood on it, and there were his initials, "E. S." in the corner. Her woman's eye fastened instantly on these. "Silk?" said she, and held it up to the light. "No. Hair!—golden hair. It is *hers!*" And she flung the handkerchief from her, as if it was a viper, and even when on the ground eyed it with dilating orbs, and a hostile horror.

"La!" said Fanny; "fancy that! You are not blind now. You have seen more than me. I made sure it was yellow silk."

But this frivolous speech never even entered Zoe's ear. She was too deeply shocked. She went, feebly, and sat down in a chair, and covered her face with her hands.

Fanny eyed her with pity. "There," said she, almost crying, "I never tell the truth but I bitterly repent it."

Zoe took no notice of this droll apophthegm. Her hands began to work. "What shall I do?" she said; "what shall I do?"

"Oh, don't go on like that, Zoe!" cried Fanny. "After all, it is you he prefers. He ran away from her."

"Ah, yes. But why?—why? What has he done?"

"Jilted her, I suppose. Aunt Maitland thinks he is after money: and, you know, you have got money."

"Have I nothing else?" said the

proud beauty; and lifted her bowed head, for a moment.

"You have everything. But you should look things in the face. Is that singer an unattractive woman?"

"Oh no; but she is not poor. Her kind of talent is paid enormously."

"That is true," said Fanny. "But perhaps she wastes it. She is a gambler, like himself."

"Let him go to her," said Zoe, wildly. "I will share no man's heart."

"He will never go to her, unless—well, unless we tell him that she has broken the bank with his money."

"If you think so badly of him, tell him then, and let him go. Oh, I am wretched! I am wretched!" She lifted her hands in despair, and began to cry and sob bitterly.

Fanny was melted at her distress, and kneeled to her, and cried with her.

Not being a girl of steady principle, she went round with the wind. "Dear Zoe," said she: "it is deeper than I thought. La! if you love him, why torment yourself?"

"No," said Zoe; "it is deceit and mystery that torment me. Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?"

Fanny interpreted this vague exclamation of sorrow, as asking advice, and said, "I dare not advise you; I can only tell you what I should do in your place. I should make up my mind at once, whether I loved the man, or only liked him. If I only liked him, I would turn him up at once."

"Turn him up? what is that?"

"Turn him off, then. If I loved him, I would not let any other woman have the least little bit of a chance to get him. For instance, I would not let him know this old sweetheart of his has won three thousand pounds at least, for I noted her winnings. Diamond cut

diamond, my dear. He is concealing from you something or other about him and this Klosking; hide you this one little thing about the Klosking from him—till you get my gentleman safe to England.”

“And this is love! I call it warfare.”

“And love is warfare, three times out of four. Any way, it is for you to decide, Zoe. I do wish you had never seen the man. He is not what he seems. He is a poor adventurer, and a bundle of deceit.”

“You are very hard on him. You don’t know all.”

“No, nor a quarter; and you know less. There, dear, dry your eyes and fight against it. After all, you know, you are mistress of the situation. I’ll settle it for you, which way you like.”

“You will? Oh, Fanny, you are very good!”

“Say indulgent, please. I’m not good, and never will be, if *I can possibly help*. I despise good people; they are as weak as water. But I do like you, Zoe Vizard, better than any other woman in the world. That is not saying very much; my taste is for men. I think them gods, and devils, compared with us; and I do admire gods and devils. No matter, dear. Kiss me, and say, ‘Fanny, act for me,’ and I’ll do it.”

Zoe kissed her, and then, by a truly virginal impulse, hid her burning face in her hands and said nothing at all.

Fanny gave her plenty of time, and then said, kindly, “Well, dear?”

Then Zoe murmured, scarce audibly, “Act—*as if*—I loved him.”

And still she kept her face covered with her hands.

Fanny was anything but surprised at this conclusion of the struggle. She said, with a certain alacrity, “Very well, I will: so now

bathe your eyes and come in to supper.”

“No, no; please go and make an excuse for me.”

“I shall do nothing of the kind. I won’t be told by-and-by I have done wrong. I will do your business, but it shall be in your hearing. Then you can interfere, if you choose. Only you had better not put your word in, till you see what I am driving at.”

With a little more encouragement, Zoe was prevailed on to sponge her tearful eyes, and compose herself and join Harrington at supper.

Miss Maitland soon retired, pleading fatigue and packing; and she had not been gone long, when Fanny gave her friend a glance and began upon Harrington.

“You are very fond of Mr Severne, are you not?” said she.

“I am,” said Vizard, stoutly, preparing for battle. “You are not, perhaps.”

Fanny laughed at this prompt pugnacity. “Oh yes, I am,” said she; “devoted. But he has a weakness, you must own. He is rather fond of gambling.”

“He is, I am sorry to say. It is his one fault. Most of us have two or three.”

“Don’t you think it would be a pity if he was to refuse to go with us to-morrow? was to prefer to stay here and gamble?”

“No fear of that: he has given me his word of honour.”

“Still I think it would be hardly safe to tempt him. If you go and tell him that friend of his won such a lot of money, he will want to stop; and, if he does not stop, he will go away miserable. You know they began betting with his money, though they went on with their own.”

“Oh, did they? What was his own money?”

"How much was it, Zoe?"

"Fifty pounds."

"Well," said Vizard, "you must admit it is hard he should lose his own money. And yet I own I am most anxious to get him away from this place. Indeed I have a project; I want him to rusticate a few months at our place, while I set my lawyer to look into his affairs and see if his estate cannot be cleared. I'll be bound the farms are underlet. What does the admirable Crichton know about such trifles?"

Fanny looked at Zoe, whose colour was rising high at all this. "Well," said she, "when you gentlemen fall in love *with each other*, you certainly are faithful creatures."

"Because we can count on fidelity in return," said Vizard. He thought a little, and said, "Well, as to the other thing—you leave it to me. Let us understand one another. Nothing we saw at the gambling-table is to be mentioned by us?"

"No."

"Crichton is to be taken to England for his good?"

"Yes."

"And I am to be grateful to you for your co-operation in this?"

"You can, if you like."

"And you will secure an agreeable companion for the rest of the tour, eh? my diplomatic cousin, and my silent sister?"

"Yes; but it is too bad of you to see through a poor girl, and her little game, like that. I own he is a charming companion."

Fanny's cunning eyes twinkled,

and Zoe blushed crimson to see her noble brother manipulated by this artful minx, and then flattered for his perspicacity.

From that moment a revulsion took place in her mind, and pride fought furiously with love—for a time.

This was soon made apparent to Fanny Dover. When they retired, Zoe looked very gloomy, so Fanny asked, rather sharply, "Well, what is the matter now? didn't I do it cleverly?"

"Yes, yes, too cleverly. Oh, Fanny, I begin to revolt against myself."

"This is nice," said Fanny. "Go on, dear. It is just what I ought to have expected. You were there. You had only to interfere. You didn't. And now you are discontented."

"Not with you. Spare me. You are not to blame: and I am very unhappy. I am losing my self-respect. Oh, if this goes on, I shall hate him."

"Yes, dear—for five minutes; and then love him double. Come, don't deceive yourself, and don't torment yourself. All your trouble, we shall leave it behind us tomorrow, and every hour will take us farther from it."

With this practical view of matters, she kissed Zoe, and hurried to bed.

But Zoe scarcely closed her eyes all night.

Severne did not reach the hotel till past eleven o'clock, and went straight to his own room.

CHAPTER XI.

Ashmead accompanied Mademoiselle Klosking to her apartment. It was lighted, and the cloth laid for supper under the chandelier, a snow-white Hamburg damask. Ash-

mead took the winnings out of his pocket, and proudly piled the gold and crumpled notes in one prodigious mass upon the linen, that shone like satin, and made the gold

look doubly inviting. Then he drew back and gloated on it. The Klosking, too, stood and eyed the pile of wealth with amazement and a certain reverence. "Let me count it," said Ashmead. He did so, and it came to four thousand nine hundred and eighty-one pounds, English money. "And to think," said he, "if you had taken my advice you would not have a penny of this!"

"I'll take your advice now," said she. "I will never gamble again."

"Well, take my advice and lock up the swag before a creature sees it. Homburg is full of thieves."

She complied, and took away the money in a napkin.

Ashmead called after her to know might he order supper.

"If you will be so kind."

Ashmead rejoiced at this unguarded permission, and ordered a supper that made Karl stare.

The Klosking returned in about half an hour, clad in a crisp *peignoir*.

Ashmead confronted her. "I have ordered a bottle of champagne," said he. Her answer surprised him. "You have done well. We must now begin to prove the truth of the old proverb, '*Ce que vient par le flute s'en va au tambour*.'"

At supper Mr Ashmead was the chief drinker, and, by a natural consequence, the chief speaker: he held out brilliant prospects; he favoured the Klosking with a discourse on advertising. No talent availed without it; large posters, pictures, window-cards, &c.: but as her talent was superlative, he must now endeavour to keep up with it by invention in his 'line'—the puff circumstantial, the puff poetic, the puff anecdotal, the puff controversial, all tending to blow the fame of the Klosking in

every eye, and ring it in every ear. "You take my advice," said he, "and devote this money, every penny of it, to Publicity. Don't you touch a single shiner for anything that does not return a hundred per cent. Publicity does, when the article is prime."

"You forget," said she, "this money does not all belong to me. Another can claim half; the gentleman with whom we are in partnership."

Ashmead looked literally blue. "Nonsense!" said he, roughly; "he can only claim his fifty pounds."

"Nay, my friend. I took two equal sums, — one was his, one mine."

"That has nothing to do with it. He told me to bet for him. I didn't: and I shall take him back his fifty pounds, and say so. I know where to find him."

"Where?"

"That is my business. Don't you go mad now, and break my heart."

"Well, my friend, we will talk of it to-morrow morning. It certainly is not very clear; and perhaps, after I have prayed and slept, I may see more plainly what is right."

Ashmead observed she was pale, and asked her, with concern, if she was ill.

"No, not ill," said she, "but worn out. My friend, I knew not at the time how great was my excitement; but now I am conscious that this afternoon I have lived a week. My very knees give way under me."

Upon this admission Ashmead hurried her to bed.

She slept soundly for some hours; but, having once awakened, she fell into a half sleepless state, and was full of dreams and fancies. These preyed on her so, that she rose and

despatched a servant to Ashmead, with a line in pencil begging him to take an early breakfast with her, at nine o'clock.

As soon as ever he came, she began upon the topic of last night. She had thought it over, and said, frankly, she was not without hopes the gentleman, if he was really a gentleman, might be contented with something less than half. But she really did not see how she could refuse him some share of her winnings, should he demand it. "Think of it," said she. "The poor man loses—£400, I think you said. Then he says, 'bet you for me,' and goes away, trusting to your honour. His luck changes in my hands. Is he to lose all when he loses, and win nothing when he wins, merely because I am so fortunate as to win much? However, we shall hear what *he* says. You gave him your address."

"I said I was at the 'Golden Star,'" growled Ashmead, in a tone that plainly showed he was vexed with himself for being so communicative.

"Then he will pay us a visit as soon as he hears; so I need give myself no further trouble."

"Why should you? Wait till he comes," said crafty Ashmead.

Ina Klosking coloured. She felt her friend was tempting her; and felt she was not quite beyond the power of temptation.

"What was he like?" said she, to turn the conversation.

"The handsomest young fellow I ever saw."

"Young, of course?"

"Yes, quite a boy; at least he looked a boy. To be sure his talk was not like a boy's; very precocious, I should say."

"What a pity! to begin gambling so young!"

"Oh, he is all right; if he loses every farthing of his own he will

marry money. Any woman would have him. You never saw such a curled darling."

"Dark or fair?"

"Fair. Pink and white, like a girl: a hand like a lady."

"Indeed! Fine eyes?"

"Splendid."

"What colour?"

"I don't know. Lord bless you! a man does not examine another man's eyes, like you ladies. However, now I think of it, there was one curious thing I should know him by anywhere."

"And what was that?"

"Well, you see, his hair was brown; but just above the forehead he had got one lock that was like your own, gold itself."

While he said this, the Klosking's face underwent the most rapid and striking changes; and at last she sat looking at him wildly.

It was some time before he noticed her, and then he was quite alarmed at her strange expression. "What is the matter?" said he. "Are you ill?"

"No, no, no; only a little—astonished. Such a thing as that is very rare."

"That it is. I never saw a case before."

"Not one, in all your life?" asked she, eagerly.

"Well, no; not that I remember."

"Excuse me a minute," said Ina Klosking, and went hurriedly from the room.

Ashmead thought her manner very strange, but concluded she was a little unhinged by yesterday's excitement. Moreover, there faced him an omelet of enormous size, and savoury. He thought this worthy to divide a man's attention even with a great creature's tantrums. He devoted himself to it, and it occupied him so agreeably, that he did not observe the conduct of

Mademoiselle Klosking on her return. She placed three photographs softly on the table, not very far from him, and then resumed her seat; but her eye never left him: and she gave monosyllabic and almost impatient replies to everything he mumbled with his mouth full of omelet.

When he had done his omelet, he noticed the photographs. They were all coloured. He took one up. It was an elderly woman, sweet, venerable, and fair-haired. He looked at Ina, and at the photograph, and said, "This is your mother."

"It is."

"It is angelic—as might be expected."

He took up another.

"This is your brother, I suppose. Stop. Hollo!—what is this?—Are my eyes making a fool of me?"

He held out the photograph at arm's length, and stared from it to her. "Why, madam," said he, in an awe-struck voice, "this is the gentleman—the player; I'd swear to him."

Ina started from her seat while he spoke. "Ah!" she cried, "I thought so—my Edward!" and sat down, trembling violently.

Ashmead ran to her, and sprinkled water in her face, for she seemed ready to faint: but she murmured, "No, no;" and soon the colour rushed into her face, and she clasped her hands together, and cried, "I have found him!" and soon the storm of varying emotions ended in tears that gave her relief.

It was a long time before she spoke; but when she did, her spirit and her natural strength of character took the upper hand. "Where is he?" said she, firmly.

"He told me he was at the 'Russie.'"

"We will go there at once. When is the next train?"

Ashmead looked at his watch.

"In ten minutes. We can hardly do it."

"Yes, we can. Order a carriage this instant. I will be ready in one minute."

They caught the train, and started.

As they glided along, Ashmead begged her not to act too hurriedly, and expose herself to insult.

"Who will dare insult me?"

"Nobody, I hope. Still I cannot bear you to go into a strange hotel hunting this man. It is monstrous; but I'm afraid you will not be welcome. Something has just occurred to me; the reason he ran off so sudden was he saw you coming. There was a mirror opposite. Ah, we need not have feared he would come back for his winnings. Idiot—villain!"

"You stab me to the heart," said Ina. "He ran away at sight of me? Ah, Jesu, pity me! What have I done to him?"

Honest Ashmead had much ado not to blubber at this patient cry of anguish, though the woman herself shed no tear just then. But his judgment was undimmed by passion, and he gave her the benefit. "Take my advice," said he, "and work it this way. Come in a close carriage to the side street that is nearest the 'Russie.' I'll go in to the hotel, and ask for him by his name—what is his name?"

"Mr Edward Severne."

"And say that I was afraid to stake his money; but a friend of mine, that is a bold player, undertook it, and had a great run of luck. 'There is money owing you,' says I, 'and my friend has brought it.' Then he is sure to come. You will have your veil down, I'll open the carriage-door, and tell him to jump in, and, when you have got him, you must make him hear reason. I'll give you a good chance—I'll shut the carriage-door."

DEVIOUS RAMBLES WITH A DEFINITE OBJECT.

NO. II.

WE were in Holland, contemplating with benign satisfaction the wealth, comfort, and tranquillity achieved for themselves by a sorely-tryed people, when we last communed with each other, and there I propose to linger yet awhile. Something in the air—something of impending danger and trial, arising out of conditions I shall afterwards explain—has laid its spell upon me, and, like the ancient mariner, I must on with my story. Certain little touches there are in Dutch history that, like Barbara's song—the old thing that expressed her story—will not pass from me; as, for instance, the following passing notice, written by an old Scotch lady about a hundred years ago—we shall have more from her further on:—"Last winter they lived in the terror of their lives. Eight hundred men wrought night and day to keep the sea from breaking in. There was a battery of cannon placed, the firing of which was to be a warning to the people to make their escape into Utrecht or Guelderland, which lies higher than the province of Holland and the Hague."* Such have been the sensations of those dwelling where "the broad ocean leans against the land."

Of that eminently comfortable and safe-looking city, Amsterdam, it is with calm fatalism asserted that a certain conjunction of events will drown it. I think they are—the wind in a particular direction, a spring-tide, and a contemporaneous melting of snow on the Alps. I have seen somewhere an estimate of the effect of certain physical conditions common to the Swiss and the

Dutch, followed by like effects on their natural destinies. One would not naturally assimilate them to each other, especially in the surrounding conditions of nature; and the deduction we refer to has just the amount of slight exaggeration—over certain ethnotic doctrines delivered in all gravity and sincerity—that is apt to prove effective sarcasm on that kind of inference. The soil trodden and cultivated by the Dutch is, it is said, the same that falls to the lot of the Swiss. Both are the *detritus* of the Alps, descending to Holland in the mud of the dirty Rhine. In both, communities are separated from each other by barriers difficult of passage—mountain-ranges in the one, navigable canals in the other. Hence it is not wonderful that both countries are conspicuous in such things as early literature and printing. Both are peculiar in the tenacious retention of old national costumes. Both take a conspicuous place in the annals of the Reformation. Still more illustrious are both for defying and humiliating aggrandising despots. So the mud of the Rhine brings down with it to the plain "the mountain nymph, sweet liberty;" though it has to be observed that neither learning nor liberty is brought to the Slavonians and Turks inhabiting the diluvial plains carried down on the other side by the Danube. It is common to both countries on the Rhenish side to have perils from uncontrollable physical cause—the avalanche and the flood. Of the share of these falling to the Low Countries you gave a spirited account recently in a criticism on

* The Coltness Collection.

Henry Havard's "Voyage aux Villes mortes du Zuiderzee." But, in truth, this is not the kind of peril we are dreaming about at this moment, but another, of a kind coming nearer to ourselves.

Whatever spirit of independence has been created by the *detritus* of the Alps, has been preserved in greater purity by its distant than by its immediate acquirers. The Swiss are perhaps rather hardly dealt with when they are proclaimed to be the types of mercenary servility in the maxim,—"Point de argent—point de Suisse;" but the British tourist endorses it in the belief that there is no act of degraded servility that the Swiss will refuse to do if he is offered a sufficient sum of money—the full value of the self-respect cast away! The female castaway twits the virtuous prude as never having been subject to the temptations that have sapped the virtue of her lost neighbour. Is it, then, that the fatal gift of beauty has corrupted high-minded peasants? But we have chaste beauties, and there are grand mountainous districts, such as the Bavarian Highlands and the Tyrol, free of servility. Let us hope that the ancient spirit still lingers in the descendants of those who first built the mighty dykes, and then cut them to submerge the land rather than give it to the tyrant foreigner. Let us hope this, I say; for it is possible, in the course of events, that we may look to them as friends available in the hour of need.

In the days when our country had few practical grounds for dreading immediate invasions, there were from time to time frantic panics, having yet a sort of good in them in their revealing the designs that were deemed practicable by our enemy, and enabling us to estimate the amount of that practicability from

our own side. We know that of the two great projects for the invasion of this country devised by the Revolution Government, the earliest was to be by descent on Gullane, on the east coast of southern Scotland. It was an out-of-the-way place, to and from which news did not easily travel; and there was a large track of waste sandy land around, where troops, from five to ten thousand, were to be posted in the first place, and, by reinforcements, to be gradually strengthened. If this project could have been fairly begun, there would soon have been an army in Haddingtonshire greater than the British Government could send against it. The plan of 1803 was to be of a more brilliant character. Preparations were made so that the thing should be accomplished at once. It is very picturesquely and practically described by Thiers, who, like all great historians, left no document that could be turned to the service of his inquiry unused. The invaders were not to come in ships—all the harbours of England would not have been sufficient to shelter them. They were to pass the Channel in stout, flat-bottomed boats, and to be "beached," as it is termed—that is to say, with very little water they could be run close to the natural shore, needing no harbour accommodation. All was in the hands of one who did things on a handsome scale. The number of men who were to honour us with a visit was 150,000, and the boats prepared for the expedition were above 2000. There were little difficulties, however, in the way. A favourable wind must adjust itself to a certain condition of the tide, and the British fleet must be absent from the Channel. All the world knows the events that rendered the opportunity impossible,

and made the troops that covered the shores from Rotterdam to Brest turn their back on us, and march onwards to Germany; so completely topsy-turvy the grandest design of invasion since the days of Xerxes, as to leave it doubtful whether the whole was a hoax to cheat poor Germany into a belief that her terrible enemy had enough on his hands elsewhere.

Now the points whence the embarkation was to pounce on us were little more than thirty miles distant. Unless by some Power conquering and occupying France, such vicinity for the starting-point of an invading force will not be available till the days of our grandchildren. It was proclaimed, on medical or physiological authority, that after Waterloo France could not be troublesome until fifty-five years had passed over, and seen the grandchildren of the existing generation grown to manhood. The result is curiously confirmative of this view; for threaten as it might, France never put itself in a position to go forward and strike a great blow until the year 1870—and we know what came of it then. The world will have been tossed over and over ere France be dangerous to us again; and, in fact, danger from that quarter is a sensation blotted out of human thoughts and expectations. There is no extravagant absurdity more completely lost in the chaos of impossible calculations than that.

But then Hermann, in the delirious triumph of successes beyond his wildest dreams, what may not he attempt? It is true, that instead of being but thirty miles from us he is three hundred; but is there anything that the men who marched to Paris cannot do? Well, the faculties of all of us are limited; and it does not follow that because men have marched three hundred miles

over the land, they can quite as easily march the same distance over the water. There are people, no doubt, not logical enough to achieve this nice distinction—a celebrated instance being the three young Persian princes who paid an unexpected visit to this country between forty and fifty years ago. They had for their preceptor—and fortunately also for the people, who were curious about their character and adventures, as their historian—James Baillie Fraser, the author of the ‘Tour in the Himalaia Mountains, and the Journey into Kherasen.’ They were very plaintive to Sahib Fraser about the indifferent treatment they had received from the King of England, since the King of France had brought them to his Court on solid ground all the way, and the King of England had made them sail over the water. It was of no avail that Sahib Fraser explained the geographical condition of an island, and the impossibility of getting at it from the Continent without crossing a certain breadth of water—both the terrors and the gastric derangements of the voyage were to the last attributed to the spite, or, at all events, the scant courtesy, of the King of England.

And now, in case you should get suspicious of my tendency, I must bespeak your patience and favour by an assurance that I am not going to desecrate the sanctity of your beloved ‘Battle of Dorking.’ Nay, I use these expressions towards it because I believe that never in any oration or sermon by divine, however gifted, has there been pronounced so emphatic a precept of thankfulness for the continued granting of that so brief and momentous prayer whispered each week by every sound Churchman—“From plague, pestilence, and famine; from battle, and murder, and sudden death—good Lord, deliver

us." It is well to let us see with such terrifying distinctness that wherefrom we have been so signal-ly exempt. It is well even if the shuddering imagination should be so disturbed that it cannot realise the possible perpetuity of the exemption, because this will teach us to look vigilantly at all our elements of national defence. We may not prepare to meet a swiftly coming invasion when we know that long successive changes of conditions must elapse ere it can be an immediate object to us. We need not be shivering in the cold because people, 400 years hence, are to have no fuel. But through the revolutions in mechanical power, in the temper of nations, and in their aggrandisements in wealth and territory, it is well that we wisely and watchfully keep the danger as distant as it now is.

In this country none of us but veteran soldiers have a real conception either of the practical operations of war, or of the ruin and misery that must attend them. We see with admiration the picturesque ruffianism of the heroes of the Thirty Years' War in the paintings of Salvator and the lively Wallenstein of Schiller. We have something still more close to horrid reality in the engravings of Callot, where there is a bunch of men—people in the condition to be treated as spies, perhaps—hanging from the broad branches of a venerable oak-tree; and there is a cottage interior with a pillaging party, who are hanging the peasant occupant by the heels before a fire to torture him into revelation of his property. But all these things are about as far from realities to us as the rape of the Sabines or the battle of Cannæ. It is singular that probably the liveli-est glance of the effects of comparatively modern warfare in our own country is in the touching descrip-

tion by Scott in his 'Waverley,' when he has to tell the story of the bitter end; but this is a small affair. We have been countless times frightened without being hurt, and have known nothing of the miseries of invasion, save the flutters of an occasional gentle panic. The feats of Charles XII. of Sweden seemed so astounding that people believed he was capable of striding over the world with those great boots of his, and that he would take Britain in his way; whereupon Defoe wrote one of his spirited pamphlets, with the title, "What if the Swedes should come?"

In the year 1754 there was a panic about an invasion by France. Its chief claim to celebrity is, that it was the occasion of the sole hoax or mystification attributed to David Hume. It begins with a sea-fight, wherein Prince Edward lost both his legs, and "our friend, poor Dr Blair, would not go below deck, but stood by the Prince's side during the whole engagement, till his head was carried off by a double-headed shot." Then comes a despatch "giving an account of the landing of the French in Torbay to the number of 20,000 foot and 5000 horse. They believe already in London that they are 60,000 strong. The panic is inconceivable. The people in the country are hurrying up to town; those in the town are hurrying down to the country. Nobody thinks of resistance. Every one believes the French, Popery, and the Pretender to be at their heels." Then comes a touch of reality, such as one would attribute rather to the author of the 'Tale of a Tub' than to him who wrote 'The Treatise of Human Nature': "In order to prepare the way for this blow, the perfidious French had employed somebody to blow up the magazine in the Tower. I heard the explosion this morning about five o'clock.

All London is covered with rubbish, and stones, and brick, and broken arms. There fell into our back court a shattered musket and the bloody leg of a man. I thought the day of judgment was come when I first heard the explosion, and began to think seriously of my sins.”*

In later times Sir William Napier entered into a practical-looking discussion of the tactics that might be or should be adopted in the case of a foreign force getting up to the sources of the Wandle and threatening London, thinking perhaps, with old Blücher, “*Mein Gott! what ein stadt vor to sack!*” But these were idle trifles to the solemn reality of your prose epic; and so we are all the more deeply indebted to the author of ‘*The Battle of Dorking*’ for the warning he has given us. But the Germans have not come yet, and it is open to me to look at the difficulties in the way of their coming, as it was to Defoe when he discussed the affair of the booted king.

A glance at the map of Europe at once reveals the importance of Holland and Belgium in the cast of the great drama that will have to be acted when Britain and Germany for the first time cross bayonets in a European and national war. We have often had to fight with Germans, but never when in the cause of Fatherland. In the war of the Spanish succession, the Bavarians—nearly annihilated at Blenheim—were fighting under their paltry Elector in the cause of France; and so it was occasionally in the contest with Napoleon. It is a strange thing within the last thirty years to have sometimes come across veteran sons of Hermann who tell you of their services under Napoleon in Italy, Spain, or Russia—strange, indeed, when we see the Kaiser on his imperial throne again, with all Father-

land and its national Teutonic population rallying round him. It is a noble thing in itself to contemplate; but we must for all that look after our own interests, and see what manner of people our nearest neighbours—or rather the nearest neighbours who are in a condition to be troublesome—are.

Belgium is nearer than Holland, but the nature of the people and certain political conditions render Holland the more important of the two. Time was when Holland played a critical stake in the great game of European politics. It is a small State, but full of life and vigour, and the time may come when it can again influence the destinies of Europe. We know its old power but too well, for it had a very close struggle with us for the empire of the waves:—

“Great talk,” says Pepys, “of the Dutch proclaiming themselves in India Lords of the Southern seas, and denying traffic there to all ships but their own, upon pain of confiscation, which makes our merchants mad.”—*Diary*, ii. 282.

And again—

“To the Fleece in Cornhill, by appointment, to meet my Lord Marlborough, a serious and worthy gentleman, who began to talk of the state of the Dutch in India, which is like to be in a little time without any control—for we are lost there, and the Portuguese as bad.”—*Ibid.*, ii. 276.

But the matter comes by degrees nearer home:—

“All the news this day is, that the Dutch are, with twenty-two sail of ships of war cruising up and down about Ostend—at which we are alarmed. My Lord Sandwich is come back into the Downs with only eight sail, which is, or may be, a prey to the Dutch, if they knew our weakness and inability to set out any more speedily.”—*Ibid.*, ii. 371.

It is one of the results of the

* Life and Correspondence, i. 64.

warlike portion of historical evolution, that there cannot be two Powers supreme at sea, as there may on land. It is a matter settled by geographical conditions as absolutely as the phenomenon of the impossibility that an army shall march across the Channel. The quarrelling parties have access to each other on the sea, and can fly at each other's throats. For the weaker to have undergone the ordeal that gives supremacy to the stronger, is no doubt a sore trial, beset with hardships and calamities; but the sooner it is over the better. The end has tended to beneficence in placing the absolute rule where it is. We have no interest to use our transcendent power for any other purpose but for keeping the police of the ocean. Every honest trading or passenger vessel is, in the eye of our navy, much in the position that the respectable dealer in the Strand or Regent Street holds towards those gentry of Scotland Yard who are a terror to evil-doers, and a praise and protection to them that do well. It was a different affair in the days of Pepys; and one of his cries of agony against the Dutch recalls another Power that had at one time the presumption to dispute the empire of the sea with England. Perhaps it may be a surprise to your readers that this Power was Scotland. Yet any one who considers the growth of the two countries will not find such rivalry an absurdity, or even an anomaly. There is more of the blood of the old Vikings—who a thousand years ago held the command of the Northern seas and a portion of the Southern—in Scotland than in England. In comparatively modern warfare, however, the wealth of England and the consequent superiority in naval equipment made the struggle of the Scots for supremacy a brief affair. After the union of the crowns, when Scot-

land, though still a separate kingdom, became the natural ally instead of the natural enemy of her nearest neighbour, we find the naval power growing again, and so we have Pepys telling how

"This day the news is come that the fleet of the Dutch of about twenty ships, which came upon our coasts upon design to have intercepted our colliers—but by good luck failed—is gone to the Firth, and there lies, perhaps to trouble the Scotch privateers, who have galled them of late very much,—it may be more than all our last year's fleet."—*Diary*, iv. 35.

And this episode being at an end, let us see the climax of disaster to us, and of triumph to the Dutch, under the very eyes of the mortified Secretary to the Admiralty. He has walked to Stepney, where he expects to meet certain good fellows and find consolation—as people do in the present day—in a good dinner and wine, and even to some extent in discussing the calamitous news. He finds that

"They dine not there, but at Deptford, and there find them just sat down. And so I down with them; and we had a good dinner of plain meat, and good company at table. Among others, my good Mr Evelyn, with whom after dinner I stepped aside and talked about the present posture of our affairs—which is, that the Dutch are known to be abroad with eighty sail of ships of war, and twenty fire-ships, and the French come into the Channel with twenty sail of men-of-war and five fire-ships, while we have not a ship at sea to do them any hurt with."—*Ibid.*, iv. 61.

And here is the way that men in power are taking the danger that is distracting the soul of the rather worldly and selfish Secretary—

"To the commissioners of the Treasury, and after long waiting, I find them all sat! And among the rest, Duncomb lolling with his heels upon another chair by that he sat upon. Captain Perryman brings us word how the Happy Return's crew below in

the Hope ordered to carry the Portugal ambassador to Holland (and the ambassador, I think, on board) refuse to go till paid; and by their example two or three ships more are in mutiny, which is a sad consideration, while so many of the enemy's ships are this day triumphing in the sea."—*Ibid.*, iv. 62.

"In comes my Lord Barkeley, who is going down to Harwich also, to look after the militia there; and there is also the Duke of Monmouth, and with him a great many young Hectors—the Lord Chesterfield, my Lord Mandeville, and others—but to little purpose, I fear, but to bebauch the countrywomen thereabouts." "Up—and news brought us that the Dutch are come up as high as the Nore, and more pressing orders for fire-ships—W. Batten, W. Pew, and I to St James's; whence the Duke of York had gone this morning by times to send away some men down to Chatham. So we three to Whitehall and meet Sir W. Coventry, who presses all that is possible for fire and ships. So we three to the office presently; and thither comes Sir Fretchville Hollis, who is to command them all in some exploits he is to do with them on the enemy in the river. So we all down to Deptford and pitched upon ships, and set men at work, but had to see how backwardly things were at this pinch."—iv. 65.

"This morning Pett writes us word that Sheerness is lost last night after two or three hours' dispute. The enemy hath possessed himself of their place, which is very sad, and puts us in great fears of Chatham."—iv. 67. "Find that the Dutch have made no motion since their taking Sheerness; and the Duke of Albemarle writes that all is safe as to the great ships against any assault, the boom and chain being so fortified—which put my heart into great joy."—iv. 68.

But the joy is premature.

"The news is come to Court of the Dutch breaking the chain at Chatham—which struck me to the heart. And to Whitehall to hear the truth of it. And there going up the park stairs I did hear some lackeys speaking of sad news come to Court, saying there is hardly anybody in the Court but do look as if he cried." "Hence where all our hearts do now ache; for the news is true that the Dutch have broke the

chain and burned our ships, and particularly the Royal Charles."—iv. 69.

Sir John Denham was pleased to put into rhymes, which he called poetry, instructions of a nature to inspire an artist to paint a picture to match:—

"Painter, let thine art describe a story
Shaming our warlike island's ancient
glory; "

And that the painter may take courage, he is to represent the Dutch:—

"Swift as our fears make them to Chat-
ham sail,
Through our weak line their fire-ships
break their way,
And our great ships unmanned become
their prey.
Then draw the fruit of our ill-managed
court,
At once our honour and our safety lost,
Bury those bulwarks of our isle in smoke,
While their thick flames the neighbour-
ing country choke.
The Charles escapes the raging element,
To be with triumph into Holland sent,
Where the glad people to the shore resort,
They see their terror now become their
sport."

But enough about the one occasion when hostile guns were heard in London. Let us recall the influence of Holland on the destinies of Europe at a time when, instead of disgrace sung in dire doggerel, the triumphs of Marlborough were sung in the heroics of Addison. Let the place be Nimeguen, the old capital of Guelderland, the time 1702, at the outbreak of the war of the Spanish succession. Before you take your railway ticket, it may be well to commit to memory that the place of your destination is in phonetic spelling Nidgmyginn; and it may be as well to remember the same when the station is called out, lest you be swept on to Utrecht. It may prove no consolation, if you have made arrangements for meeting your family, that the one is as memorable in the history of treaties as the other; and that, in fact, while the Nimeguen treaty

brought us little but troubles, that of Utrecht gave us Gibraltar and our footing in North America.

The difficulties about getting breakfast—difficulties that threatened defeat—are fortunately over. You find that a herring, ever associated with the country you are in, is unknown. You at last alight on an omelet, but you must wait more than half an hour for the cooking of it. But when it comes it is a masterpiece, like a great snowball—all a richly-flavoured froth. With it, and a round bright scarlet cheese like a Brobdignagian cherry, your heart is content. In the interval of doubt you have been thinking over the name of the hotel—or the “sluttry,” as phonetically an establishment as clean as a new sheet of paper, is called. It is the Hotel Gheeratz—what faded recollection does that recall? Yes, it is the paternal name of him who was illustrious as Erasmus; and forthwith there rises before the mental eye that bronze statue at the end of the canal in Rotterdam, with the strange thin half-sarcastic half-zealous face, carrying the type of ancient studious Dutch life into the centre of the turbulent bustle of the great quay. Let us walk up the narrow zigzag street, past the old stately statehouse, and then on the rampart, till we reach the top of a tall watch-tower. There see the rapid Waal, as the Rhine is called here, with its multitudinous shipping. A huge ferry-boat, or rather ship, sways like a pendulum from bank to bank. It is chained to an anchor up the stream, and the touch of the helm, when it has reached either bank, makes it return to the other by a lateral motion. On the land side the bird’s-eye view may remind you of the apt name given to a kind of pebble often found in Scotland—the bastion agate. Wide over the land stretch the great earthworks of the old fortification, and in their

bosom is the town, like a small central nodule of the agate. These earthworks are not converted into ornamental grounds, as they might be, and thus a few morsels of them are let into the park, like pleasure-grounds of some suburban houses. Let us descend into the ditches. There is no remnant of their martial array save a morsel of a gabion sticking in the sod, as if Mars, in ascending from the earth, had left a fragment of his helmet. There are abundant flowers and some solid mushrooms. Nothing can breathe more of rural peace than the green mounds, yet had they been of old lit up by “fires of death.”

Little more than twenty years had elapsed since the treaty signed here had given poor Holland an interval of peace, when the war of the Spanish succession swept Europe. Here it made its actual beginning. The grasping King Louis had sworn by his gods that he would snatch from the Dutch the fair garden they had made for themselves out of slime and sand. He was to begin with Nimeguen. It was the gate not only of Holland, but leading through it by Zell into Germany. There was not a single cannon on these ramparts. The French made a dash on the town. The old soldier Athlone expected this, and he too was on his way for its defence with a small British force. It was a race, Athlone gaining by a few hundred yards; but Holland was saved, and presently the ramparts bristled with the cannon that had been hidden in vaults. Such was the beginning of the great war.

Having seen that the Dutch can hold a great card in any game of European war, let us see what manner of people they are, and whether on such an occasion they are likely to be for us or against us. I shall begin with the sayings of one who speaks about them from a century ago. Perhaps some of your

readers are so ignorant as not to recognise what I mean when I refer them to the Coltness Collection. Let me enlighten them by a slight anecdote. The late Lord Cockburn mentioned once that a celebrated statesman—now departed, as he himself is—told him how Jeffrey and others were raving about a story of a beggar girl and her grandfather wandering about. This was the story of “Little Nell” in Dickens’s ‘Old Curiosity Shop.’ The statesman had endeavoured in vain to read and enjoy it; but he was consoled for his disappointment by casually alighting on the Coltness Collection, containing as it did a tour in Holland by a sagacious old Scotch lady, Mrs Calderwood of Polton. From this, having already taken a brief passage from it, I offer the following specimens. Here we have Dutch magnificence :—

“A Dutch hack is finer than any coach the King of Britain has—black japanned ground, with fine carved cornices round the windows, all upon the carriage, and on the wheels, all over gilt. The gentlemen’s coaches are still finer, all painted and japanned, and overlaid with coats of arms and cornets, as if they were all dukes and princes. They are all lined with flowered velvet, a gold or silver fringe round the coachman’s seat; the finest liveries, quite covered over with paces, more than any drummer ever you saw, broad-laced hats, and large shoulder-knots. The harness was of red turkey leather, with a great many fine buckles, double gilt. The horses’ manes are plet with scarlet or other colours of worsted binding. The reins are the same; and the horse has a large bob of a tassel at each ear, such as hang at a lady’s chair, the same tying up their tails sometimes, and a large top betwixt their ears. They mostly are mares, which are very large and finely shaped, very black, with long tails. They are so fat, so well kept, and clean-skinned, that they are the prettiest creatures ever I saw.” — Coltness Collection, p. 136.

Then in Rotterdam—

“You see an innumerable quantity of ships and boats continually passing, and many pleasure-boats, on which the extravagant Dutch beaux lay out a vast deal of money. One of them I heard of had three sloops for his pleasure, of different sizes. The largest cost a thousand pounds sterling.” — *Ibid.*, p. 138.

Follows a sketch of Amsterdam :

“There are some of the principal streets that from one end to the other are all fine houses, with gardens behind them; and as you pass, each house has a large gate with panes of glass, through which you see the gardens behind, full of flowers and statues, with walks and parterres, all laid with shells of various colours, or pieces of glass, like birds’ eggs, of different colours, and laid in shapes which appear like a rary show-box when seen through the glass gate. In these houses are contained great estates in pictures, china, mirrors and marble, gildings, carvings, and statues and japanned works, besides silks, velvets, and embroidery.” — *Ibid.*, p. 160.

Let us see how important the herring had become :—

“Will you see how the Dutch heron-fishery always thrives, and how many bushes they have? But you must know that that affair of herron is like witchcraft here. The first herron that comes in are cured after a particular manner. The French salt is refined here, and then sent out to cure the herron. Every town, or certain ships, are privileged by turns to bring home the first herron, which no sooner arrive than every man, woman, and child in Holland run upon them as if they were mad; they will sell in the morning at half-a-crown apiece, and at night come down to threepence. The first herron arrived since I came here about three o’clock in the morning, and I was told one of the great burgomasters in this town sent for a couple, and sat up in his bed and ate them. It can be nothing but a sort of natural instinct that makes them be so run upon; for it is observed no disease rages the time of the herron, and they cure everybody that is not well.”

It is perhaps a consolation to the old Scotswoman to have to say amidst all the magnificent and affluent surroundings—

“The thing I think the oddest about the Dutch is their appearance; there are almost none of them have the look of gentlemen or ladies. The men are tolerable—they have the air of sober men of business; but for the ladies, they look like chambermaids, put on them what you please, and they dress very plain. A fine gilt coach will pass, and in it a chambermaid in her Sunday’s clothes, or an old, worn-out housekeeper; and when you see them walking from church dressed, they are just like a lady from the country, who has not had on a hoop nor a fan in her hand for twenty years, looking very prim, with her elbows into her sides, her two hands straight out before her, holding the fan out likewise, as if she was to red her way by it, and haghting as if she thought all her pitecots were coming off.”

Yet another morsel ere I close the book—a book in the solemn gravity of its quarto dimensions scarcely giving promise of so genial an interior. In what follows, curiosity and gossip are brightened up with some touches of sagacious philosophy:—

“The Dutch churches are very clean and pretty—some with marble, some with stone. They have very few seats fixed, and most people sit on chairs. This church is battered as full of escutcheons as the wall can hold. There is a fine organ in each; and in several, very pretty monuments of the Orange family, and of their great admirals—as De Ruiter, &c. I think they are the best set of reformers, for they have just keepped what they could afford and no more; and whim or fancy never governs the Dutch. A Sunday is very droll in Holland. They almost all wear black to go to church; and you would take them for so many Seceders, they put on such a Sunday face, and walk as if they could not look up. No sooner is the sermon over, but they fall to feasting, drinking, and dancing. This was certainly not originally Presbyterian. But as their situation made all nations come

amongst them, they could easily perceive they could not get a day, in which there was no work, keepped in a manner peculiar to themselves; so I suppose they thought it better to permit such things than to let them be done by way of sin—which, to be sure, was right, for when folks came to think light of the sin, they soon think light of others; and you see in all penitent confessions that breach of Sunday was the first thing loosened their conscience.

“The Dutch folks are very solid and rational. They are not the people I would like to live among, by their appearance. But one must admire them for their solidity, industry, and painstaking in everything, and for the latitude they give to everybody to follow their own way. They have no notion of what we call *whity waty*; nor can they, I find, comprehend one’s being undetermined. Though they have no vivacity, yet I think they are smart, and smarter a great deal than the English—that is, more uptaking.”

Mrs Calderwood is more partial to the Dutch than to her English neighbours. But it must not be forgotten that she was born in the days when her countrymen still remembered the long chapter of national wrongs inflicted on them by “the auld enemies from England.” Her prejudices took some grotesque shapes—as where she held that the cows of Scotland were more intelligent than those of England, because “an English cow does not see another spot than where she feeds, and has as little intelligence as the people; whereas with us there are few places which does not hang on the side of a hill, by which means the cattle see what is above and below them.”—P. 136.

The reader of such passages can easily understand that—as the editor of the diary tells us about her domestic influence—“Mr Calderwood appears to have been an easy, indolent man, with very indifferent health, who, having discovered in his wife superior qualifications for the conduct of family affairs, de-

volved upon her the whole management of his concerns." It is not so easy to understand how the sturdy-minded woman was the sister of a man who had made an arrangement with a personal friend that whichever of them died first should in the spirit visit the other in a certain garden; and the lady's brother, being the survivor, was deeply disappointed and provoked that the ghost of his friend did not fulfil the promise made in the flesh.*

Mrs Calderwood's estimate of the plebeianism of the Dutch is measured by elements long forgotten,—hoops, fans, powder, and pomatum on the female side; periwigs and small-clothes on the male. The Dutch are a signally conservative people, with little of the social restlessness of our own race, ever rising and falling. Their "common people" grow rich without altering their ways or abandoning their peasant costume. In Rotterdam last year I had a good opportunity of seeing crowds of peasant women in costume, for it was the time of the fair. There stood before me a considerable phalanx of these nymphs, just deposited by train or steamer. I was about to ask the way to the fair; but I bethought me that these women are going thither, and I may follow them. They were not corpulent, but certainly large, with a deal of "wecht," as we say in Scotland—thoroughly clean and respectable-looking, both young and old. But it was destined that they were not to guide me. They stopped suddenly, grunting away to each other with great power and rapidity in their rough Teutonic, and, I regret to say, the end of their conference was that they suddenly turned to

the left and were all engulfed in a body into a gin-palace. That they are not above the pomps and vanities of this wicked world I had further evidence at the fair, where I saw the exact duplicates of those I had left behind mounted on merry-go-rounds, and solemnly enjoying themselves in all their finery of golden blinkers, and those mysteriously projecting horns in the shape of screws.

I hope I am not given to any irreverent amount of inquisitiveness about feminine costume, but I certainly have felt a mechanical curiosity as to the means by which those blinkers and screws are affixed to the head; and it was my fortune, on the eve of the fair, to have that curiosity gratified. In a steamer close to the quay about a dozen of them were sitting with their heads not two feet from my eyes. The sun was shining full on these heads, so as to penetrate the gauze of their large caps, and then I perceived that each head was encased in a glittering brazen helmet. What will not the female frame endure for fashion's sake!

Sir John Skene, the great lawyer, alike the Coke and the Lyttleton of Scotland, was called by his friend Sir James Melville a "stout man—like a Dutchman." But why this should have been, as Sir James urged, a reason for sending him as ambassador to Denmark, seems about as illogical as the celebrated equivalent about speaking French and playing on the German flute. I never saw any corpulent people among the Dutch—none of the leviathan conglomerates of turtle and turbot to be beheld in London—not even the abdominal globularity

* The brother was Sir James Stuart of Coltness, sometimes called "The father of political economy." The book called 'The Coltness Collection' was edited by a genial scholar, whose too early death left a blank in the world—James Dennistoun of Dennistoun, the author of 'Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino.'

that the Parisian sometimes carries on his spindle shanks, nor the unhealthy flabbiness of the German. Any Dutch gentlefolks I have seen generally had the air of what we call high-breeding—slender, clean made, with good features, and healthy colour in the cheeks. I have not recently seen any gentlewoman in the old costume; but some thirty years ago one might see young beauties, their vermilion complexions bedded in large golden blinkers and other articles of jewellery, hovering about in picture-galleries and other places of resort. I remember the contrast they made to a vision I carried with me from a hospice in the Oberland—a large coarse-faced old woman, in the fairy costume of a Titania, bearing to the *table d'hôte* a great roasted sirloin as greasy as herself.

I am inclined to sympathise in the doubt expressed by Mrs Calderwood as to whether the Dutch would be pleasant folks to live with. I take it, they are not of a conformable character. I remember a party of us who had come down from Germany, wearing a kind of straw hat prevalent in the upper territories of the Rhine, getting mobbed on account of these same hats in Amsterdam. Last year I saw a visible risibility in Arnheim, evidently directed to a German student's cap worn by me. I went back to my inn and put on a shabbyish London-made hat, and that hat was spontaneously greeted with something like the reverence that was exacted towards the hat of Gesler.

There are many incompatibilities between the Dutch and the Germans. That of mere physical cleanliness is expressively marked by Philip de Comines as a feature of the fifteenth century. Whenever you cross the frontier and enter Cleve, you pass at once out of spotless purity into filth. In this transit there are other symp-

toms of unfusibility between the Dutchman and the German. In one day I had my luggage twice examined more strictly than it had been throughout weeks of travelling among various nations. Having to go by railway from Nimeguen to Maestricht, I passed through a corner of Cleve, and there was an examination on entering German territory, and another on returning to Dutch territory. Surely if there were a good understanding between neighbours, this might be avoided.

Among civilised communities, the Dutch are the most accomplished traders—the Germans perhaps the clumsiest. In answer to this, perhaps you may point to the Germans who are settling in the English large towns—chiefly Manchester and Liverpool—and there making great fortunes. But this phenomenon is accounted for by the fact that these enterprising spirits have no opportunity for the exercise of their ambition and enterprise among their sluggish neighbours at home. There is a timidity that makes the German loath to cast his money on the waters if there is the slightest possibility that it may be lost there. He is ready to sell, but not to buy. Perhaps some British travellers may have had experience of this tendency in the wine districts, as I have had. It takes the shape of persecution to invest in the native liquid. Last year, just on parting from a genial fellow-townsmen who is a great oriental scholar—we met on the banks of the Rhine by one of the happy accidents that brighten the wandering life—I was harassed for a couple of hours by one who reminded me of those frightful advertisements which propose to enlist young men of “indomitable energy and perseverance” in canvassing for the sale of a new and popular work. He was a gentleman with large estates, and sold his own wine to the consumer when he could.

He brought his ledger with him to show the extent of his business. When I expressed myself satisfied with my present lot in giving a profit to a respectable wine merchant for the saving of personal trouble, he endeavoured to convince me that such an arrangement was an injustice to the producer. In the end, he expressed some anxiety about an Irish purchaser whom he had the satisfaction of largely supplying, but who did not yet appear to have fulfilled his part of the transaction. The name and title was something like Sir Lucius O'Phlumery of Castle Phlumery, but I had not the good fortune to enjoy the acquaintance of that illustrious person. It occurred to me that if my tormentor paid his harassing attentions to many of the countrymen of Sir Lucius, he might get a large stock of his commodity taken out of his hands without an equivalent being placed in them. And if such results should teach him and others of his kind to abandon the practice of harassing natives of the United Kingdom at large, it would be a gracious and characteristic service, wherein Ireland might show a noble oblivion of the many wrongs she has suffered at the hands of Britain.

On the whole, I think it likely, looking at compatibilities and incompatibilities, that in the case of a great European quarrel, the Dutch would join with us rather than with Germany. But the one argument most conclusive of all to this end is, that helping Germany means annexation, while helping us is helping the friend and protector. It was not always so in the old days when Holland was our rival, and our bitter and dangerous rival. How dangerous she was may be found treated at great length in the naval essays of Sir William Monson, printed in Churchill's great collection of travels. He urges that

if we are not altogether to conquer Holland, we must at all events take possession of a material guarantee; and he pitches on Flushing as the proper place to be occupied by us, describing at length how we are to proceed in attacking that swampy province. His tracts were not intended, it will be observed, for immediate publication, so that the Dutch did not know the danger they were in. Thus would Flushing have been an addition to those small strong British possessions dotted over the world, so useful for the service both of our fleets and merchant shipping. Lord Palmerston used to call them sentry-boxes, but perhaps they might more aptly be termed police-stations. We have Aden, Malta, Gibraltar, and Heligoland. They are in some respects like a group of chessmen: though steady in their places, their relative power and importance shift with the events that shift the relations to each other of the Powers of Europe. Who would have predicted that a day might come when Heligoland might be a more important item among our places of defence than even Gibraltar? Then there is that noble group of sentry-boxes or stations, the Channel Islands. Cherbourg was the spectre that frightened us into a careful reorganisation of our forts there, and a complexity of precautions against surprise or force. We have spent a deal of money on these fortresses, and Cherbourg is as innocent of any offence towards us or ours as Cyprus is. Half a century will elapse ere there is again danger there. Let us not grudge, however, what we have done to posterity; and in the meantime, what if all our power concentrated in the Channel Islands should enable us some day to send an army to protect France from annihilation?

It was said—we don't vouch for the truth of the thing—that when

the Germans got possession of the equipments of the defeated French, they found an ample supply of maps, plans, and directions for penetrating into Germany, but none to give any aid in a retreat back through France. With us the corresponding characteristics take an opposite character. How often do we hear of the possibility, or even probability, of Hermann marching to London? but who gives utterance to a whisper of Britannia marching to Berlin? Of course there is nothing further from our thoughts than any attempt to perform such a feat as a spontaneous act. The man who should contemplate it would be socially adjudged to be a lunatic. But a war is that great exterminator of all prejudices and traditions and general ideas, that renders all things that are physically possible also morally possible. It will not fit us in projecting a journey to the moon, but it *may* render a march to Berlin an act of wise precaution or even a necessity.

In Queen Anne's wars our soldiers had as easy access to Germany through Holland as any one province of Germany had to another. They were as much at home among the Dutch as among their own countrymen. Then perhaps Denmark is not so much beholden to Prussia that she would sternly refuse us a path through her territory. The path that way is still more open—in fact there is scarce a hedge or ditch to interrupt an army marching to Berlin. The defenceless nature of those plains makes one absolutely nervous as in sympathetic interest about some one in peril; and you are ever reminded by the strong barns of the granges and the heavily-stanchioned windows, that the soldier has already been an unwelcome guest there.

One would scarcely desire the

thing to come to pass; but there is no doubt that fighting in our enclosed grounds on any great scale would afford a new precedent in warfare, and an opportunity for original tactics. Even in the great battle of Waterloo the contest round the small chateau of Hougomont is full of intense separate interests. We have had at home some instances of fighting among enclosures, but of small dimensions. There was one at Worcester, and two at Preston, upwards of sixty years separated from each other—Cromwell gaining the one, and the army sent from England to suppress the affair of the '15 the other. In the affair at Clifton, in their retreat from Derby, the Highlanders of the '45 escaped apparently by less than half an hour—escaped absolute extinction, by getting among enclosures. On the other hand, the English troops at Prestonpans mismanaged the possession of enclosures. They got entangled among them, so that they could not form for charging, and were pushed against the walls and slaughtered. It was a mistake of the same kind on a larger scale by the French and Bavarians that made our victory at Blenheim so complete. More than twenty thousand men were comfortably packed into a village where they effectually barricaded themselves, waiting in safety for their opportunity. At a moment preposterously unconformable to the calculations of a commander trained in all the rules of war, they found themselves surrounded by an enemy flushed with success in other parts of the field. They could neither assail that enemy nor could they get out, whether to fight or to run away. Having a prejudice against being pounded to a jelly by cannon-balls and crashing houses, there was consequently no alternative for them but an unconditional surrender.

SPECULATIVE INVESTMENTS.

WE are safe in saying that speculative investors have seldom had more disastrous experiences than lately, and we should be sorry to hazard any reassuring predictions as to what may be awaiting them in the immediate future. We are aware that it is the habit to speak of them as a class who are entitled to little sympathy; as publicans who were born to point a moral for the satisfaction of moneyed Pharisees. Whenever they are caught in a squall on the stream as the tide of fortune sets against them—while they are tossing their damaged property overboard, or clinging to its dangerous dead-weight in imminent peril of swamping altogether—they are howled at by the onlookers who are standing safe on the shore or have been paddling ankle-deep in the shallows. That the old proverb of “Fools and their money” is perpetually finding fresh illustrations is a fact we are not concerned to deny; and we should be glad if the offenders who hastened to be unrighteously rich came more swiftly and invariably to well-merited retribution. But we have at least as little sympathy with the uncharitable denunciation of those who have been removed beyond reach of temptation, or who pride themselves virtuously on the unreasoning timidity that would be the bane of all action and enterprise. The parable of the talent in the napkin applies as forcibly to commercial and financial Europe in the nineteenth century as to agricultural Syria in the beginning of the first. The rayah of Hindustan who builds his rupees into the mud walls of his hovel; the French peasant who invests his five-franc pieces in the thatch of his cottage

or among the roots of his cabbage-beds, may live on rice or maize, as the case may be, and go jogging along from the cradle to the grave as mildly useful members of society. But what would become of the movement of the world if everybody were to imitate their passive prudence? and we should remember in fairness that there are conditions of existence where bare necessities are only to be obtained by running a risk of falling back on charity.

There are men who delight in excitement for its own sake, and who would never be content in the repose of the lotus-eater, for all the lusciousness of the insidious fruit or the soothing languor of the drowsy atmosphere. But most people, if they might choose their lots, would undoubtedly elect to be landed to the lips or “consolled up to the eyes;” to be blessed with such a superabundance of riches, that they should be practically relieved of their accompanying cares. There are very few who are so fortunate, and perhaps the number is relatively diminishing. For although great fortunes are becoming far more common, and although they are rolled up with a rapidity which would have seemed fabulous to the plodding toilers of former generations, yet habits of profuse expenditure have been increasing even faster. Great noblemen, with half-a-dozen costly seats or as many domains, in as many counties, unless they are happy enough to be the possessors of deposits of coal or veins of metal, find themselves eclipsed in display by ostentatious *nouveaux riches*. They may despise these new men, and yet all the same they are goaded on to a race of competition in which the pace every year becomes more

distressing. Mortgages of land-owners are accumulating in unsuspected quarters, while industrial millionaires may be sinking their incomings in expenditure, instead of placing them away in an insurance fund against the vicissitudes of their business. As for the old-fashioned squires with their moderate rent-rolls, they find themselves nowhere nowadays, if they are once possessed by the demon of fashion. The railway tempts them up to town for the season, to cramp themselves in some third-class residence in Belgravia or Mayfair; to see themselves lost in the crowds that lock their carriage-wheels in crushes in the parks and throng the suites of modern reception rooms. Hereditary acres, descent, and high connections have their influence still; but apart from brilliant talents, money is becoming the essential requisite to achieving an average social success. If you are to hold your own, you must make a certain show, and do to others in the way of hospitality as you would that others should do unto you. The display and the hospitality cost more and more every year, while society grows more exacting in its demands on the habits and purses of its members. As fortunes are made faster and faster, as incomes are dissipated more and more furiously, an impulse is given to extravagance which reacts on the remotest parishes, and makes the quietest people conscious of the pressure, when it does not send them staggering to the wall. It is not only that if you strive to cut such a figure in the world as your father did before you, you must make up your mind to spend as much again. But if you are to have sound security for the sums that would have yielded you a decent competence in the last generation, it can only be at the cost of sacrifices and self-re-

straint, and very possibly of actual privation.

No doubt those moneyed Pharisees we have alluded to may object, with a stern show of justice, that the circumstance of your being straitened or poverty-stricken makes it the more incumbent on you to be prudent: that if there is so little of a margin left between you and destitution, it is positively dishonest running any risks; and that in such cases, more than any other, the coat should be cut according to the cloth. But what if the cloth, when you have cut it, and patched it, and dragged at it, will barely serve the purposes of decency? while you see those who are nearest and dearest to you shivering in scanty raiment upon short commons. To drop metaphor, we can easily conceive of instances where some amount of calculated imprudence may appear a duty. Take a mother who has been left a widow with £5000 and a rising family. "Put your money safely away in the funds; it would be sheer insanity to do anything else with it," says one friend of the family whom she asks for advice as to its disposal; and he steps complacently into his carriage and is driven smilingly away. Another gentleman, a shade less scrupulous, is disposed to admit of first-class railway debentures, although he takes care to dwell on possible fluctuations to the extent of two to three per cent. Very good! The lady acts on the advice of one or the other. But she finds that with her £150 to £220, she is not only embarrassed as to providing food, clothing, and houseroom for her growing family, but that she is compromising their future beyond remedy, from better fortunes. She is falling out of the circle of family acquaintance where her boys would be likely to find helpful friends and her girls to

make happy marriages. She is unable to give them the education indispensable to their taking advantage of future opportunities. If she is to persevere in pinching, she condemns them to sink to an inferior grade of life, unless something in the nature of a miracle come to save them. So, sorely against the grain, and at first in mortal apprehension, she has recourse to some of those more highly-priced stocks which are the refuge of the widow, the clergyman, and the reckless. Ten to one she acts thus with her eyes open; perhaps she may morbidly exaggerate the risks she runs, and it is not the fault of her family advisers if she does not. But the clouds that hang over the future begin to dissipate, as the shadows are lifted from her everyday life. Cheerfulness and serenity are restored to the little household, now that the heart of its mistress does not jump into her mouth at each rattle of the knocker or each peal of the bell. Now that she can afford them occasionally a fly, or a dress, or a bit of ribbon, the girls can be indulged in a little innocent gaiety; she sees them merry and light-hearted once more, instead of being insensibly embittered with the life that had scarcely begun for them. The boys are sent to a decent school, with a fair chance of gaining exhibitions, and getting on so as to be able to retrieve their position and lend a helping hand to their sisters. She may have been foolish in changing her investments. She may even feel bitter reproach and remorse when she is caught in some panic that suspends her interest and dissipates her principal. Yet she may be excused for having congratulated herself on her wisdom during those critical years of sunshine, when a doubled income brought her unspeakable relief, giving her family the advantages day

after day that subsequent misfortunes can scarcely deprive them of.

That is no doubt an extreme case; but similar arguments apply with more or less force to innumerable other people, who, if they do come to trouble in the end, may at least plead extenuating circumstances. Then there is the great class who are thoughtless and somewhat greedy, and the predestined prey of promoters—victims who swim together in shoals like herrings, to be swooped down on by the cormorants of the Stock Exchange. Many of those who prove the greatest fools financially, are intelligent or even eminent in their own walks of life. Lawyers and doctors whose children have formed exaggerated ideas of their means, and whose wives will insist on setting up their carriages, go in for sleeping partnerships in banks and credit companies, although their utmost experience of the business they embark in has been the drawing of cheques or the paying in of fees. Young officers with a thousand or so besides their pay, sensible enough not to tamper with the principal of their little patrimonies, have been in the habit of lending it to the Sultan or the Khedive, and luxuriating in the rate of interest that indicated a remote danger. And we understand that Spanish stocks and second-rate South American loans have been exceedingly popular securities with retired butlers and superannuated ladies'-maids, whose savings have gone beyond the account at the savings bank. These worthy people see glimpses of Golcondas in stocks that are so low that they must certainly be cheap, since they promise their purchaser thirty per cent for his money.

And it must be remembered, after all, that in this seductive lottery of the Stock Exchange there are nearly as many prizes as blanks. Could

men distinguish between what is sound and what is rotten by some light of supernatural revelation, they might stick to remunerative speculations, which are sufficiently legitimate, and will be carried out safely to the end. The averagely well-informed Englishman, had he seen anything to choose between Chili and Peru when they came first into our markets as borrowers, would probably have given the preference to the latter, in memory of the famous mines of Potosi. No doubt the original prospectuses in either case were equally enticing. As matter of fact at the present moment, Chilian 5 per cents stand steadily at something like 80; while Peruvians have had "the bottom knocked out of them" by the subsidence of the guano deposits, and have been bandied between bears and bulls till they have fallen to fluctuate between 10 and 15. Take our home joint-stock banks. Those in Scotland, and many of the leading provincial establishments in England, are quoted at steady and enormous premiums; while the moderate rate of interest on their shares at current prices, shows the serene confidence that is felt in their management. In London, original holders in the "London and Westminster," the "London and County," and the "London and Joint-Stock," in spite of such occasional indiscretions as have opened too liberal credits to the Colliers and the Liardis, might plume themselves with reason on their foresight and judgment. Yet many similar associations, launched under almost equally promising auspices, came to the ground with a crash in the great collapse of 1866. There are numerous industrial undertakings in the English counties, working under limited liability, but never quoted on the metropolitan share-lists, which have regularly been paying their fortunate share-

holders from 20 to 40 per cent, and which seem liable to nothing more serious than such vicissitudes in trade as may press upon the steadiest-going linen-draper or grocer. At the same time, it is impossible to surmise how many others, apparently as plausible, have turned out to be failures or swindles. People must invest, but they must form their own opinion on statements and statistics which may be as honest as they seem, or which may conceal or distort the most material facts. Damaging disclosures have made it evident enough that the names of those sponsors who promise and vow in prospectuses, and on boards of direction, offer no sort of reliable guarantee. Yet, without more or less venturesome speculations of the kind, what would become of the prosperity of the country? although it is true that we should not be troubled with the disposal of these floods of surplus economies which have long ago overflowed the surest channels of investment. Individuals may choose according to their necessities or their temperaments; but many of them must be forced into partnerships in concerns which they can only judge by appearances, and which they are practically powerless to influence. So far as the question of caution is concerned, it may come to much the same in the end, whether they lend their money to a dozen of respectable gentlemen who undertake the administration of some native enterprise, or whether they advance it on the guarantee of some foreign Government, that professes the intention of developing its resources, and which has every interest in paying its way. It is a question of deciding on the capacity of the administration or the solvency of the borrower. If investors act on an impulse or suffer themselves to be deceived, they must pay the

penalty, like the tradesman who sets up in business and is unfortunate enough to make bad debts. But the sentiment of acquisition that makes so many victims, is a healthy and natural one all the same, when kept within proper limits.

We believe that in these observations, we have only done common justice to a class of people who are often unfairly judged and harshly condemned; while they suffer severely for indiscretions which are frequently rather their misfortune than their fault. But we should be sorry if we laid ourselves open to the imputation of indirectly encouraging reckless ventures, since it is our very object to point out that the choice of investments with elements of risk is yearly becoming more delicate and dangerous. It is certain that they will be sought after more eagerly than ever, so soon as we are in the swing of the next reaction from abject apprehension to sanguine assurance. But when the more reflecting of would-be investors survey their present position and their prospects, how sadly must the contrast strike them with the markets they were in the habit of dealing in! Who would have imagined that the sunny dreams of twenty or five-and-twenty years ago, which for a time seemed ripening into golden fruition, were really for the most part mere mocking illusions? As financial history is always repeating itself, it may be worth while glancing back in a hasty retrospect, even at the risk of repeating a too familiar tale. Twenty years ago the Crimean war had cleared the political atmosphere, and the treaty which has been torn up during the Liberal tenure of the Foreign Office, seemed the pledge of a period of unruffled peace. The industries and the commerce that had been temporarily paralysed were everywhere reviving. "Limited

liability" was the talisman that recommended joint-stock enterprise to the million, and henceforth everybody was to participate with safety and profit in these highly lucrative undertakings that had hitherto been monopolised by capitalists. Railways were being laid all over the world, and coal and iron companies were being multiplied to provide the rails that were being forged for foreign customers in English furnaces with English fuel. Whether those lines were to link together the populous Continental towns that had hitherto only communicated by the *vetturino* and the *eilwagen*—whether they were to open up the Russian steppes or the South American pampas—to traverse the frozen forests of Canada—to transcend the Balkan or tunnel the Andes—it was statistically demonstrated that their success was assured; and Englishmen were eagerly availing themselves of the privilege of supplying the lion's share of the capital. Everything was being carried out by co-operation. Contractors who had bid for concessions and obtained them, sold the goodwill of their connections for a handsome sum, and developed straightway into full-blown corporations. Rival lines of shipping companies ran steam or sailing packets on unfamiliar routes across every ocean; and heaven-forsaken ports, lying in dangerous roadsteads, among fever-stricken lagoons, found themselves figuring suddenly, to their extreme surprise, as the salubrious outposts of tropical Paradises that awaited development under the coming immigration.

Though the outbreak of the American war disturbed those dreams of the new millennium, to many of us in the beginning the war was an unmixed blessing. The closing of the Southern cotton ports, the ravages of the Alabama and her

consorts among North American merchantmen, gave an enormous impulse to the English shipping trade. While we were fiercely abused at Washington as unfairly favouring the South, our coal-owners and metal-manufacturers were actively supplying the Northern belligerents with material of war, which was sent over to them in English bottoms. The shares of all these commercial and industrial undertakings ran up fast in spite of the rise in wages of workpeople and seamen, which employers could well afford to pay. Domestic trade was never brisker; and it would have been well for some of us had the impulse communicated to our prosperity been confined to England. But our great dependency of Hindustan was to profit even more. A rush of English capital was attracted thither, to flow back again almost as fast in handsome dividends; and for the first time it seemed as if the mythical wealth of the Indies was about to turn to a reality. Sea Island cotton was out of the market for the time—Surats and Dhollerah were to have it all their own way. With cheap native labour, the cultivation must infallibly pay enormously, and might be indefinitely increased. If the quality was scarcely all that could be desired, at least it was highly susceptible of improvement. Everybody believed as if there could not be a doubt that this blissful state of things must be permanent; that if the American combatants did not exterminate each other, at all events with the emancipation of the negro, the famous American cotton-fields must be given over to the alligators and mosquitoes.

Many sanguine speculators have reason to curse their passing connection with the financiers of Bombay. The city was to be the commercial Mecca of the new dis-

pensation, and every one who had anything to do with the Indian trade, began to turn their eyes towards it. Parsees vied with English merchants in the vastness and audacity of their conceptions. The palaces they reared for their dwellings, the blocks they covered with their warehouses, were the visible symbols of the wealth they had at call. Everything they touched was turning to lacs of rupees; and as fast as they extended their credit, they discounted it by inviting fresh advances of capital. The state of society in moneyed circles there reminded one of the Paris of the faubourgs and boulevards under the Empire. Every one was buying, and selling, and canvassing eagerly for good things, notwithstanding the height of the thermometer. Civilians of the highest standing, soldiers who had been laying by money while holding political appointments, judges, barristers, clerks, shopkeepers, residents in England with old Indian connections who had had stars set against their names in the books of the old Company—all made haste to realise, that they might have their part in the new El Dorado. Men in the most exalted places set the example, giving substantial proofs of their boundless faith in grand harbour and reclamation schemes. Gas, water, building, burying, and body-burning companies, had only to ask and to have. Every applicant could not be made happy; so the mania of speculation, taking a Protean variety of forms, spread over the country districts into the other presidencies. The jungle was cleared from the slopes of the Himalaya and Nilgherries, to be replaced with blooming tea-gardens; and companies sent managers to administer great estates among their newly-acquired coffee plantations of Ceylon and Mysore. Above all, there

came the schemes of irrigation and canalisation that were to combine philanthropy with marvellous returns, and bring cheap water carriage to the door of each peasant in provinces that had been saved from famine and inundation.

This sudden excitement in the East naturally reacted on England. People were in a way to become capitalists who had seldom owned a score of rupees, and there was an obvious demand for fresh banking facilities. The many new Anglo-Indian banking companies saw their shares on the rise with rapidly advancing premiums simultaneously with the appearance of the prospectuses. Allotments were as good as enclosures of bank-notes if you chose to send them into the markets. But few were imprudent enough to eat their wheat in the ear and anticipate the future of a valuable property. Nothing then paid better than those Indian banks. There seemed no limit to the expansion of their principal and dividends, and the most cautious shareholders were reassured by regular additions to their reserve funds. The shares of some of the older of them had gone to three or four times the original value; but there still seemed room for all, and the young competitors assured themselves a profitable start by the names they paraded on their bonds. Their directors were men who had made themselves a notoriety for riches—thanks to the extent of their miscellaneous engagements and the number of variously-shaped irons they had thrust into the hottest of the fire. It would have been heresy to hint in a community so universally interested in inflating prices, that all this marvellous prosperity might be as ephemeral as the circumstances that had originated it were unexpected—that reckless competition offering a premium on rotten business was making a trying

ordeal inevitable in any case. Confidence was contagious, and the unwonted energy and the success of these lucky Indians stimulated the emulation of the English public in a variety of shapes. Many cities out of London, at home and in the colonies, were imitating the example of Bombay, although they might be following it at a modest distance. Every society of any pretensions was becoming more or less deeply interested in trade, and for the first time in their industrial history it really appeared as if the English were turning into a nation of shopkeepers.

These were merry and most lucrative times, when, dispose as you might of your money, it must almost infallibly multiply; and many a man who is now ruined, disgraced, or impoverished, or sorely embarrassed over the disposition of the wrecks of his property, may well recall them with a sigh. But it is a common phase of financial experience, though so few seem to lay it to heart, that every mania is breeding a panic, and that each period of indiscriminating confidence is the invariable precursor of a collapse. The worst of it is, that investors suffer not only directly but indirectly, since in the general disappointment and alarm the soundest ideas are unjustly discredited; while institutions that should be stable must pay for the follies of the reckless rivals that have been running them hard. It is only comparatively lately that the most flourishing of our English railways have begun to overcome the prejudices created against railway property by the lavishness, carelessness, and corruption of so many of the original promoters. And the sharp panic of the spring of 1866, awakening many people to the perception of facts which should have been perfectly plain to them all along,

sent them from one extreme to another. It was discovered of a sudden that the principle of joint-stock liability had been extravagantly abused; and the complicated system of credit that had been reared upon it has been tottering at the foundations ever since. The very wariness of certain investors turned against them, tending at the same time to depress the markets. They acted on the time-honoured maxim of distributing their eggs in a number of baskets. In the general crash, it was of course inevitable that more than one of the eggs should be broken, and it was then they learned the real meaning of a £50 share with £10 paid. They found that, so far as they were personally concerned, limited and unlimited liability were identical. The general rush to sell that calls might be met, sent all stocks down in the market in an immense preponderance of sales. Liquidators and lawyers became so many sworn tormentors, set to screw the last available shilling out of their victims. The process is so exquisitely painful, that it is likely to impress itself indelibly on the recollections of those who have once experienced it; while such sufferers as appeal for help and sympathy are sure to make themselves heard, and their misfortunes remembered, in the circle of their friends and intimates.

The consequence is, that joint-stock companies, and specially joint-stock credit companies, have been regarded since 1866 with extreme suspicion. Luckily for their shareholders, Mr Leeman's Act has secured them against the unscrupulous bearing which used to be the fashion; but their morbid sensibility to the agitating influences of panic-time is a decided objection to holding their shares. There were men who bought in the evil days of 1866, choosing establish-

ments they thought to be intrinsically safe, and fondly believing that with the restoration of calm their calculated daring would be rewarded. They have found that they miscalculated the weight of the shock which had shaken the most solid foundations. Since then a few exceptional establishments have paid good dividends, and seen their shares at fair figures. But by far the greater number, although they have lived, and are likely to live, have never recovered the elasticity of their younger days. Banks, and especially those connected with India, the colonies, and the Continent, have seen deposits withdrawn, their proprietary changing for the weaker, and their resources enfeebled, if not crippled. They may be solvent enough, but their shares are always inclining to droop, and show no signs of coming into favour again. As for those new-fangled credit associations that made a business of company-floating on easy terms, and so became responsible for so much of the subsequent mischief, such of them as are still surviving have been suffering from the partial suspension of their faculties, like the paralytic who has lost the use of his limbs. Calls or retrenchment may have kept them going in a very different way of business from the ambition of their former enterprises; but the bulk of their original capital has been lost, or else it is locked away so securely that there is no possibility of getting at any portion of it. There seems to be no reason why joint-stock banking and credit companies should not conduct their business as safely and profitably as the old private firms in Fleet Street and Lombard Street, whose names have long been synonymous with stability; and the public banks have decided advantages from their superior facilities

for extending their connection. They may guarantee themselves absolutely against all reasonable risks, by picking their business, by being less emulously liberal of interest on deposits, and by strengthening their reserves. But then, if they necessarily moderate their dividends, while the rising price of their shares keeps pace with their growing reputation for prudence, they no longer tempt those needy buyers with whom the primary consideration is high interest. While the banks that have been falling back on the old reckless touting for business, extending excessive credit to doubtful customers on usurious terms, have seen their shares trembling at quotations which foretell their probable fate in the next mercantile convulsion. The least considerate people have learned more or less consciously to estimate a variety of contingencies which formerly would never have occurred to them. Caught once, they are determined not to be caught again in the same way; so that nowadays the dealers may tempt them in vain with securities that once were universal favourites.

In 1866 and before it, many investors strongly fancied foreign stocks, though these scarcely satisfied the desires of the more covetous. The interest was but moderate!—say from 8 to 12 per cent; and though, to be sure, there was the chance of the periodical drawings, still there was little capacity of expansion in the capital, compared to that of a promising credit company or a contract corporation. They were considered excellent things, known as a safe *pis aller*—securities to be recommended by their admirers to the widow or the elderly, who had no heads for business, and sought permanent investment for their money. Effete countries like Spain might have been guilty of

default; the sturdy republicans of Pennsylvania had pushed their independence to the extreme length of repudiating their state obligations; but there were young and vigorous countries with magnificent expectations, which it would be a privilege to be admitted to participate in even by way of debentures or mortgages. Geography and statistics are not the strong points of the average British investor; and when he is dazzled by fascinating lights brought out in strong relief, he is apt to ignore the facts that are left in the shadows of the background. We know how freely he honoured the drafts that Honduras, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, and St Domingo drew on his credulity. He lent as if he believed that swamps were solid land, studded with populous towns, and opened up by excellent highroads—as if countless cords of mahoganies and dyewoods could be cut, and hauled, and stacked just as if they had been grown in the New Forest or the Home Park at Windsor—as if pontoon railways, that cost a life a yard, were to carry the traffic of one of our metropolitan extensions. Judging foreigners by his experiences of our own honourable Stock Exchange, it no more struck him that there might be an easier standard of financial morality among Indians, and half-breeds, and curly-headed negroes, than that there might be a bottom to the deposits even of those innumerable sea-fowl that whiten the islands of the Peruvian seaboard.

After the recent disclosures elicited before the Royal Commission, contributors towards the development of Costa Rica or Nicaragua must have felt on consideration that they had been somewhat hasty and indiscreet; that a little research into no more recondite authorities than geographical school-books might have saved them much money and

worry. But the original creditors of such countries as Turkey or Egypt came under a very different category. We maintain that they had every reason to believe that they were making a wise and reasonable bargain. We have already made reference to the position of Turkey after the Crimean war. She had taken out a fresh lease of life, and her rulers had been brought into intimate contact with civilised ideas. Had she relapsed into her former barbarous stolidity, she might have indefinitely deferred a second political crisis, as she certainly would have missed the opportunity of repudiating an enormous debt. But her revenue, in place of having nearly doubled in spite of everything, would have remained stationary under her time-discredited system of waste, oppression, and abominable corruption. In short, she would have acted like the landowner who, with every facility for borrowing, declines to risk a few thousands in improvements that would pay him 20 or 30 per cent. Turkey has let slip a magnificent chance, and abused opportunities that can never recur for her. But if we glance back at her position as it was, and as it appeared then to dispassionate onlookers, we must confess that we cannot blame the politicians and capitalists who were ready to come to her assistance. A risk there was—the risk that has proved a reality—that of her squandering the large sums she borrowed on false promises. But the chance of that risk was amply covered by the rate of interest she has paid so long, although that rate was by no means unduly onerous to a Government where farmers have to pay 20 to 40 per cent for short advances in seed-time, secured upon sown crops. The first mortgagees had their security upon an empire that abounded

in resources which had never been turned to profitable purpose. These resources are now just as they were then, for literally nothing has been done in the meantime. There were boundless plains of extraordinary fertility that only needed to be drained or irrigated. There were forests almost as fine as those of Honduras, and far more healthy and accessible. There were coal-beds cropping out on the surface of the soil, and mines that had been left abandoned for centuries after their riches had been carefully tested by a most primitive system of working. The people are industrious, and would have helped themselves, had the State done ever so little towards helping them. There was a plethora of Western capital waiting to be poured into the country. Next to security and a beginning of reform in the administration, all that was needed to make much of those untold riches available were some cheap and simple public works. Some roadmaking or laying of rude tramways; some embanking and clearing the beds of the river; some dredging of the silted-up harbours; some weather-tight warehouses, and some wharves at the principal ports, for even at such centres of activity as Smyrna and Salonica, vessels had to load from lighters in an open roadstead. It all depended on the absolute Padishah; but the reigning Sultan was supposed to be an intelligent man, and there was the widest margin for waste. Provided that half the loans had been judiciously expended, the other half might have been lavished on Court follies and official corruption. Even in that case the Porte might still have fulfilled its obligations, while the Sultan enriched his Sultanas and Pachas, and abandoned himself to a life of luxurious debauchery, without having to listen to the curses of his subjects.

Had the Ottomans had a man at their head at that turning-point of their fortunes, they and their foreign creditors might now have been well to do and comfortable. What happened we all know, and we have nothing to say of the careers of Abdul Medjid and his brother, except in so far as they concern the bondholders. But the decline of Turkish credit supplies a striking illustration of a habitual failing of the speculative investor. He never knows when to close a current account, when to be satisfied with a run of profits, or to cut clear from a threatened loss. He might have seen that in this case the character of his property was changing, that the pledges had been consistently falsified which originally induced him to lend. He was being made a tool to undermine his own security. Even when those Turkish bonds were fetching their highest prices, the inevitable end was full in view. Interest was being defrayed out of temporary accommodation, while the fast accumulating floating debt was being consolidated at intervals, which were made the occasion for fresh loans. It was the fashion to say that the Turk was honourable; and, in his individual capacity, it must be admitted that he compares advantageously with his Christian fellow-subjects. But the most honourable man cannot be held to impossibilities; and though the Turkish taxpayer had reason to deplore more than any one the wild expenditure of his lord and master, he was powerless to help himself or any one else. And if the bondholders had taken the trouble to inquire, they would have found that it was they alone who were being punctually paid. Nothing could possibly be more overbearing or dishonest than the dealings of the Government with its smaller creditors. Furnishers or private contractors had

to make exorbitant charges in consideration of the chances against getting their money. If they looked to have their accounts settled in the end, and to clear a satisfactory profit, it was only because they had allowed so much for indispensable bribery. Moreover, the outbreak of a war, or the fomenting of these internal troubles which have come at last on the mainland after the premonitory warnings in Crete, might at any time have precipitated bankruptcy. But so long as stocks kept up, bondholders were loath to transfer the money which it would have been difficult to employ to equal advantage elsewhere, now that so many things had been discredited by the panics. And when stocks began to fall, as there was a difficulty in placing the periodical loans, they were still more unwilling to accept their first loss, although all the odds were against a recovery. Hoping for yet another year or so of high dividends, they held on term after term, while each payment was preluded by rumours of default; and however they may have been pained by the firman of repudiation they read on that fine autumn morning, we suspect there were few who were astonished by the blow.

The history of Egyptian finance is another example of the perils of the speculative investor, under entirely different circumstances. Last October no sane man could have been greatly disposed to fall in love with "Egypt." It was known that the immediate straits of the Khedive were nearly as great as those of his suzerain: his paper was being hawked about Alexandria and Paris, to be discounted by the usurers on the most exorbitant terms. Like his co-religionists in Constantinople, he had never as yet made public default; but it was notorious that he was moving heaven and earth to meet a payment that was

falling due in a few days. The loan of 1873 was selling at about £50, and by no means much of a bargain at the money. Suddenly everything changed, and the financial world had a second surprise, decidedly more sensational than the Turkish repudiation. When it was published that our Government had given the Khedive four millions sterling for his Suez Canal shares, a section of the investing public jumped, not altogether unreasonably, to certain conclusions. The rapid rise in a day or two from £50 to £74 may not have been altogether justified; but a speculator might argue fairly enough that what had been selling for £50 before must be worth 50 per cent more under the altered circumstances. The question seemed fully as much political as financial. The Turkish empire seemed breaking up under pressure from St Petersburg, and this interference of England in Egyptian affairs was a significant answer to the northern challenge. The Khedive was by no means past helping, and it might well be that it had been determined to help him in spite of himself. We had brilliant Indian precedents for the successful administration of an oriental State through the agency of a political resident who made the finances his first concern. Even without going so far as that, indirect English assistance through such a house as that of the Rothschilds might have set the Khedive on his legs again. He appeared to be willing to be docile, and to give substantial guarantees for amendment. His debt was doubtless large, but it was not supposed to be unmanageable; and there was always the resource of lightening the burden by diminishing the interest in consideration of better-assured principal. When the Ministry sent out a member of their own body to look into the Egyptian

accounts, it might be taken as confirmation of their being really in earnest. If we suppose the case of a speculative investor buying £5000 of Egyptian bonds—say of the 1873 loan, at £73—with the idea of holding them, we may easily see how an intelligent man may be induced to cling to a sinking security, by considerations and arguments that were always apparently reasonable, although they kept being modified by changing circumstances. But if our imaginary friend has burned his fingers seriously, in spite of making good use of his judgment, and possibly of some special information to boot, what is likely to be the fate of the happy-go-lucky investor who buys blindly on a caprice or the advice of a broker, and resigns himself to abide the event like a fatalist?

It might have been thought that the appointment of the Paymaster of the Forces to this financial mission would have been favourably received by gentlemen in the Stock Exchange. But the City has its own manner of looking at things; it had set its heart on the employment of Mr Lowe, and marked its disappointment by depressing the stocks. Then came the resignation of Nubar Pacha, the Egyptian statesman in whom Europe had most confidence, and the 1873 loan fell sharply to 60, to rally considerably, however, the following day. As it happened, it was the new tribunals and not the financial arrangement that was at the bottom of Nubar Pacha's disgrace; but from that event may be dated the beginning of the real struggle between bulls and bears, in which the bears have had so much the best of it. Rumours were freely floated and circulated to interpret facts that might be more or less significant. Mr Cave having landed at Alexandria, the eyes of jobbers and dealers began to be riveted on

his movements. The Khedive received him courteously—that was a matter of course. But then came stories of an interruption of these agreeable relations, when the host and the envoy passed to the discussion of business from receptions of ceremony. The Khedive resisted the demand for an unreserved disclosure of his treasury secrets, with an absolute surrender of the corresponding vouchers. It was evident that the most he had desired was the assistance of a financial expert to advise upon such information as it pleased the treasury to furnish—he had been saddled with a financial father confessor, who insisted on his making a clean breast of it. Perhaps when this intelligence leaked out, it might have been more prudent if our investor had sold, on the probability of being able to buy in again at a lower price. But the very fact of this member of the British Ministry going about his business with such thorough-going zeal, seemed to argue that his colleagues had come to the resolution of forcing the Khedive through his difficulties. It was clearly their policy to make a friend of the master of Egypt; and if they pressed him to disclosures which would certainly be disagreeable and humiliating, it was to be supposed that they had come to the resolution of making it all up to him in the end.

It was to be presumed, too, that that was the expectation of the Khedive. At all events it was said that upon second thoughts he had decided to have no reservation, and had given orders to that effect to his treasury officials. Mr Cave drew up his report, and the contents of the mysterious document were discounted in different senses by speculators in France and England. The moment when it should be laid

before the House of Commons was awaited with feverish anxiety. But in the meantime the stocks were tending upwards, on the declaration of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that Mr Cave had come to the conclusion that Egypt could meet her onerous engagements and continue to pay her way. A serious shock was given to them by the Premier's discouraging answer as to the publication of the report. Whether the objection to publication came from Cairo or Whitehall, it was argued that if concealment could be advisable in any case, the disclosures must be damaging indeed. But the Parisian was slow to be persuaded of this, and French buying sustained the markets. Then, again, our friend might have done well to sell. But, on the other hand, he might fairly pin his faith on the declarations of the cautious Chancellor of the Exchequer, who must have had cognisance of all that was known to Mr Cave, who had taken an opportunity of explaining and toning down the damaging suggestions of Mr Disraeli. Meantime, however, with the exception of one or two thorough-going partisans, the journals had taken to bearing Egyptians, thus upsetting all probable calculations as to the line they might have been trusted to follow. They might have been justified patriotically in striving to prevent the Government from involving itself with the finances of an embarrassed State; but, considering the interest we have in keeping on cordial terms with Egypt, it might have been imagined that they would have sought to soften the blow to the Khedive, by doing every justice to his better intentions. On the contrary, they had little for him but sneers and abuse just when he was showing a tendency towards reformation; they

gave him no credit for the proportion of really remunerative outlay on the public works which had been prematurely undertaken and extravagantly carried out ; and they assumed a state of insolvency which Sir Stafford Northcote had denied. The report, when it did appear at last—containing nothing to justify the delays that had been so injurious to Egyptian credit—was judged in the same hypercritical spirit. In the words of M. Beaulieu Leroy in the *Débats*, it really showed that, though everything was imperilled, nothing was lost ; yet the majority of English journalists spoke of it as if everything was lost already.

The time was a crisis in the affairs of the bondholders. The tone of the journals indicated the probable turn of public opinion ; it might have its influence on the action of the Government, and was necessarily most damaging to the credit it impeached. Mr Disraeli had intimated his refusal to appoint an official director to the board of a new State bank ; but there were obvious objections to such a proposal on the face of it, and the most ardent partisans of the Khedive were ready to admit them. But Mr Disraeli had gone on to state, that had a proposal been made to appoint a commissioner for the receiving of revenues, it might very possibly have been favourably entertained ; and that seemed tantamount to an invitation, and to imply a good deal more. Of course, circumstances and the conditions attached to such a request, might render it unacceptable ; but the effect of that language was to prolong the impression that our Government might still interpose. Already it had taken a second step officially, in sending out Mr Rivers Wilson on a temporary engagement to Cairo, that might be changed into a per-

manent one. Even when English interest in Egyptian affairs had visibly cooled, as opinion expressed itself more and more decidedly against any further commitments there, the bondholders found consolation in the agitation that was going on in France. French patriotism, disgusted by the Suez Canal purchase, was to take its revenge by financing the Khedive. It was notorious that the leading French financial establishments had an enormous interest in preserving his credit—that small French investors had lent to him largely ; and it was believed that political as well as pecuniary considerations were weighing on the anxious deliberations of a Government that had everything to fear from a financial crisis. The finance minister had actually persuaded the Parisian bankers to help the Khedive over a pressing embarrassment ; and a step that would have been impossible in London, seemed proper and natural in Paris. The drafts of various projected schemes were published authoritatively, and any one of these would have probably proved satisfactory even to the bondholders who had bought at the highest prices. And in the meantime, one of the Rothschilds had gone on a tardy mission to France, by the wish or with the assent of our Government, to see what might be done. Had he said “yes” instead of “no” to the proposals submitted to him, our investor might have seen such a rebound in his stock as had taken place on the announcement of the purchase of the Canal shares.

Things had undoubtedly been going from bad to worse ; disappointments and disillusioning had been following each other fast ; but it must be remembered that the steady subsidence in the stocks had been more than keeping pace with the sinking of the investor's hopes.

When anything occurred to disturb the stock markets in any corner of the world, Egyptians were sold as a matter of course ; and anything approaching a satisfactory and definite settlement must catch the speculators heavily, and be the beginning of a rapid rally. The Khedive was left face to face with the representatives of the embarrassed French financiers ; but he had such independent counsellors as Mr Rivers Wilson and Senor Scialoja, and after all he was master of the situation. He had a reputation for shrewdness, statesmanship, and patriotism ; and he knew that the future of his kingdom and dynasty depended greatly on the scheme he might promulgate. If England had been holding aloof in the meantime, France, Italy, and Austria had consented to appoint semi-official trustees to see to the liquidation of his affairs. His creditors had been so scared by Bourse rumours and operations, they had seen their property so steadily depreciated, that they would gladly have assented to any reasonable sacrifice that seemed likely to improve the stability of the stocks. If he acted rationally his course seemed clear. He would consolidate on equitable terms the stocks held by his secured creditors, obtaining their consent to a diminution of the interest and a postponement of the sinking fund operations ; and few people would have objected to his dictating terms of compromise to those holders of treasury bills who had been making their fortunes out of him for years, and whose doubts as to ultimate payment in full were indicated by their extravagantly usurious charges. Had he done this he might have placed them in a better position than that in which they have been landed by their short-sighted grasping. An ample margin would have been left for the expenses of ad-

ministration, as well as for any reasonable amount of that waste and extravagance which is almost entailed upon oriental potentates. It is not unreasonable to suppose that a five and a half per cent stock, whose payment was assured by a somewhat more satisfactory arrangement of the new financial machinery, would soon have gone up to £75 or £80 : and our investing friend would have done well in the end, although he would certainly have passed through some worry and anxiety. So that, up to the promulgation of the Khedive's unjust and disastrous decree, we maintain there was no point of this strange and eventful history at which it would have been clearly wise for the investor to sell at current prices, except, perhaps, as we said, when there was an inexplicable rise on the announcement that Mr Cave's report was to be published at last. And if our *résumé* of the recent phases of Egyptian finance has been somewhat desultory and imperfect as we have necessarily left it, it must be admitted, at least, that it is a striking illustration of the difficulties that may embarrass the judgment of the speculative investor.

It scarcely falls within the scope of our article to survey the present prospects of "Egyptians." Now they are speculative indeed, should Mr Goschen's mediation lead to nothing in particular, if holders were counting upon being paid in full after the present year. If the figures that bring out such extremely delicate balances have been accurately estimated ; if the country has fortitude and patience to endure the oppressive burden of arbitrary taxation, when the example of their Turkish neighbours has shown them a summary means of relief ; if the Khedive and his successors resign themselves to be miracles of self-

sacrifice, abandoning those habits of reckless generosity and spendthrift profusion which have become their second nature; *if* Pharaoh renounces the too advanced ambitions which have gone so far to ruin him in unremunerative public works; *if* he can keep out of wars in Abyssinia and Central Africa; *if* he can avoid troubles with the powers at Constantinople; *if* he need send no bribes to his new superiors, and if he is not cruelly squeezed for the furnishing of military contingents;—if all these things can be managed somehow, then it is possible that foreign bondholders may get the seven per cent that is promised them. But the occurrence of any one of the contingencies we have suggested may endanger any possible scheme by compelling a default, which will lead to considerable oscillations in the stocks, preliminary to fresh compromises with the creditors.

In consequence of the collapse of the South American bubbles, the default of Turkey, and the short-sighted injustice of the Khedive, a long list of popular foreign stocks has been erased from the list of legitimate investments, while others of higher standing have suffered either in sympathy or from extraneous causes. Now that the Eastern question has been reopened, it must for some time to come remain a matter of uncertainty whether Europe may not be plunged into war. No wonder that distrust is so general. The credit that used to be taken for granted is now exposed to prejudiced scrutiny; and contingencies that would never have suggested themselves some years ago, are brought conspicuously forward in present calculations. Germany having expended the milliards of the war indemnity, has been trying to obtain accommodation with imperfect success, and begins to groan under the double burden of her military system,

and the emigration of able-bodied men that it stimulates. France has given proof of marvellous elasticity of resources; and it is an excellent omen for her that her funds are so high in favour with the small home investors, who give guarantees for their loyalty and good behaviour by having a material stake in their country's prosperity. But the French funds are scarcely cheap in the eyes of foreigners, who are scandalised by the violence of French parties, and are alive to the probable consequences of a possible war of revenge. Italy avers that she has succeeded in establishing an equilibrium, and at all events she is approaching that desirable consummation. Italian stocks have been steadily advancing, and might be considered by no means dear, were we satisfied she would be content with a state of modest neutrality like that of Belgium. But although prudence and parsimony are Italian virtues, the people are ambitious and vain-glorious, and have still an eye on some of the Austrian possessions. There is always the chance of their putting themselves forward as Sardinia did in the Crimea, involving themselves in a war with which they had no direct concern, and so contracting fresh obligations that would upset their plans of reform.

This reopening of the Eastern question, however, bears chiefly on the finances of Russia and Austria-Hungary. The late heavy fall in Hungarians, a stock held deservedly in considerable favour, shows the danger to which it is exposed. It threatened to supersede Egyptians in rivalry with Russians, as the fashionable stock to be beared, when the deposition of Abdul-Aziz happily relieved its holders. But it is in the condition of the Russian funds that Englishmen are more nearly concerned, politically as well as financially. So far as we can judge, the Russian fomenting of

troubles in the East has been simply suicidal. The game might have been worth the candle, had the ripe or rotten fruit of the Bosphorus been likely to drop into the Czar's hand for the shaking. As it is, however, the peaceful instincts of Alexander were in reality patriotic presentiments. For, until comparatively the other day, the solidity of Russian credit was a primary article of faith in the creed of the English investor. The honest policy that had been pursued through the Crimean war had proved extraordinarily profitable by way of advertisement. The growing empire obtained any amount of accommodation on easy terms. The first financial houses in London stood sponsors to successive loans. It was said that the bulk of the borrowed money was laid out on works of public utility which would indefinitely develop magnificent internal resources. What the real truth about Russian credit is, we do not pretend to affirm. It is certain that on the proposal for a loan that might be intended for war purposes, Russian credit has been assailed with rude and frank plausibility. It is asserted that the financial proceedings of the Czar have closely resembled those of the Sultan: that half the money borrowed for railways, &c., has been diverted for the barren purposes of war preparation, while the bulk of the lines that have been laid down are primarily strategic, only communicating incidentally between centres of industry and commerce; in short, that Russia has been paying her way by borrowing, and can only go on paying by borrowing more. It is sure that American discoveries have diminished the value of her silver-mines; and what is of much more consequence, the grain-producers of her southern provinces are being steadily undersold

by American growers. Her embarrassments may be exaggerated; but the credit of such a country is like a woman's reputation; and when false accusations are believed, they may be quite as fatal as true ones. Besides, our cautious Foreign Minister has admitted that she is actually in financial straits; and when she came to the money-dealers the other day, as has been her regular practice of late, she found their doors shut in her face. Had she gone to war and seen her commerce crippled, if not destroyed, it is simply incredible that, with the best intentions, she could have gone on meeting the numerous claims upon her. Thus, in spite of their former high reputation, there is some reason for people holding aloof from "Russians." Of late the securities that have hitherto been so popular with us have only been finding support from foreign buyers; and the loss of confidence among their English friends would have been indicated by a far heavier fall, had not France and Germany come to the rescue.

But we need not go on passing whole lists of securities under review, and multiplying special illustrations, to show how severe and general has been the discrediting. The sinister course of events, the coincidence of flagrant scandals with heavy misfortunes, has been forcing the speculative investor into a position that has become more and more embarrassing. He is in painful perplexity as to what he had best do next, or how he may bestow what remains of his means. Committed as he involuntarily is to a course of retrenchment, what he would have considered reasonable interest becomes of more consequence than ever. Yet his financial nerve is shattered altogether; and when in fear and trembling he decides where to reinvest, he will be more fatally

predisposed to panic than he has been, which is anything but an encouraging outlook for his brother stockholders. As to his combining these two incongruous objects of his desire—high returns and reasonable safety—we believe it to be quite within the range of possibility; just as there are fortunes to be made on the Derby, should you chance to “spot” the winner beforehand. But getting upon the right horse in the great race is decidedly the less speculative affair of the two; for on the turf you may be guided by public form, while among the outside ventures on the Stock Exchange you can only go upon chances depending on circumstances it is quite impossible to foresee. And this we may repeat for the encouragement of the class we are addressing, that while the dangers they have suffered from so severely tend to become more serious than ever, new sources of insecurity are springing up all about them.

It is clear that, in the first place, the accumulation of money seeking for outlets, coupled with the extinction or neglect of comprehensive classes of investments, must make those that have kept any kind of character more expensive luxuries than they have been: what used to yield $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent will now be paying 4; what returned 6 may have gone down to 5. Already we see the effect of the process in the set towards the choicer American railway bonds, as well as in those preference stocks of our own lines, which the companies find themselves able to renew on more favourable terms. The consequence is, that if a man is determined to have 7 per cent, he must hazard himself in something that has more elements of doubt about it than the stocks that paid him 7 per cent formerly: while if he has set his

heart upon 10, heaven knows where he is to look for it, without scrambling about the galleries of an American mine, or having the sense of seating himself in the crater of a volcano. Last year, for example, you might buy into such an institution as the Imperial Ottoman Bank—really admirably managed in its way, by Englishmen of high position and some of the most prominent Paris financiers—and make merry on excellent dividends and bonuses with no disagreeable idea that you were living in a fool’s paradise. But now, anything that is unquestionably of the first class, seems to the needy altogether beyond the reach of any one but a trustee or a millionaire; what was ranked in the third class begins to be promoted to the second, and so on. The result must be a greater predisposition to uneasiness even in circles whose serenity used to be comparatively little disturbed in times of crisis, and whose example had a tranquillising effect on their more excitable neighbours. And all such tendencies to uneasiness are far more adroitly manipulated than they used to be, to the injury of the uninitiated in Stock Exchange intrigue, and the advantage of unscrupulous cliques. Without taking a specially gloomy view of the world in general, we see that at least in its financial department and on the Stock Exchange, the powers of evil for the time are decidedly in the ascendant. Bulling and bearing are carried on as recklessly as “plunging” on the race-courses was a dozen of years ago, although with far greater astuteness. The system of syndicates has created a disturbing force which individuals can neither control nor contend with. How far it may be carried is shown by that history of the Egyptian finances. The Khedive, in a dozen of years, has found credit to the amount

of some ninety millions; but so much of his debt is held by a knot of Frenchmen, acting in concert, that he has ceased to be a free agent. He seems to have been sincerely desirous to amend his ways and escape insolvency, while escape was possible; but, failing the official assistance of friendly powers, which might have been extended to him for political reasons, he had no alternative but to make fresh terms with the Credit Foncier, its affiliated establishments, and the Alexandria banks, although, by doing so, so far as appearances go, he may have put the finishing touch to his discredit. Low as Egyptians had fallen, it is only the interested operation of the French syndicate that has kept them at their present level; it might have been their policy to depress the stocks in place of sustaining them; and they are themselves liable to be paralysed at any moment by a financial crisis in Paris, which must necessarily involve their Egyptian *protégé* and the private individuals who have lent to him. So at this moment the holder of Egyptian debt is not speculating only on the honesty of the Khedive, on his good intentions, and on the peace and prosperity of his dominions, but on the dispositions, motives, and solvency of a set of foreign gentlemen who get their living by launching themselves on venturesome undertakings. Nor is that by any means an extreme instance of the power of combination, and we have only singled it out as a patent one. In this case the French syndicate, though it is made so formidable by its concert, holds, after all, but a relatively small proportion of the total Egyptian stocks. The "Autobiography of a Joint-Stock Company," which appeared in the Magazine for July, shows, with scarcely a shade of exaggeration, although

under the form of fiction, how absolutely shares may be manipulated by the wire-pullers, who alone have access to the official records. The innocent outsider may have no clue to the causes or the courses of the market movements, for plausible reports may be cooked with the special purpose of misleading him. The rise on false intelligence which encouraged him to increase his holding, may be merely a preliminary to the collapse for which directors and promoters have been unloading; while the sudden drop which sent him to sell in a fright, may portend the arrangement of some satisfactory amalgamation which would speedily have doubled the value of his shares.

What aids these syndicates in the magnitude and rapidity of their operations, is the extraordinary increase in the sheer unadulterated gambling which now goes on in the Stock Exchange. There are at present, we believe, between 1700 and 1800 brokers on the London lists; and, had they to confine themselves strictly to legitimate business, instead of being a tolerably thriving body on the average, it is certain that the better half of the fraternity would be starving. But the chances of legitimate business enter scarcely at all into the calculations of many of them when making choice of their profession. They know, in so far as it is possible to estimate what must after all be matter of guesswork, that some five-sixths of the business of the House is in time bargains, involving no actual delivery of scrip, but a mere settlement of differences. In old times, substantial City men were in the habit of occasionally making heavy speculations in consols, but it was generally with a definite purpose, and as an insurance against some contingency. Now, the practice of buying quantities of securities you

cannot possibly pay for, is become especially popular among the peniless. Perhaps the mania assumes its most virulent form among those whose congenial pursuits are carried on in the precincts of Threadneedle and Throgmorton Streets. Periodical disclosures in the police courts show some manager or clerk abusing the confidence of his employers; obtaining credit to an extent that appears incredible, from some firm of covetous and confiding brokers, on a running account which has been kept open by the aid of cantangos and backwardations. City *employés* who have the ingenuity to trade upon feloniously-obtained credit, are the most dangerous customers of the more speculative brokers, because they have learned how to let them in most heavily. But there are men about town, both in the City and at the West End, who are always on the look-out for "good things;" and failing these, who fall back on gambling in indifferent things in the blackest ignorance. To all except very exceptional natures, the first loss is as fatal as the first gain, especially when the gambler is under difficulties to begin with. He had urgent occasion for the money he hoped to win; and now that he is out of pocket instead, he positively burns to recoup himself. He follows with feverish pulse the fluctuations of the stock that scorched his fingers. He opens with trembling fingers each successive edition of the evening papers. He may have been betrayed into dealing at first by some friendly "tip" that proved false, given perhaps in the genial *abandon* of an after-dinner conversation. His taking action on that unlucky piece of information seems wisdom to him still, even in the bitter retrospect. Now he has nothing more to guide him than a matter of public notoriety; and there are scores

of jobbers and dealers who are far better posted than he. No matter—he must cut in again; and so he does, and he loses, and carries over, and pays for doing it, and gets involved deeper and deeper, till the brokers become pressing for settlement, or some unexpected political incident makes his open bargains disastrous. With stockbrokers it is a point of honour as of self-interest to keep the secrets of their chambers as punctiliously as consulting physicians. But it is no secret that the fair sex, and ladies of the highest station too, are in the habit of throwing themselves into the national game with characteristic feminine impetuosity. The stolen joys and griefs of the Stock Exchange are more exciting than the faro and spadillo of our grandmothers, and infinitely more ruinous. The stakes are practically unlimited, while to a certain point you may play on credit. Of course we need not speak of those professional speculators with more or less money at their disposal, who are always busying themselves in the markets that chance to be most the rage for the moment.

But it is that promiscuous gambling by people of straw, with the fashion in stocks that is its natural consequence, which plays into the hands of the syndicates. It may be an object with a group of schemers to get rid of stock to the value of a million or so. Did they wait for *bona fide* investors to relieve them, the operation must necessarily be tedious; and possibly if they pressed sales they might have to sacrifice the property in a panic of their own creation. But by creating a gambling run upon the stock by means of fictitious bargains and fluctuations, they may unload quietly among the clouds of transfer notes that are flying about, by the aid of the favourable rumours

with which they have judiciously fed the speculators. Necessarily such periods of excitement, with the extreme sensitiveness which is caused by these time bargains, and the swarms of *canards* which invariably precede and accompany them, are all against the investor who means to hold. Reaction follows inflation, disappointment subsides into depression, and the sense of instability is a lurking danger which may lead to serious mischief at any moment.

That propagation of rumours is another fruit of the new state of things, for which we are greatly indebted to the progress of science and enterprise. Formerly, it might be worth the while of leviathan capitalists operating on an extensive scale, to elaborate some deep-laid plot; and one or two famous instances of the kind during the war agitations early in the century will naturally occur to everybody. But most men then, as a rule, could only act on the regular mail deliveries, when the foreign letters necessarily corrected each other. The correspondent of a City house communicated to it all he knew; but his knowledge was probably public property, and amounted to very little. If a piece of really useful information reached an individual, he naturally kept it for his private use, so that his small sales or purchases produced no appreciable effect. Now, the journals have their correspondents everywhere—correspondents who are always rushing about among telegraph offices, when they have not a wire of their own at their elbows for which they are bound to find constant occupation. Competition among them is as keen as the public cravings they have to satisfy. It may be safely said that they best discharge their duties to their employers as to the public, by despatching doubtful news rather

than none at all; and very often the shrewdest of them may be the victims of mystifications that have been carefully planned in secret conspiracy. For some years past, the Bourses of London and Paris have ceased to have a practical monopoly of the speculative dealings of Europe. There is gambling going forward in international stocks, and as much excitement, although on a smaller scale, in Vienna or Berlin, or even at Alexandria or Galata. Men on the spot, with money and means of information at command, give the reports they desire to be believed, the consistency or the colour that suits them; and prepare a story for foreign circulation whose plausibility might impose on the most distrustful of mortals. So the fever flame of an agitation in Egyptians or Peruvians is always being fanned by fresh announcements, each of them apparently authenticated by pieces of circumstantial evidence. Half-a-dozen times in a day, a bellow and a roar in the Stock Exchange may greet the arrival of some new sensation, to be followed by a rush of sales or purchases; and the property that is liable to be blown about with each breath, naturally comes to be more doubtfully regarded.

Nor can we say that we consider the daily lucubrations of the City editors to be much of a safeguard for the ignorant or unwary. It is true that in point of independence and honesty, most of our papers compare most advantageously with the French press, the greater part of which is regularly in the pay of capitalists, and makes little secret of it. Nor are we inclined to lay much stress on the cases of corruption that have recently been brought to light in certain *causes célèbres*. It has been proved that these things do occur, and a chance that your seemingly impartial adviser has been

bought over by scheming knaves, is not a pleasant thing to contemplate. But we are willing to believe that they are exceptional; and what seems to us more serious as a habitual danger, is the increasing tendency to sensational writing, since it seems to be desired that "our City columns" should be made a sensational feature in the journal. The stocks that are most frequently dealt in by speculators, and which are consequently for the time the most sensitive, are made the themes of daily animadversion. The modern City editor feels himself bound to account for each passing fluctuation in his own ingenious fashion. He selects his particular rumour or telegram on which to construct a theory, which the event of the day or the morrow may demolish. Instead of waiting to state ascertained facts, or giving a word of sound advice in season when he has cogent grounds to go upon, he projects his lively mind into the future, and almost unconsciously makes himself an ardent partisan of promiscuous conclusions of his own. Before the light of research has been thrown on the subject, he takes the credit of the Argentine Republic or the depth of the Peruvian guano deposits under his special protection. Then when an agitation that may be more or less reasonable sets in, in the stocks of these countries, he makes it his mission to explain away each fresh fall, as due to interested intrigues or causes that are entirely adventitious. Certain readers regard him as an inspired prophet, nor do they correct his assertions by those of his colleagues, who are asserting South America to be a howling wilderness peopled by jaguars and half-savage repudiators. Holders are persistently warned, "not to be tempted into realising their property," until possibly all they may have to realise in the end is the fact that

there is no property to part with. It is clear that caution and judicious reticence should be the guiding principles of a man who undertakes to offer most delicate advice in matters that may affect the happiness and fortunes of thousands; and the gentlemen who let their imagination run daily riot in their articles, as if they were dashing off the *feuilleton* of a French journal, can scarcely expect to be listened to with respect, should they really have something important to say.

It is not so many years ago, as we said, that enterprise or speculation, call it which you will, was very much limited to France and England. Italy, broken up among the Pope, the Bourbons, and the Austrian Archdukes, had been stagnating for long; the little kingdom of Sardinia was beginning cautiously to feel its way. The great German race kept moving along very placidly in the old grooves, just as they lived contentedly in their uncomfortable, old-fashioned capitals. But now the diffusion of speculation and financing may multiply graver perils than ever can be brought about by the propagation of disquieting rumours. There came a great and general movement, with a passing of the people north and south of the Alps from one extreme to the other. United Italy, among other blessings that came to her with her regeneration, had to be grateful for a most creditable national debt; and the embarrassments of her finances and the clouds that were hanging over her prospects gave room for some very pretty gambling in it. Syndicates, companies, and individuals had followed the example of the State, and betaken themselves to borrowing likewise; the moneyed classes struck out forms of excitement that promised to become as popular as the lotteries; banking accounts were opened and con-

sequently banks, by people who seldom before had had more money than they could comfortably spend; railways, harbour works, irrigation works, &c., were pushed briskly forward with foreign capital; and the development of the stock markets gave an unwonted animation to dealings in Turin, Florence, and Milan. But the financial *renaissance* of Italy was nothing to what was witnessed in Austria and Prussia. Of a sudden the North and South Germans aroused themselves simultaneously from their lethargy. Banks and great credit associations started into existence to accommodate the shareholders in hundreds of companies with the means of carrying out their patriotic ideas. The long-neglected harvest had been ripening for the reapers; and the returns were to be so certain and so immediate that the risks might be counted as *nil*. So it seemed at first, and the German credit establishments in the beginning paid nearly as handsome dividends as those financial societies of our own that have since failed so signally. The primary objects of the new Teutonic joint-stock enterprise, as a rule, were patriotic as much as personal. Concessions were granted to reclaim the naturally rich country that had been forest, fallow, or swamp from time immemorial. New railways were constructed cheaply between flourishing cities whose inhabitants had seldom stirred from home; canals were cut to facilitate heavy traffic; timbered hills that had hitherto been inaccessible began to be *exploité*; forges and smelting works were opened in remote valleys. But above all, the new excitement broke out in the cities in the shape of house-building. Hitherto it had been the habit and the fashion to live in the most homely guise; the Viennese burghers for instance hud-

dled together over their shops in crooked alleys, while the palaces of the proudest nobility in Europe were crowded up in the gloomiest thoroughfares. Now, all was to be changed. New-made millionaires advertised the credit they were trading on, by the imposing exteriors of their gaudily-furnished mansions. People who were slow to learn that art of everyday spending which neither they nor their fathers had ever practised, could at least make a grand show once for all, by housing themselves sumptuously behind columns, and caryatides, and sculptured stone-work. The nobles who could afford it consented to abandon their hereditary halls, and exchange darkness and unsavoury stench for sweetness and light. The result was, that along the Danube and the Wien, and on the banks of the Spree as well, there was a general rising of Rings, Boulevards, Faubourgs, Squares, and Places. The odd thing was, that notwithstanding the increase of accommodation, the rents were rising with the houses; the various building companies paid fabulous dividends—shrewd capitalists kept securing promising building sites at fancy prices; then borrowing on them and then building again. There was no perceptible check to the movement until it was pulled up so sharply in South Germany by the commercial crisis of Vienna in the Exhibition year.

That crisis furnished a significant illustration of the new danger to which we are inviting attention. A panic in London is disastrous enough, but it may almost be said to be calculation and calm compared to possible panics on the Continent. In London the property most freely flung about is that which, depending chiefly on credit, may not improbably disappear if it once fall into disrepute. But the Viennese

parted just as wildly with shares that, being based mainly upon the real security of houses and land, were almost certain to recover materially when the worst of the fever was past. We cannot easily forget the spectacles that were to be witnessed at the temporary Bourse when the alarm had culminated, in a couple of days or so; and all through the city the adventurers appeared to have but one idea—to get rid of everything they held, and realise what remained of it in specie. When companies and private firms were shaking and falling, the most extravagant reports find ready credence; it was even gravely asserted, in journals of some position, that the Rothschilds were tottering on the verge of insolvency. Yet that state of mind was so far from being unnatural that it is certain to repeat itself for many years to come in any similar circumstances, for risky enterprise of any kind is an entire novelty to the German. The mass of investors, when they had money to lay by, have been in the habit of putting it away so very safely, that there was little chance of seeing it diminished. But they take as kindly as their neighbours to possibilities of gain; and when they saw their Hebrew fellow-citizens and the foreign capitalists turning everything that they touched into gold, they could not resist following the example. As yet, however, they have scarcely made a beginning of studying that difficult art of keeping their heads through reverses and fluctuations in which our own countrymen have made so little progress. Panic masters them more absolutely, and its contagion spreads among them with most demoralising rapidity. Overdone enterprise and unnatural inflation have sown broadcast the seeds of mistrust, which may be forced to maturity at any moment;

and, thanks to the intimacy of international financial relations now-a-days, should there be a crisis on the Exchanges of Vienna or Berlin, the shock will be communicated to London or Paris. So that henceforward the speculative investor ought to watch carefully the course of events in a plurality of highly sensitive centres, and that is, of course, practically impossible. All may be apparently quiet in London, even when there may be some tendency towards activity in certain threatened markets, owing to the operations of the few farsighted ones who are behind the scenes. Yet he may awaken some fine morning to hear of an acute crisis abroad, which is to throw everybody into alarm, and precipitate a convulsion here which might otherwise have been staved off indefinitely. The rapidly downward course of his favourite securities may give him disagreeable proof of the solidarity of English interests with those of our foreign friends, and may remind him that it would only have been commonly prudent to examine into their circumstances and their finances as well.

How it may all end, it is worse than idle to surmise. We presume that Time may be trusted to open up new fields of investment, and it is certain that he will not want any assistance that can be given him by the interested ingenuity of professional financiers. In the meantime the moral of the situation seems to be that wary investors should hold more closely than ever by the good old-fashioned maxim that great interest means bad security. If they are hesitating between low and high dividends, they will do well to remember that although in the one case they may have to put up with disagreeable privations, in the other they may be inviting irremediable ruin.

THE STRATHMORE: LETTER FROM MRS WORDSWORTH, THE
LADY WHO SURVIVED THE WRECK.

LETTER, MRS WORDSWORTH TO HER DAUGHTER.

THE CHILDERS, *Feb. 18, 1876.*

DEAREST F——, I daresay you never expected to see my hand-writing again; but I suppose I must be the veritable bad half-penny, and of course have turned up once more. We are now on board the ship Childers of Liverpool, on our way to Rangoon.

I will begin my story from the poor ship Strathmore. We had rather a tedious voyage. I was sick the whole way, and if the sickness stopped, I had nausea. I could not eat—I loathed everything; and when we got to the line, “low fever” set in. In short, I thought I should never reach New Zealand, though Captain M’Donald showed great skill in medicine, and was exceedingly kind and attentive. On one occasion, curiously enough, he jokingly threatened that if I did not get better soon he would land me on the “Twelve Apostles,”—little thinking then, poor man, how soon his words were to come true.

Miss Henderson, the lady who occupied the other berth in my cabin, and who, with her brother, was going to New Zealand to join their father, always tended me with the greatest kindness and gentle care during my long illness. On the 30th of June, the very night before we “struck,” I felt rather better, and got up to join the other passengers in a game at cards in the saloon. I had generally slept badly hitherto, the fever always returning in the night; but on this occasion, being more fatigued than usual, I slept soundly, till bump! bump! bump! I was knocked violently

backwards and forwards in my berth. I thought, “surely that is a curious motion;” but, determined not to be easily alarmed, I endeavoured to compose myself. To my horror there then followed a crunching and grating sound which could not be mistaken. I said to Miss Henderson, “Oh! surely there is something wrong.”

We got out of bed, and had just lit our lamps, when Charlie and Mr Henderson came to our cabin. Mr Henderson never spoke; but Charlie said in very quiet tones, “Mother, the ship has struck, and is quickly settling down. You have not time to dress—only a moment to put on what you can.” They left us; we never spoke. I helped the poor child to dress; she was pale and trembling, but quiet and collected. I did not take time to dress myself fully, merely putting on my dressing-gown and the tweed tunic you bought me. My sealskin jacket was unfortunately locked up, so I huddled on my warm shawl, and tied up my head warmly. This took us about three minutes, at the end of which time Charlie and Mr Henderson again appeared. I took your brother’s arm, and we went into the saloon, Miss Henderson and her brother following. Charlie, bethinking himself of some useful things he had forgotten, left me in the saloon in order to get them from his own cabin. Thinking he remained too long, I followed him, and begged him to come at once, for I had heard the captain from the poop call aloud in an agonised tone, “Now then, come!” But whilst I had

been waiting for him, I had run back to the cabin and got my rosary, which I put round my neck, and seized a pair of blankets. We made our way to the companion-hatch, but it was partly fastened up, so I was forced to drop my load of blankets, and creep through the small aperture which was left. Arm in arm, and followed by Miss Henderson and her brother, we walked to where some sailors were endeavouring to launch a boat. Charlie noticed to me that generally in shipwrecks the first boat launched is lost; and though I heard "Sails's" voice cry out, "I'll shoot any man who gets in before the women," I said to Charlie, "Don't go in that boat; remember wherever we go if there is not room for you there is not for me." He replied, "No, mother, we will live or die together."

We passed the Joselyn boys. Percy, the eldest—a fine fellow—I heard say to his younger brother, "We will stick together, old boy, whatever happens." I saw poor Captain M'Donald at the rigging, and would have spoken to him, but I knew he was a broken-hearted man, and, like myself, preparing for eternity. I had not the least hope of being saved. Just then I heard Mrs Walker, who unfortunately had got separated from her husband and child, ask Charlie to look for him, but he did not hear her; he was considering how I could be got into the port lifeboat. "Can you get on the bridge, mother?" he asked. I said "Yes"—though it was a place I dared not have attempted in daylight on a calm day. I got into it, I know not how. Charlie, and a sailor named Jack Wilson, pulled me up into the boat by the hands. The moment I was lifted from the quarter-deck a sea swept over it, some of the water splashing on my face. That sea washed Miss

Henderson from her brother's arms down to the main deck, and so the poor child was lost. Her brother told me afterwards that all she said to him was, "Oh Tom! we did not think it would end this way."

In the meantime the sailors were doing everything to have the boat ready, on the very slight hope of her floating clear of the ship, which we thought then was rapidly settling down. We sat awaiting our fate. A few farewells were exchanged. I said good-bye to my dear boy, and a pang of anguish went through me for his young life, so soon to be taken. It passed in a moment, and we were preparing ourselves as well as we could to meet our God when, wonderful to relate, a heavy sea came sweeping along over the poop, carrying everything with it to destruction; but instead of dashing our boat to pieces, or tumbling it from the beams on which it stood down to the deck, it caught it up and miraculously floated us between the main and mizzen rigging into the sea. I thought at the time we were going quietly into eternity. I felt Charlie's grasp tighten, and with a prayer on my lips I think I almost was gone. We had hardly breathed when Charlie suddenly almost threw me from him, and wrenching an oar out, shouted, "Saved! saved! by a miracle. Up, lads, and keep her off the ship!" It was pitch-dark, in the dead of a winter night. We had few clothes, and the boat having been stove in on its passage across the deck, we were sitting almost up to our waists in water. Huge sprays washed over our shoulders; and so, surrounded by breakers and sharp rocks, we did not know which way to turn for safety. By dint of hard labour, and great caution, we managed to keep clear of every obstacle, and the boat was constantly baled to lighten her, but

with little success. Indeed, had she not been a splendid lifeboat we should very soon have sunk. I sat silent in my corner, trying to comfort and warm poor Spencer Joselyn, who had hurt himself jumping into the boat. Percy, poor fellow, fell short in his leap, and was drowned. Charlie gave me his coat to hold whilst he pulled an oar, and I think that £155, which was in a pocket-book that he had saved, must then have been lost by dropping out of one of his pockets into the water in the boat, and then being baled overboard.

We beat about all night, not knowing where we went, afraid of being drifted out to sea without food or water. Breakers ahead! and Land, ho! was the cry all night. Once, in the grey of the morning, we got a glimpse of the ship. She was leaning over a good deal, and looked very helpless and forlorn, and so sad. A little after day broke I was the first to see another boat. I gave a joyful scream, and the second mate, Mr Peters, with some passengers and sailors, came to us and towed us to land. When we came to the landing-place I gave up in despair, for I saw nothing but a high perpendicular rock before me, impossible almost for a goat to find footing on. You know I am not very clever at climbing at the best of times, but weak and ill, stiff with cold, and dripping wet, I felt I had no life in me, and could not do it. I said, "Charlie, I can't do it; you must leave me." "Nonsense," he said; and one of the seamen, Jack Wilson, added, "If there is anybody to be saved you will be." The sailors who had already mounted the rock soon managed to lower a rope with a loop in it, in which I sat, and was pulled up, assisted by Charlie and young Mr Keith on either side. I was stunned with cold, and almost fainting, so that it

seemed only a few minutes to me till Charlie came with the reeking-hot skins of two albatrosses and wrapped my feet in them. Oh, how delightful it was! Some one knocked down a white pigeon, which was cooked on some sticks and given to me. I thought I had never tasted anything so good. Mr Peters, who all along had behaved with great presence of mind and gallantry, had been backwards and forwards to the wreck and brought off several boatfuls of people. He also picked up some wine, spirits, &c.—in fact all that was portable and useful. It soon got dark, and we were obliged to move higher up the rock, where a slight tent was erected and a plank was placed on the rock for me to lie upon. Some of the sailors covered me with their coats, but they were taken from me during the night by some of the passengers, and then, Oh the agony I suffered in my limbs! Mr Keith and Charlie had to move my feet and hands, and when I could bear it no longer I went outside and sat by a small fire they had lit. Black Jack gave me his own stockings, which were warm, for I had none,—the crew were all so kind to me.

The next day Mr Peters brought the remainder of the survivors from the rigging of the wreck. The noble captain had been washed overboard shortly after Miss Henderson and the man at the helm, a bright-eyed little fellow called Darkey on account of his gypsy-like complexion, who was washed away from his post with a part of the wheel in his hand. He had refused to leave it till the word to save himself was given; but the captain never lived to give it. There was a very interesting newly-married couple called Mr and Mrs Riddle. Mrs Riddle had waited for him for eight years, and the poor man was frantic at the prospect of losing his

young wife. A Mrs Mobile, another young married woman, behaved with great heroism at the wreck. At all times a merry laughing creature, and kind to every one, she tried hard to save the lives of some of the children, but without success. She was heard to ask, "Is there no hope?" "None." Then throwing her arms round her husband's neck, she said, "I will die with you."

To return to the island. Next day Walter Smith, the sailmaker, and Mike O'Reardan, an A.B., brought me a suit of manly garments—Mike giving me the shirt from his back. Trousers, my flannel petticoat, and a "monkey-jacket" completed my outfit; but either the trousers were curiously made or else I was, for we did not get on well together. I kept them though, and they were most useful to Charlie afterwards.

I will now only give you a few incidents of our island life, as Charlie is writing a full account, which you will receive with this letter. I was very near death several times; had it not been for Charlie's constant care and tenderness I should really have gone—it was such a long time of suffering and endurance. The eggs saved my life twice, and there was a little of the famous "Redheart rum" put away for the use of the sick by Mr Peters, which did me incalculable good. I felt I could not last long. One morning, the 21st January, I awoke quite cheerful and bright, saying, "Charlie, I've seen *the ship*" (we never dreamt of any but the one that was to take us off). In the afternoon, as Charlie went out of our own little "shanty," he shouted, "Sail, ho!" and immediately ran towards the flag-staff. I sank on my knees at the entrance, and wept tears of joy. Soon I saw the ship turn towards our island, and then I began to prepare. Charlie came back to

give me one or two articles of his apparel, that I might look somewhat more respectable, for my wardrobe was reduced to a flannel shirt and petticoat much the worse for wear, and (what I considered very grand) the polonaise you bought me—everything as well as myself black, greasy, and smelling horribly fishy, though we did not notice it at that time. What moments of delight were these! We first hurried to one side of the island, then to another, scrambling over rocks, holes, and slime—no easy matter. At last we arrived at our old landing-place. I could get down to a certain part of the rock in safety, but from there I had to be lowered into the boat in a "bowline." To the uninitiated this bowline looks a very carelessly-made knot, but it is strong notwithstanding.

When I was hanging above the sea, I heard "Sails" shout out, "Dont scrape her; rather throw her into the water;" but I meekly expostulated that I rather preferred being scraped. Poor "Sails" was ready to jump in for me, being half stripped; and the last thing I clung to on the island was his smooth fat neck. I hung in mid-air, and when the boat rose on the swell I was lowered into Captain Gifford's arms and placed safely in the boat. The ship was a whaler named *The Young Phoenix*, Captain Gifford. Charlie, Mr Peters, "Sails," and two invalids came off with us at the same time. Captain Gifford congratulated me on my fortitude. He said some men had to be helped, and would scarcely come at all. Long before we reached the ship I was sick, of course. Captain Gifford insisted on my staying in the boat, and it was hoisted up with me on board. The first moment that Captain Gifford saw distressed people on the island, rightly judging they

could not all be got off the rock that night, he had thoughtfully provisioned the boats, even to tobacco. I was taken down-stairs and met by an "angel," as she seemed to me, with such a fair tender face—a tall, slender woman, like a lily, in her fresh cotton gown. She took me dirty, wretched, sick, in her arms, and immediately got a tub of water to wash me, for I could do nothing, I was so ill and weak. She washed, clothed, and fed me with the tenderest gentleness. The best of everything was given me. A bed was arranged on a sofa, with pillows, sheets, and blankets. For seven months I had thought it a luxury to get a flat stone to sit on, and had hardly ever lain down without my feet in a pool of water; and now, surrounded by every comfort, I did not speak or think, but could only lie and wonder, and thank Almighty God for His mercy. Next day the sickness wore off, and I was able to enjoy the nice little American dainties she brought me. I think she herself scarcely ate anything whilst we were on board, she was so delighted. She had said to her husband when he was going for us, "Bring me a woman," she was so home-sick, poor thing!—having been at sea a considerable time already, with no prospect of seeing home for many long months. Five happy days we stayed on board bound for the Mauritius, though the captain, by thus taking us out of his way, was losing a fishing season, a serious matter for a whaler, and he had not been very successful already. Curiously enough, not long before, he had picked up the crew of a deserted vessel numbering about thirty, so far as I can recollect. On the fifth day a ship hove in sight. We "spoke" her, and her captain agreed to take twenty of us. I preferred stopping; but the

second mate, Mr Peters, and most of the passengers, went with her. She was the *Sierra Morena*. I was exceedingly sorry to part with Mr Peters, who had all along proved so kind to me. In the afternoon of the same day, as Captain Gifford and I were comfortably chatting in our small "sanctum," José, the little steward, came down with the news that there was another sail on the "lee bow." Up went the captain on deck; and I, very sorrowful, was preparing to get ready to be transhipped, when I was told not to stir till we learned more particulars. In the meantime I saw the captain's wife busily employed packing up a whole lot of her best things for me to take; but I would only accept from her a change of commoner ones, as she had previously given me a very handsome rep wrapper, and various other articles, including a waterproof, and lovely shoes and stockings. Such shoes! She is a full head taller than I, yet her feet are smaller, and mine, you know, are not very large. Besides, though she does all work on board of the vessel, her hands are small and beautifully white. We signalled this ship as we had done the other, and it was arranged that the remainder of us, twenty-four in all, should go on board the new vessel. We were without exception exceedingly sorry to part with our American friends. Mrs Gifford cried when I left her, and would scarcely let me go; and Captain Gifford at the very last said, if I had the least objection to going, that Charlie and I could remain with them, and they would be very glad to have us. However, we went away; and the last I saw of Eleanor Gifford leaning over the side with a kerchief round her head and a tender half-sad look in her eyes, recalled to my mind the sweet face of my vision

on the island.* All honour to the American flag. We should most likely have been on the island now but for their humanity. Captain and Mrs Gifford are pure Americans; and if I am able in other years when they return to New Bedford, I shall almost dare cross the ocean to see them once more. Captain Gifford is as tall for a man as his wife is for a woman. He has the rather long face of the American, but he is very handsome. They had a very fine harmonium on board, but I was too weak to use my feet to blow, so I sat wrapped in a blanket on her knee, she using her feet and I playing. The Young Phoenix will go to the Mauritius in about six months, where Mrs Gifford will stay some time for a rest. She would have made her visit then had we gone on with them.

Had you seen me at first you would not have known me. I was a perfect skeleton; my eyes sunken and hollow, with a wild burning light in them horrible to see; my skin white and like a dead person's, my hands transparent, my hair short, and my figure gaunt, tottering, and with a dreadful stoop. For the first three months on the island I could not walk a yard without assistance, even through the shanty. It was all rock and slippery stones, and the least wind blew me down. When I got a little better, Charlie would take me out a few yards and I returned myself. If no one was about to give me a help, I generally crawled on my hands and knees. Afterwards, when we got to our own little hole on the other side of the island, I got rather stronger, and was able and proud to go to the spring for water, escaping with only two or three falls. You never saw such an uncompromising place. On my way to the well I passed through

crowds of penguins without fear. I think they were surprised at my appearance.

But to return to the Childers (the ship we are now in): she belongs to Liverpool, and is commanded by Captain M'Phee, who is very kind to me. The living is good; plenty of nice vegetables, delightful bread, and eatables of all kinds, and lots of preserved fruits and jams. If you have any nice home-made, I can tell you they will suffer in comparison. Since the first day, I have never been sick, and have an enormous appetite. The consequence is, I am getting fast like myself, and my bones are quite getting covered. I had no idea they were so small. Captain M'Phee gave me a curtain (Dolly Varden print) to make a skirt of—a fancy blue shirt for a boddice, and his own white linen coats for jackets. My constitution is entirely changed. Before, I was always sea-sick, which is not the case now; and when I crossed the line before, I never perspired—the result being that I felt the heat exceedingly; but now I am in a constant bath, and so have neither red face nor suffering. Charlie looks and is well and firm now. From the effects of the exposure and bad feeding on the island, his hair had got quite flaxen, which didn't suit him at all; but now it has nearly recovered its original colour. One day on the island, when food was scarce and hunting hard, he was quite worn out and burst into tears. Poor fellow! I felt that more than anything that happened to me. He has shown himself a grand fellow, cool and steady in danger, with all his wits about him. Such tender care he took of me too, never making a fuss about what he did! You would have thought he had been

* See Mr Wordsworth's Narrative, p. 337.

the only one shipwrecked before. All the others were extravagant and wasteful with clothes, string, &c. He got many out of a difficulty by supplying a little of the latter commodity, and at the last he was the only one with a lashing for carrying his birds. He won the respect of all, especially the sailors, with whom he was a great favourite. In the evenings, when the day's work was done, I would amuse Charlie by telling him all the little stories I could remember about his own, your, and even my childhood, which took back our minds to home, and never failed to interest, however often repeated.

Some of the men were great favourites of mine. Walter Smith, or "Sails," as we always called him, was a gem in his way. He would knock down his enemy one minute, and the next risk his life for him, and when he had a friendship it was to the death; he was always so generous and kind—so were they all. The three apprentices were very fine lads. Frank Carmichael seemed a little delicate, but Ned Preston and Harold Turner were more robust, and capital hunters. On Christmas-day Harold brought me three eggs out of five that he had buried for himself when the eggs were plentiful. I shall not forget such a generous action. There are many other little anecdotes I might tell, but it would make my letter too long; however, there is one I must not forget. John Evans, A.B., or "Old Jack" as we called him, one day when food was very scarce, brought me a small duck roasted, which he had been lucky enough to kill and get cooked. Though starving himself, he freely gave me this delicacy, and insisted on my taking it. It requires a person to be under similar circumstances in order to appreciate such self-sacrifices as I have men-

tioned. As for Mr Peters, I think him the *beau ideal* of an officer. On the island he did not belie the good opinion that the poor captain had of him. He never spared himself in any work. In danger he was cool-headed, and nothing seemed to turn him away from doing what he thought was right. I am afraid you must think me very confused in my head, judging from my letter. First I am on the island; then on board the whaler or Childers, and then back to the island again; but I have written this letter from day to day, and put down just whatever ideas came uppermost. So to go back again to the Childers. The crew here are all blacks, some rather handsome. They are a very merry lot, and, when work is done, fond of a little music or dancing. We have had very squally weather. The ship has to go where there is wind, which makes my heart beat—in fact I shall be more or less terrified till I get on solid ground again in Old England. We hope we will not be very long before we reach Rangoon. It would be rather awkward landing in a strange place without a *son* in our pockets, but I suppose somebody will have pity on us till we get money. Oh, I am thoroughly sick of the sea! No more going to the seaside in summer. I am bringing home quite a valuable book of receipts which the steward has very kindly given me—quite Yankee notions, and very good ones too. I mean to be no end of a cook when I get home. I have studied the theory on that desolate island in our grim solitude. At present everything is "I wonder" to us. I wonder what you and Richard are doing where you are, and what everybody is thinking about us. I felt so sorely for you not knowing what had become of us. I am thankful

I was not at home, the suspense would have driven me crazy. I hope dear old friends are all well both in England and Scotland. I shall not write more than this one letter, so please send it to my sisters, and all our relations and friends who may be interested.

After such a long ramble, fancy us being landed at Burmah, of all places! With the exception of two rings and the rosary Mrs Dycer gave me, I have not a relic of my past life. Even when I thought I was going to the bottom, I regretted our lovely picture of your dear father (a life-size painting of my husband when a boy, with his favourite pony—the figure by Sir Henry Raeburn, and the animal by Howe). However, we have ourselves, and it has been Almighty God's will that we should lose the rest. Once I had a delightful dream of your kitchen at Bebbington, full of lovely clean clothes airing before the fire. It was quite a treat to me, squalid, ragged, and cold as I was. I only slept about three nights in the week—my bed was so hard and uncomfortable. It is almost worth being shipwrecked to experience so much kindness. Captain M'Phee is very kind. His family live in Liverpool, and his wife often goes with him. I would not like to be a sailor's wife. I was always afraid of building castles in the air about seeing you again. I scarcely dared think of you. Frank Carmichael, one of the apprentices, and I were wondering whether any masses were being said for us on All Souls' Day. By the by, you had better write to his mother, and tell her he is safe, and behaved like a man at the wreck. Her address is ———. I shall have so much to hear when I get home—all good news, I trust. I would like to forget all the hardships and disagreeables of the last seven months; but I trust I shall

never forget all Almighty God has done for us,—our life and preservation on the island was all a miracle. Fancy living all that time on a barren rock, with a little rank grass on it, not even brushwood! The men knew I had a daughter, but I had never said what like you were. Mike dreamt of you, and to my amazement gave me an exact description of you—hair a shade lighter than mine—even to your rapid walk and short steps. I hope the ship we come home in will go to Liverpool. Love to my sister, brothers, and all kind friends. Oh how I weary to be at home again! We are such queer-looking figures here, with as few clothes as we can possibly do with, lazy and weary—the sea is such a dreary, monotonous life. I can't think how any one can choose it. Charlie is quite satiated with his experiences of it. If it were 'not for home-sickness, I think I would like to have a peep at Indian life. To-day it is nearly a calm, what little breeze there is being in the wrong direction. We sighted Sumatra two days ago. My life here is this: Get up at seven, bath, &c.; breakfast at eight; and then, after having worked everything there was to work, and read everything there was to read, a little writing is all I can do. I expect this erratic mode of writing will account for some of the rambling. Dinner at twelve; sleep an hour; then after that the heat is simply intolerable. Tea at five; go on deck to see the sun go down. Walk and sit on deck till nine or so. A glass of *eau sucrée*, and go to bed. Ah! it is tiresome. Bed, indeed! *Our* ideas of bed are usually associated with thoughts of rest; but on the Strathmore we had fleas, on the whaler cockroaches, in this ship we have a pleasing variety of rats. The fleas and rats I don't mind; so much so, that the

rats run all over me at night in a friendly way. I merely give them a slight shake and weak shoo! I will never recover my figure, my back is so bent and weak; the salt bathing is doing it *some* good. How I wish I was steaming away to England! I expect you will all be very much astonished when you get our telegram. Unless anything very exciting happens, I will not write any more till we are sailing up the Irawaddy.

When people are dead, a great many virtues are generally found out about them unknown before. I trust ours will be remembered now, even though we are unromantically in life. Ill though I was, I felt I *couldn't* die on that desolate island. But I must not abuse it.

I daresay we were healthier there than we should have been on a more favoured island. We are now in the Andaman Sea. It is as calm as a lake—scarcely a breath of wind. How lovely the sunsets are! and the moon and stars, how dazzling and brilliant! Lightning playing about all night. People at home have no idea of lightning or rain; here it comes in sheets, not drops. I am in great pain with rheumatism all down my spine and right side, and such dreadful throbbing at my heart. I can hardly breathe.

24th March.—Arrived at Rangoon; people most kind. Just going to post. With love from both.
—Your affectionate mother,

FRANCES WORDSWORTH.

THE STRATHMORE: MR WORDSWORTH'S NARRATIVE.

(6 months, 22 days, on a Barren Rock.)

On her voyage from London to Otago, N.Z., the Strathmore of Dundee, Captain M'Donald, struck on one of the rocks of the "Twelve Apostles," which are comprised in the Crozet group—a very dangerous set of islands, and not much known about them—July 1st, 1875. There had been no sun taken for several days back, the weather being overcast. The captain expected to see the land, but, I believe, from the southward, instead of which he went to the northward. A little bad steering on the part of the man at the wheel would have cleared us. The weather was fine, except for the fog, and the ship was "shortened down" to her maintop-gallant sail, in order not to pass out of sight of the land before daylight. The accident happened at 3.45 A.M., being quite dark and thick. The man on the look-out reported breakers ahead,

and seeing the rocks looming through the mist on the starboard side, shouted to the man at the wheel to put his helm hard a-starboard; but the mate, seeing land on the port bow, ordered the man to port his helm, but all to no purpose. We were right into a bight of a lot of rocks, with breakers all round us; and the unfortunate Strathmore first grated, and then gave three bumps, staving in her bottom. The water rushing into the lower hold, burst open the 'tween-decks; her bows jammed themselves in between two rocks; whilst the after-end of the ship was lower, and was soon swept by seas, tearing up the poop, and completely gutting that end of the ship. The captain thought at first that she might clear herself, and told the man at the wheel not to leave his post—which he did not, bravely standing there waiting for

the word to save himself, though the seas were now washing over the poop ; and one taking him, with the wheel broken to pieces in his hand, swept him overboard.

I shall now go back a little, and give an account of our own actions—those of my mother and myself. My mother had been very sea-sick the whole voyage, as well as being ill with a sort of low fever which had hung about her since we had been in the tropics ; but the night before the catastrophe, feeling better, we had all of us—*i. e.*, the saloon passengers—been playing cards in the saloon. The captain, either that night or a day or two before, had playfully told my mother that if she did not get better soon, he would land her on the “Twelve Apostles.” He little thought how soon his words were to come true. We were in bed, of course, when the ship struck. The first bump awoke me ; the second told me something was wrong, and I jumped out of bed, for I had guessed the truth. Telling Mr Keith to light the lamp, I ran to my mother’s cabin, and told her and Miss Henderson to dress quickly. I then returned to my own cabin and dressed myself, putting on my warmest clothes and a new pair of Wellington boots. I unlocked my box, and took out of it a little safe, in which was £155 in Bank of England notes, enclosed in a sort of leather pocket-book, and which I put in the breast-pocket of my coat ; also a revolver and a sheath-knife, which afterwards turned out to be invaluable. The latter I put in my belt. The only thing I forgot was a cap ; otherwise I was fully equipped for anything that might turn up.

My mother and I then went up on deck, followed by Miss Henderson and her brother. Some of the men were trying to get the port quarter-

boat out, and I went to help ; but my mother said she would not get into the first boat, as she thought this boat would have all the women packed into it, and very likely I should be separated from her. These quarter-boats could never have been used before, for they were jammed between the bluff of the lifeboat and the mizzen rigging ; and what made matters worse was, that the quarter-boats had to be got out first, for there were only three davits for the two boats (the lifeboat and quarter-boats) on each side ; but as neither of these quarter-boats could be swung out, the two lifeboats were rendered useless. Seeing that the quarter-boats could not be launched I walked right aft to secure a life-buoy, but she began to “poop”—that is, take seas over aft—and thinking it even too serious a case for life-buoys, for at that time her stern seemed to be sinking, I thought the only chance of safety lay in getting into the lifeboat, cutting the gripes, and trusting to Providence that when the ship went down, as I then supposed her to be doing, the lifeboat would float off clear of the wreck. The lifeboats were placed upon “skids” or beams from side to side of the ship, and about eight or nine feet above the main deck. My mother managed to get into the port lifeboat from the bridge, and not a moment too soon ; for Miss Henderson, I think it was, was washed away from her brother and hurled with a scream down to the main deck from the poop and drowned : she was but a few paces behind us. About twenty more were in the boat we were in, waiting our chance, there being a hope of getting off by the merest accident, but we thought our last moment had come. A huge sea swept over the ship, taking everything and every one with it that was not in the rigging

or well forward; and lifting up our boat—not dashing it down on the main deck, as might have been expected, but lifting us off the skids—it washed us clean over the starboard side, knocking down on its way a strong rail, the “standard compass,” &c., and reached the sea in safety, though a little “stove in.” The wonder was the sea did not take us down into the main deck, for the waves were running almost in a straight line from aft, forward. The boat, when it reached the sea, was still foul of the main brace, and as we thought the ship was going down every moment, we made strenuous efforts to get clear. We spent a miserable time of it till daylight, dodging about in the darkness and fog, trying to keep clear of the rocks, breakers, and large quantities of sea-weed, and yet keep near land. Half of us were engaged in baling, we being up to our middle almost in water; but we might have saved ourselves the trouble, for the water neither decreased nor increased, the air-tight tanks keeping her afloat. The rest that were able pulled at the oars.

It was this night I lost my £155. I had taken my coat off to pull an oar, and it was then I think I lost it; for most likely it dropped out of my pocket and was baled overboard during the night, for I never saw it again, and the list of the numbers of the notes I had left on board. At last morning came, but with it fog, and we were very nearly losing land altogether. We had just made up our minds to run off before the wind and give all our energies to baling out the boat, when the fog lifted, and we saw the big rocks looming out; so we put on a spurt and got close inshore, and looked out for a landing-place, which was not easily found, the rocks rising perpendicularly out of the sea. We had not been long

pulling when we sighted the gig, with Mr Peters, our second mate, in it. We gave him a hearty cheer, and he towed us to the only landing-place on the island, which was a ledge on the face of the perpendicular rock, and to reach which a man had to watch his chance when the swell took the boat up, catch hold of parts of the rock, and haul himself up a height of about twelve feet from the sea. We all then that were not going back to the wreck got on shore, pulling ourselves up by the “painter” of the boat. My mother was hoisted up in a “bowline,” a knot she now firmly believes in. We sat huddled together on a ledge of rock, wet, cold, hungry, and miserable. Some lit a fire, and others got birds—sea-fowl, young albatross, &c.—which were on the island, and cooked them; and to us starving creatures they tasted well. In the meantime, the gig and dingey which the others had launched from the wreck made trips to and from the ship to take the survivors off, though we did not manage them all that day, but were two days picking the half-frozen wretches from the rigging or yards, they having to drop from the yards into the water, as the boat could not get near on account of the heavy sea. When every one was got from the wreck, the boats made excursions to the site of the wreck—it having gone down in deep water the night after the last of the survivors had been taken off—and picked up what they could. As far as I remember, the following were what we got: some Keiller’s confection-tins, which we afterwards used for cooking in; some cases of spirits and a cask of port; some bottles of pickles, a few blankets, spoons, and forks, two kegs of gunpowder, two parasols, a small cleaver, a bucket or two, one tin of preserved meat, some wood, and a few odds and

ends thrown off the fore-castle-head. With the help of these riches, we managed nearly seven months. It came on to blow hard the same night, and we lost our boats, as there was no means of hauling them on shore anywhere; and though some might think the boats could have been saved by people keeping in them, yet how could any of us manage to keep them safe, broken up and leaky as the boats were, even if we had gone to the lee side of the island, and kept pulling in shore against a terrible gale for two or three days, exhausted for want of food, wet, and most likely frozen? It could not have been kept up for two hours. We saw the boats afterwards on the other side of the island still attached to each other by their painters, but smashed and bottom up, they having been driven by the gale through a tunnel that ran underneath the island, and caught for a time in some sea-weed a mile or so off the land; and we had the mortification to see them drift out to sea without the possibility of saving them.

The first night ashore was dreadful; we lay exposed on the rocks, huddled together for warmth, the rain pouring down and chilling us to the marrow. We got the covers off the gig and dingey, and made a sort of tent, which came down during the night and made matters worse. My mother, in consideration of her sex, had some planks to lie upon, but she was wofully crushed, and her legs nearly broken, by people crowding in under the canvas. Though greatly fatigued, few of us slept, and during the night a man named Mellor died from fright and exhaustion. For the next night or two my mother and myself, with one or two others, slept in a sort of open cave, or rather overhanging ledge of rock,

a little higher up than we were before; and though the frost lay on our blankets, and the icicles over our heads, yet it was pleasant to what the other place had been. We stayed there about a couple of nights, until another shanty, by no means water-tight, had been built. About 30 odd of us crammed in here, lying in tiers on and between each other's legs; and it was not for months after that this horrid crowding was remedied by building other shanties.

From the Strathmore 40 were drowned and 49 got ashore, my mother being the only woman saved, and Walter Walker, son of one of our cabin passengers, the only child. My mother and Walter got what was supposed to be the best corner of this delightful place. From the damp and frost many of us had sore and frost-bitten feet, and one poor fellow called Stanbury was so bad that lockjaw set in. Before he died his feet were in a horrible state of corruption, and the odour from them and from the other bad feet was most offensive. After death we buried his body as soon as we could, digging the grave with sticks.

When we had explored the island we found it to be about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile long, and a good part of that was rock and stones, the rest being covered with a long, coarse grass. There was no firewood on the island, but we had lots of splendid water. At this time the food we lived upon was young and old albatross; the young ones gave more eating than the old, being large, heavy birds, with a beautiful white down upon them about three inches long. They sat in nests built in the grass about a foot from the ground, one young one in each nest. Another bird that we lived upon was what we called "mollyhawk," but which we afterwards found out to be "stinkpots,"

a carrion bird. They were large, heavily-built birds, with fierce, strong beaks. I remember getting a bite from one that hurt through a pair of Wellington boots, trousers, and drawers. They seemed to stay on the island all night, and we caught them by chasing them into rough ground, or into gullies, where they could not easily get on the wing, and killed them with wooden clubs. They would face you when brought to bay; the albatross seldom did. We used to see these stinkpots feeding on floating substances in the water, very likely the bodies of our unfortunate shipmates, but that did not deter us from eating them, even half cooked as they sometimes were; the very thought of that food now almost sickens me. I am sure that nothing in the shape of herbs that grew on the island was poisonous, but our favourite vegetable was a sort of moss with a long, spreading root. On a cold morning you might have seen us scraping the snow off the ground, and tearing up the root with our benumbed fingers, often too hungry to take the whole of the soil off the root, eating everything ravenously, dirt and all. The birds were boiled in confectionery-tins, after being skinned and cut up, and as long as the pickles lasted they were minced and put into the water the meat had been boiled in, which made a very tolerable soup. Being winter time we had not long days, but about 15 hours' darkness, which we spent lying in our hovel, forgetting our miseries in sleep if possible; for though we had the most vivid dreams of home, &c., and things to eat, yet there was always a feeling in the background which dispelled a good deal the pleasure of the dream—at least that was my case; but still I looked forward to my dreams.

About a dozen of the men built a shanty a little higher up than ours, and a sailor called "Black Jack" ruled it—and a capital ruler he made, too. When my mother came on shore first, she was wet through, and nearly starved with cold; but she soon got a rig-out of a semi-masculine description. One of the sailors took the shirt off his back and gave her it: she put on also a pair of trousers and drawers, a pair of stockings and an overcoat, and various odds and ends, all the contributions of the sailors; a handkerchief, an old straw mattress, and a coverlet completed her appointments, together with a flannel petticoat picked up, which afterwards did good service as a door in our little shanty that we afterwards lived in for some months. The coarse, rank flesh which was our continual food soon disagreed with her, and she got very ill with a sort of low fever, and a dreadful bowel complaint, which reduced her to a perfect skeleton, and made her so weak that I had to turn her in the night when a change of position was needed. Although my mother was very subject to rheumatism, yet while on the island, exposed to wet and cold, she never was troubled with it. Our clothes, such as they were, were seldom quite dry; and to say that our sleeping-places were damp, would be a mild expression; we often lay in downright slush, composed of wet grass and dirt, with the rain coming down on our faces. My mother, it is true, had a mattress, but that was sodden and rotten with the moisture, and, from its clammy and wet feeling, was most disagreeable to touch. That we were impervious to cold, was due to the ammonia in the guano. Most of us suffered a good deal from diarrhoea and dysentery, and the wine and spirits we saved were invaluable. We had used

them very economically, a small salt-cellar full of wine or spirits-and-water being served out every night till finished, except a bottle of rum and one of wine, which were buried for the use of the sick. Mr Walker's child, Watty, suffered dreadfully : he was a lively little child, and talked on board the ship, but nothing but moans and whimpering could now be got out of him, and his little body was covered a good deal with sores ; he seemed to have shrivelled up—his knees drawn up to his chin, his bony shoulders up to his ears, and about the size and weight of a lean turkey. Besides the dread of being compelled to stop long on the island, our fuel was nearly finished, and we were contemplating the prospect of eating the meat raw. I ate two small birds raw, and a piece of another, by way of accustoming myself to it ; but ugh ! it was bad. If it had come to our being obliged to eat the meat raw, I had arranged a dish for my mother of minced liver, heart, and "greens" (the moss that I have mentioned), seasoned with gunpowder as a substitute for salt ; of that article we had none, and were obliged to put salt water in our soup to give it a taste. Afterwards when we cooked in stones, and had lots of burning material, some of us used to make salt ; but it took such a time for the salt water to evaporate, and so small were the results that ensued, that none of us kept this up regularly. I think I was the first to make salt on the island. Another dish I often got ready for my mother, when she could not eat the flesh, was the brains taken out of the birds' heads and fried. That was considered one of our delicacies ; and was also one of the inventions of my culinary genius.

At last the firewood was finished, except a few sticks, which were used for killing our birds. Efforts

had been made to keep up a fire with a kind of turf found on the island, but it would merely smoulder slowly, and that only when there was a strong draught ; when luckily somebody threw a skin on this kind of fire, and to the delight of everybody it burnt pretty well. So here was this difficulty bridged over, and we should not want fire as long as we could get birds ; then to save matches, of which we had only half a boxful of Bryant and May's safeties, we scraped the fat off the skins, melted it down into oil, made a sort of lamp out of a piece of tin, and a wick out of the cotton padding in coats, &c., and burnt it whenever the fire was put out. Though the lamp sometimes went out, the upper shanty would most likely have a light, so we got it re-kindled without reducing the stock of our precious matches. An ordinary housewife would be rather puzzled to keep up a fire with bird-skins—it requires experience.

We had been about a month on the island when the mollyhawks commenced to lay, and there was great rivalry between the two shanties to get the eggs, one striving to steal a march on the other by getting up before daylight, which was very cold work, having to grope our way in the dim light of the moon or breaking daylight over the frozen ground, with mere apologies for shoes, generally struggling against a high wind, for it was nearly always blowing a gale in that bleak quarter of the world, with snow, hail, and rain to make it worse, and our inner man very indifferently replenished ; but the eggs were good and saved my mother's life, for at that time a few mouthfuls of the soup we made was all that she could take of the former food. There was never a time when she was at her worst, but that something turned up just in time to save her.

Aug. 31st, every one was startled by the cry of Sail ho ! and immediately we were in the highest state of excitement and hope ; but it was a great deal too far off for them to see us, or we to signal them. Poor Mr Henderson, who had been ill and low-spirited since we landed, got worse. I daresay the raised hopes that had so suddenly come and gone with the ship, were too much for him in his enfeebled state, and he died Sept. 2d. His body was mere skin and bone. He had been ill with a never-ceasing diarrhœa which nothing could stop. On account of the severe frost and bad weather we could not bury him for two or three days. His limbs up to the last were quite supple, and that was the case with all those who died after having been any time on the island. We seldom could clean ourselves ; the dirt was too fast on us to allow of water alone taking it off, and the weather was so bitterly cold that we could only dabble a very little in it. But we had a mode of cleaning our faces a little by means of bird's skin, rubbing ourselves with the greasy side first, thereby softening the dirt, and afterwards rubbing that off with the feathery side. Our clothes were black with smoke and very filthy, and we were crawling with vermin, which we could not get rid of. There was little of the birds that we did not find a use for ; even the entrails were roasted and eaten, and the large guts we stuffed with chopped-up meat, and tried to imagine them sausages ; but there was no such thing as anything with a taste on the island, except the soup when plenty of salt water was put in it.

We got very hard up for anything to eat at one time ; one day there were only one or two mollyhawks for our last meal, and Black Jack's tent had had nothing to eat all day. We were very weak and low-spirited.

I felt as if all the moisture in my joints was dried up, and I fancied I could almost hear them creak as I dragged myself along. It was with a heavy heart I went out to hunt, and instead of climbing up the hills, I went down by the side of the island, where I remembered to have seen a large quantity of nests, built of mud, smooth and round, about a foot from the ground, looking at a distance like the turrets of a small castle. Down the rocks I went, and saw, to my great delight, a quantity of beautiful white birds. We named them the "Freemasons," but we afterwards discovered their real name was mollyhawk. I killed about fourteen of these, as they let me come quite close to them, when I knocked them down with a club. They even flopped down among my feet. I carried about half of my prize down to the tent, and great was every one's delight and astonishment at the increase of our larder. Many of the others went out, and killed about a hundred in all. Such a feast of tails we had then ! That appendage was cut off close to the back, the long feathers pulled out, and being burnt for a time in the fire, was considered a great delicacy, and one of the perquisites of the hunter. About this time, seven or eight who had been engaged building a shanty for themselves removed to it, thereby leaving us a little more room. Our larder being always supplied with the new birds, we began to look about us more, and shanty No. 4 was started ; also another great and *real* delicacy came in about this time—viz., the "mutton-birds." We found the young, but never, I think, the old ones, who seemed most mysterious birds. Their nests were under the ground, and to find them we had to stamp about till we discovered a hollow place, our feet very often going right through the surface into their

nests, when we had only to put in our hand and pull out our treasure. They had a delightful flavour, and were covered with beautiful fat. We also had whale-birds, divers,* and what we called "the whistlers," from the noise they made. All these smaller birds lived in burrows underground, something after the manner of the mutton-bird. The whale-bird laid, I think, two eggs of a delicate pale colour: the little diver's egg was noted for its size compared to its own bulk. We were visited also in great numbers by a ferocious brown hawk; they were most audacious birds, and if their nests were interfered with, they attacked with vehemence the trespassers. The underground residents, whale-birds and divers especially, were wofully preyed upon by these hawks; the latter would stand patiently for hours near their burrows, like keen terrier dogs watching a rat-hole, ready to pounce upon the unwary who ventured from their fortresses.

The weather was now getting rather less severe, but we could only recollect three fine days all the time we were there, and we always had to pay dearly for them. Another shanty was being built, and I was promised a very small old one for my mother and myself, which a third-class passenger had previously built, and had kindly offered us. On a cold, stormy day, September 13, a vessel, a full-rigged ship, under reefed top-sails, as far as we could make out, came between Hoggs Island and ours, then, running close along our island, kept away to the east. I was in what was called the Skinning Cave, and saw the ship and gave the alarm first. Away went some of us, as hard as we could

run, with blankets and counterpanes to the flagstaff, our black figures showing well against the snow-covered hill, so that I believe they could not have helped seeing us. The blanket-flag was up in a very short time, and the ship, when she had got past the end of the island, came into the wind, I believe, for previously she had been running with the wind aft, and we all thought that she had seen us, and was going to stay for us till finer weather came to take us off, when a squall of snow came on and hid her from view. She had gone off a little in the squall, but some of the men said she was still "hove to." She had not increased her distance much, but eventually she took to her heels. Of course it was a great disappointment, but we expected when in port she would report us, and hope kept us up for about a couple of months. But no; we never heard anything more of her. Now I am sure she saw us, and to desert us thus was abominable. She was near enough to let us see her topmast and top-gallant and rigging; and when we could see all that, how could she not see our black figures and a large blanket and counterpane flying against a clear sky? Except during the squall the air was beautifully clear, and they must have had glasses, which we had not. Mr Peters has the date of this ship's appearance, and I should like to find out her name.

About the end of September the penguins first made their appearance. They are a most remarkable set of birds, if we may call them so; for they have no wings, but just flippers, and their coats look more like fur than feathers; in fact I think them not unlike seals. It

* Some of these names may have been applied to wrong birds, but they were what we believed them to be; if we knew nothing at all of a bird, we invented a name.

was very amusing to watch them making their nests: one would go to a little distance and pick up in its bill, with great ado, a small stone, and carry it with immense dignity to its mate, when they carefully arranged it in some mysterious way, shaking their heads and gobbling over it; then turned up their faces towards the sky and waved their flippers, as if asking a blessing on their labour or making incantations. A few stones thus got together constituted their nests: a single blade of grass or two I have seen treated in the same manner; but I never heard of them or saw them build in the grass, but always on stony places, often great heights above the sea.

The tracks that the penguins made through the grass wound up round the edges of cliffs; they were narrow and stony, and had the appearance of having been worn down to their present condition, through the soil and grass, by the tread of countless penguins seeking every year their favourite resorts, which must have been their choice for ages. Some of these paths in places were very steep; and really, to look at the rocks they managed to climb up, you would think they would require a ladder.

They made great fuss over their courting, and woe betide any unfortunate hen who dared to be frivolous, leaving its own nest to go a short walk; for no sooner was it noticed, than all the neighbours raised a cry of anger and horror, and prepared to give the delinquent an unmerciful pecking as it wended its way through the thick ranks of its comrades. If it returned to its lord and master, the tune was immediately changed from discordant howls and croaks to a more musical tone of thanksgiving and rejoicing. I have seen in books of natural history that penguins lay

only one egg; now our penguins laid three. The first was the smallest, and of a light-green colour; the others whiter and larger, especially the last one. They all had strong rough shells, which, when the eggs were nearly hatched, had been worn by constant friction on the stones smooth and thin, easy for the young ones to break through. The position of the bird when "sitting" is upright, or very nearly so. The yolk of these eggs boiled hard before the white, the latter looking like arrowroot when quite boiled, and also tasting not unlike it; but our palates were perhaps not to be depended upon after living so long on coarse fishy food. I noticed that the penguins always turned their backs to a squall, whilst the other birds—albatross, &c.—always faced it. Being always amongst the penguins, their habits were of great interest to us, and their noises my mother used to fancy resembled nearly all the sounds of the farmyard. A lot of them cawing at a distance seemed like the lowing of a cow; there was the cackling of ducks, the hissing of geese, the gobbling of turkeys, and even the noise of a donkey braying, to be distinguished amongst the babel of tongues.

When the penguins had been sitting some weeks on their eggs, a visible decrease in their numbers was noticed, and we thought at first that they were leaving us entirely; but the hens were left on the island, looking very lean and care-worn, whilst the cocks went to sea. This was the first time we had seen any of the regular householders leave their homes, even for food, since their arrival on the island; and whilst on shore they were never seen to eat anything. However, I think in a week or so the cocks came back, and very fat, there being about an inch thick of fat on their skins, which was very

precious to us. Most of them, too, had their paunches full of a sort of food which did not look unlike a linseed-meal poultice; this was for their young, which were either hatched, or very nearly so. The hens, when relieved by the cocks, then left for their holiday; but I do not think that they stayed so long away nor came back fat like their mates. After that, there was a constant traffic of penguins going down and returning from the sea.

The long lines of travelling penguins, meeting each other on their narrow tracks to the sea, seemed to be very particular about keeping their own side of the street. The homeward-bound ones, with their full paunches, laboriously climbing up the steep paths, and their funny little short legs, white bosoms, and black, extended flippers, looked like fat old gentlemen in white waistcoats; and one could almost fancy that you could hear them puffing and blowing with their hard work.

Whether the penguins who had been out at sea always came back to their old mates, who had been left behind or not, I would be afraid to say. Yet I think sometimes they did; but their numbers were so great, and they were so much alike, it would be impossible to decide.

We used to see great flocks of young penguins congregated together under the care apparently only of one couple. These young ones were very tender eating, but, except when very young, of rather a rank flavour.

The penguins are plucky creatures; and I have even seen a weak, soft-looking youngster stand up manfully for itself against a fierce hawk.

The albatross were very majestic and graceful in their movements. We used to see them, when pairing, bending and bowing to each other

like courtiers in the olden time dancing a minuet; but their voices were not equal to their appearance, sounding like a bad imitation of a donkey braying. At one time, when they were sitting on their eggs, we had, I daresay, about a couple of hundreds or more of the beautiful creatures scattered over the grassy parts of our island. They lay but one egg, and it is scarcely so large as you might expect from the size of the bird: it is white, with pinkish spots on the broad end.

I had almost forgotten to mention the real owners of the soil: the only unwebbed-footed birds on the island, and constant residents, were what we called "little white thieves," "white pigeons," or "white crows." They possessed many of the qualities of our jackdaw, being very inquisitive and mischievous, hardy, and not to be daunted by trifles. Their build was stronger and more compact than that of a pigeon, but they were about the same size. I do not think they were powerful fliers. Their feet and beak were black, the latter having a sort of wart on it about the nostril, larger in the male than in the female; whilst their plumage was pure white. Their eggs were dark and speckled. These little "thieves," when the penguins were on the island, never ceased watching them and their eggs. They would sit on a stone which gave them a commanding position over the multitude beneath, and wait for a chance of stealing an egg, and they had a very knowing way of bending down and putting their head on one side to see under the penguin's tail. When a chance of robbing presented itself, they descended from their elevated position, fearlessly hopping amongst the crowded penguins, evading adroitly the pecks aimed at them, stuck their beak into the egg, and, if they had

not time to enjoy it there, would open their beak whilst inserted therein, and lifting it in this way, would fly to their holes in the banks or rocks and demolish their cleverly-earned meal at their leisure. One of our men tells a story of one of these "white thieves," who, tired of an unprofitable vigil, had the audacity to come quietly up behind a penguin sitting on its egg and impertinently peck its tail (a great insult); and when the penguin got up to resent the injury, the little rascal dabbed its beak into the egg and carried it off. *Apropos* of their hardihood, an American sailor relates the following anecdote; but I daresay it requires to be swallowed *cum grano salis*. He had killed one of the birds, as he thought, and had sat down to pluck it warm; he had done so all but the wings, and had taken out his knife to cut the latter off, when away the bird fluttered minus the body-feathers. Their chirrup sounded like "Quick, quick!" which seemed to be their motto.

Some more of the men left the lower shanty, and my mother and I got installed in our new abode. It was high up on the hill at the other side, on one of these stony places frequented by the penguins. We had to force our way through a dense cloud of these to reach our hole, which we called Penguin Cottage. The height inside was about four feet in the highest place, length rather less than four feet, and a sort of shelf on the rock which we used as a bed-place about three feet wide and five in length. The bottom of this bed we called the "well," for the damp was so great that our coverlet would get as wet as if dipped in muddy water; consequently we kept our legs curled up, which took away from the width. When both were in the shanty, one often retired to

bed to make more room, we were so crushed; besides, one side not being water-tight was too wet to sit down near, and we had to crouch under the rock to keep out of the rain. The wall was about four feet wide, built of sods; but not having a spade, tearing up these sods with our hands made them very uneven, and gave lots of channels for rain to find its way through. In the wall of our little shanty there was a whale-bird's nest. They were very quiet; but before rain they cooed and moaned in the most plaintive and musical tones, and after that you never had to wait long for wet weather. Of course I plastered up these places with mud as well as I could, but to little purpose. Our cave was made by building a turf wall against a slanting piece of rough rock. We managed to have a fire as there were lots of penguins, though we were not very good at keeping it alight till we got accustomed to it. The way we managed was this: At night before the fire was quite out, I put in a piece of dry turf, which kept a spark in, or got red-hot through, and lasted, if a good piece, till morning. I then put dry grass or shavings from the mattress and blew it till it caught, or helped it with gunpowder, then hung strips of fat skin over the flame, thereby making a good fire. The fire once lit I put on the stone pot and prepared breakfast. A list of our furniture and effects might be interesting: a very small mattress of dirty shavings, a counterpane, a table-spoon (plated), a tea-spoon (real), a fork, two bottles, (great treasures), a small piece of tin made into a frying-pan, about six inches long and one in depth; a stone lamp, two stone frying-pans, in which we cooked all our meat; a fireplace, two or three umbrella-wires, which were used for poker,

or bars to rest the tin pan on. The most valuable articles in the cabin were my club and knife: the latter was simply invaluable—no money would have bought it; without it I could not have kept up an independent shanty, and upon it and my club depended every necessary of life. Another useful article was a needle made from the wire of an umbrella. The thread we used was unravelled worsted. I also had my revolver, and some precious rags I could make "touch" of, with the help of gunpowder. I had quantities of oil got from the fat of the penguins put in the large gut of the other sea-birds, also in what we called "pigs"—that is, the skin of a penguin without a cut in it, dried and made a bag of. They were also used for carrying water.

When we first went to our own shanty, I generally went down to one of the other shanties for boiled meat and soup; but I afterwards gave this up, and depended entirely upon myself. This was the usual daily routine, from which the reader will be able to form some idea of the life we led: I got up about seven o'clock and took the ashes out of the fireplace, lit the fire, and swept out the house with a bird's wing. When the stone pot got heated, I put in the grease, and if we had eggs, we fried them in it, or cooked the meat in it. It generally took about a couple of hours to cook the breakfast, as we could do so little at a time: my mother looked after it sometimes. After breakfast I often went down to the gully and had a wash—with eggs when plentiful, often using a dozen of them; and when they could not be spared, I cut a penguin's throat over a piece of rag, scrubbing myself with the blood, and then washing it off with water: it was not such a good plan as the eggs, but was better than nothing. My wash over, I

would get birds for our evening meal, either young penguins or mollyhawks, and then set to work skinning and cutting them up. After that I generally killed and skinned about fifty old penguins, and stored up the skins for winter fuel. Thirty fat skins were about as much as a man in our reduced state could carry easily. I packed them in stacks about four feet high. The old-kept skins burnt well, though they smelt strongly, and were full of maggots; but we were very glad to have them. I had stored about 700 or 800, which would have lasted us some time, as we only burnt about five or six in our small fire during the day. I was always glad to get my skinning over, as I had got so sick of it; and dreadful-looking figures we must sometimes have been—our hands and clothes covered with blood, and our faces often spotted with it. The evening meal was generally cooked by my mother, of which I ate some, leaving a little for the morning, then got in water for the night, put the turf on the fire, and retired to bed, or rock rather. I generally slept well, except when I dreamt of skinning penguins. My mother also slept pretty well, considering the discomfort, &c. On Sunday I never did any skinning, but washed myself in the gully in the morning. We always had a supply of food ready for the Sunday. I then paid visits to some of the other shanties, and got all the news, such as a new yarn; and dreams were a great source of amusement—we dreamt in such a realistic manner. Having dreams was quite like a letter by post, for they took our minds off the island, and enabled us to forget for a time our miserable circumstances, and any interesting ones I retailed to my mother. In the night when we woke we inva-

riably asked each other's dreams, which were often about something to eat, often about being at home and the ship that was to take us off the island—always pleasant. Dreaming, in fact, was by far the pleasantest part of our existence on that miserable island. Many were the prophecies that were made about when we should get off. At first we anxiously paid attention to them; but when one or two turned out wrong, no one took much account of them.

A curious thing happened to my mother on the 1st of November. She was sitting by the fire when she said she saw a woman's face and head appear. It was a beautiful face—pale complexion and dark eyes, with a kerchief tied over the head under the chin. It smiled kindly to her and slowly faded away. I told some of them about it, and it was soon all over the island; but the curious thing is, that Captain Gifford's young wife, a most gentle, kind lady, when she leaned over the ship's side, saying "good-bye" to my mother as she was leaving the whaler, had the face of the vision on the island, even to the kerchief tied under the chin.

Other two ships passed us, but they either did not see us, or took no notice. One of them nearly ran ashore herself, as the weather was thick; but it cleared in time for them to see the land, though it was a narrow escape. Whilst the penguins were laying we had plenty of eggs, not only for the time, but for long afterwards, as I "pitted" about a thousand of them for future use. Even my mother has eaten seven at a meal, fried, roasted, or raw, beaten up with a little fresh water, which made a most refreshing drink. The eggs did every one a great deal of good, and we all felt satisfied and had not the longing desire for other food. Those who had been haggard

and miserable got quite plump and fresh—some of them ate about thirty at a meal; and we saw each other with clean faces, for we used the eggs as soap; whilst a most remarkable thing was, that every one had fair skins and light hair, dark faces and hair being quite changed—black hair turning brown or red, and fairer people quite flaxen. As for myself, my complexion was pink and white like a girl's, with white eyebrows, yellow hair and moustache. My mother did not change much, but she was a mere skeleton and very feeble. The old quartermaster, "Daddy" or "Nimrod" as he was called, died October 20th. The eggs came too late for him, poor old fellow! but he gave himself up from the first. He always said most of us would get off, but not himself, and that our greatest chance of getting off was after Christmas, which also came true. Of course, people would only come near these dreadful rocks of their own accord in fine weather, which we expected about Christmas time.

Christmas-day was very cold, though midsummer, with snow-squalls—in fact, at home you would have called it seasonable weather. Poor little Watty died on Christmas-day at twelve o'clock noon, and was buried next morning. You could almost have blown him away, he was so thin and wasted. He was between three and four years old, I think, and looked like an old man of seventy. He would only take a drop of soup, and that from one of the quartermasters called Bill Vyning, an American. His shoulders were up to his ears, and his knees up to his chin, being drawn up that shape by the cold. He was buried near Henderson, and was happily the last of the unfortunate few whom it was our sad task to bury on that bleak, lonely island. Poor fellows! Though

their graves lie far from all sounds of human toil, and only the dash of the waves or the sea-bird's cry is heard above their last resting-place; though no stone stands to bear the record of their virtues, and no affectionate hand marks the spot with the humble tribute of flowers—still they will not be forgotten. In some quiet hour their comrades' thoughts will turn to those lonely graves, far in the midst of the restless ocean, and surely their hearts will soften with some thought of pity or regret when they recall the existence there so miserably closed.

We were very much afraid of our engine-driver, John Nicoll, or "Steam," a nice cheery fellow, who was very delicate, and spitting blood in quantities. He was to have got the bottle of wine that was buried, but it was stolen—a great sin, for they knew it was for the sick. There was still a little rum left which did him good. (*N.B.* Get Henry White of London's "Red-heart rum" if you want anything good in that line; it is medicinally better than brandy.) We were all getting very anxious to be off; another winter on the island would, I fear, have left very few to tell the tale, though we were storing skins to burn, and oil also, in case of such a dire necessity. There would have been little to eat. The young albatross were on the island when we landed in July; and just before we left, the old birds returned and built their nests and laid their eggs, so we presumed we had seen the round of the sea-birds. We never took any albatross-eggs, as we looked forward to depending on the young for food later on. The seals we used to hear barking like dogs at a distant hamlet; it sounded so pleasant, for we could imagine ourselves near some village; indeed, our imaginations and dreams formed

almost our only pleasures. We never could get near these seals, as they frequented places unapproachable to us. One day a huge beast, described as having a head like a bear and the body about ten feet long, was seen to attempt a landing, but, on second thoughts, it dived into the depths again. I suppose it was a sea-lion. I have seen several of what appeared to me large seals swimming about, but perhaps they were all sea-lions. We never knew what fish inhabited these waters, for it was impossible, on account of the quantities of seaweed and the constant swell of the sea dashing against the rocks, to keep anything that we could make for a line clear enough for fishing; and what made it worse was the height any likely place was from the water.

We used to see parts of fish in the big gut of the albatross when they had their young to feed. I remember once killing an albatross and, as was often the case just before dying, it vomited up the contents of its bag, and amongst the mess was an eel quite perfect, and having the appearance of being cooked. I took it up and ate it, and it tasted quite like stewed eel. I daresay that was the only fish eaten on the island.

A good look-out was kept, and all who could were engaged building a turf tower upon which we were to plant a small staff, but we were rescued before it was completed. All the eggs were done, and my mother was getting exceedingly weak, for she could not eat the bird-flesh without it making her very sick, and it was only now and then she could manage to take a little; she said herself she could not last another fortnight; but relief was close at hand. On the 21st January 1876, the happiest day we shall ever know on earth, the gallant little bark *Young Phoenix*, American

whaler, Captain Gifford, took my mother and myself and several others off that night, and the rest the next day. There was not much wind, and the day was fine. I thought I would give myself a holiday from skinning, so I had just got a "pig" full of young penguin's legs, and had hung them on a string on the roof to dry and smoke a little, and was backing out of the shanty, when, just visible, I saw a ship. I yelled out, *Sail ho!* and ran to see if the look-out had seen it from the flag-staff. They had seen her a short time before, and the flags and everything were up; fires were lit also on different parts of the hill so that they might see the smoke, and blankets were about in every position that looked eligible. Of course we were all very much excited, hope and fear alternately predominating. I had gone to the flag-staff, and was running back to tell my mother not to be too sanguine, as the ship had not as yet altered her course, when a cheer made me look out to sea. There—delightful sight!—she had seen us, and was steering close in to the island. Some of us cried with joy. I packed up all our valuables—my club, revolver, knife, fork, and two spoons—and prepared everything for embarking. When the ship came closer, she ran up the American ensign, and lowered two boats. They came to the wrong side of the island for embarking; so Walter Smith, the sail-maker, swam out to them, though with considerable risk, for there was a heavy surf, and directed them to the other side, where our old landing-place was. It was now getting late, and Captain Gifford only took my mother, Mr Peters, "Sails," two invalids, and myself, off in the boat that night. When we got on board we got a warm bath, clean clothes, and tea; and every one was exceedingly kind to us. I don't

know how my mother could have managed without Mrs Gifford's kind assistance. She was comfortably cushioned up on a large sofa in the stern cabin; a nicely done up little place, with pictures, books, and harmonium. She was but a small vessel, and had a crew of 30 hands, so that there was little room to spare, and Mr Peters and I slept on the floor. Captain Gifford was undecided whether he could take us all or not; however, he made up his mind to manage as well as he could, leave his fishing-grounds—which would be a great loss to him—and take us to the Mauritius or the Cape, unless he could tranship us to English ships. That night we stood off the land till morning. The day was lovely, and we steered for the island again, and took off the rest, Mr Peters writing a short account of the wreck, and the names of the drowned, on paper, which was enclosed in a bottle, sealed up, and buried at the top of one of the graves. Each grave, as well, had a wooden cross placed at the head of it.

Everybody, as they came on board, had a good wash in hot water, and clean clothes, boots, &c., all good new suits: we had every kindness shown us. We steered for the north; and on the 26th January a Liverpool ship, the *Sierra Morena*, hove in sight, which the captain signalled, and 24 of us, including Mr Peters, went in her. She was bound for Kurachee; and the same afternoon another Liverpool ship, *The Childers*, Captain M'Phee, took the remaining 20, including my mother and myself. She was bound to Rangoon, in *Burmah*. We were all very sorry to leave the whaler; and Mrs Gifford was quite distressed at parting from my mother. Captain Gifford offered to keep my mother on board if she had the least objections to going to

Rangoon. We were most kindly and courteously received by Captain M'Phee of The Childers, and my mother is now getting quite fat and strong.

This ends my journal, and my mother adds the rest.

C. F. W.

MY MOTHER'S ADDITIONS.

Captain M'Phee carries a black crew, most of the men colossal and very handsome and strong: they are a merry lot, and their laugh is worth hearing. Charlie has been busy painting pictures on the sailors' boxes, and has also been employed to-day washing, and makes a first-rate washer. I shall go on with the narrative myself, as Charlie is busy to-day (16th March) pulling ropes and going through great exertion. We have had light variable winds or none at all, the days awfully hot and the evenings charming. At last we got near enough to sight land two days ago. It is a most dangerous coast, with sand-banks stretching far out, and the pilots will only come to the mouth of the river, when the worst danger is over. The captain has neither slept nor eaten for two days, and yesterday he seemed very anxious. He had put out signals for a pilot that we saw, but they took no notice, and we have been anchored for two nights. The currents are so strong, that even with a strong breeze the ship cannot keep its own. It is very anxious work, and the captain constantly keeps sounding, and yesterday the man that was sounding took no notice though we got into shallow water. I had just gone to rest in my bunk after dinner, when I heard a great trampling on deck and hur-

rying about, sails being dragged up and down, when, just at my window, I heard the man say, "Only three fathoms water," and I at once knew we were within a few inches of being aground. I started up; my face felt stiff, it was so white, and my lips blue with terror, and went up to see what was going on. The ship was like a bee-hive, every one was so busy. In a very short time every sail was furled and the anchor dropped. Charlie was hurrying me along to see it go, when go it did with a vengeance, the huge chain snapping like a bit of wood, and off went the anchor with thirty fathoms of valuable chain cable. I was in horror; however, little Jemmie comforted me by telling me there were five more on board; and another was soon dropped. The ship slightly grazed the bottom, but of course we did not anchor till we were in deeper water. The captain said no wonder I turned pale; he felt he did so himself. A captain has indeed an awful responsibility. One of our men, Jack Evans, who has been wrecked five or six times, ran past me laughing, saying "it would be queer if we were wrecked twice this voyage; there must be some Jonahs amongst us, I think." A breeze sprang up in the evening, too late, as usual, to do any good. At tea to-night the first mate told me what frightful danger we were in just as the anchor cable broke, as he feared the others might not act well at once. There was a strong tide drifting us into a river, out of which *nothing*—either ship or living creature—ever came again: it is certain death. They have tried to survey it, but it is impossible; no one ever returned to tell the tale.* It is

* Not quite correct. The river is very dangerous, but small craft or boats do occasionally go up. The name of the river is the Setang, and the danger lies in the shoals, quicksands, and swift tide, also what is called a "boa"—some description of tidal wave.—C. F. W.

a frightfully dangerous coast. At every alarm I go and put on a full complement of clothes, and have our small bundle of possessions ready. The men have had very hard work, and they do it all so cheerfully. I have gained a great deal of nautical knowledge; the captain very kindly takes great trouble with me, and then I have long chats with "the man at the wheel." Sometimes the "man" is a boy, or rather child, elf, or sprite, called Jemmie, very small, and knows as much or more than most in the ship except the captain; up to every mischief, very often in disgrace, but neither captain nor any one else can keep a serious face with him, thanks to his *beaux yeux*. He is half Irish and half Spanish; you can imagine the gypsy beauty of the child. A big black called "Big Jo," when Jemmie teases him, brings his eyes to bear upon him from his height, and says, "Go 'way, child." He is Liverpool, ran off to sea, and I suppose has given his parents more trouble than half-a-dozen usual boys. He comes with great graciousness to comfort me and explain things. He is invaluable to the captain; he has such splendid eyes that he can see further than any one else. There is one comfort in being the only woman on board; I can poke about and go anywhere: two or three would be in the way. I understand the compasses pretty well, and can tell the course we are going by the stars.

17th March (*St Patrick's Day*).

—We are now all right, nearly in the roads, and see six or seven ships at anchor. We will surely get in to-morrow. After dinner-time boats came up to us, and some very curious individuals came on board. I immediately ran up to have a good stare at them, and found I was as much an object of

curiosity to them as they to me. There was one young Mussulman, a great swell, with a long skirt of red checked stuff, and a beautiful figure and carriage. They were the stevedores. The pilot was not come, and we have anchored among a delightful lot of lights, and can see the bush and cocoa-nut trees quite plain.

18th March.—The pilot came on board early this morning, and I had the honour of breakfasting with two turbaned Mussulmans. I am trying pigeon English, but can't resist the small words. We shall be up to Rangoon this evening, though we may not get on shore; oh, how glad I shall be! I never saw more extraordinary-looking individuals than some of these natives were—some with long skirts and no bodies, others with waistcoats and very little else. The little stevedore is quite a bright merry Mohammedan, very stout and upright; he puts me in mind of an Italian singer. He took tea with us, and very kindly took down an enormous turban to show me how it was done. He was dressed something like a European, except the turban. What with our colossal Christies and copper-coloured gentry, I feel as if I were in the "Arabian Nights;" even the "hump-back cadi" came on board last night: you remember the trouble he gave to everybody by choking on a fish-bone. The "old man of the sea," our pilot, is very grand, with a long red silk skirt, a long white night-dress over that, and, when cold, a coat. The night-dress is kept on in my honour. Oh the bananas and fresh oranges! We don't know what oranges are in England. It is delightful to think of new milk and eggs, and abundance of delicious fruit, cocoa-nuts in perfection. I am a great believer in sugar now; I think it cured me of sea-sickness;

Mrs Gifford said it was so strengthening for the stomach. A little ginger and plenty of sugar-and-water makes a delightful drink. This afternoon Charlie called me to come on deck. All sorts of queer boats, Chinese junks, sampans, and barges, to be seen as we turned into the narrower parts of the river, and, what was an exquisite pleasure to me, *green trees*. We have been exactly eleven months at sea—nothing but bleak dazzling sea; we could just see the dome of the golden pagoda. It has a thing like a huge umbrella of pure gold on the top worth £80,000, and the jewels on the gold work are very valuable. There is more than one beautiful pagoda.

19th March (Sunday morning).

—We had to drop anchor about five miles from Rangoon, and I suppose we shall be towed in to-day. The captain went ashore last night. Charlie and Mr Walker sleep on the two couches in the saloon, Mr

Keith in a bunk; and last night when they came down to go to bed, to their astonishment they found two long dark figures stretched out in their places, so all they could do was to have a hearty laugh, and sleep on the floor. This morning I heard delightful sounds of birds singing just like larks, and we could see the monkeys playing about on the trees—such curious trees—it is all so strange!

And now my task is done. A gentleman, Mr Case, asked us most hospitably to go on shore with him, though we said good-bye with great regret to Captain M'Phee, who has been most generous and kind to us. He took such care always to make everything comfortable for me, I must remember him with gratitude all my life.

Now our story is finished. We expect our letters to go to-morrow, and hope soon to follow them.

F. W.

POLITICS AND WAR REVIEWED FROM THE ALPS.

A WANDERER'S LETTER.—NO. IV.

To the Editor.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—As I find that I am on a track that is not much beaten by British feet, and as the “lengthening chain” which I drag at each remove is not a telegraph wire, I am again impelled to communicate with you by the aid of pen and ink. The summer was late in coming, and, when it did come, I ran away from it by climbing into the Tyrol, so that the heat has hardly come up with me yet, although I got a passing hint at Salzburg of what the sun can do in these regions when he wishes to be impressive. Much as I found to tempt me to a prolonged loitering about Dresden and Prague, I thought another season might be equally convenient for them, while the higher ground would not be habitable for more than two or three months: thus it is that I now hail you and Maga from the Alps.

The walls of old Prague have disappeared, so that it is difficult to recover the traces of Frederick's doings in that neighbourhood; and Napoleon's operations round Dresden were so extensive that it would require some time to explore the theatre of them. What I did manage to see in and about those ancient places was, however, generally full of interest. The galleries and museums of Dresden can of course be enjoyed in all weathers, and a great resource I found them in the cold May of this year. The city has so much to boast of, that one marvels how she can employ her voice, her pen, her pencil, and her every power of expression, in praise and celebration of her most cherished posses-

sion, to the neglect almost of her other treasures. It is hardly surprising that, at Weimar, one is betrayed into uncanny wishes concerning Goethe and Schiller by the persistency with which the statues, casts, portraits, of those luminaries, their names given to squares, streets, beer-houses, their resorts and dwellings, meet you at every turn, having the effect of one or two recurring flies which you can't kill. Weimar has nothing else, and cackles accordingly; but that Dresden should conduct herself in the same way with regard to her Madonna is less intelligible and less excusable. Every ambitious artist seems to copy the Madonna, just, I suppose, as every aspiring tragedian in England must exercise himself in Hamlet; but it is not apparent why all the essays, from creditable paintings down to the merest daubs, should be displayed in the shops and all over the city, nor why photographs, engravings, woodcuts, carvings, should repeat to a nauseating extent the forms of the celebrated painting. Dresden, without doubt, possesses a great art-treasure—many say, the finest painting in the world; but a work like that requires no trumpeting. The reputation of the picture can hardly be increased, but it may be, and is, stupidly vulgarised and degraded; and genuine admiration of the original is disturbed by the endless fry of attempted copies. Of all the imitations that I have seen—and you cannot look for a day about Dresden without seeing a multitude of them—not one would ever have

conveyed to me the expression of the original. Indeed I have heard it said by respectable authority that not one of the endless host of essayists ever did succeed in reproducing the power of Raphael's work. If, then, none can recover the master's idea sufficiently to reproduce his creation, it may be assumed that while few can receive the whole spirit of it, and none can fail to discern some of its power, beholders must be very variously affected by it. It would therefore be absurd for any critic to lay down what such an unapproachable composition is meant to express. Each one may, however, say how he is himself affected by it; and I can tell you, my dear Editor, pretty well what the picture imparts to me. A consciousness of supreme exaltation, humility, awe, bewilderment, thankfulness, all at once. The mother's love is evidenced by the attitude principally, and is a habitual tenderness underlying all other feeling, but not at this moment occupying the mind. The words of the "*Magnificat*" appear to be embodied in the picture, and were, to my thinking, the painter's inspiration, especially the verses, "For, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed; for He that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy is His name; and His mercy is on them that fear Him throughout all generations." How a painting could be made so eloquent, and whether, if the face had been less attractive, observers would have been so earnest in discovering the sentiment of the piece, are questions very hard of solution. If it should occur to you while you are gazing to ask yourself whether the tribe of Judah ever produced a virgin like this; the answer yourself will make to you will certainly be, "No." The Sistine Madonna is a gentile, fair, soft, meek-featured, with the chestnut gilding

in her hair. But this mote will not diminish your enjoyment* as you gaze on the type of sweetest, purest womanhood, a daughter of faithful Abraham by adoption if not of the natural seed!

I suppose that every picture which has been thought worthy of careful preservation possesses merit of some kind—there is superior colouring, correct drawing, or a fine effect, which connoisseurs can appreciate. But I confess to you that, after I have travelled through a gallery, I am always pained to think of the number of paintings—many of them by masters—which can be interesting to the initiated only, and which, to the general observer, not only can afford no pleasure, but are positively disagreeable. And I often think how I should like to be allowed to sort a collection,—put the stupid and revolting ones—I am not reflecting on the subjects as moral or otherwise—by themselves, and leave in the way of the ordinary spectator only such as it generally gives pleasure to look at. This seems far better for the public than arranging by dates, or by artists, or by schools. Of course, if such a separation were made, there would immediately arise some super-intelligent people who would declare the chamber of horrors to be the only one worth visiting; but nonsense like that need not trouble any one who has a taste of his own, and is not ashamed to own what it is. I don't mind whispering to you, my dear Editor, my belief, that if every beholder had the courage to speak his mind, a great many monstrous forms, ugly countenances, and unnatural effects which now cumber collections would be far on their way to oblivion.

Equally with the pictures did the historical museum at Dresden delight me. I had not thought there was such a collection of ancient

arms in the world. The knights in armour and their surroundings spirit you back into the middle ages, and you may travel over all the contests with the early heathenness of Europe, the Arabs in the east, or the Moor and Turk in the south, realising old stories most agreeably. I fancy that the history of weapons of war may there be traced, without break, back to the flint; but I had time to study these treasures so as to learn no more than the most obvious of their merits.

As I wended my way southwards I passed among people with ears pricked up, waiting for the sound of the trumpet, for the scent of war was on the wind. Silken dalliance had not exactly been consigned to the wardrobe, but seemed in imminent danger of committal—armourers were looking up, and stocks were looking down. I am far from rejoicing at the thought of war; but I confess that, as I, in the spring, heard men speaking everywhere of the contest that was then expected, there was something in their talk not altogether unpleasant; for “England” was the cry—England, awake once more, and watched by the nations, who hung on her every word and movement to catch an augury. Though *we* knew well enough that

“Nought should make us rue,

If England to itself did rest but true,”

foreigners had certainly begun to imagine that our inactivity denoted something more than a slumber. Money-getting and the dreams of theorists were thought to have established such a warping of our common-sense, that nothing short of the island going down with all hands, as Sinbad's did, could have stirred us to an effort for self-preservation. So the Continental Powers, or the most potent of them, determined to ignore our existence, and settle affairs in their own way, con-

fident that they could reckon on our dreamy assent to anything they might choose to do, accompanied perhaps by a request that they would let us alone and not disturb our repose. Unquestionably we did for a time forget ourselves, our duties, and our dignity; but they who have studied our history know that such aberrations do not last long with us. We find out the worthlessness of our misleaders, and return to rational courses with renewed vigour, and an ardent desire to wipe out every memory that may have seemed to stain our honour. Like Sterne's marquis who, having been driven to restore his fortunes by trade, had come back, once more a wealthy noble, to reclaim his sword, and, on receiving it, dropped a tear over the spot of rust that it had contracted near the point, so does awakening England lament her lapse from her high calling, and gird on her sword once more, conscious of generous blood and noble ancestry!

The situation is altogether a singular, perhaps an unprecedented one. Nobody can point out a course that will restore a healthy condition in the East; the nursing Powers, after spending weeks over the composition of a prescription, discover that it is useless to administer the dose, refrain from action on the patient, and fall to consulting again; England does not think it her business to say what shall be done, but she says emphatically that certain things shall not be done. So the disorder is allowed to run its course, the doctors being completely posed.

The remedies at first proposed may have been intentionally futile, and part of a deep game intended to amuse Europe, while Turkey should drift into anarchy, and then be quietly partitioned. But I suspect that the continued perplexity of the Imperial nurses is due to the

unexpected announcement of her views by England, and to the presence of an English fleet in Turkish waters. An unlooked-for element has entered into the calculations, and all the plots are abortive. The plotters stare at each other, and cannot make a move.

A year ago it was very much the fashion among foreigners to say, *l'argent, l'argent, toujours l'argent*, that is all England cares for. Now, it is refreshing to witness the consternation that has been caused by England holding up her finger. And the said *argent* is undoubtedly of considerable account. Valour may be met by valour, force by force; but valour and force, backed by the heaviest weight of *argent*, are likely in the long-run to prevail. The power of the purse is manifested with a prominence which it never had before. Other nations have vied with each other in amassing armaments so big that, like Crusoe with his canoe, they have not power to launch them. Ambition has o'erleapt itself, they have lavished their means upon huge creations which must stand still for want of motive power. What mighty things might be done if some nations had but ready money! But a year's campaigning would make most of them bankrupt, while England could return again and again to the charge without damage to her credit;

"There's the respect
That makes *timidity* of so long life."

Thus musing I get up the mountains complacently, and with much comfort I do it, for the opening of a railway which passes through the village of Lend has reduced to the length of six hours or so a journey which used to take a day and a half. Posting from Salzburg to Gastein against the hill was a serious business, and involved a night on the

road. Now, by leaving Salzburg moderately early one may get a mid-day rest at Lend, and then make a glorious evening drive on to Gastein. The tediousness of the journey of old days may probably have operated as a caution to Englishmen against visiting Gastein; and possibly it is but little known even yet how much communication has been improved, for the visitors' lists include but very few English names. And yet the baths there enjoy a high reputation. They were visited and reported on by Dr Granville forty years ago, who thought their effects much the same as those of the waters of Wildbad. Gastein has the additional attraction of the air and scenery of the Alps. The way to it (both the railway and the carriage journey) runs through a charming country. You are fairly among the hoary-headed Alps before you have proceeded many miles, and are delighted by snow-fed streams rushing in rapids or foaming in cataracts along green valleys or ravines whose span divides hills, pine-clad, grass-covered, or rising in sheer bare precipices thousands of feet high. Your road just above Lend runs through a magnificent chasm, and is simply a ledge scooped along the mountain-side, many portions of which are, I fancy, washed away every winter by falls of rock and snow. Above this chasm the Gastein valley begins to open, and rich flowery meadows show themselves, studded with clumps of trees whose blossoms and broad leaves are a relief after the long wilderness of pines. The high mountains still tower on either hand, but they keep now at a rather more respectful distance, and allow the kine-dotted pastures to look forth and be admired. The villages along the carriage-road are small and poor. The peasantry have to a con-

siderable extent abandoned their picturesque costumes, and a great many of both sexes are to be seen in somewhat incongruous habiliments. They are exceedingly quiet and kind. Not one ever passes a stranger without a salutation, and they will take any amount of trouble simply to oblige. But, if the villages are small, you suppose at first that a large population is spread over the valley, for there is scarcely a field in which does not stand a log-hut, not very closely jointed. These huts you take to be dwellings, airy for summer, but hardly, according to our notions, suited to an Alpine winter. By-and-by you learn that these are all hay-sheds. The rain is too frequent in the hills for them to think of saving their grass in the fashion which we follow; so they cut it in small patches, dry it only partially, and then consign it, patch by patch, to these shelters. The drying process, too, is to me somewhat odd. After the grass is down, they stick the field full of poles about six feet high, and load each of them with grass. Another thing which strikes the traveller along this road is the great number of shrines, pictures, crosses, and other religious emblems by the wayside. Every house seems to have been dedicated to the Virgin or placed under her special protection, and exhibits in some conspicuous place her picture (not so striking as Raphael's) in gorgeous habiliments, with generally an inscription. Bad-Gastein is a charming little mountain village, presenting the Alpine scenery in all its enchantments—torrents, bridges, terraces, hanging-gardens, rocks, ravines, pine-forests, and glaciers—all brought together as if expressly to attract visitors. When Bad-Gastein is quite full of guests it overflows into the less pretentious village of Hof-Gastein further down the valley, to which the

healing water is led down in pipes, and where it is used (say the wise ones) in greater strength by bathers than is possible at the source; because it issues from the earth so hot that it has to be diluted with other water until brought down to a tolerable temperature, whereas in its journey along the aqueduct to Hof-Gastein it cools, and there requires no admixture. Notwithstanding this imputed inferiority of its baths, the romantic Bad-Gastein is by far the more popular watering-place. It is honoured every year by a three-weeks' visit of the German Emperor, and is well worth seeing independently of its sanitary claims. At Hof-Gastein is a little hospital for sick officers and soldiers who may be thought to require the baths, with a colonel in charge who resides all the summer. The very frequent rain is the great drawback to these villages.

This may be a proper place for me to remark on the extreme civility which I have experienced myself, and seen shown to travellers, in the Tyrol. The small trouble experienced at inns is of itself a luxury. Almost everything is arranged by tariff and on a moderate scale; and so honestly do they observe their announcements, that there are no altercations with innkeepers, postilions, porters, or any other of those persons who are usually the traveller's *bêtes-noires*. Indeed, reckoning without your host is in these regions a process unattended by the proverbial disappointment.

When I returned to Salzburg, I found a state of alarm existing of which I had formed no previous expectation. My banker asked me if I was not going home. He seemed to believe that England was standing with a lighted match ready to produce a European explosion at any moment. Odd, this! England, who had been pitied for her supine-

ness, could not speak her mind without producing a scare. I was not, however, a bit infected with the apprehension of a great war. I knew very well that England did not want it, and I knew that Russia had been confronted in the gate by an apparition which would probably make her think twice and thrice before throwing down the gauntlet. It was honest as well as wise to let her know what she has to expect if she goes farther with any grasping schemes. As to the Servians being so demented as to begin a war on their own account, I did not think such folly possible. Because it was impossible it came to pass. And it will be some time, I fancy, before we know exactly in what belief or with what anticipations Servia took this hazardous course. Of course I know the current solution of the enigma—tampered with by Russia, her warlike population excited by promises and representations till they stood like greyhounds in the slips, straining upon the start; her hot valour could not be calmed without blood, and so, notwithstanding that Russia craned, Servia must rush at the leap! But I do not exactly accept this account. If Servia has been tampered with, I doubt whether the Government of Russia had anything to do with exciting her. Restless Russians no doubt there may have been at work, just as there are often restless Englishmen fomenting ill feelings and urging on to insurrection, spite of royal proclamations and our declarations of neutrality. When we are expressing our horror at the intrigues of Russia, we should call to mind what was done by Englishmen at the breaking out of the Herzegovinian insurrection. Earl Russell, always prompt and active when a blunder is to be committed, rushed to express his sympathy with the insurgents, and con-

tributed money for the support of their cause. His rash example was followed by hundreds of misguided Englishmen. What is more probable than that the Herzegovinians, ignorant of the manner in which mischief and folly are allowed to do their will among us, were persuaded that they enjoyed the countenance of the whole English nation? I believe that Russian sympathy has been very like English sympathy. It may have been greater in degree, but it has been of the same kind, not official. It is to my mind most probable that the population of Servia was lashed into fury in the first instance by its own rulers, who represented the unofficial countenance which had been afforded to the insurgents by Russia, and by England too, as earnest that these two Powers were favourably disposed to the rebellion, and would at the right moment step in and give it active support. The object which these rulers sought to gain was, of course, increase of territory at Turkey's expense. As to grievance or cause of quarrel, save only the hereditary antipathies of races, there was none. The Servians were not subject to Mahometan rule, scarcely to Mahometan interference, either in government or religion. A more unprovoked or unwarrantable war was never declared. Seeing the weakness of Turkey, and relying on the eventual co-operation of other plunderers, on the neutrality at least of the other interested Powers, and on the moral support of Europe, these Servian authorities seem to have inflamed their people to the highest pitch. By-and-by, when England spoke out her mind, and Russia drew back, it was too late to check the fury of the Servians, or to disabuse them of the belief which had been so assiduously instilled and propagated. That the Prince and his Ministers could not at the

last check the war-furor I quite believe; but I believe also that if they had done their duty a year ago, they would never have been committed to this ill-advised contest. Whatever unfortunate result to themselves may arise from it will have been of their own seeking, and they will have no right to complain.

It is an untoward circumstance that the Servians commenced hostilities just at a time when hopes were entertained—at any rate, when a chance existed—of Turkey reforming her government and repudiating false principles and wrong methods, which are the chief causes of her inability to procure obedience to her sway. This intestine war, forced on her at such a time, may be fatal to the dispassionate and benevolent legislation which alone can establish Turkey as a living and solvent European power.

“But,” say the advocates of Servia, “if Servia herself was unmolested by Turkey, could she sit quietly and behold her co-religionists, her fraternal and consanguineous races, ground down by Turkish misrule? Must not her generous spirit burn to free them? and is she not, by taking the initiative in this war, making herself a sacrifice for others? She is the Piedmont of the East. The vassal states of Turkey will rally round her. Give her only fair play, and the success of her move is certain. Neither must we blame her for taking advantage of Turkey’s distress: she had a great mission, and it behoved her to fulfil it when time should best serve.” Now these arguments undoubtedly deserve serious attention; because if Servia has really come forward as a deliverer, and thrown herself into a patriotic unselfish struggle, that is some set-off against her risking a conflagration throughout Europe and smothering in the birth

the proffered reforms of Turkey. We must not be too rigid in judging a State which accepts such a glorious office. I have thought the case over as well as the information within my reach enables me to think; and I see before I have very long fixed my attention on the matter, that there are two or three tests of Servia’s behaviour which, when applied, may assist the judgment very much. First, Has Servia been accepted by the other States (as Bosnia, Herzegovina, Albania, and Bulgaria) as their champion, leader, and appointed deliverer? Second, Has she shown the prudence, foresight, or consciousness of her position, that we might reasonably expect of a Power assuming such exalted duties? Thirdly, Is there reason to hope that Servia, if successful against the Turks, could weld together and govern any better than Turkey does, the territory for which she acts? We ought to be able to answer all these questions in the affirmative before we decide to give Servia our sympathy: because the pursuit of noble, unselfish objects, has ever been a certain, nay, an indispensable pretext of those who have vexed the world with wars and rapine. Napoleon, by his own showing, never made war but from the most benevolent motives; and if we read the proclamations that have been emitted in Spain, or in Central or South America during the last fifty years, we shall find what beneficent projects and what noble desires have animated both sides in the miserable wars of those countries.

Well, then, I am unable to find that Servia has anywhere in the Ottoman empire been hailed as a deliverer. On the contrary, she would seem, after having plunged into war, to have been endeavouring to excite that acknowledgment of her leadership which ought to have

preceded her act, if it is to justify it, —and to have been endeavouring in vain. Bosnians and Bulgarians appear to admire Servian rule *in posse* as little as Turkish rule *in esse*. Montenegro, which was to be Servia's faithful ally in her great work, has been denounced as lukewarm if not recreant. Indeed, lookers-on at the game seem to think that between Montenegro and Servia much the same rivalry exists as between Austria and Russia. Each would like very much the reputation of being the Slavonic champion, but neither can tolerate the pretension of the other to that character. Not much real devotion to the Slavics here, I am afraid.

Then, if we consider Servia's ability to lead such a crusade as she is said to propose, what does it amount to? By turning out her whole male population, including the aged and those under age, she may possibly collect 200,000 men about her standards. The greater part of these cannot be equipped, instructed, or disciplined. Their arms (except a very small store, the ordinary stock of the principality) are probably the obsolete or condemned weapons of European States. I believe very little of what I hear about Austria, Russia, Roumania arming the Servians. Of course they may indirectly contribute to the armament just as England may do,—that is, each of them must have from time to time quantities of ordnance, and other arms and munitions, which the progress of invention has induced them to cast aside; and of which they clear their stores at a very low price. Refuse like this it is very likely that the Servians have got hold of; but, with all this, I very much doubt their ability to arm 200,000 men except by stripping the farmyards of their implements. Then, as to means: we have read how Servia is

unable to pay her way with the ordinary creditor, how she has exacted a forced loan from her miserable population and found it yield but a paltry sum, and how she has tried abroad to borrow, and failed. Now these considerations do not begot much confidence towards Servia. Whether she be armed or not, whether or not her munitions or her organisation be adequate, of one thing we are sure, namely, that if she has 200,000 men afoot, she has 200,000 mouths to feed daily. Now 200,000 rations, let them be as simple as they may, cannot be supplied for any time except at a very heavy cost. Suppose that, original cost, preparation, carriage, and every other expense, included, they are delivered to the troops at 6d. a ration (which is probably much below the mark), then the men's food, to say nothing of forage, will cost £5000 a-day, or £35,000 a-week, or £150,000 a-month; and how long can Servia, whose credit is not good for a million, stand this outlay? It might have been predicted that, unless the Servian army should enjoy the improbable good fortune of beating the Turks off-hand, forcing their way on to Turkish territory, and living on the plunder of Turkey,—unless it should have this luck, it must melt away from want of sustenance if from no other cause.

Again, I think we have no evidence of the capacity of Servia to “make a nation,” as Mr Gladstone (as usual in error) said that Jefferson Davis had done. Servia has been a self-governing State for a very considerable time, and do we find that she has advanced at all beyond what the neighbouring provinces still subject to Turkish rule have achieved? Nothing of the kind. She is barbarous, poor, thriftless, and, it will probably be found, helpless. She is governed

by secrecy and deceit. Even in the anxious time of war, when there cannot be a family without some member in the field, the announcements circulated are such barefaced lies that the Servians themselves will believe nothing but what they see, and the Ministry is threatened because they will not issue lists of the killed and wounded. Servia has enjoyed the free exercise of its own religion (nominally Christian) for the same period that it has been self-governing; but we do not find its ferocity, its selfishness, or its falsehood one whit less than those of the Turks. Strangers have been kept so aloof from its camps, that we know not what has been going on there since 1st July; but as Servia supplied the principal of the insurgents in the Herzegovina, we may judge, from the fiendish proceedings there, the kind of Christians which Servians are of. Mutilations of prisoners, indiscriminate massacres, burnings, pillage of the peaceably disposed, compulsory insurrection enforced by the threat of death or torture, these were the exploits in the Herzegovina countenanced by the Servians, and in greatest part enacted by them. It is nothing to the purpose to affirm (which I do not deny) that they are no worse than the Turks. If they are to do such great things as they profess, they must needs be far better than Turks, which I much fear they are not.

Of all the supporters of the Servians, I have least patience with those who, putting aside other considerations, say they are fellow-Christians opposed to infidels, and that therefore they are entitled to our sympathy. That which is from this quarter alleged as the claim of these Servians is, in my eyes, their condemnation. If they had been Turks, they had had no sin; but they say they have the

light of Christianity, and so are without excuse. My disposition is, not to extend any sympathy to these people as brethren and co-religionists, but to disclaim all community with such wretches—to deny that they are Christians in anything but the name—to regard them just as I regard the Turks.

As to the conduct of the campaign by the Servian leaders, it appears, so far as outsiders are allowed to understand it, to have brought out no ability, and to have been attended by no success. The Servian troops were divided, and appeared in force on every part of their frontier which borders on Turkey. It is impossible to say, unless one had some information as to their strategy, how far this extended front may have been necessary or advisable. Of course it exposed them to be overwhelmed at any particular point if the Turks should have the ability to concentrate suddenly and assail that point; but as the enemy has hitherto shown so little alacrity, we are, for the present, bound to credit them with having taken their adversaries' measure accurately in that respect. So far, they have succeeded in keeping their capital covered, though not in escaping serious disaster. They have had to abandon the line of the Timok; and it would seem to be not any strength or skill of their own, but rather the apathy of the Turks, which has saved them from far heavier misfortunes. Yet they do not avail themselves of this inaction of their enemy, but wait till he finds it convenient to engage their attention again. Their attempts to excite insurrection in the Turkish provinces to the eastward have failed, and the war keeps pretty well to the west. We hear of no commander-in-chief; each Servian leader appears to do that which is right in his own eyes.

The Prince, whose departure for the army took place with so much ceremony and noise, is never heard of from the field of battle.

In an attempt such as the Serbians have undertaken, early success, well marked, is almost necessary to the ultimate achievement of their object. It is wanted for the encouragement of their own troops, for the inspiring of the disaffected in other districts, for the subsistence of their men at Turkish expense. As things are, the different corps cannot be much impressed with a belief in their country's power to do exploits, and they must be making dire consumption of provisions. These considerations do not afford much to hope upon.

On the other hand, the Turks have shown no readiness to profit by the feeble action of the enemy. They waited a long while at first before they made any impression whatever; and now, having had a first success, they are waiting again. There may be reasons for this, and the event may justify the delay; so we must not refuse to recognise in their general a far-seeing *cunctator* until events show forth his designs. But I much suspect that it is want of energy, and not deep policy, which makes the Turks so slow.

On the little progress made on either side are founded opinions that the war will be of long duration, and will have settled nothing whenever it may die out; also that it will end in interminable guerilla fights and raids. If the belligerents were both in pretty good circumstances there would be reason certainly to expect that in such an uneventful contest much time must be expended. But I remember that armies melt away when there are no resources for keeping them together; and I am inclined to think that, if deeds of arms do not bring things to a crisis, want of money

must. In that case, the side that can be longest supplied will have the best of it, and the Turks are most likely to be longest supplied. If the war were exactly a copy of that in the Herzegovina, it would be just to apprehend guerilla fighting by mountain bands. But there is this essential difference between the present war and that of last year; last year the Turks could not strike at the heart of the insurrection, which was really in Serbia, being precluded by treaty from doing so as long as Serbia remained nominally obedient; there was therefore no course open except to keep up a desultory war with the lawless hordes who, without the form, the organisation, or the *impedimenta* of an army, carried on brigandage in and from the recesses of the hills, and retreated into Servian territory when hard pressed. Now the Turks have got a State to deal with, and are not likely to be drawn into hill fighting. There is a capital to be seized, and a government to be overturned and replaced, and whatever military resources may remain to Serbia to be appropriated. If the Servians choose to hide in the mountains while these things are being done, the Turks probably will not object; and even if brigandage is to go on interminably, that is a state of things to which Turkey is not unaccustomed, and one which will not distress her much.

There is much reason to apprehend that the European Powers will be obliged eventually to interfere, because the action of the Turks promises to be so slow and undecided that, even if they should be successful, they will take no measure promptly. If they had their plans ready, and were prepared to establish a new and liberal government in Belgrade, foreigners might not feel justified in meddling—a *fait accompli* commands more respect than an immature project;

but the probability is that Turkey will proceed so slowly with reforms, or whatever she may call them, that there will be ample time and excuse for interposition, and for taking the lead out of her hands. And we have the comfort of feeling that, whenever foreign interposition may take place, we have a Government determined to see that any settlement which may be come to must be for the benefit of the inhabitants of Turkey, and not to favour the designs of an ambitious Power.

While we cannot but rejoice at the attitude which England has assumed, we must acknowledge also the chain of fortunate events which preceded and led up to her changed policy. We remember that the Ministry which seemed to delight in humiliating her and keeping her in the background, so ordered her affairs as not only to lose their offices, but also to shatter their party, reducing what had a few years before been a powerful organisation to a Babel of incongruous and helpless factions. I need not to you, my dear Editor, dwell upon their sad story, for 'Maga' foreknew and foretold their fate long before it came upon them, persisting that their ruin would be complete. Their own idea was, however, very different. They held that a Conservative Government worthy the name was an impossibility; that Conservatives, kept well under surveillance, might serve to see to the details of business while Liberals were deciding about a policy; but that a Government, to possess any weight and to enjoy any freedom of action, *must* be Liberal. "Observe," said they, "the course which these wretched Tories will follow; they will adopt and enforce our policy while professing to disapprove it, well knowing that by that course alone can they hope to enjoy even a few

months of office." Though I did not in the least subscribe this doctrine, I own that, during the early days of the present Administration, it seemed to me to influence many of our party. I feared that, under the recollection of many years of depression, and of exclusion from office, they had become timid, and had forgotten the fixed policy of their party, failing to interpret aright the verdict which the country gave at the last general election. But that apparent timidity has, I rejoice to think, quite disappeared. The party understands its own strength, and acts accordingly, boldly avowing and carrying its measures, swerving from its course for no opposition, however threatening, and accepting without hesitation every challenge which the leaders of opposition dare to sanction. Where our Ministers were expected to offer compromise, as in regard to the insidious Burials Bill, they have chosen to meet their adversaries with a direct negative, and have prevailed. Against the many motions indicating "no confidence," they have shown equal determination, and they have received from Parliament the support which such a brave and honest bearing deserves. If ever men saw their desire upon their enemies, our Ministers have done so in the past session. And their enemies certainly did their best to yield the Ministers a triumph. The Liberal party seems to have accepted as a sound principle of parliamentary warfare an axiom which rests, I believe, on no firmer base than the exceedingly fallible *dictum* of Lord Russell, the purport of it being that a Ministry is peculiarly weak and open to attack in their third session. Accepting this nonsense as established truth, the Opposition, with a marvellous fanaticism, have been leading assault after assault, little heeding what their battle-

ground might be, or how their battle might be ordered, but believing that if they only kept attacking, the saying of their prophet must be verified. Alas ! the same prophet has but too often been at fault before ; and, to the misfortune of his followers, another glaring example of his failures has now been given. The frenzied onsets cannot be said to be without result. They have (most fortunately for our foreign relations) greatly strengthened the position of Ministers, and their authors have brought on themselves confusion such as has not overtaken their party for many a year. From the commencement of the session, when they wasted themselves over the Suez Canal shares and the Fugitive Slave Circular, on through the Burials question and the County Franchise, they kept up their obstructive action ; but the great arsenal of their fury was expended upon the Royal Titles Bill (now an Act in spite of them), which seems to have inflamed them as a red cloak does a bull. What special offence this harmless measure can have given, I have been unable to this day to understand. The law was only recognising that which custom had already established. A large proportion of her Majesty's subjects believed, before this year 1876 commenced, that she was already Empress of India, and did not seem in the least distressed by the knowledge. Be that as it may, there was some poison in it which wrought the Opposition up to running amuck.

"Some men there are love not a gaping pig ;

Some that are mad if they behold a cat ;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i'
the nose,"

are also inconveniently affected ;

but no cat or gaping pig, not the most diuretic chanter that ever droned, could move an idiosyncrasy so powerfully as the Royal Titles Bill provoked the Radicals. Blindly, madly, they precipitated themselves against the measure, careless of any ground of action or show of consistency ; now condemning it as an abomination to the English people, now as so agreeable and seductive that the said people would surfeit themselves with it and break out in flunkeyism. The cause of these insane attacks was, I am afraid, jealous rage at the popularity which Ministers were acquiring ; the object of them was defamation. Of course, where *animus* was so strong, the more ill-bred of the objectors exposed their coarseness and malignity in a variety of ways, encountering rebuke or retribution.

The credit and strength gained by Ministers in the last session were, as I before hinted, most fortunate for us, as they enabled them to assume a very decided attitude in regard to foreign affairs. I am entirely favourable, my dear Editor, to our exhibiting our fleet near the theatre of war ; not because I think its presence likely to embroil us, but because it proves us to be in earnest, and therefore increases tenfold the chance of things being ordered as we desire. The wishes of the Peace Society will be very powerfully seconded by the 38-ton guns. I have been young and now am rather elderly, but I have never lost faith in the maxim of an old soldier who was an authority half a century ago, to the effect that, "when *Astræa* forgets her sword, her dictates are very little attended to."* But if I approve the despatch of the fleet,

* In 'The Military Policy of Great Britain,' by General Sir C. W. Pasley, Royal Engineers, a work which I believe to be now out of print and rare. I quote by memory, and cannot be sure that I am exact.

I approve no less the firm yet temperate tone of our diplomatic correspondence, and the wise arguments by which our acts and resolves have been supported. If we have not been able to solve the Eastern problem, we have at any rate pointed out where the *nodus* really is, and exposed the obliquity of the courses in favour of which it had been sought to turn our minds from the straight one. There can be no doubt that Europe has been greatly impressed by what England has said and done in this matter, and that Continental views have changed remarkably since England spoke out. The arguments would have been as logically sound if the fleet had stayed at home; but would the audience have been as ready to listen and perpend without those two or three harmless taps on the drum by way of *oyez*? I trow not.

Since I despatched my MS. to you I have read the report of the discussion in Parliament on 31st July. Let me say, in returning the proof-sheets, how rejoiced I am to find the views which I, in my sequestered retreat, had formed concerning politics and war in the East, supported generally by that debate. The wisdom and the superior information of the Legislature have not, I think, contradicted or gone much in advance of the reflections above recorded. Some speakers seemed to make a strange muddle in mixing up Servia and Montenegro with Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Bulgaria, as if they had all been similarly situated; while the truth is that Servia and Montenegro are entirely different from the others, as being self-governing, almost independent of Turkey, and without the shadow of a reason for complaining of oppression and injustice. Legislators who make motions and propose amendments should, at the least,

have a tolerably clear idea of the matters which they bring forward. But all other careless speaking is completely thrown into shadow by the oration of Mr Gladstone. That right honourable gentleman was pleased to read Ministers a lecture recommending a spirited policy. In so doing he played, I am afraid, into the hand of the satirist and the jester; and one is at a first view astounded to perceive that even for the sake of his beloved quibbling and carping he should have ventured to make use of such words as “vigorously, remonstrate, and protest,” or “allowing the initiative to pass from our hands without remonstrance.” But I ponder a little and remember that Shakespeare, who knew something of human kind, continually makes Falstaff and Pistol talk of valour, notwithstanding that they exhibited so little of it in their actions. I also call to mind that Mr Gladstone himself has before to-day done a stroke or two in tall talk—as, for instance, that egregious piece of braggadocio to Prince Bismarck concerning England going to war with or without allies. Everybody knows how, and how soon, that high falutin ended in shame, and how quietly Mr Gladstone ate his leek notwithstanding the “prave orts” that he addressed to Berlin. I suppose, therefore, that it is all true to nature, and that where the purpose is weak the tongue is sometimes apt to be fiery. As for our sending the fleet to Besika Bay, which action seems so to offend Mr Gladstone, he should reflect that it was he himself who rendered that move necessary. He had taught Russia to believe that our remonstrances, in however valiant language couched, meant nothing; and it was only by appearing in our war-paint that we could convince our opponent that we contemplated something different

from submission. I may add, too, that if I can read the feeling of Great Britain at all as to this matter, it is one of unalloyed thankfulness that Mr Gladstone's feeble hand was not on the tiller of the state when the unhappy difficulty presented itself in the East!

The compliment which Europe pays to England, England must pass on to her Ministers who have played their parts with the greatest ability all through this year. And it is not simply their foreign policy, successful as that has been, which deserves commendation. They have been most attentive to domestic affairs. In dealing with the vexed question of Merchant Shipping they have shown equal patience, sagacity, and decision; and their educational measure, so factiously obstructed in its passage, has eminently satisfied the country. Lord Sandon, by his good temper, acumen, and firmness, evinced in the conduct of this important bill through the Commons, has greatly added to his reputation. I observe that the behaviour of the Opposition in regard to this bill was characterised by the same kind of rabies which distinguished their assaults on the Royal Titles. For the sake of Parliament we must regret these unseemly exhibitions; but, from a party point of view, they are advantageous. The annoyance caused to Ministers is soon over and forgotten in victory; while the censure of public opinion cleaves to, and must greatly weaken, their opponents. It is pretty clearly seen that these outbreaks indicate minds which have never learned to conceal their chagrin, and which suppose that when *they* are ill at ease, every one must suffer with them *coûte que coûte*.

The late Ministry were brought in with tremendous *élan* which they had excited with their tongues. Before they had been long in office

the froth began to subside, and the people found out that talking and acting are very different things. The credit of the Government and its majorities decreased together until it fell; and, we may truly say, great was the fall of it. The present Ministry came in with a working majority, unpledged and without furor. They have been gaining strength ever since they took office. Their good influence is felt and acknowledged at home and abroad. In the former Ministry there was immense pretension and little performance; in the second there was no boasting, a mild beginning, and a career of progressive success. 'Maga' and others who helped to put down the incapables and to seat Conservatives in power, may well glory in what they have done. They have secured something more than a party triumph: they have benefited and satisfied the country. But I must have done with my reflections, and let you know whither I have betaken myself.

I have accomplished a good many journeys in my time, but I never travelled through more beautiful scenery than that which presents itself on the carriage-way from Salzburg to Berchtesgaden. My acquaintance with it was made on a fine summer evening—an occasion which I recommend to all who can choose their time. Three hours suffice for the drive, but after you have embarked you cease to note the time. Though the day may have been hot and sultry, a sense of refreshing is felt almost before the streets are quite left behind, so rich and green are the meadows through which the road winds, and so cool fall the shadows of the rocks and slopes. All grows so calm and peaceful as the hum of life dies away, and all before you is so beautiful and soft that you may fancy yourself bound for some happy valley of a poet's song whence care

is shut out, and where there is joy for ever. Already are apparent through breaks in the foliage wooded precipices glowing with the warm hues of summer, and here and there a solitary peak which, but for the superior claims of illustrious neighbours, might be received as mountains. The great Alpine summits are seen only at intervals, and might be white clouds bounding the view, so smoothly are they blended into a mass, and so faint an idea do they give as yet of the grisly giants that rise, rugged and sundered, thousands of feet into the sky, and have so towered for countless ages—the everlasting hills! The ridges and precipices that overlook the road are great blocks of marble, and the many-coloured scratches on their faces are the work of the quarrymen or the wounds caused by the winter's avalanches. What a soft, dark green is on the woods about their bases, and what abodes of quiet seem the villages that nestle in the indents of these woods! Anon the rocks and pinnacles become higher, and the road is in a narrow valley across which are flung deep shadows which end in an irregular outline against the opposite side; and above the outline of the shadows strike the sun's rays in full glory, crowning the great boundary wall with colours in endless variety. My road is still through flowery meadows and generally beside a blue rivulet whose waters were snow not many hours ago. There are spreading oaks and other rich broad-leaved trees, besides the pines which, however, begin to predominate, except around the villages. Before me floats a warm haze which seems always to be veiling the gate of fairyland. But there are at length occasional glimpses of a far extending valley crossed by the bases of hills that now stand out confessed members

of the Alpine family, and leading up to peaks and ridges diminished by distance but attesting their eminence by the white streaks and pinnacles—wilds that have been white since the first snow fell on them. And all along that vista, the sunshine, striking in between the mountains, diversified the scene with light and shade and colour, and in the distance played upon the snows with gorgeous hues which dissolved and were illumined fitfully above the mass of blue that darkened the bases of the farthest hills.

Suddenly occurred an incident which slightly interrupted the enjoyment of the views. My coachman, who had been hitherto conducting himself in English fashion and taking the left of the few vehicles that we met, varied his practice, and charged fiercely to the right of an approaching carriage, rousing my instinct with apprehension of a collision. None, however, took place; and I was enlightened as to the coachman's proceedings when the driver of the other vehicle called out that the waggon with my baggage was stopped at the custom-house. For we were now no longer in Austria, but had passed the frontier into Bavaria, where the laws of the road prescribe the right hand instead of the left. A few yards further on I found the baggage waiting, and I dived into my pockets for keys which were likely to be wanted; first, however, uncovering to the grim gentleman in the cocked-hat, who stood eyeing my trunks very much, I thought, as a wolf may eye a lamb before they get within embracing distance. My physiognomical talent was, however, at fault in this instance, or else my salutation had produced a softening effect; for the dread functionary came and placed his hands upon the side of the carriage, there-

by preventing my obvious intention of alighting, and with confidential solemnity invited me to confess the fact if I was bringing tobacco into the Fatherland. It struck me that the question was much as if one at the gates of Newcastle were asked whether his portmanteau and dressing-case were stuffed with coal; but I replied very distinctly that I possessed none of the noxious weed—had not even a cigar-case in my pocket. Was I then transporting tea? Certainly not. There was a square deal box in the waggon, the appearance of which the Herr Inspector did not quite admire. Did it contain merchandise? Nothing of the kind. It was full of books—my private property: books of reference and instruction (there were several numbers of ‘Maga’ among them) which I could not comfortably travel without: the box was not nailed; I would have the honour of opening it. By no means; the Herr Traveller’s word could be relied on: there would be no necessity for farther detention. The cocked-hat came off: ditto my wide-awake: the whips cracked: the carriage got in motion: I looked behind and saw the waggon past the barrier, and then threw my shoulders back, and abandoned myself once more to the enjoyment of the prospect.

And I wish I could describe for your entertainment, my dear Editor, what then so much delighted me; but it would exceed the power of a readier pen than mine to record how his first view of Berchtesgaden impresses a traveller on a summer evening. The little town stands in the same valley which had revealed itself partially by fits and starts in the latter part of my journey. A considerate hill has pushed out a spur from its base, with a convenient plateau on which the buildings

have clustered around what was once a monastery of some celebrity, and so grown into a *stadt*. Thus, though Berchtesgaden must be considered as lying in the valley, yet it is sufficiently raised above the valley’s general run to be in itself a very picturesque object, and to command, up and down, an extensive view; moreover, it stands a little to one side of the water-line, so that it does not obstruct the view of the vale. What it does obstruct is the sight of the lower storeys of the Watzmann, which sight one can afford to forego, as his mighty peaks—two of them, like horns—tower far above into the clouds. And it is but a small fraction of him that the town can eclipse, I assure you; for he stands ten thousand feet or so without boots: rather a snowy mass in winter-time, I should think, but just now a well-favoured giant, streaked and spotted with white. Very near him, but not in view from the road as it skirts the valley’s foot, stands the Hoch-Stein, another Alpine prince, who has worn for the last few thousand years a fair white head-dress.

About eight o’clock in the evening the town was in shade. The sun’s face was invisible from the road, but his glory flooded the western sky about the mountain-tops, and shed a light upon the old Watzmann’s horns which made them look as if they were dyed pink on one side and jewelled, while three or four summer clouds which sailed about his crests hung there in damask wreaths. All up the prospect enchantment was at work contrasting and dissolving bright hues and richest shades. Here and there a high mountain-scarp, directly opposite to the sunset, glowed like hot metal, contrasting grandly with the blue below and the greens of the less precipitous heights. But

all along the peaks laughed the glory in some wise, and hills and hollows were rich and lovely at the parting of the sun.

“ Their azure arches through the long
expanse
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing
glance ;
And tenderest tints, along their summits
driven,
Mark his gay course and own the hues of
heaven.”

There is a change every moment almost, but always a change, so it seems, to greater beauty—and the changes continue I have no idea how long ; but I do remark that at last comes a lessening of brilliancy, and that the colours grow faint as the great light that produced them sinks deeper behind the mountains. The pageant fades and fades. It is gone, and all is grey.

But by the time the show is over I am working up the last hill, so well did I time my journey ; and as the shades of night fall, I draw up at the door of mine inn. After such a treat in the way of landscape I ought, you think, to have stolen away to my chamber and tried to assimilate spiritually the sights which my senses had taken in. Perhaps I ought ; but shall I tell you what I actually did ? Mountain air and a tolerably long journey, my dear friend—— Well, in a marvellously short time I was far into a beefsteak, or a good imitation thereof, and a bottle of hock, so powerfully does this outward man war against the spirit. But you

will perceive that I understand and approve the better course, though I sometimes follow the lower one. And as that glorious evening is now my own for ever, and can come and gladden me on winter nights, I don't know that I have lost very much by attending to my creature-comforts.

But I must now think a little of *your* comfort too, and not weary you with too long a letter. So I will place my pen in rest, after wishing you all manner of summer enjoyment, and subscribe myself now, as ever, yours,

A WANDERING ENGLISHMAN.

P.S.—My letter is away, but I shoot a postscript after it, in the hope that it may not be too late for me to wish health and success to the Earl of Beaconsfield, with whose change of style I have only just been made acquainted. The translation of the Premier to the Upper House has been no doubt a well-considered and a necessary measure ; but the loss of him will be severely felt in the Commons, and you and I will never see there a man fit to supply his place. I feel as if I should not interest myself again in the debates. It is to be hoped that the new peer will still remain at the head of the Conservative Government, and give us the benefit of his experience and guidance. You know, dear Editor, how constant and sincere an admirer I have always been of this distinguished statesman, and that this is a cordial salutation which flashes from the Alps.

THE TWELFTH OF AUGUST.

'Tis morning ! and the 12th of August :
Now begins the sportsman's toil,
Whilst the sun is rising brightly
O'er the heights of dark Slievegoil.

The dogs are eager, and the moor-cock
Cleaves the air with sounding wing ;
While, right and left, the guns resounding
Make the wakened echoes ring.

'Tis noon ! and Celtic backs are bending
Under loads of slaughtered game :
Our thirst of blood is quenched—for hunger
Makes e'en the most bloodthirsty tame.

Now we spread the welcome luncheon,
Sheltered from the noon-tide ray ;
And refresh our souls by quaffing
Potent draughts of Uisgebeh.

'Tis evening ! and our lengthening shadows
Creep along the dusky heath :
The heron shrieks ; and mountain streamlets
Murmur in the glens beneath.

His course fulfilled—the sun is setting,
Soft as woman's love-born smile ;
Whilst his latest rays are gilding
The azure peaks of Jura's isle.

'Tis night ! and now with mirth and Bacchus
Gaily trip the laughing hours :
We sportsmen have no cares to rack us,
Life's path, for us, is strewn with flowers.

Now sunk to rest in deepest slumber—
Sweet refresher of our toil—
In dreams we range the pathless mountain :
Again we're on the dark Slievegoil.

KNAPDALE.

ALFRED DE MUSSET.

THE gift of genius is, in many ways, the best and most happy gift bestowed on man. Yet its possessors in general have not been happy. Something too much of expectation, a hope too highly placed, a conception of pleasure beyond anything that is to be obtained in this dim world, may be the cause; or perhaps the unconscious exaggeration in their eyes, the glorifying and elevating influence which embellishes the earth wherever they move, have even a practical effect, bewildering their steps, and betraying them into devious ways. It is hard to estimate the advantages of a mere commonplace footing on solid ground, when that ground is wrapped in all the glorious sheen of the ideal, glowing with light and colour unseen to common eyes. The practical genius of the great soldier, the great administrator, has no such dangerous weakness connected with it. It is the poet alone, or at least above all others, who arrays the world in garments brought out of heaven, and who, in consequence, gets most often bewildered in the darkling ways upon which no such reflection can be got to gleam, and which are not dreamed of in his philosophy. And, strangely enough, his own errors and weaknesses, from which he is no way guarded by his supreme endowment, do not suffice to warn him that the charm is not real which it is his faculty to throw around him. He may be fickle and changeable himself, but the lovely truth which, being of all things the loveliest, is in his eyes to glorify the world, is what he looks for with childlike certainty; and he is deceived. He may be cold-hearted, self-regarding; but love always more beautiful than

selfishness is what he demands from others: and he fails in finding it, even as other men do who have no such expectation or certainty. Poetry is no creed of morality, no source of elevated personal sentiment for its possessor. Yet as it is his office for the good of humanity to add beauty to everything he sees, and to see all the loveliness of which earth is capable, and to persuade other men of its reality, so he is himself the first and most easily deceived. Some few there are, strongly fashioned and of robust character, calm men of wholesome condition like Wordsworth, like Goethe—perhaps, for all we know, like Shakespeare himself—who have sufficient breadth of constitution to bear and to accept the shock. But the greater number are of less vigorous frame, and feel to their hearts the fading of the finer tints their imagination creates, even when themselves endowed with no portion of that celestial clothing—a paradox which is as wonderful as any of the other paradoxes which surround mankind.

It is this, perhaps, which justifies the popular idea of the poet, as one of the unfortunates of the earth, subject to more painful downfalls, more dismal disappointments than other men, and also unhappily prone to go further astray than other men, when beguiled, as we permit it to be said, by the light from heaven—though we are all well aware that light from heaven never yet led human nature astray, and that it is not Genius that is to blame, but the mortal companion to whom it is committed, whom it makes glorious, but cannot preserve from sin or sorrow. And there could be no fitter illustration of this theory than the sad and pitiful figure

which such a man of genius as Alfred de Musset presents to the world, to which the vagaries and offences of great writers are so much more open than the peccadilloes of ordinary men. France has no other man so gifted in his generation—at least none with whom we may justly compare him: for Victor Hugo still lives, and cannot enter into direct competition with the fame of a completed work: and the energy, the fire, the passion of his poetry raise him above the level of the mild Lamartine, to whom sentiment only, not passion, was possible. We might almost say that (leaving his dramatic works aside) he is the only French lyrical poet, except Beranger, who has been able to seize upon the attention of an audience wider than that of his countrymen. To many a reader who has felt in all other cases the bondage of the French rhythm, with its rigid, artificial laws, to be an oppression and tedium insupportable, De Musset has been the one singer whose natural command of melodious and varied expression has made the national form of art endurable. He has triumphed over those rigours and monotonies by the force of genuine life in him, not always lofty, but yet real—by the passion, by the vitality, the quiver and thrill of feeling which moves himself in every pulse, more than and before it moves his audience. His power is not, like the gay and delightful genius of Beranger, capable of throwing itself abroad upon the world, and lighting up the whole face of the country with expression and meaning. The France, the *siècle* of De Musset is within himself. What he is able to expound in verse is not the fresh and varied episodes of the national life, the loves and sorrows of his race, but only that struggle between passion and reason in his own bosom, that per-

petual and conflicting ferment of wishes and thoughts—the one eager, wild, and irrestrainable, the other melancholy, fastidious, and unbelieving—of which he is always conscious, which scarcely intermits for a moment, which brings disgust close upon the heels of pleasure, and mingles the sentiment, which in his vocabulary is entitled love, with sudden loathings still more passionate than itself. It is this which gives intensity and reality to his work, but in the very charm of the production makes the image of the man more deplorable, more unhappy, forcing it down in the scale of being even by the energy of the *élan* which inspires the poetry. The verse soars aloft, indignant, pensive, passionate, despairing; but the earth from which it has taken its spring is not the broad standing-ground of humanity, but that poor clod close to the edge of a precipice which it spurns to destruction as it darts upward, and which, alas! is its author. Other men no doubt have been as wretched, as deceived in life, as worn by passion, as bitterly betrayed by love; but none have so opened the quivering bosom, and shown with such *abandon* how entirely justifiable was the betrayal, and how inevitable the anguish; the misery of moral failure is in every line of the picture; and the cruel sketches made by other hands are but shadows of the more bitter and more damning portrait drawn by himself. Too weak in good to resist a single temptation, to quench a single impulse—too weak in evil to suppress one quick rising of disgust, or shut up within himself one word of those aimless self-reproaches and accusations of his fate and his fellow-sinners, which mingle with the very tumult of enjoyment, no moralist could furnish a more miserable fable of the evils of vice than does the unhappy poet who knew

no existence but that of "pleasure," so called in a pitiful mockery too bitter for legitimate satire. Had he been a little better or a little worse—less enslaved by the grosser passions, or more contented with the coarse satisfaction they are capable of producing—he would have been a less miserable man; but the special curse of De Musset's nature seems to have been, that in combination with the discontent, which of itself is divine, he had an ignorance of and incapacity for better things, which took all noble use and meaning out of that discontent: thus he lost all the advantages (such as they may be) of dissipation, as well as those of goodness; lost even the poor credit of a libertine—too good for that, too bad for anything better—and suffered at once the penalties of vice and those of virtue. An existence less satisfactory, more melancholy to behold, more hopeless to endure, could not be. He has been called the Byron of France, and there are without doubt many traces of the influence of Byron in his works; but poor De Musset had none of the splendour or prestige of the English patrician, whose position gave a certain lacquer to his character, and whose nature was less compunctious, less troubled with conscience and the ideal, and (strange though it seems to say so) in consequence even of this insensibility, less contemptible to the crowd.

Alfred de Musset was born at Paris in November 1810—just as the glory of the great Napoleon approached its climax and its fall. His father was a Government *employé*, and at the same time a literary man of some reputation, and the sons (the eldest of whom, M. Paul de Musset, is also known in literature) were educated with the usual advantages "in the College Henri IV.," where Alfred "fit de brillantes études." The description he him-

self gives, however, of the condition of mind of the youths who issued from these Parisian colleges, is, though perhaps exaggerated, very well worth attention, especially from those readers who are interested in the internal history of France, as well as the noisy outside record of all her revolutions and changes. Nothing could be more unlike the ways of thinking of De Musset and his wildly irregular companions than the opinions and ideas of the late Count de Montalembert and the party which, with and under his leadership, fought so desperately for religious education. De Musset was no partisan of the priests, no supporter of religious influence. He was of the sect of those who believe nothing—indifferent, if not even hostile, to Christianity itself; but the testimony he bears to the strange and horrible condition of the young minds which came forth from these seminaries of everything but faith and virtue, is more trenchant than that which any opponent could have ventured to give. He begins the revolting and painful story which he calls 'Confession d'un *Enfant du Siècle*' by an account of France at the moment he himself woke to consciousness of what was going on around him. The strange internal turmoil concealed by a stagnant surface of peace, which existed under the Bourbons, especially in the minds of the new generation born amid the clamour of Napoleon's wars, "between two battles," and who, with their heads full of conquest and victory, suddenly found the whole world change around them, has seldom been more gloomily described. "Alors s'assit sur un monde en ruine, une jeunesse soucieuse," he says, with sombre vehemence.

"The life which appeared before these youths was made up of three elements: behind them was a past en-

tirely destroyed, but still throbbing under its ruins amid all the fossil remains of ages of absolutism; before them the dawn trembling on the horizon, the first gleams of the future; and between them two worlds—something like the ocean which separates an old continent from the young America, a vague and fluent waste, a gloomy sea full of shipwrecks, traversed from time to time by some white distant sail, or by some vessel breathing forth a heavy flood of smoke: in one word, the present age which separated the past from the future, which was neither the one nor the other, which resembled both at the same time, and in which no one could tell, at any step he made, whether what he trod on was a springing seed or a fragment of ruin. Such was the chaos through which a path had to be chosen. Such was the world which lay before this race full of boldness and of strength, sons of the Empire and grandsons of the Revolution. . . . An inexpressible confusion of pain began to ferment in all their young hearts. Condemned to repose by the sovereigns of the world, given up to evil guidance, to idleness and weariness, these youths saw the foaming waves against which they had prepared themselves, retiring before them. All those oiled gladiators felt at the bottom of their hearts the misery of the disappointment. The rich among them became libertines; those of mediocre means gave themselves up to a profession, and resigned themselves wholly to the sword or to the gown; the poorest threw themselves into a cold enthusiasm, into big words, into the fearful whirlpool of aimless action. As human weakness seeks association, and men herd together by nature, politics were soon mixed up with this. They fought with the royal guards on the steps of the legislative assembly, they rushed to the theatre to see Talma in a wig that made him resemble Cæsar, or they thronged to the funeral of a Liberal deputy. But of the members of these two opposite parties, there was not one who, on retiring within himself, did not feel bitterly the emptiness of his existence and the poverty of his powers.

“Who would dare to tell what passed then in the schools? Men doubted

everything, but boys denied everything. The poets sang songs of despair, but boys came out of the schools with serene looks, with fresh and shining faces, but blasphemy in their mouth. Besides, as French character, always gay and open, ruled everything, their heads, indeed, got easily full of ideas which were English or German; but their hearts, too light to struggle and suffer, faded like plucked flowers. Thus the principle of death overshadowed everything from the heart to the feelings. Instead of having the enthusiasm of wickedness, all that we had was a relinquishment of goodness; instead of despair, insensibility. Children of fifteen, seated carelessly under the shade of blossomed shrubs, held for pastime discussions which would have thrilled with horror the ancient thickets of Versailles. The host, the communion of Christ, that eternal symbol of heavenly love, was used as a wafer to seal letters; children tore asunder the bread of God. Happy are those who escaped from these times! Happy those who passed over these depths with their eyes fixed on heaven! Such existed, no doubt, and pitied us.

“It is unhappily true that there is in blasphemy a great outburst of strength, which eases the overflowing heart. When the atheist, drawing out his watch, gave God a quarter of an hour to strike him with a thunderbolt, there can be no doubt that he promised himself a quarter of an hour of atrocious enjoyment. It was a paradox of despair, a momentous appeal to all the heavenly powers; it was the convulsive struggle of a poor and miserable creature under the foot which crushed it; it was a great cry of misery. And, who knows? in the eyes of Him who sees everything it was perhaps a prayer. Thus youth found an employment for its creative force in the sentiments of despair. To mock at glory, at religion, at love, at everything, is a great consolation for those who have nothing better to do. They make a jest of themselves, and prove themselves right, at the same time that they teach themselves a lesson. And then it is sweet to believe one's self unfortunate when one is only vacant and bored with everything.

And debauchery, the first consequence of these principles of death, is a terrible instrument of enervation. So that the rich said, 'There is nothing true but wealth; everything else is a dream; let us enjoy and die.' And those of modest fortune said, 'There is nothing true but forgetfulness; all the rest is a dream; let us forget and die.' And the poor said, 'There is nothing true but misery; all the rest is a dream; let us blaspheme and die.'"

This is the beginning which the young Frenchman early in the century claims to have had, without any self-deceit as to its debasement, perhaps rather with an exaggeration of all its miserable qualities. The picture, however, is general, and we have no details of the particular growth of the young Alfred, till we find him emerge into perhaps the most brilliant portion of contemporary society, the little world in which young men of letters hold the chief place, forming at once such an audience for each other as is the easiest way to fame—pushing each other to the front of public notice, not only by mutual admiration, but by quarrels, scandals, and the introduction of full-length portraits, and scarcely veiled individual histories, into the literature they were making. Through this influence, and another more tragical to which we shall hereafter refer, we have sketch after sketch of the young poet, who seems to have made his start in the world with all those qualities which attract the admiration of youth—a light heart and lively disposition, and a love of pleasure not yet degenerated into anything lower than the habitual standard. He was a "jeune blondin, un élégant, portant touffe de cheveux d'un côté, chapeau sur l'oreille de l'autre, taille de guêpe, l'air fat, haut sur talons, dédaigneux des petites gens comme nous," according to one description. "His beauty, his youth," says a graver account — "his excellent

manners, his almost too studied dress, made him remarkable, and much noticed, especially by women; but he had other and more unusual advantages. Of that ardent and vivacious generation which put so much passion in everything as to make a literary quarrel into a war as hot and prolonged as that of Troy, he was the one most happily endowed. He had received from nature an amiable and easy character, which after-troubles changed." Here, however, is another sketch, more detailed and sentimental, made by the skilled hand of a Parisian *précieuse*, one of the women of letters who were unfortunately mixed up with his unhappy fate. There is something both melancholy and laughable in the picture, in which the ancient *mode* flourishes as well as the ball-room hero in all his bloom of light-hearted youth:—

"He was of middle height and slight figure, dressed with extreme and almost elaborate care in a green coat with metal buttons, a brown silk waistcoat crossed by a gold chain, and two onyx buttons which fastened the cambric folds of his shirt-front. His narrow black satin cravat encircled his throat like a jet necklace, and brought out the fine tone of his complexion; his white gloves showed by an irreproachable fit the delicacy of his hands; but it was the arrangement of his beautiful fair hair that was specially remarkable. Following the example of Lord Byron, he had succeeded in giving an air of noble grace to that natural crown of his inspired brow: numerous curls waved upon his temples, and descended in clusters towards his neck, and I was much struck, as the rapid circle of the waltz brought him repeatedly under the light, by the different shades of colour in his hair. The rings which caressed his forehead were of pale gold, those behind were amber, and those which covered the higher part of the head sank gradually from light to dark. This peculiarity he retained till his death. Contrary to most fair men, whose whiskers are

generally red, his were chestnut, and his eyes almost black, which gave vigour and fire to his countenance. His nose was perfectly Greek in form; and his mouth, then fresh and smiling, showed white teeth. All these attractions were enhanced by an air of aristocratic distinction, which gave additional light to his eyes, and elevated the ideal crown of his brow."

This curious mixture of the Minerva Press and the books of fashion, will make the reader smile; but yet there was a day, no doubt, when green coats with metal buttons might be the garb of aristocratic distinction: and the *jeune blondin* with his *touffe* of curls, his smiling eyes, his hair in shades of gold, turning in the rapid circles of the waltz upon the verge of that bottomless pit which was so soon to swallow him up, with all his boyish beauty and undeveloped genius, —how sad, even with those ludicrous touches of sentiment, is this first and almost last sight of him, so trifling, so joyous, so near destruction! Believing nothing, taught nothing except the vilest creed of the profligate, tuning his young voice to miserable echoes of older dissipation, and knowing no finer hero than the Byronic Don Juan, a type so far debased and fallen, even from the splendid sinner of Molière,—what sight could be more melancholy than that of this beautiful youth of twenty-three, to whom earth and heaven contained nothing but the vice which is called pleasure — the miserable passion which masks itself with the name of love? The evil, however, was not De Musset's alone, but that of his age and country. The reader will remember that Lamartine, too, knows scarcely any subject for poetry (except the rural landscape, the exquisite home-scenes in which he is a man as well as a poet) but this everlasting monotone of passion, mawkish in his milder

treatment; and De Musset, with a much more ardent nature and impassioned style, was the lineal descendant of Chateaubriand and Lamartine. The genial Beranger, who escapes the weakness, was incapable by nature of any monotone whatsoever, and he had the whole-some outer world besides to keep his genius sweet; another proof, if any were necessary, that the mass of mankind is never so corrupt as the *élite*, either of society or literature, can be. The poet of the people, with all his homely Gallic force and frankness, is infinitely purer than the fine Lamartine, the elegant De Musset—a fact which is worth consideration in passing. But what kind of moral sense could be expected from a young poet in the full whirl of Paris, or from the audience which he addressed, when a serious critic like M. Sainte-Beuve calmly discusses and approves their choice of lawless intrigue instead of lawful love, as an equally worthy subject of song and story? "If the love called virtuous, the love of marriage and order, seemed to him unfavourable to the framework of his romance; if he preferred the love which is free of all sacred engagements,—the conclusion was still satisfactory and noble, still worthy to be proposed in our day, not only without scandal but even with fruit," says this grave literary judge whose opinion has carried so much weight for the last half-century. When an acknowledged authority formulates such opinions, what can be looked for from an inexperienced writer, whose misfortune it was to have fallen upon such evil times? His predecessors at least had the tradition of something better—a kind of faith, a kind of loyal principle to which they were born, or if not even so much as that, at least they believed in fighting, in war, and conquest of something more sub-

stantial than hearts. But even that manly inspiration had failed, as well as all higher enthusiasms. There was neither breadth in the horizon nor purity in the atmosphere—neither light enough to make a worthy pathway clear, nor air enough to fill the lungs with one full and wholesome breath. Nothing but lukewarm breezes, stale perfumes, and *amour*, or rather *amours* in the plural, a depth more miserable still.

De Musset was not strong enough to resist this current; indeed it would not appear that he had the slightest inclination to do so. No individual impulse towards purity and virtue was in the young Parisian, so early launched upon all the excitements of a *jeunesse orageuse*. He was trained to dissipation as other young men are trained to sobriety, and his inclinations went with his training. His first boyish publication, brought out when he was but eighteen, contains little but tales of intrigue after the worst Byronic model—Byron diluted with Lamartine, the most sickly compound possible. But after this, the most singular change appears all at once in the young poet—a change unperceived or unappreciated by his contemporaries, but as remarkable now to the thoughtful reader as any symptom of mental convulsion could be. In the midst of those old complacent echoes of cynicism and vice, which all his audience were ready to applaud to the echo, and in which the foolish boy—like an infant taught to blaspheme, rolling big oaths out of its rosy mouth in delighted uncomprehension—was ready to out-do all competitors,—there suddenly rang out a deeper note—a tragic tone, undreamed of before by either singer or hearers. If here and there some one who listened was startled by it, or if he himself was aware of the new thing he was doing, who can tell? But

certainly the Sainte-Beuves remained calmly unaware, not perceiving that between the brilliant verses of “*Namouna*” and the tragic, almost prophetic solemnity of “*Rolla*,” there lay a gulf wide enough to appal the observer. What produced this sudden outburst of new perception, new meaning, enlightenment so tragic and terrible, we have no way of knowing. It comes without warning, and dies away—its appearance and disappearance equally remarkable, though the latter may perhaps be interpreted by the fact that De Musset’s personal history and misfortunes surged uppermost soon after this gloomy yet splendid revelation, and quenched in him the new-born insight. But what fierce disgust, kindled in a moment and wrought to a climax of tragic vehemence, what loathing of the vileness hitherto so lightly treated, what a sudden sense of something nobler that might be, is in this curious, sudden, temporary inspiration!

The strange crude drama called “*La Coupe et les Lèvres*” gives the first sombre sign of the rising feeling. But it is in the poem called “*Rolla*” that the poet bursts upon us in all the passion of this new and strange strength. Few efforts of genius so startling, so hideous, so beautiful, have ever been made. Another world seems suddenly to have revealed itself in which the cynic has no longer a place, but where some stern despairing angel, himself fallen yet pitiful, above the shrinkings of human feeling, ventures to combine the most hostile elements, and make a desperate sally in favour of innocence and purity from the very stronghold, and with the very arms, of vice. We may almost take it for granted that De Musset does not consciously intend half the meaning that really exists in this wonderful production. The words seem

overbold : yet the fact can scarcely be doubted that Genius does often make an only half-conscious instrument of its possessor, and that, like the Hebrew prophet, the poet often strikes a higher note than he wots of, and in pursuing his own voluntary motive, opens a wider sequence than he knows. It would seem to be only a stronger representation than usual of that hideous travesty of love which is the leading principle of debauch, at which De Musset aims ; but the most tragic suggestions of life made worthless, of needless and unprofitable destruction, of ruin, debasement, and despair, open up around the central idea. The poem is so woven through and through with the images of impurity and the agitations of vice, and the chief situation is so revolting, that it is almost impossible to quote from it, or to describe it. The very story is untellable. It is a description of the last night of the hero, who has sentenced himself to suicide at the end of a three years' debauch, and who, the emblem, as the poet intends, of his generation, chooses to pass the last moments of his existence in a *mauvais lieu*—an idea which would strike the greater number, even of the depraved, with terror, and which therefore has a fascination alike for the hero and the writer of the poem :—

“ De tous les débauchés de la ville du monde,
Où la libertinage est au meilleur marché,
De la plus vieille en vice et de la plus féconde,
Je veux dire Paris — le plus grand débauché
Était Jacques Rolla — ”

This is, naturally, his claim to be renowned. He has been brought up without occupation, the only child of a foolish father, who leaves him at nineteen his own master, without means enough to insure a

life such as he has hitherto lived, and “*ni talent ni métier*” to support himself. Rolla divides his money into three portions, determining that each should serve for a year of debauchery, and that, all being ended, he should die. The end at last arrives, the money is gone, and the young man, in the full bloom of his youth, prepares for the predetermined close, but reserves a crowning indulgence for the last night of his life. Searching in his sombre imagination for the most painful combination to be found, the poet brings this emblem of youthful bravado and despair to the chamber of a creature still innocent and pure, though born and trained for the worst of purposes, externally the most delicate and exquisite flower of humanity, and still in the calm of childhood, unawakened either to shame or guilty knowledge. The description of this unconscious creature, wrapt in profound and childlike slumber, would be one of the most beautiful examples of French poetry could it be detached from its surroundings ; but it is these surroundings which give it its sinister and terrible power. The contrast of the vile circumstances around with that calm, that youth, that human flower, to which still all kinds of lovely blossomings are possible, though the deepest pollution is close at hand, surround the scene with tragic and sombre shadows,—to be heightened and deepened by the entrance of the other life, breathing nothing but vigour and vitality, but with death close at hand, and ruin reigning in heart and soul. We turn with a shudder from the appalling picture, which no manipulation could make fit to be regarded by innocent eyes, but which yet is, we think, the most powerful, as it certainly is the most tragical, of all De Musset's productions. Nowhere has

he struck so high yet so deep a note,
and shown so profound a perception
of that last sting and poignant
climax of debasement, the possibility
of moral salvation, the sense of what
might have been. We will venture
to quote the beginning of this poem,
which is almost all we dare attempt
to put into decorous English—Eng-
lish, alas! in which the fire and
passion of the original are sadly lost.

O Christ, I am not one of those who
pray,
Trembling in thy mute temples—those
who beat
Their hands upon their breasts, and take
their way
To Calvary to kiss thy bleeding feet.
I stand erect thy holy courts among,
Where in the sacred gloom the faithful
bow,
Moved by the murmurous breeze of sacred
song,
As reeds before the wind make reverence
low.
Thy holy words, O Christ, unmoved I
hear,
Born all too late into a world that dies.
The age that knows no hope can know no
fear;
Our comets have unpeopled the great
skies;
And sightless Chance through sombre
shadows leads
The worlds from all illusion freed at
last,
While flinging down thy once-throned
angels, treads
O'er its own wrecks, the spirit of the past.
The nails of Golgotha scarce hold thee
more.
From off thy grave divine the soil is torn.
Dead is thy glory, Christ! the cross that
bore
Thy heavy weight to dust and ashes worn.

Yet be it still permitted to the son—
Most unbelieving of a faithless time,
To kiss that dust, O Christ, and weep
upon
The Earth that once lived by thy death
sublime.
Who now, my God, will bring her life
again,
Once by thy purest blood made young?
who may,
Jesus, do that thou didst, or with what
pain
Bring youth to us, old men born yester-
day?

We are as old as when thy coming made
New hope; have lost more and expecting
found
As much to look for; Lazarus is laid
A second time within the mournful
ground
Which is man's tomb. Where is the
Saviour then
To open graves? and old St Paul though
clad
In rags divine, upon whose lips all men
Hung breathless? where the Supper? and
the sad
Dark world of catacombs? Upon what
feet
May drop the perfumes of the Magdalene?
What brow for aureole of fire is meet?
Where vibrates in the air a voice serene
Yet more than human? Which of us
will be
The God we have need of in our misery?
Earth is as old, as desperate, and her
head
As palsied as when John stood on the
sands
And roused her from her stupor nearly
dead,
With holy words that rang through many
lands,
And woke a thrill as of a world new-born.
Now are we back to evil times, the days
Of Claudius or Tiberius: living morn
Rises no more, all dead by all the ways.
Saturn is near the end of his fell meal,
And human Hope, weary of endless
strain,
Her bosom scared by nursing, learns to
steal
Repose from sterile calm, an end of pain.

By the side of this very power-
ful and passionate poem, M. Sainte-
Beuve calmly places as a companion-
picture the glittering *vers* of 'Na-
mouna,' a 'philosophical sketch of
a stale Don Juan made into a Turk,
with all the movement and adven-
ture left out; so little, at least for
the moment, did the calm contem-
porary understand that wild and
solemn discord which trembles
through the music and gives it
soul and meaning. And unfortu-
nately this deeper note, though it
still echoes here and there in an
undertone, found no such lasting
place in De Musset's poetry as
'Rolla' promised. The poet was
caught away out of the broader
regions of genius into that painful

absorption in the accidents of his own life which so often kills poetry for the moment to enrich it after with many experiences. Unhappily, the experiences in this case were not of an ennobling kind.

For it was about this time that Alfred de Musset made the acquaintance of a woman of genius, perhaps superior to his own, and of infinitely stronger character and constitution, which coloured all the rest of his life, and broke his heart, and probably shortened his days. It is not here that it is becoming to speak of Madame Georges Sand. So great a writer should not be regarded without the aid of extenuating circumstances in one detached episode which happened to be one of the worst actions of her life. She met this young poet, still fresh and gay, a *beau valseur*, a favourite of fortune and of the *salons*, when she herself was in the full bloom of her beauty and of her fame. He, too, had all the attractions that romance demands. Unhappily there was no possibility between them of that legitimate romance which ends in marriage; nor would this seem to have been considered even desirable on one side or the other. They met, rushed into intimacy, and after a short interval went away together into Italy, whither she was bound. The story of their intercourse, and its sudden and prompt termination, has a little literature of its own. It has been told three times over: at first hand, by Madame Sand herself in 'Elle et Lui;' by M. Paul de Musset in the answering tale of 'Lui et Elle;' and by Madame Louise Colet in a third publication called 'Lui.' The two later books are supposed to give the poet's own account of this fatal love, which is supposed on all sides to have been his ruin—given in one case to

his brother on his deathbed, and (we are again to understand) intrusted to the other writer in the confidence of a new attachment, which was broken by his death. When we say that these books are all in the form of *novels*, each telling the story of this intrigue in detail, with differing sets of false names and slightly-altered circumstances, it will be immediately evident at what cost of good taste and decorum the record must have been made. But good taste is a trifle in comparison with the deeper horrors of the life thus revealed. Not that it is a record of wild orgies or insolent pleasure, which we find recorded and repeated in these volumes. It is not their depravity that strikes the reader, for in that strange moral atmosphere no stigma seems to attach even to the most unauthorised and lawless ties; and the heroine of 'Elle et Lui' is as ready to call heaven to witness the purity of her motives, and as secure in her own religious certainty of uprightness, as if she had all the Decalogue on her side. But the wretched tedium of this life of supposed passion and rapture, the petty quarrels, altercations, makings up, the narrow and contracted scene, the one monotonous unvaried *motif*, convey nothing but a sense of nausea and weariness insupportable to the spectator. In comparison with this romantic union, above the limits of law or purity, of two poets, in which the innocent imagination is disposed to expect some appearance at least of those transports of excitement and delight which give compensation for all the external penalties of wrong-doing, the flattest commonplace existence becomes interesting; and the honest prosaic pair who spend their tranquil evenings together, after the labours of the office and the housekeeping, become idyllic in natural force and

tenderness, after a volume or two of the hectic but ineffably dull loves of Laurent and Therese. Literature so unprofitable, so opposed to all true feeling, so revolting to the moral consciousness, half atones for its unwholesome character by the mortal dulness of the record, which bears a lesson more striking perhaps than that of the most tragic pains and penalties. The object of Madame Sand is to show that the young lover to whom *elle se donnait* (which is the accepted formula) with the most exalted motives, to do him good and purify his life and being, wore out all patience by his peevish and childish jealousies, making life impossible, and affording her complete justification for casting him off as she did, at a very early period. The other books written on the subject are full of an elaborate attempt to prove Madame Sand to have been wrong, and to show the deep injury which she inflicted upon her lover. This extraordinary controversy is noticed in all the periodicals of the time, discussed with seriousness even by such writers as Sainte-Beuve, who himself was somehow mixed up in the business, and finds a place in the classic literature of the century—wonderful result of that fictitious elevation of the literary class to the front of French society, which is as little real as among ourselves, yet which gives them the power of throwing up a mass of personal gossip, rubbish of the most unsavoury description, to the surface, and playing the wildest pranks before high heaven, to the debasement of their own gifts, and shame of the country which they are supposed to represent! It is needless to say that this greatly-important question, whether Madame Sand ought or ought not to have retained Alfred de Musset as her lover, is not only indifferent but disgusting to us, and

revolts every instinct of feeling, as well as the moral sense, which is ignored in the controversy, none of the disputants on one side or the other appearing conscious of the fact that the *liaison* itself is beyond the range of legitimate discussion. It must be added, however, that if such a discussion could ever be permitted or pardoned, the fullest justification of Madame Sand's inexcusable volume is to be found in the 'Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle,' the most important prose work of De Musset, in which the unhappy poet gives us the full detail of a similar episode, and makes himself out to be more miserable, more jealous, more fantastic in aggravation, more persistent in ill-humour, and altogether more insupportable, than even Madame Sand had depicted him. His advocates have a vain task before this proof of the accusations against him, notwithstanding that these accusations and his own confession form one of the most deplorable and revolting chapters of modern literary history. It is bad enough at all times to lift the veil from private life. What ought the penalty to be when the scene revealed is one of shame?

Let us say, however, in passing—for there are, it is to be supposed, depraved imaginations to which the garbage of such a production as the 'Confession' is more agreeable than better fare—that notwithstanding an occasional gleam of genius, the prose works of De Musset are entirely unworthy of his reputation. There is nothing in them of the refined grace of his 'Proverbes,' nor of the profound feeling which sometimes reaches a tragic depth in the higher efforts of his poetry. All the dignity of true genius, the balance which intellectual power must confer more or less, steadying the most uneven march, and giving a certain force and weight to the

most fantastic imagination, is lost in the maunderings of a weak self-analysis, or in the flippant 'Contes,' which recall to us the *élegant* of the ball-room, with his *air fat* and his *taille de guêpe*, rather than any more dignified figure. The mournful poet, he who even in his youth could be caught by the stern prophet-inspiration which almost justifies the horrors of 'Rolla'—the graceful dramatist, full of airy and delightful fancy, yet not without a capability of heroic perception—are lost in the white-gloved exquisite of the green coat and metal buttons, at this distance the most laughable kind of finery which fashion ever invented, the literary dandy, to whose social reputation, a certain amount of intrigue, vice, sentiment, and cynicism were necessary. It is one of the drawbacks of literary coteries that everything is applauded which comes from a popular favourite, and often the least worthy has from some accidental cause the greatest praise. But time ought to set this right, if nothing else, and in the majority of cases does so. It is, however, a deplorable fashion of recent times to see or pretend a charm in the unwholesome dissection of sentimental or sensual feeling, which still imposes upon many inexperienced minds, and turns the natural disgust of impurity into an evidence of low intellectual appreciation. This altogether false taste keeps many productions of French fiction in artificial life. But it is the greatest wrong that posterity can do to such an erring, feeble, unfortunate man of genius as De Musset, to remember against him the miserable productions of his worst moments—work prompted half by vicious inclination and half by fashion, feverish vanity, and the irritation of personal offence. Let those who love the flavour of vice

content themselves with 'Rolla,' in which there is still a tragic element of genius to justify the poet; but let all the foul rubbish of those 'Confessions' be swept away from the grave, over which no ghouls and vampires should be permitted to prowl.

It is certain, however, that though the story of this episode in De Musset's life is in every way miserable, and though the light it throws upon the existence of his class is so lowering and painful, yet it formed the turning-point in his career. The link was fatal, but the love was real. In strange contradiction of the ordinary rule, the woman passed upon her way, careless, treating as a mere chapter in her many-sided history that moment which coloured the whole existence of her companion; but to the *jeune blondin*, the *beau valseur*, the effect was very different. His youth, his gaiety, his *insouciance*, were all over. Life was no longer at his feet, a universe of hope and pleasure, as even in his most cynical moods it had hitherto been. Broken and crushed he came back from Italy where his unkind love had forsaken him, stung to the heart with a thousand wounds. If his attachment carried him away from the higher strain of poetry, upon which at one moment he seemed about to enter, his disappointment brought him back with a rush of new energy to the natural work which still held some balm for his suffering. Happy, he had but played with his powers, often, with the perversity of youth, doing his best or worst to fritter away the untried strength of which he himself had no just conception; but in his wretchedness, in his desolation, the poor young poet instinctively turned to that sublime means of relief, and poured out his suffering heart, not in miserable display of his

circumstances to the world, but in those outbursts of profound feeling, which are for mankind, which answer for all sorrows, and speak the infinite disappointments, mortifications, pangs of the heart, that occur in all lives. Here at least he has for ever the better of the question. The woman whom he loved held him up to the ridicule of the world, but he, magnanimous, made no reprisals; and the blow, if it broke his heart, made his fame. The 'Nuits,' which are almost his finest lyrics, the 'Letter to Lamartine,' almost all his 'Comedies' and 'Proverbs' came in a rush of inspiration after this crisis. While his friends chattered over his disasters with sneers and with sympathy equally hard to bear, the sufferer sought for himself that noblest anodyne which lies in work. They say he had recourse to coarser anodynes as well, poor soul! but at least he was too noble to return evil for evil. A rising flood of power, a more assured knowledge of his own strength and exercise of his gift, mark the period of this bitter disenchantment, which is a better issue than could have been hoped from such an episode. Here is the most detailed description he has left of his sufferings. It is contained in the 'Letter to Lamartine,' one of his finest poems.

Lamartine, who of us, or of our strain,
Knows not by heart that song, to lovers dear,
Which by thy lake, one evening, to our ear
Was sighed forth soft? We read, and read again,
A thousand times, and re-read without cease.

Alas! of lying loves the long regret,
The ruins of the past in every lot,
Long-lasting trace of passing light soon set,
Can that man be called man that knows them not?
Whoever loves long time must bear the scar

Concealed in every heart, reopening sure
A dear and secret torture carried far,
And as the blow is deep, less wished the cure.

Singer of suffering, how then shall I say
That of thy glorious sickness I too die?
And that like thee, under this light of day,

Clasped in my arms sweet life and hope
once lay—

A dream, even like thy dream, and soon
to fly—

How, one fair evening when the breeze
was balm,

Lulled by beloved voice with heavenly strain,

Like thee I slumbered in the happy calm,
And felt swift time stop short. And how again

Tell of another evening, when, forsook
And lonely on the earth, devoured like thee

By memories, and the wonder how to brook

Suffering so long ere death should set
me free,

I stood amazed at my own misery.

Ah! all the anguish of that moment
dread

Dare I make my lament, and tell thee
all?

After thee, in thy presence, lift my head,
And put in words a woe unspeakable?

When the worn labourer turning home at
night,

Finds his poor field all ravaged by the
storm,

He thinks it first some dream of fearful
form

That cheats his eyes; nor can he trust
the sight.

All dark the heavens and burnt the earth
appears,

He searches round him, trembling with
strange fears.

Where is the wife at the half-opened
door?

He sees a heap of ashes on the moor.

And by-and-by from out the hollows
creep

The half-naked babes, who tell their tale
and weep,

How their poor mother fell before their
eyes,

And perished 'neath the thatch with fearful
cries,

Though all both far and near is silent
now.

The miserable man listens, and, slow

To understand, at last his ruin sees,

Desolate, takes his children to his knees.

Nothing remains to him except to hold
His hand for charity, save hunger cold

To-night, and death to-morrow. From
his breast
Oppressed there bursts no sob ; towards
the west,
Turning his weary eyes, he sits apart ;
And while the promise of his harvest
flies
In whirlwinds of dark smoke towards the
skies,
Misery intoxicates his failing heart.

So when by faithless love forsook, my
heart
For the first time great anguish learned
to know,
Transfixed at once by swift and sudden
dart,
Alone I sat in that dark night of woe—
Not by a lake, with limpid waves un-
stained,
Not upon tranquil slope of flowery
ground,
My weeping eyes on the void distance
strained,
My stifled sobs no answering echo
found.

'Twas in a winding street, grey and ob-
scure,
Of that abyss called Paris ; to my ear
Came outcries of that railing crowd,
secure
No voice of the unfortunate to hear.
On the dark pavement lanterns of pale
light
Threw forth a doubtful day more sad
than night.

It was in spring, the time of Carnival :
A noisy joy rang echoing everywhere ;
Masked drunkards, meeting in the gutter,
call

An ill word here, a loud-mouthed
chorus there.

Sometimes a group, heaped in an open
car,

Showed for a moment 'neath the rainy
skies,

Then in the town's mad folly, lost afar
With flare of torch, and shout of impure
cries.

In the mean taverns, foul with stains of
wine,

Lurked old men, women, children ; and
the while

Priestesses of the night, through shade
and shine,

Inquiet moved about like spectres vile.

Just God, to weep alone 'mid such a
crowd !

Oh my sole love, what had I done to you,
That you could leave me, you so late who
vowed

You were my life, and in God's presence
true ?

Oh didst thou know, thou cold and cruel
heart,

That 'mid the dimness of that shameful
night,
Gazing as at a star in heaven apart,
I watched outside the glimmer of thy
light ?

No, no ; not thou. I saw no ghost of
thee,

No shadow at the window, drawing near
To look perchance if the night skies were
clear,

Or in that tomb to search some trace of
me !

'Twas there, Lamartine, in that gloom
profound,

In the dim street, seated upon a stone,
My hands upon my heart, pressing my
wound,

Which bled with love unquenchable—
alone—

'Twas there that night of horror and of
ill,

'Mid the mad transports of the foolish
crowd,

I seemed to see my youth pass, crying
loud,

“Thou, who weepest now, like them
have laughed thy fill.”

Then by the wall, 'gainst which I struck
my head,

Where twice the thought of self-given
death was mine ;

'Twas there, believ'st thou, poet chaste
and great,

That I bethought me of thy songs divine !

Oh thou, Elvire's true lover, learned in
love,

Know'st thou how lovers part, and how
is said

That word farewell ; and how the hand
can move

To write it ; the heart sign it ; and lips
made

To be united by a kiss 'fore God——

This is the poet's answer, full of
a desolation too noble for the sub-
ject, to all the lengthened romances
made about him. The poem ends
in a still more lofty strain, recount-
ing the lessons taught by “les anges
de douleur,” who had converted him
by means of his sufferings to a better
faith. Here, notwithstanding the
beauty of the poetry, the critic
cannot but pause with a whimsical
sense of incongruity. For the
angels of sorrow whose sublime
lessons console a man for the loss
of a mistress, are they those pure

angels whom we wot of in other griefs? Poor De Musset! he is too much in earnest, too desperately wounded, and holding with too anxious vehemence to any consolation, to be aware of the incongruity; and besides, it was for him no soiled and vulgar connection, one of a dozen, an idea which in its mere statement sickens every sober fancy, but a tie entirely in accordance with the ideas of his class, revolting as it seems. To him "les anges de douleur" were not out of place. One of them at least, some quick impatient spirit, intolerant of mawkish despairs, must have stood by to prick and goad the unfortunate into something better—into finer work if not a higher life.

The dramas upon which a great part of his reputation depends belong almost entirely to this period of suffering and labour. With the exception of a pretty trifle, too much applauded by his contemporaries, called, 'À quoi rêvent les jeunes filles,' and of the tragic sketch called 'La Coupe et les Lèvres,' already referred to, all his best dramatic works were produced in the eventful years, traversed by so many joys and agonies, between 1833 and 1840. We may leave without notice the somewhat heavy 'Louison' and 'Carmosine,' and some of the slighter sketches; the 'Caprice,' though it became a favourite of the public; the bit of drawing-room romance called, 'Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée,' the 'Nuit Venetienne,' and one or two others. But the remaining comedies are at once so graceful and full of life, and on French soil so original and independent in conception, that they are equally interesting to the critic and to the reader, to whom this 'Spectacle dans un fauteuil,' will, we promise, afford a pleasure more refined and varied than most spectacles produce. The

most admirable are those which were written during the very crisis of his personal grief. "Jours de travail, seul jours où j'ai vécu!" he cries with a melancholy enthusiasm, and entering his *vieux cabinet d'étude* exclaims, "Dieu soit loué, nous allons donc chanter!" with all the fervour of a man who has found a refuge from his troubles. The ease and lightness of touch, the refined and animated dialogue, the tone of perfectly good society and manners, without exaggeration or extravagance, are apt at the first glance to conceal from the reader the real depth and dramatic power of these works. M. Sainte-Beuve, with characteristic boldness, places them by the side of 'As you Like it,' which he says has become in the hands of De Musset, "the fine and fertile stem of a group of dramatic proverbs, in which observation and folly, smiles and melancholy, imagination and humour are happily combined; we have here," adds the critic, "a lovable crowd of young French sisters to Rosalind." This praise, however, is one which the English reader will scarcely allow. Rosalind, that sweetest and brightest creation of poetic fancy, in all the delightful variety of her nature—so brave, so tender, so smiling, so gay, the most delicious mockery on her lips, yet passion in her heart—what touch of any other poet ever brought such a creation out of the airy heavens to captivate our hearts? She is genius itself, in all its manifold sweetness; and even the most poetic of ordinary women—the Desdemonas, the Juliets, the Mirandas—pale before this unique impersonation. We cannot promise the reader that he will find anything like her among the Ceciles, the Mariannes, the Barberines of De Musset. He has but two feminine types—the *ingenue*, whose

simplicity opens into sweet and frank womanliness in the pretty combinations of 'Il ne faut jurer de rien,' or her so fatally foolish in pretended wisdom, who gets hopelessly entangled in the gloomier web of 'On ne badine pas avec l'amour'; or else the charming *grand dame* of society, the Madame de L ry of the 'Caprice,' the Marquise of 'Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou ferm e.' These are far from the rank of Rosalind, but still they are charming and fresh, and quite unlike the ordinary heroines of French drama—the impassioned courtesans, the sphinxes and unfaithful wives whom Fashion has taken into favour, condoning all their offences. And as in his choice of character and situations De Musset has struck out for himself an independent path, so has he also done in plot and subject. He is a daring rebel against those primary laws of the drama which require regular construction and a definite end. Those broken lights of life, those episodes that come to nothing, those breakings off so common in actual existence, which may be worked out in sentimental fiction, but are generally supposed quite unsuitable to the stage, are his favourite inspirations. He seems to take a pleasure in demonstrating, exactly by that manner of art which is most opposed to such treatment, the fantastic irregularity of human affairs, the gleams of capricious meaning, the suggestions which are so often more interesting, more moving, than anything which is fully carried out. For example, what can exceed the daring which could throw into dramatic form, or present on the stage, the strange, wild scintillation of fancy called 'Fantasio'—fantastic a thousand times, a mere sport of the imagination, a nothing leading to nothing; yet full of wayward power, and that

half-sad, half-mad play with the mystery of life which has so great an attraction for those who can understand it? Which of us would venture to cross the poet in his caprice, his pensive jest over the depths of human uncertainty, the laugh and the sigh of his strange sport among the stranger chances, dangers, and deliverances of life? but of all places in the world to set them forth, what so strange as the stage? There is nothing in the story; a wild gallant, in debt and poverty, the reckless yet thoughtful dare-devil, shrinking from nothing, with a little of Don Juan in him, and a little of Hamlet, at once the quaintest of moralists and the most disorderly of men, whose appearance, wherever we find it, is always attractive, takes upon him in sheer caprice the livery of the king's jester who is dead, and by a foolish trick so manages to enrage the pedant prince who is to marry the king's daughter, that the match is broken off, the princess delivered, but the country plunged into war,—it being of the very essence of the poet's melancholy sport to show how a nothing, a folly, may wake the gravest results for good or evil. "Si je pouvais seulement sortir de mon peau pendant une heure ou deux," says this fantastic dreamer:—

"If I could only be that man who is passing: the man who is passing is delightful. Look what fine satin breeches! what flowers on his waistcoat! The ornaments at his watch beat against his paunch in opposition to the tails of his coat which fly about his calves. I am sure that man has in his head a thousand ideas absolutely unknown to me;—his being is individual to himself. Alas! all the conversation of men is alike; the ideas they exchange are almost always the same; but in the interior of these isolated machines what secret folds, what compartments unknown! Each of them carries about a world in him-

self, a world unknown, which is born and dies in silence. What solitudes are those human hearts !”

By-and-by his eye is caught by the landscape :—

“What a failure that sunset is ! Nature is ridiculous this evening. Look at that valley, at the four or five absurd clouds that climb that mountain. I drew landscapes just like that on my schoolbook when I was twelve years old.”

Thus he wanders on, turning a hundred fantastic corners, perpetually finding a new way into the unforeseen. If he were sure there was a hell, he would blow out his brains for the mere pleasure of curiosity to see what it was like. A line of a song comes into his head, and gives him a longing to fall in love with some one. “With whom, for instance ?” says his half-contemptuous, half-interested friend.

“With whom ? I have no notion,—some plump young maid like the women of Mieris, something as soft as the west wind, as pale as the rays of the moon, something pensive like those little maids of the inn in Flemish pictures, who hold the stirrup of the traveller in his large boots, sitting straight as a reed upon his white horse. How pretty the scene is ! A young woman on the step of her door, firelight in the background, supper ready, the children asleep, all the tranquillity of peaceful, contemplative life in the corner of an old canvas : and the man still breathless though so upright in his saddle, who has ridden twenty leagues, but has thirty still to do : a draught of wine and adieu : the night is dark before him, the weather threatening, the forest dangerous : the good woman follows him with her eyes for a moment, then lets fall, as she goes back to her fireside, a ‘God protect him’—that sublime alms of the poor !”

Could anything be more perfect than this description of the picture which we should scarcely look twice at in a gallery, so common is the subject, but which is painted over

again for us by a touch, with all the tender subdued feeling, the wistful suggestions of the scene ? ‘Fantasio,’ as we have said, is a nothing, the slightest of sketches, not noticed even by the critics ; but full of those semitones of meaning, those fleeting shades of feeling, as rapid as the shadows on the hills, and that pensive sport of the spectator with mysterious life, which are among the most subtle charms of art. More or less, this favourite strain of fancy is in everything De Musset does, even when his dramatic work is more formal and *selon les regles*. The sudden chances which tantalise men, the failures of happiness with which we are all familiar—not brought about by any tragic accident or misfortune, but by the perversity of human hearts, the caprices of fancy—are the subjects which he most loves. “Je ne vous aime pas : c’était Coelio qui vous aimait,” says the man on whom, and not on her true lover, the heroine throws away her heart ; such are the words with which one of these delicate dramas concludes, and this is the kind of impotent and broken no-ending which suits the poet’s temper and philosophy. The trifle it is that keeps these wasted lives from happiness—nothing but the misdirection of a glance, the mistake of an hour, a freak of liking, a fantastic impulse !

‘On ne badine pas avec l’amour’ is perhaps the most striking of the ‘Proverbes,’ and it is manageable upon the stage, which is not the case with all. It is not long, indeed, since the English public had the advantage of seeing Madlle. Favart, an artist fully capable of giving expression to the delicate changes of the poet’s fancy, in the rôle of Camille, the heroine of this most interesting study. The story is nothing but caprice all through, lightly begun, but rising in intensity till it comes to a high

climax of tragic suggestion. Camille, the heroine, comes back from her convent, her head full of whims and girlish fancies. She will, yet she will not: or rather she will not, yet in her heart intends at the moment she pleases to extend her gracious hand to Perdican, her cousin, to whom she has been betrothed in her cradle, and who, on his side, has nothing in his heart but youthful ardour and love, impatient and surprised at her caprice. "Je ne veux pas me marier," says the girl. "I came only to receive my mother's portion; to-morrow I return to the convent."

Perdican. You are frank, at least. Give me your hand, and let us be good friends.

Camille. I am not fond of hand-clasping.

Per. Give me your hand, Camille, I beg. What do you fear from me? You will not consent to marry me? Well, let us say no more of it. Is that a reason why we should hate each other? Are we not brother and sister? When your mother settled in her will that we should be married, she intended that our friendship should be eternal—that was what she desired. Why then should we marry? Your hand is in mine; and in order to be thus united, what need have we of a priest?

Cam. I am very happy to find that you receive my refusal so indifferently.

When, however, he has left her, she writes to him making an appointment, and meeting him, is as affectionate as she has hitherto been cold, to the great surprise of her young lover, whom this strange girl immediately proceeds to interrogate, in a tone as strange, about his *vie de garçon*, unfit as that may be for discussion. "How often," she asks, "may a good man be in love?"

Per. Do you wish me to write a litany, or is it you who will say your catechism?

Cam. I want to know, to make certain, whether I should become a nun

or not. If I were to marry you, ought you not to answer all my questions frankly, and show me your whole heart? I esteem you much, and believe you, both by nature and education, superior to most other men.

Answer then my first question. Ought I to stay in the convent?

Per. No.

Cam. I would do better to marry you?

Per. Yes.

Cam. If the curé of your parish breathed upon a glass of water, and told you it was wine, would you drink it as wine?

Per. No.

Cam. If the curé of your parish breathed upon you, and told me that you would love me all your life, would I be right if I believed him?

Per. You are full of pride, Camille—take care of yourself. You at eighteen, you do not believe in love!

Cam. And do you believe in it, you who speak? You kneel before me there with knees that have worn the carpets of your mistresses, and you no longer recollect their names. You have wept tears of joy and tears of despair, but you know that the water in the fountain is much more constant than your tears, and will be there always to bathe your eyes. You carry out your part as a young man, and you laugh at deserted women. You do not believe that any one can die of love; you who have loved yet live. When I asked you if you had loved, you answered me like a traveller whom one asks if he has been in Italy or in Germany: Yes, I have been there, — then he starts for Switzerland or any other place. Is your love, then, a piece of money, which can be passed from hand to hand till you die? No, it is not even a piece of money, for the smallest golden coin is worth more than you, and keeps its effigy whatever the hands may be through which it goes.

When the indignant girl has had her say, touching the wound more boldly than we care to do, the lover turns and replies, with an equally indignant outburst against the nuns who have taught her to look for nothing but treachery.

Per. Adieu, Camille ! return to your convent ; and when you hear again those hideous tales with which they have poisoned your mind, answer this as I tell you. All men are liars, inconstant, false, babblers, hypocrites, proud or mean, contemptible, and sensual. All women are perfidious, artificial, vain, curious, depraved ; the world is nothing but a bottomless pit in which unclean creatures rear and writhe among the mud. But there is one thing holy and sublime in this miserable world—it is the union of two of those beings so frightful and so uncomplete.

Thus the duel goes on. Sometimes it is the one who grows tender, sometimes the other ; and love grows with all those provocations and mutual insults. It grows at the same time by the innocent means of a poor little village girl, Rosette, the heroine's foster-sister, whom Perdican takes up, half to revenge himself and pique Camille, half to console his wounded pride and heart ; and over whom the pair maintain their quarrel, growing more and more impassioned, till affairs come to a crisis. After a violent passage of arms, in which Perdican, after pledging himself to Rosette, declares his love for Camille, she draws a curtain suddenly, and shows him his poor victim, who has fainted at hearing this. "Tu m'aimes, entends-tu?" cries Camille ; "mais tu épouseras cette fille ou tu n'es qu'un lâche !" "Oui, je l'épouserai !" cries the desperate lover. This scene is no sooner over than Camille, wild with what she has done, bids the old Baron, the father of Perdican, assert his authority and forbid the marriage which she herself had enforced upon her lover on pain of his honour. The last scene brings all this fooling, this youthful wilfulness and caprice, to the most tragic conclusion. Camille has taken refuge in an oratory, and, prostrated at the foot of the altar,

is uttering her misery in broken exclamations, when Perdican enters. "Fools that we are ; we love each other !" he cries ; and the two have rushed into each other's arms, when a piercing cry is heard behind the altar. The lovers fall apart. There is a pause of horror which neither of them has the courage to break. Paralysed with fear they stand and listen.

Cam. It is my foster-sister's voice.

Per. How came she there ? I left her on the stairs. She must have followed me, though I did not see her.

Cam. Let us go into the gallery ; the cry came from there.

Per. I feel I know not what. My hands seem to be covered with blood.

Cam. The poor child has watched us. She has fainted again. Come, come to her. Ah ! all this is too cruel.

Per. No ; I cannot go. A mortal cold numbs me. Go, Camille, and bring her to herself. (*Camille goes out.*) My God, let me not be a murderer ! Thou knowest everything. We have been mad ; we have played with life and death ; but our hearts are pure. Kill not Rosette, just God ! I will take care of her. I will make up for my fault. She is young, she may be happy still. Do not punish us, my God ! Thou mayst still bless Thy children. Camille ! What is it ?

Cam. She is dead. Adieu, Perdican !

Thus abruptly ends the drama. They have not meant to be cruel ; they have been *enfants insensés*, thoughtless, absorbed in the excitement of their own spiritual duel, no evil intention in their minds, careless only of everything but that question between themselves which filled earth and heaven : and this is what has come of it. What remorse and misery, what a final note of despair, separation for ever, is in the three or four words which tell the climax ! A ghost never to be exorcised has raised itself between these two, a horror of murder and

mutual guilt. Adieu, Perdican ! No thought of questioning that final judgment is in them. The story begins all smiling, and ends with a double despair more tragic than death.

Nowhere else, except in the tragic essay of 'Rolla,' has De Musset touched so high a chord. The play is far from being faultless ; and we cannot say that the mixture of fun and buffoonery, though evidently an attempt to follow Shakespearian models and relieve the more serious strain of the story, is at all a successful one. Maître Blazius and Maître Bridaine could scarcely be anything but tedious on the stage. Perhaps even a new Dogberry would have difficulty in holding his place in a modern sentimental comedy, at all events if drawn by any less hand than that of Shakespeare himself ; but it is not for an English critic to be too hard upon an essay evidently dictated by reverence for the example of our great poet. It does not, however, answer in French. But nothing could be more delicate, more subtle, and by times more powerful, than the struggle between the two lovers ; or rather, indeed, between love itself and all those fanciful disquiets, impatiences, quick risings of pride, jealousy, and offence, all visionary, and put in with the lightest, firmest outline—which threaten its very existence. All, or almost all, might have happened in the soberest household ; and yet how dramatic, how tragic, is the tale ! An art more exquisite could not be imagined ; it is the quintessence of refined fancy and observation, added to a knowledge of those unsuspected depths which lie beneath the smoothest, simple surface of inexperience and ignorance, which is rarer still. Only absolute youth and ignorance could have played such pranks innocently, and nothing but genius could have preserved that flavour of virginal folly even through the hardihood of

many of Camille's speeches, and showed the innocence of the lovers' guilt so clearly even in the tragic end.

Of a lighter and happier kind, but full of the same grace and delicate perception—the best adapted of all, perhaps, for the stage—is the happy comedy of 'Il ne faut jurer de rien,' which has, to be sure, a *motif* of at least a semi-objectionable character, but no more so than almost all the works of the last century, even the most virtuous, which still hold their place on the stage. The most ambitious effort De Musset has made, however, is in 'Lorenzaccio,' a play, as its name indicates, founded on the story of that unfortunate inheritor of the great name of the Medici. The feebleness of an incoherent plot, and the purely literary, not dramatic, character of the work, are its great disadvantages. Mr Tennyson has been betrayed into similar faults in his latest production. 'Lorenzaccio,' like 'Queen Mary,' contains several characters elaborately sketched out, as if intended for an important rôle, who drop here and there, and are seen no more—a curious fault of construction, which looks more like the lapsed memory of inexperience than the error of a well-trained workman. But the figure of Lorenzo himself is full of interest. Had the conception been fully carried out, French poetry might have been enriched with a new heroic type worthy to stand on something of the same footing as Hamlet and Faust ; but the lines are faint in many places, the outline imperfectly kept ; and dropping from the fatigued hand of his creator, the patriot-debauchee falls by times into the vileness he feigns, and loses his power. A Medici, himself in the line of sovereignty, yet a Florentine with all that love of civic liberty and the old republic which was as the breath of Florence ; revolted by the

tyranny, debauchery, and cruelty of his own race; and suddenly seized in the purity of his studious youth by that frenzy of public virtue which suggests tyrannicide as the one panacea for all social evils,—Lorenzo feigns, not madness like Hamlet, but wickedness, which was more in accordance with the models of his time, and so plunges himself into the sea of corruption round him, that he becomes an object of popular horror, stigmatised everywhere, in the contemptuous force of a language so full of resource, as Lorenzaccio, the vile and base Lorenzo. There are fine indications of the strange moral problem which the poet thus set before himself for treatment, and of the manner in which he intended to carry it out. But either the giant's armour which he thus essayed to put on was too heavy for De Musset, or he delayed the effort too long, till darkness and decay had begun to invade his faculties. Work so weighty, a conception so full of gloom, and requiring such a strain of continuous effort, was probably beyond his powers. The fantastic element in it tempted him beyond his limits; but he was too closely bound to the facts of history to make the subject really congenial; and he had not the *longue haleine* necessary to sustain such a flight. It is, however, at least a heroic failure, if nothing more.

With those indications of his higher work ends all that can be said of the poet. He lived twenty years or more after the episode which changed the current of his life, but never got the better of his incurable wound. References to his misfortune, more or less vague, come in again and again through all his poetry, like that thrill and break which we sometimes hear in a voice.

Here is a little snatch of graceful and pensive song, introduced with one of the faint Shakespearian

echoes in which he delighted, into the gayest scene of one of his liveliest comedies — 'Barberine' — in which the note of suffering sounds muffled yet sweet:—

"Beau chevalier, qui partez pour la guerre

Qu'allez vous faire

Si loin d'ici ?

Voyez-vous pas que la nuit est profonde

Et que le monde

N'est que souci ?

Vous que croyez qu'une amour délaissée

De la pensée

S'enfuit ainsi

Hélas ! hélas ! chercheur de renommée

Votre fumée

S'envole aussi."

We have quoted from the 'Letter to Lamartine' the story of his heart-break at its beginning; and we cannot do better now than conclude with some extracts from the fine poem called 'Souvenir,' written in the forest of Fontainebleau, when De Musset revisited that familiar place after an interval of years. "O Dante !" he cries, "why hast thou said that there exists no greater pang than to remember past happiness in misery? Must we forget the light as soon as night comes? Is it from thee, great soul of immortal sadness, that such a thought has come?"—

"Non ! par ce pur flambeau dont la splendeur m'éclaire

Ce blasphème vanté ne vient pas de ton cœur ;

Un souvenir heureux est peut-être sur terre

Plus vrai que le bonheur."

"Qu'est-ce donc, juste Dieu, que la pensée humaine,

Et qui pourra jamais aimer la vérité

S'il n'est joie ou douleur si juste et si certaine,

Dont quelqu'un n'ait douté ?

Comment vivez-vous, donc, étranges créatures ?

Vous riez, vous chantez, vous marchez à grands pas,

Le ciel et sa beauté, le monde et ses souillures

Ne vous dérangent pas.

Mais lorsque par hasard le destin vous ramène

Vers quelque monument d'un amour oublié,

Ce caillou vous arrête et cela vous fait
peine

Qu'il vous heurte le pié.

Et vous criez alors que la vie est un
songe ;

Vous vous tordez les bras comme en vous
réveillant

Et vous trouvez fâcheux qu'un si joyeux
mensonge,

Ne dure qu'un instant.

Malheureux ! cet instant où votre âme
engourdie

A secoué les fers qu'elle traîne ici-bas,

Ce fugitif instant fut toute votre vie,

Ne le regrettez pas !”

After this eloquent apostrophe,
the poet narrates how he has seen
again the object of his fatal and
unhappy love.

“J’ai vu ma seule amie, à jamais la plus
chère

Devenue elle-même un sépulchre blanchi,

Un tombeau vivante où flottait la poussière

De notre mort cheri.

Oui, jeune et belle encore, plus belle
osait-on dire

Je l’ai vue, et ses yeux brillaient comme
autrefois

Ses lèvres s’entr’ouvraient et c’était un
sourire

Et c’était une voix.

Mais non plus cette voix, non plus ce
doux langage,

Ces regards adorés dans les miens con-
fondus,

Mon cœur encore plein d’elle errait sur
son visage,

Et ne la trouvait plus.

Et pourtant j’aurais pu marcher alors vers
elle

Entourer de mes bras ce sein vide et
glacé,

Et j’aurais puerier, ‘Qu’as-tu fait, infidèle,
Qu’as-tu fait du passé ?’

Mais non : il me semblait qu’une femme
inconnue

Avait pris par hasard cette voix et ces
yeux,

Et je laissai passer cette froide statue, ;
En regardant les cieux.”

Thus the anguish was calmed, but
the wound never healed. And what-
ever may be said of this attachment,
which was never a spotless and lofty
passion to be acknowledged in the

sight of heaven, it was at least, in
its soiled and short-lived splendour,
the best thing that earth contained
for Alfred de Musset. He lived
and died in illustration of one of
the dearest tenets of poetry, the
immortality and all-conquering
power of love. It would be deal-
ing hard measure to one so un-
fortunate were we to estimate the
quiverings of his heart as maudlin
weaknesses, or to accuse him of show-
ing an unmanly inability to contend
against pain; for it must be remem-
bered that all his best works were
produced under the immediate sting
and pressure of that goad of suffer-
ing which has inspired so many
efforts. It was not without a
struggle that he sank into the
abyss of failure and moral ruin.
There are some who by strength of
nature, and many who by callous-
ness of soul, can bear up against
such shocks, and issue but little
worse from the moral conflict; but
De Musset was not of either class.
He perished in that battle where,
as many of us know, the best can
do little more than hold their own;
but he perished fighting in his
fashion, singing still, though his
voice was choked in his throat, and
the music died out in cries and
quivering chords as the darkness
and the demons gained ground.
Kindness itself is cruel, and Pity
wounds as deeply as scorn does,
over such a victim; but posterity
has a great charity for the unhappy.
To his own generation he was al-
ways the beloved poet of their
youth, and of all youth; and
France has produced no lovelier
lyrics, and few finer studies of
mystic and mournful life, than
those which this deceived and be-
trayed Romeo, this unhappy lover,
poured forth out of his anguish,
taking such tribute and ransom
from Fate, before it killed him, as
only genius can.

REVIEW OF THE SESSION.

THE session of 1876 closed with the final disappearance from the House of Commons of the celebrated statesman who for a quarter of a century, or even for the space of an entire generation, has been its central figure. Even in those days when the House still numbered in its ranks men who were Ministers whilst Mr Disraeli was still an unsuccessful aspirant to a seat in Parliament, and who, of course, long retained superiority in official rank and experience, the genius and personal achievement of the Conservative leader most excited the public imagination, and aroused the largest measure of personal enthusiasm and of political hatred. While his earlier escapades, and the mode in which, owing to Sir Robert Peel's hostility, he was forced to cut his way to power, repelled political purists, the sustained dignity with which he filled the position so arduously conquered, his public-spirited and patriotic use of power, his tenacity of purpose, undaunted spirit, and imperturbable self-command, have won for him, tardily but thoroughly, the confidence and matured approval of a people more likely to be repelled than attracted by his dazzling achievements. The House of Commons has lost a man who was ever foremost to assert its dignity and privileges; who in a long championship of an unsuccessful party vindicated the influence and just rights of Opposition, secured for the Conservative party considerable influence over the course of legislation, and who uniformly strove to elevate the tone of parliamentary discussion. There has been no other instance in English history, not even in that of the younger Pitt, of a Minister leading the House of Commons at his

very first accession to office; or of a Minister three times and for considerable periods conducting public affairs with success whilst at the head of a minority. In every one of those instances Mr Disraeli quitted office a stronger man than he had entered it; and on the last occasion he secured to the Conservative party the credit of effecting a great national settlement of the Reform question, and laid the foundation of its present power and ascendancy. It was not until he was drawing near to his seventieth year that the general election of 1874 placed him in undisputed power; and although his majority is still unbroken, and his leadership recognised as successful, he has, doubtless, exercised a wise discretion for his own fame and for the advantage of his party in retiring whilst his faculties are still vigorous, and before the public notes decline. Lord Macaulay used to say that no man was fit to lead the House of Commons after he was sixty years of age. Mr Disraeli and Lord Palmerston have both shown that even seventy years are no disqualification; but in both cases the duties had often to be delegated. We yield to no one in appreciation of the splendid services which Mr Disraeli has rendered to the Conservative party, to the House of Commons, and to public life; but at length the moment arrives when duty, patriotism, loyalty to a reputation and example which will yet remain a power in political life, warn a man not to linger at a post to which the physical powers are no longer adequate. It cannot escape the most ordinary observer that the time when the House of Commons most requires leading is

in the later hours of night and early hours of morning. During this session the Chancellor of the Exchequer, without the authority of leadership, has had to discharge many of its duties; and one memorable instance when the House continued in uncontrolled excitement up to five o'clock in the morning, dividing as to its adjournment, must have convinced the Premier that leadership under present circumstances cannot be delegated. The Chancellor of the Exchequer will no longer be placed at a disadvantage in the duty of controlling the house; and Lord Beaconsfield (as we must now call him) will possess that leisure which his age and office necessarily demand. He retires from the House of Commons at the very height of his power and fame, leaving his party in unbroken strength, in an established majority. We trust that his successor may conduct its improved fortunes with equal skill and prudence, and that it will be long before they again need for their vindication through years of adversity and disaster the genius of a Disraeli.

One of the first utterances of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, after he assumed the leadership, was to promise that in the recess he would think over the suggestion that parliamentary reporting should be rendered more efficient. The suggestion came from Mr Whalley; but with that superiority to prejudice which befits a Tory magazine, we desire to give prominent support to a valuable suggestion from whatever quarter it may come. Supply and demand may regulate most things; but we cannot afford to have political secrecy introduced into Parliament as well as amongst the electoral body. Such a result will dry up the best source of political education and information, will gradually lower the authority of and reverence

felt for Parliament both at home and abroad, and diminish the incentives to eloquence, ambition, and public spirit amongst its members. An official record of the solemn statements of Ministers or persons in authority, made from their places in Parliament, ought to be preserved. It is so in Indian, and, we believe, Colonial legislative councils. In a free country, where vast power is exercised by the legislative assembly, and still greater by the constituencies which sit in judgment upon them, it is of national importance that their deliberations should be rendered as public as possible; that public and parliamentary opinion should react upon each other; that the views expressed in both Houses, and the manner in which they are received, should be known as accurately as possible to the world, and especially to a people so determined to govern themselves, and generally so anxious to judge just judgment amongst themselves and towards others. It is a question upon which the members of either House are not likely to make themselves heard; and the daily newspapers, which derive support from classes not yet trained or at leisure to appreciate debates, are not likely to draw attention to their own shortcomings in this respect. Yet those who can recollect the reports in the 'Times' and other newspapers twenty years ago, must admit that the evil is a serious one. To go no further back than the Session now under review,—but for a literal report of the speeches of some prominent men, chiefly on foreign affairs, a sitting of the House of Commons may occupy in the public newspapers no more than a column for three or four hours of debate. The report of the debates on the Enclosure of Commons Bill was ridiculously meagre—insufficient to convey any idea of what it

was about. Yet there was an excellent speech of the Home Secretary on the subject, previous to going into Committee, which the public ought to have been acquainted with. And on the other side of the House, an admirable speech by Mr Goschen on local taxation, admitted to be such in the second reading of the Prisons Bill, was practically suppressed. Private members fare, of course, still worse. Mr P. J. Smyth has the reputation of having made a brilliant display of eloquence in the debate on Mr Butt's motion for Home Rule. The 'Times' itself described it as worthy of the days of Grattan and of Curran, but its reporter declined to preserve it. It is said that Mr Disraeli paid the orator the high compliment of personally recommending its publication. A quarter of a column of indifferent summary was all that appeared in the penny newspapers, which in cases of sensational inquiries reward the eagerness of their subscribers with columns of uninteresting details.

The most prominent topics of interest during the Session, although they have not been debated at great length, have been those which relate to foreign affairs. Public attention has been diverted from domestic legislation; and the success of the Ministry in Parliament and the country must be chiefly tested by its administration of affairs at home and abroad. A survey of legislation reminds one, that although six measures were, with many apologies for a restricted programme, promised in the Queen's Speech, four only have been carried, and of these only one—the Elementary Education Act—is entitled to rank as a measure of first importance. The army and navy estimates have been increased, in order to effect administrative reforms; and an additional penny in the income-tax

was in the end required. But the country has been gratified that at a time of diplomatic difficulty and political uncertainty, a powerful fleet has asserted British empire in the Mediterranean. Mr Hardy's administration of the army has given general satisfaction; and his reforms were directed to mitigate the evils of the short service system, by increasing the pay of non-commissioned officers, accumulating in hand the bonus of the private soldier, and securing the efficiency of the Reserve. This action on the part of the two spending departments, and the necessity of providing, under last year's Act, for an additional payment to the National Debt Commissioners, formed the sole consideration for the Chancellor's Budget. The Elementary Education Act will inevitably increase expenditure. So also with the Prisons Bill when it becomes law, as doubtless it will next session. That Bill is described as the last of a series of measures for the relief of local taxation; but the prospect of increased expenditure for valuable purposes has little terrors for a people, the average increase of whose annual income is counted by millions. Fortunately, the financial condition of the country is sound, and a good harvest already promises additional prosperity; but the increasing authority of the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be resolutely in favour of economy, so far as the efficiency of the public service and the requirements of an energetic Ministry will allow.

It is not our object to pass the measures and projects of the Session, whether abortive or otherwise, in detailed review, but to estimate the general results and the present position of English politics. From that point of view the first subject which attracts attention is undoubtedly Lord Sandon's Elementary Edu-

cation Bill. The Act of 1870 terminated for all practical purposes the unhappy sectarian strife which had so long paralysed the action of the State in reference to national education. With the aid of the Conservative party, that enactment was passed, and under it a compromise was effected by which the religious difficulty was got rid of as far as the practical working of the schools is concerned, though of course it is still nursed in the brains of angry orators. The voluntary schools were left in possession of the field already covered by them; while their efforts were supplemented by the establishment of School Boards empowered to erect and carry on schools where religious instruction is regulated by the famous Cowper-Temple clause. Religious instruction is authorised to be given, provided that the teachers do not attempt to convert the children under them into controversial divines, supporters of any particular sect. The proviso is not difficult to obey; and the religious difficulty is at an end as far as the schools and the scholars are concerned.

All sensible men, of both parties, seem to have finally arrived at agreement on a few elementary principles; and but for the eager desire to find in small details scope for the discussion of large issues and broad principles, so dear to orators thirsting for distinction, the Education Bills which from time to time are necessary ought to slip through Parliament with general agreement. That it is the duty of a parent to educate his child, that the State should see that he performs this duty, that religious instruction should be accessible to all, and particular sectarian views thrust upon none, seem to be the generally accepted terms of a great national compromise or settlement, under which,

in 1870, a gigantic scheme of national education first began to operate. That scheme sought to supplement the action of the voluntary schools by providing accommodation for, and enforcing the attendance of, all children who escaped the efforts of the voluntary system. The progress under the Act of 1870 has been enormous. The schools inspected by Her Majesty's inspectors were, last year, 13,217—an increase of 5000 over the number in 1870. The number of scholars on the register increased in the same interval to $2\frac{3}{4}$ millions—that is, by upwards of a million—and the average attendance by about 700,000—that is, to 1,837,000.

The attendance ought, however, to have exceeded rather than fallen short of 3,000,000; and accommodation had been provided for that number. In 1874 the Agricultural Children's Act had been passed in order to compel attendance, but it failed for want of authority to carry it out. In the session now under review the Government, having regard to the excess of school accommodation at their service, and to the duty of carrying out more fully the great policy begun by the Act of 1870, found it necessary to legislate for the supply of scholars, and in so doing they endeavoured to carry out the spirit of the former Act, and deal impartially with the two sets of schools. Avoiding a too speedy resort to the unpopular method of direct compulsion, they carried out their purpose by prohibiting the employment of children under ten years of age, and by allowing such employment between the ages of ten and fourteen only when the child has passed a certain standard, and has put in a certain number of school attendances, so that a child must be either at work or at school. The authority for carrying out this provision is the

school board in districts where such an institution exists ; when it does not exist, then by school attendance committees appointed in boroughs by the corporation, in parishes by the guardians of the union. Then, in order to facilitate the working of compulsory byelaws, the famous 25th clause of the Act of 1870 is repealed ; and the payment of fees, when the parents are too poor to pay them, is handed over to the Board of Guardians, the proper authority in such cases, whose action, moreover, will significantly remind the recipient of the pauperism involved in such receipt, and stimulate efforts to dispense with it. Such a plan has worked well in Scotland, and seems to be literally incapable of any reasonable objection. Then with regard to the Parliamentary grants, it has been found that the increase in the cost of voluntary schools has been much greater than the increase of the grants, the average increase of the latter since 1870 having been considerably less than one half of the average increase of expenditure since that date. The London School Board was foremost in taking alarm lest such schools, so imperfectly aided, should be closed or transferred to the Board, and thereby the rates should be indefinitely increased. Instead, therefore, of limiting in future the Parliamentary aid to the amount of the local support, which works badly in poor districts, the plan hereafter will be to pay by results—viz., 17s. 6d. for every scholar who has achieved a specified amount of efficiency. Power is given to the Education Department to interfere with School Boards or other local authorities which fail to perform their duties ; and to dissolve School Boards where they are unnecessary and have no schools, and are condemned as useless by a majority of two-thirds of

those who called them into existence. The Act has been welcomed by all the friends of education, by the leaders of Opposition, and by the press, as an important advance in the great education policy of the nation.

The most extraordinary feature in the whole discussion was the course taken by the extreme members of the Opposition in reference to two or three minor points in a scheme, the general character, and scope, and object of which were highly satisfactory to both political parties. The abolition of useless School Boards, proved and admitted to be useless ; the transfer of the power to pay the fees of *quasi* pauper children from the School Boards to the Boards of Guardians, the recognised agents in the administration of relief ; the limiting Parliamentary grants to denominational schools to a fixed sum for every child who attained an approved standard,—were all matters of minor detail, designed to facilitate the working of a compulsory system, conceived in a spirit of fairness to the two sets of schools which divide the work of national education. Night after night of valuable time was wasted in the House of Commons in angry discussion of these details. Notwithstanding that 13½ millions of money had been subscribed voluntarily for the erection of denominational schools, the payment by the Government of 17s. 6d. per head for each successful scholar towards his total cost was denounced as excessive. Even if it tends to obviate the necessity of large voluntary subscriptions, it cannot be said to introduce any element of unfairness between the two systems. Voluntary subscribers have to pay rates in support of Board Schools ; the latter are armed with large statutory powers not possessed by their rivals ; the former must depend

on the aid of those who have already in many cases disbursed rates. It is certainly in accordance with the principle laid down in 1870 to supplement rather than to supersede the system then existing. And if by increasing the efficiency and resources of existing schools in a parish or district, the necessity is obviated of introducing the school-board system, the work of education will, we believe, be done quite as successfully, with as much satisfaction to the inhabitants and advantage to the children, as by the means so popular with the high priests of the Birmingham League. It is impossible to prevent jealousies and contentions between rival sects, or at least between those who encumber those sects with their patronage. The smallest peg will serve upon which to hang an exciting contest for religious equality. Practically, however, religious equality in matters of education was secured by the settlement of 1870. The great object now is to carry out the policy then enacted, with the greatest regard to economy and efficiency. It is impossible to prevent such outbursts of bitterness as Mr Bright indulged in, or even the occasion for them, until all mankind of whatever sects are educated to habits of greater kindness of feeling towards each other. But to say that every step in national education is to be impeded by regard to these paltry, but inevitable, jealousies, is to lower the whole tone of the discussion and character of the subject. The different sects of Christians do not love each other, but the terms of truce have been arranged. The excited agitators against clause 25 of the Education Act of 1870 may now gird themselves for another controversy of a similar character. It will, we believe, be just as disastrous to the fortunes of their party as the former one. Meanwhile we

have every confidence that whatever Government is in power—be it Liberal or be it Conservative—the main object of the Education Department and of Parliament will be hereafter, as heretofore, to encourage as well as supplement voluntary enterprise, gradually to conciliate the minds of the people to a policy of compulsion, and to secure results in as convenient a manner as possible. If it should unfortunately result that a dissenting child may in a Church of England school find itself a little out in the cold, or, *vice versa*, the former be excluded from participating in a dole of dissenting blankets, all we can say is, that a conscience clause is in force, and these minor *désagréments* must be endured. At all events, a great policy and expensive work cannot be disturbed on such considerations. If these minor annoyances beset the large class for whom these schools are provided, they must take the rough with the smooth, and be thankful. If the compromise which has been effected is not a perfect one, it is at least a practicable one, and its inequalities are as few as possible. In the question of education, the lower classes are now, or will shortly be, the most favoured in the country, and we may fairly bid them beware of the itinerant orators who profit by their imaginary and concocted grievances. We think that public sympathy and attention should far rather be directed to the class just above—the class which lies between those who profit by the national schools and those who profit by endowed schools. The members of that class, who are rated for the national schools, and on whom the expense of education falls with extreme severity, would, doubtless, readily compound by subjection to some small and fancied annoyances, for the supply of their educational needs. To the masses

lie open state-aided and rate-supported schools; and the opponents of our educational system can only impugn it by reference to the most paltry details. The classes just above the attendants of these schools, on whom the burden of their support falls heaviest, and who have themselves the least educational facilities, must regard with some contempt this religious controversy, which in terms concerns itself with the children, in reality expresses the factitious scruples of rival sects. Their class is not so profitable a client, nor so influential a supporter, of public-spirited gentlemen thirsting for distinction. It may be presumed that their finer feelings in favour of religious equality are often overwhelmed by the practical difficulties of finding suitable education at all within their pecuniary means.

The Education Bill is undoubtedly the most important measure of the Session, not merely as regards its immediate practical consequences upon the efficiency of the schools, but also with reference to the possible political results. The breach in the Liberal party seems to have been widened; the famous 25th clause which rent it asunder is at last repealed, but its principle has been affirmed, and its operations extended and made compulsory; the Catholic vote of Ireland has, it is said, been temporarily attracted to the Government; and the position of the Conservative party has been more than ever established, as the champion of the settlement of 1870 against the rash assaults of an angry and disappointed clique, who mistake paltry susceptibilities for devotion to great principles, and obstruct the execution of a great policy by exaggerating into important questions of conscience difficulties which, tried by any test of numbers or of money, are of infinitesimal importance.

It is the fate of great principles that their triumph and general recognition should be followed by a period of exaggeration and caricature. The men who fought the battle of religious liberty, of freedom of conscience, in bygone times, would repudiate for their successors men who only appeal to those burning principles in reference to the most trivial issues in a manner which impedes progress, and who would readily foster the most petty differences into occasions of serious social strife. The Liberals of to-day have ceased to occupy the ground which was covered by their fathers; and in many cases, with their crochets, their test questions, and their impracticable temper, threaten to become the most obstinate and even fanatical impediments in the way of social, and especially of educational, progress.

Mr Cross's Enclosure Bill was brought in in consequence of an agitation which had arisen to defend the rights of the general population in waste lands. The lords of the manor and the commoners were considered to exhaust between them all the legal interests in the lands; but public policy required the preservation of open spaces for the recreation of the poorer classes. The object of the new Bill was to prevent the enclosure of commons, to continue their uses by the common people, and to effect their improvement. The Act is generally recognised as a satisfactory compromise between the owners of the lands and those who oppose their enclosure. As a general rule, no enclosure will be allowed within a certain distance of large towns; and when enclosures are effected, facilities are given for the protection of the rights of poor commoners and of the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns. Another bill brought in by Mr Cross, who has

divided with Sir S. Northcote the principal part of the business of the Session, dealt with the cost and control of prisons. It will doubtless be passed next session, and some additional imperial expenditure will be incurred for the relief of local taxation, by transferring to the Secretary of State duties which have hitherto been discharged by the local authorities. These latter have in many instances strongly objected ; but the scheme of the proposed measure was generally acceptable, as it strove to secure greater economy in management and greater uniformity in discipline. The Bill was dropped at the end of the Session, and the time consumed in its discussion is for the present void of results. It seems desirable that, with the increasing disposition to talk, which Lord Salisbury rightly attributes to the Lower House, some relaxation should be made in the rule under which not merely a dissolution but a prorogation puts an end to all pending Bills. If at the beginning of a Session, Bills could be taken up at the point which they had reached before the prorogation, much valuable time would be saved, and the advantages of separate discussion in two Houses, instead of a double discussion in one House, might more frequently be obtained.

The Merchant Shipping Act was passed after having consumed a large proportion of two Sessions, and it may be hoped that it is sufficiently stringent to effect its purpose. The fourth Government measure was the Appellate Jurisdiction Bill, which at last devised an Appellate Court acceptable to the three kingdoms. The jurisdiction of the House of Lords is ostensibly retained, and Lords of Appeal, holding peerages during their term of office, will be introduced amongst the hereditary peers ; and the House

thus reconstituted will sit continuously through the legal year. The scheme saves the jurisdiction of the House in form and alters it in substance ; but the Court of Ultimate Appeal from the three kingdoms, and hereafter from India and the colonies, will, under such arrangement, be of greater dignity and more imperial consequence than the tribunal originally suggested. The agitation against the former proposal has been sufficiently successful, and the measure of 1876 is as acceptable a complement to the Act of 1873 as the nature of the case permitted. Probably the whole judicature of the country might have been as thoroughly repaired with more deference throughout to institutions which are the most ancient in the country, and have played a powerful part in determining the history, character, and usages of the people.

The Oxford and Cambridge University Bills are another instance of the loss of time involved in the enforced abatement of important measures at the end of a Session. Both Houses have approved them in principle and in their most important details. Under them when passed, as it may be assumed that they will be next Session, Commissioners will be appointed with large legislative powers ; and the magnificent endowments, which form so valuable a portion of the national wealth, will doubtless be more worthily applied. Of minor measures, some have been passed and some have been dropped ; but as regards the measures introduced by private members, the Home Rule party, disgusted at the silence of the Queen's Speech on the subject of Ireland, were foremost in their appeals to that Parliament whose moral competence to legislate for them they implicitly deny. Their proposals for Home Rule were the

signal for a splendid speech by Mr P. J. Smyth in favour of Repeal. The failure of that attempt was renewed when they sought to release the Fenians, to assimilate the Irish to the English borough franchise, and to give proprietary rights to tenants. They, however, carried the second reading of a bill to close Irish public-houses on a Sunday, but this success was wrested from them by their compatriots, who in a later stage ruthlessly talked it out. Increased majorities got rid of the Women's Franchise Bill and the Permissive Bill—the discussion of the former being redeemed from its usual dead waste of time by a powerful speech from Mr Bright, who denied that he had ever been a convert to its principles as alleged by Mr Mill in his Autobiography, but had voted in deference to his friend and to secure discussion. A majority of 100 threw out Mr Trevelyan's resolution in favour of reducing the county franchise; and probably in our generation Parliamentary reform will not again become a great national question. The majority against Mr Osborne Morgan's resolution on the Burials question was reduced to thirty-one; and as Lord Granville's similar resolutions were favourably received by the Archbishop and Lord Selborne, we hope that an unpleasant controversy which, in deference to the non-conformists, Liberals have made a party one, will soon be satisfactorily compromised. It concerns only one-fifth of the population, and ought to be treated as a sanitary rather than a sectarian question.

The most sensational proposal during the Session was the Bill which enabled her Majesty to assume the title of Empress of India. In any other country such an addition to the title of the sovereign under such circumstances

would have been effected as a matter of course. And in England, under our Parliamentary system, a disciplined Opposition, with an experienced leader, would either have gracefully assented to the proposal, or stated at the outset its objections, with a fitting regard to the respect and loyalty due to the Crown. Neither course recommended itself to the Liberal party, whose incomprehensible manoeuvres were the amazement of all observers. Though the dignity of the sovereign and the relations of their own party to the throne were concerned, the Opposition received the announcement in the Royal Speech in silence, passed the second reading of the Bill in a grudging and querulous manner, and finally, in the mistaken belief that the outside clamour invited by their own proceedings represented an intelligent and decided hostility to the measure, proposed to reject the new title, and were defeated by a majority of 105. It was soon apparent that the excitement which prevailed was factitious, and that the tumult which arose in the Liberal ranks was due to the extraordinary disorganisation and, in this instance, defective leadership of the party. Mr Lowe shared the excitement of his colleagues, and with characteristic indiscretion deliberately adopted the position into which the party had allowed itself to drift, but over which a more competent leader would have drawn a decent veil. In the excitement of a reckless contest, he equally with his colleagues had forgotten the very existence of their sovereign; but it was reserved for an incomparable performance at Retford so to assault the Ministry as to present the whole world with the spectacle of a privy councillor arraigning his sovereign before her subjects on a false charge. Nothing remained after this but apology and sub-

mission ; and the whole proceedings of the Opposition are not unfairly represented by this leading incident in their ill-concerted and ill-disciplined attack. The Queen became, with the approval of all, except the very few who lashed themselves into a state of unreasoning party excitement, Empress of India. The title is appropriate, fitly expresses the splendour of her Eastern dominions, and (not to wound Liberal susceptibilities) is absolutely innocuous as regards the constitutional position of the throne or its relations to Indian chiefs. The full importance of the measure will doubtless be appreciated at the beginning of next year. No one can be so dead to the influence of imperial splendour in preserving imperial power, as not to recognise the historical and political importance of the solemn proclamation of English rule in India at the seat of the Mogul Empire, on the very spot where the Indian Mutiny was suppressed and the supremacy of Great Britain finally vindicated.

The effect upon the political position of the legislative proposals of last session, seems to be that while the Conservative party has not lost a solitary vote, it was greatly strengthened in its position in Parliament and the country by the extraordinary proceedings adopted by their opponents in reference to the Titles Bill and the Education Bill. The Home Rule party is still an independent faction of the Opposition, and it will become imperatively necessary at future elections to weigh well the consequences of so far diminishing the strength of the Conservatives as to render Home Rulers the masters of the situation. There is, owing to the course adopted by the Radicals in reference to the amendments to Lord Sandon's Bill, and the partial ratification which they received from Lord Hartington, a project of

establishing a third fraction of opposition to be called the Extreme Left. Whether such a party is formally constituted or not, we know that it practically exists—scientific Liberals, as they call themselves, whose marvellous expositions their own friends denounce with anger and astonishment. Failing the Conservative party, the alternative prospect is in an Opposition thus irreconcilably disunited, led by men whose official authority and legislative experience are wholly inadequate to control the indiscipline and disunion which the want of a common aim and policy has created in their ranks.

It is, however, in foreign and colonial affairs that the chief topics of interest are to be found. The most formidable attack which the Opposition has yet succeeded in making was in reference to the Slave Trade Circulars. On that subject they reduced the Ministerial majority to 45. Agitation on the subject spent its force in the recess. The first circular disappeared ; a second was drawn up on the high authority of the Lord Chancellor ; and the announcement in the Queen's speech of a Royal Commission to consider the subject blunted the attack. Further than that, it appeared that those purely departmental instructions in terms repeated the directions which had previously been given by Liberal Governments, and notably by Lord Clarendon, for the surrender of slaves. The dispute, upon which the orators of public meetings could express themselves with supercilious confidence, turned upon a difficult question of international law and rights, and tacitly slipped out of party controversy. A third circular was eventually issued at the close of the session after the report of the Royal Commission: the task of drawing up an elaborate code of rules is abandoned ; British officers

abroad must use their best discretion in dealing with slaveholding States, remembering the distinct policy of Great Britain on the subject of slavery. They must respect the general understanding on which foreign ships are admitted into national harbours; and the authors of circulars will remember that there is safety in vague instructions, while a definite rule on this thorny question bristles with controversy and stirs indescribable passion. The purchase of the Suez Canal shares, which at the opening of the Session was the prominent topic of interest, has never been seriously questioned in Parliament, and retains the full approval of the public. Criticism has never risen above the smaller details of the transaction, except when it challenged inquiry into the precise mode in which proprietorship strengthens influence, or denounced the gambling transactions on the Stock Exchanges in Europe which resulted from the purchase. Upon the former the English nation at once perceived that, without scrutinising too closely the details of the Canal administration under its present constitution, the acquisition of the shares materially strengthened the position of the Government in determining the future position of the Canal, in preventing French monopoly, and in deciding as to the terms of its redemption for international purposes. No politician of sense could possibly be diverted from the obvious importance of acquiring proprietary rights in a maritime highway of infinite importance to the British empire to the analysis of our exact position under the present constitution of the Company, or to a minute calculation of the pecuniary details. It is a satisfaction, in view of possible events and of future international relations in regard to this Canal, that nearly half of it now belongs to the British empire, in as full proprietary right

as the Company itself possesses. Mr Gladstone's scornful remark, that those shares had better be divided amongst her Majesty's Ministers in acknowledgment of their services in this matter, met with no approving response. And as regards the deplorable Stock Exchange speculations, we cannot, as Mr Disraeli insisted, allow considerations of that kind to influence the conduct and policy of Government in matters of high importance. The purchase is regarded by the country, in itself and in the manner in which it was effected, as a great political and patriotic act, and it largely increased the popularity and influence of the Government.

The moment that public attention is diverted from domestic legislation, the width and variety of the subjects which challenge consideration are limited only by the extent of the habitable globe. The questions raised by Slave Circulars apply to ports in Africa, in the Persian Gulf, in South America, in the Eastern and Western hemispheres. The purchase of the Canal shares raised the question of the protectorate of Egypt, our future relations to the continent of Africa, the preservation of the route to India, the control and management of a highway in which all civilised nations are now largely interested. India itself has absorbed more of political observation during last session than at any time since the Mutiny. The visit of the Prince of Wales, under all the circumstances the most wonderful royal progress that the world has ever witnessed; the new title of the Queen; the appointment of a new Viceroy in the person of Lord Lytton, distinguished for his diplomatic career and as a worthy inheritor of his father's fame; the strained relations between the Indian executive and the home Government; and lastly, the panic in the silver market, — have all

tended to invest the Indian empire with unusual interest in the public eye. Lord Carnarvon's administration of our Colonial empire has been generally approved ; and, by a tacit understanding, neither foreign nor colonial policy attracts as a rule the conflicts of party. The proposed cession of Gambia, the question of confederation in South Africa, of the maritime rights of Canada, the conduct of Mr Pope Hennessy, in its general features so eminently befitting an English governor, with respect to the insurrection in the Barbadoes, the project of annexation in the Malay peninsula,—give a specimen of the numerous and diverse questions which arise in all parts of the world for the consideration and decision of the ruler of Great Britain's colonies. Of them all, the most interesting in the immediate future are the two which relate to Lord Salisbury's department. The depreciation of silver, except in the improbable event of the field of the Nevada mines utterly displacing its position as a precious metal, will probably in the end benefit India by drawing attention to the enormous waste in its public works department, and enforcing, through the pecuniary anxieties of the Government, those legitimate claims of economy which, since the destruction of the old Board of Directors, have never been sufficiently vindicated. We cannot believe that the enormous fall which we have recently witnessed in silver is due to any other cause than panic ; for, as soon as the flow of the metal has had time to obey the influence of its local and temporary depreciation, and redress its temporary derangement, it will be found that the supplies from Germany and even those from the Nevada mines, if limited to any reasonable extent, bear no appreciable proportion to the quantity of silver which civilised countries absorb, and cannot greatly affect

its intrinsic value. Like water, a precious metal must find its vent, and will flow till it attains a general level. That level cannot be greatly altered unless the production in America confounds by its extent all rational calculation. Upon the other question of the relation of the Viceroy to the Secretary, which was debated both before and after Lord Northbrook returned, agreement as to the general character of those relations will not prevent occasional disputes. Harmonious co-operation between the two Governments is the only guarantee for the due adjustment of the rival local and imperial interests. It will not be secured by abdicating either the power of the home Government or the independence or dignity of the Viceroy. To maintain his place with efficiency in this system of dual government, each authority is bound by the exigencies of its position to arm itself with public support ; if a Secretary of State is found to lose authority by yielding to party influences at home, and a Viceroy by setting Indian opinion at defiance, and isolating himself in the Himalayas, the complex machinery of Indian government may in the end prove to be self-regulating. There is but little control or supervision exercised in these matters by Parliament ; the Indian Council is a secret and official body ; the old East India Directors have found no successors : and if the rival pretensions of the two governments afford any guarantee for sound administration, India, at all events, will be a considerable gainer.

This wide range of subjects is appropriately closed by an extradition difficulty with America, and by the question of our Eastern policy in reference to the affairs of Turkey, involving our relations to all the powers of Europe, our treaty and other obligations, in consequence of

the distressing occurrences in South Eastern Europe. The arguments in relation to the extradition of Wynter and the treaty of 1842 were elaborately summed up on either side by Lord Cairns and Lord Selborne, and the conduct of the Foreign Office may be judged with the advantage of an exhaustive discussion of adverse arguments. The royal speech at the close of the Session referred to the difference "between my Government and that of the United States, as to the proper construction of the treaty of the 9th August 1842, which relates to the mutual surrender of persons accused of certain offences." Without entering into a dry and dreary discussion, unsuited to a review of the Session, upon a subject involving the security of that right of asylum which Englishmen will never consent to modify or surrender, every one on both sides the Atlantic will agree that "the inconveniences to both countries which would follow on a cessation of the practice of extradition are great and obvious." It is satisfactory to learn on the supreme authority of the royal speech that, in the position which this question has reached, her Majesty's Government are justified in declaring their hope "that a new arrangement may soon be arrived at by which this matter may be placed on a satisfactory footing."

The attitude of England in regard to the Eastern Question may be best ascertained by reference to the proceedings in Parliament, short as the debates upon the subject have been. On the first day of the Session, the Queen referred to the insurrectionary movement in Bosnia and Herzegovina, which the Sultan for six months had been unable to repress. Her Majesty alluded to efforts made by allied and friendly governments to bring about a pacification of the disturbed districts, and added, "I have considered it my duty not

to stand aloof from" such efforts. Great Britain, in fact, had joined in urging on the Sultan measures of administrative reform. On the last day of the session the tone of the royal communication was entirely changed; Great Britain had taken the question into her own hands, and spoke as if both initiative and decision rested with her. The speech alluded to "the efforts which in common with other Powers I have made to bring about a settlement," and promised that, "should a favourable opportunity present itself, I shall be ready in concert with my allies" to enter on a course of mediation between the contending parties.

The policy of the Government has been so clearly disclosed in the recent Parliamentary papers, and so recently discussed in these pages, that all that is necessary in reviewing the session is to criticise its reception by Parliament. Upon this question Mr Gladstone is undoubtedly the representative of the Opposition. He is the only surviving member of the House of Commons who belonged to the Aberdeen Cabinet; and his speeches both with regard to the past and the present have a special interest. While Lord Hartington, in the first night of the Session, speaking of the Government sanction of the Andrassy note, expressed a hope that that intervention had not exceeded the limits of diplomatic interference described by Lord Palmerston in 1856 as the moral right of the Allied Powers, Mr Gladstone, on the other hand, expressed his gratitude to the Government for their adhesion to the Andrassy note, and was most thankful "that the Government had not taken a course of abstention upon this important occasion." Later on, although in the interval Mr Gladstone, by his course in the debates on the Suez Canal purchase and the Royal Titles Bill, had shown how

little capable he is of filling the authoritative position occupied by Sir R. Peel after his retirement from party leadership, he nevertheless made upon this Eastern question the finest speech in the whole session. He insisted that we should limit our attention to the immediate disputes instead of urging on reforms applicable to all the population of the Ottoman Empire. The object of the Crimean war was, as our object is now, to defend Turkey against assaults from without, against corruption and dissolution from within. He denounced any attempt to set up the old Russian bugbear, and insisted that as her whole treaty-right to interfere in Turkey had been destroyed, it did not follow that the Christians of Turkey should be regarded as without a protector, but that "a collective guarantee and the concerted and general action of the European Powers" had been substituted for "the sole and individual action of one of them." He also quoted from Lord Palmerston's speech in 1856 the selfsame passage which Lord Hartington had quoted on the first night of the session, to show that Europe had a moral right to interfere if Turkey failed in her solemn engagements to reform. Thus far Mr Gladstone had described forcibly and with the authority which belongs to him on this question, and which Europe no doubt will recognise, the true position which the Crimean war created. The English Government has undoubtedly enforced the observance of one material portion of the public right of Europe, viz., its collective authority is not to be suspended by individual or even triplicate interference. Undoubtedly that was a considerable diplomatic triumph. As respects the right of interference, England's course with regard to the Andrassy Note was a considerable assertion of that right; although the rash Berlin memoran-

dum, the revolution at Constantinople, and the unfortunate declaration of war by Servia, have considerably increased and complicated the difficulties of the position. The difficulty is for the collective voice of Europe, which alone has the right to interfere, to find any collective opinion to express—any course whatever which the Powers may agree to adopt. In view of the civil war now raging, there is a collective agreement not to interfere; when a suitable moment arrives, her Majesty will take the initiative in mediation, "bearing in mind alike the duties imposed upon me by treaty obligations, and those which arise from considerations of humanity and policy." If, in the meanwhile, there are repetitions of those fearful atrocities, which are inseparable from the civil strife of those barbarous populations, much as we may deplore them, the collective authority of Europe seems powerless to prevent them. To prevent interference in this strife on the part of any one power, and yet to regulate its course and proceedings by the joint interference of all, is all but impossible. We can only hope that, in the final pacification which may be effected, it may not be deemed essential to the territorial integrity of Turkey or political supremacy of the Porte, to secure to the Ottoman Government the administration of provinces whose prolonged resistance gives them a title to separation.

It was unfortunate that the necessity of making some party hits should have induced Mr Gladstone to denounce the Ministry for that very sanction of the Andrassy Note for which he had applauded them on the first night of the Session. It only shows what political criticism is worth nine months after the event. They had "allowed the initiation of concert and intervention to pass from their hands." The three great Northern Powers

had "no right to take the initiative out of the joint hands of the Powers of Europe." It is precisely because the Ministry have wrested that initiative from them and annexed it themselves—vindicated, in fact, the public law of Europe, that they have been on all sides emphatically applauded. The rejection of the Berlin Memorandum vindicated the rights of the collective authority of Europe against the Triple Alliance; but Mr Gladstone denounced that as an error, and declared that it led immediately to the Servian War. Mr Gladstone would have made it the basis of communication with the Powers, for what purpose, or with what object he did not state. Mr Disraeli, however, showed that, having regard to the origin and solemn guarantee of the *status quo* in Turkey, it was a perilous undertaking to allow or counsel an interference of so threatening a character. If the Andrassy Note was an interference, it was sanctioned by us at the request of the Sultan, in order to preserve the concert and united action of the Powers. The collective duty of Europe is non-interference: England has insisted upon the collective observance of treaties: Turkey and its subjects must in course of time find out for themselves that condition of things which suited both of them best. The adoption of the Berlin Memorandum would have led to our armed occupation or war, which it in terms contemplated, while the action of Servia was in no degree dependant upon its rejection, Servia having nothing whatever to do with its provisions. The provinces of Turkey are now the subject of a scramble by the races which inhabit them; the presence of the British Fleet means that there will be no great change in the distribution of territories without the consent of England, whether that change is sought by powerful cabi-

nets or revolutionary committees. "When we are told," said the Prime Minister, "that we sent our fleet to the Dardanelles in order to maintain the Turkish Empire, I deny it, and the Turkish Government were never deceived upon that point." It was to maintain the interests of England and the British Empire. Those who call for prompt interference must either show that English interests are at stake, or at least what it is which they wish to have accomplished, and what will be the probable consequences of interference. The deplorable events which have happened have been beyond our control; we may cordially sympathise with those who are struggling to get rid of Turkish administration; when the parties themselves and the circumstances are ripe for it, we may help to bring about a pacification on terms which shall promote the interests and future civilisation of these unhappy tribes. But we must appreciate the limits of our power, the limits of the collective authority of Europe. The disorders and atrocities of Turkish civilisation are manifest, but no one has yet suggested a remedy. The existing system has been established by the aid of wars and treaties; if an opportunity occurs to improve it, we may be sure it will not be neglected; meanwhile it must be maintained. Lord Hartington expressed fully the feeling of Parliament and the public: "As the Government have no intention of interfering in the war or in the suppression of the rebellion, and as this House, I am sure, has no wish that it should so interfere," it is useless to suggest a remedy for Turkish evils. "The time may come," he added, "when the Government, in concert with other Powers, may usefully interpose with its advice." And later on he remarked: "I think that in the

main the policy which they have adopted is right, although I may have had objections to the measures they have adopted to enforce their views." So long as the foreign policy of the Government is absolutely unchallenged in Parliament, and approved by the responsible leaders of Opposition, it may be said to represent the unanimous wish of the nation. Those who in the enthusiasm of a benevolent sentiment would commit this country to a disastrous policy, may find an excellent exponent of their views in Sir W. Harcourt and some philanthropic journalists. We may all of us indulge a wish that Europe may be quit of the Turks, and its south-eastern provinces inhabited by peaceful and prosperous tribes. But it is quite another thing to declare it to be the duty of England, in combination with Russia, to expel the whole Turkish nation from Eastern Europe. Our relations and our duties to Turkey were described by the Prime Minister in the speech with which he closed his brilliant House of Commons career. "We are the allies of the Sultan; so is Russia, so is Austria, so is France, and so are others. We are also partners in a tripartite treaty in which we not only generally but singly guarantee, with France and Austria, the territorial integrity of Turkey." These engagements were renovated and repeated only four years ago; and wilfully to depart from them, or even to modify them without the collective sanction of Europe, would be a high-handed, arbitrary, and revolutionary proceeding, which we should not

permit on the part of any other Power, and which we cannot undertake by ourselves. "If it happen," said Mr Disraeli, "that the influences which control the greater portion of these fair lands are found to be incompetent for their purpose, neither England nor any of the great Powers will shrink from fulfilling the high political and moral duty which will then devolve upon them." The Government is meeting the unparalleled difficulties of the situation with patience and steadiness of purpose; and a review of the whole Session shows that Parliament unanimously supports them. Turkey must be allowed to work out its own destiny and the ultimate condition of things by itself. If the opportunity offers, Great Britain will help to secure to it the advantages of mediation, and to give effect to considerations of humanity and policy. Meanwhile we cannot, alone or in concert with Europe, strongly as we may sympathise with the oppressed, deeply as we may deplore the outrages which are committed, undertake the duties of administering whole provinces, or of regulating civil war. Precipitate interference might aggravate the mischief, without opening the way to any remedy. If, as we hope and believe, the Mohammedans are a dwindling race, the Government of Turkey powerless to administer affairs so difficult and complicated, the Christians growing in numbers, national sentiment, and vigour, the ultimate condition of things may be more satisfactory than the past, and the peace of Europe more lasting and secure.

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A RUN THROUGH KATHIAWAR—THE SCYTHIAN KATHIS.

I MUST not leave the city, or rather town, of Júnághar,* which was described in the August Number of *Maga*, without noticing its most remarkable feature—the Uparkót or Ooparkót. This is the ancient fort of Júnághar, elevated a few hundred feet above the town, and jealously guarded as if it were a sacred precinct. Were Englishmen in the possession of the state, this high sandstone plateau, with its magnificent view over the country towards the sea, would be at

once chosen for their residences; but I found it to be entirely uninhabited, though adorned by ruins of various kinds. A small side-gate, where a guard was stationed, gave admittance to it, and no one is allowed to enter without a special order from the Nawab. The place was overrun with jungle. Its sides—bounded by ditches and walls, with high towers interspersed—are two miles, one mile, 800 yards, and 700 yards in length respectively, as measured by

* Since the publication of my 'Abode of Snow,' the spelling of Indian names has again been thrown into lamentable confusion. The matter seems to have been taken out of the hands of the Statistical Department of the Supreme Government and committed to the local Governments, which have issued new lists combining all the absurdities and disadvantages of the various systems of spelling Indian names; and in this affair the Bombay Government has shown its usual gallantry in coming conspicuously to the front when anything particularly stupid can be done. This is not encouraging; but in these papers on Kathiawar I adhere, so far as my memory serves me, to Dr W. W. Hunter's modification of the learned or scientific system. An exception is the word "Júnághar," which ought to be "Júnágarh," and was so printed all through the first article; but, unfortunately, on hurriedly writing a heading for the article, I wrote "Júnághar" by a slip of the pen; and the printers, naturally enough, mistook this for the final improved spelling, and altered the word in accordance with it throughout the article. To the ordinary reader this may appear of no importance, but to the student of Indian languages it might augur that I did not know what I was about. The final letter in this word is hardly an English sound, and might be written either *rh*, as I did, or *dh*; but as the word was printed "Júnághar" throughout the first article, I have not deemed it worth while to change the spelling in this. According to the old system it would be spelled "Joonagurh."

Colonel Tod. In some places the walls are 100 feet in height; and in old times this citadel must have been wellnigh impregnable if resolutely defended by a few thousand men with a sufficient supply of provisions. It is overshadowed by the mighty peaks of Gírnar, and commands the city below. The buildings above ground are Muhammadan, though evidently built out of the remains of ancient Hindu temples and palaces. The place of honour is occupied by what must have been a really splendid mosque, a Jumma musjid, of about 150 feet in length by 100 in breadth, with nearly 200 granite pillars. It is in a half-ruined state, but its dimensions and beautiful shape are clearly apparent; and the granite columns, arches, and pulpit (the latter made from one block of veined granite), excite admiration.

But more interest attaches to the older remains of the Uparkót, especially its wells and excavated temples. One of the former is of vast dimensions, with both a large perpendicular shaft and a slanting slope of steps cut down to it through the most uncompact sandstone, which in some places is little harder than sand of the sea-shore. The water is very good, as might be expected from its percolating through such strata, forming a great natural filter. This gigantic well is 120 feet deep, with a diameter of about 100 feet. Another well appeared still deeper, and has an excavated pathway running all round it with windows looking into the well. Still more curious were the underground rock-excavations which had recently been laid open. In many places the hill of the Uparkót sounds quite hollow. Striking even an ordinary stick on the ground, and still more one with a metal ring upon it, we may easily detect that there are excavations below, or, at

least, great hollows of some sort. Those which have been laid open are rock-excavations, mainly Búdhist in character, and resembling the more famous rock-temples of Elephanta, Karli, and Ellora. One of them is clearly a Búdhist Chaitya or temple, with the Búdhist cross sculptured all round on the cornice, with the heads of elephants on some of the pillars as in the great cave-temple of Karli, and with human figures, the heads being of the ordinary Búdhist type. This temple has evidently been the more private temple, or prayer-room, of a fraternity of Búdhist monks, dormitories having been excavated all round it. Similar, but smaller, excavations exist on the outer slopes of the old fort; and the whole place is well worthy of a more systematic examination than I could give to it, and of further excavation being carried out on a large scale.

Without going deeply into antiquarian matters, certain large glimpses, as it were, of the past come upon us as we ascend from these ancient underground rock-temples, and, seating ourselves on the base of one of the pillars of the Jumma musjid, look over the plains of Júnághar towards the sea. In the outcast pariahs who act as coolies or porters, and are to carry us up to Gírnar, we have representatives of the older and *quasi* aboriginal race which seems to have peopled India before any Aryan invasion, and who must have had a hard time of it in establishing the divinity of humanity in face of the hostile and then unterrified wild-beast world. In its Yadú princes we have a connection with the first of the Aryan invasions, and many special connections with the earlier legends of Hinduism. Before the famous sculptured edict of Ashoka, we stand beside the establishment of Búdhist—that wonderful reli-

gion which seems dying out in the East, and yet (if not directly, yet in the writings of the German philosophers Schopenhauer, and his disciple Von Hartmann) is to-day again challenging the attention of the thought of Europe. Then follows the corrupt Búdhistism of the Jains, finding its most magnificent development in the temples of Gírnar and Palitana; and finally, the last wave of Muhammadan conquest sweeps from the north over the land, and the keen, cruel, unfruitful light of the Crescent glitters over it.

This sequestered little kingdom was well fitted for displaying these developments in a simple yet complete and powerful manner. The Yadú princes and their followers could look back reverentially to the slopes of the Himálaya and cherish the traditions and the habits of their forefathers undisturbed, to an extent few of the communities of their race were in India, by modifying circumstances. The Búdhist had here a seclusion more complete than among the basalt cliffs of the Sayadri mountains; and Jainism found for itself a quiet backwater from the great current of Indian life in which it could prolong its existence despite the destroying pretensions of Brahmanism and the obligation of Muhammadanism to exterminate the infidel.

There are many other objects of interest in and around Júnághar exclusive of the holy mountain Gírnar, which demands a paper for itself; but these have been sufficiently described by previous travellers, and I must proceed to give a more general idea of Kathiawar. On leaving Júnághar, I stopped for the night at the village of Chaoki, and passed, on the way, a herd of semi-wild cattle, which are sometimes taken and broken in for draught, and sometimes hunted by the Mu-

hammadans. Close to this place I observed a small erect stone with characters on it resembling those of the great Gírnar Ashoka inscription, and afterwards asked the Júnághar officials to have it copied; but, so far as I am aware, this has not been done, and I regret exceedingly not having myself delayed to make a copy of it. Next forenoon I left the state of Júnághar and entered into that of the Kathi chiefs of Jaitpore. Though my stay here was very brief, this was not the least interesting part of my journey; and when a traveller has got among the Kathis he has got quite as close as he is ever likely to get into the heart of Kathiawar. But I was in a particularly disadvantageous position for making friends with the Kathi chiefs, because they had a long-standing feud with the state of Júnághar, of which I had been a favoured guest, and in the carriages of which I had arrived at Jaitpore.

The story is a curious one, and may well serve to illustrate the relationships of the states of Kathiawar, for it is only one of a thousand on which the present state of the peninsula turns, so far as that is a matter of finance and litigation. Soon after the British Government established itself in Kathiawar, and when it was making arrangements for the pacification of the country, these chiefs gave such refuge and assistance to some notorious outlaws that the British Government occupied their fort, and held their persons and possessions as responsible. This difficulty they got over by the Nawab of Júnághar becoming responsible for their good conduct, and he agreed to do so on the condition of the Kathis allowing him to establish a force of his own in their territory, and of their agreeing to pay him a yearly sum for the expense which this measure involved, and for the responsibility

which he incurred in becoming security for them. The force thus established (judicially speaking) in Jaitpore was a small number of horse and foot, but it never was actually established there; and though the transaction commenced in the year 1822, the force never has been in Jaitpore, but (legally speaking) it always has been supposed to have been there, and a house and grounds have been retained for it to occupy whenever it might be necessary that it should do so. The Nawab contended that so long as he was responsible for the good conduct of the Kathis, and could move a force into Jaitpore whenever their conduct should require it, he was fulfilling his part of the compact, and had a claim on the Kathis (up to the present date, so much longer as the arrangement remained unchanged, and into eternity, for that matter, if it did remain unchanged) for the support of that body of horse and foot. The chiefs, on the other hand, contended that, as they had never seen the force, and it had never required to be put into use, and was a wholly imaginary thing, they were not bound to pay a farthing towards its support. This was a pretty case as it stood, and it was further complicated by there being a very nice sum of arrears claimed on account of the expense of supporting this body of horse and foot which the Kathis alleged they had never seen and wholly disbelieved in.

Now it was in the airy residence of this imaginary force of horse and foot that I was established by my friends of Júnághar, so it can be imagined whether I was likely to be received with open arms by the Kathi chiefs of Jaitpore. Through all their litigation the Júnághar people had always been careful to retain their premises in Jaitpore, and it was in

these I was now established, with the particular and dreadful weight lying upon my mind of having once prepared a very able legal memorandum in support of the claims of Júnághar. It had too much an appearance as if the whole force—horse and foot, past, present, and to come, with the arrears of half a century and the future proceeds to all eternity—had at last been brought into Jaitpore in my single person.

It can easily be understood, then, that I was not in a fair way of being introduced to the *vie intime* of Kathi life. No one came to see me, though I arrived in the forenoon; and such neglect means a good deal in native states of India, whatever it may mean in the West, where it causes no inconvenience and is not always a bad thing. I wandered through the streets, and no one spoke to me, or even looked at me except occasionally to scowl at me. I went down to the river, the Bhadur, and occupied myself (as an ethnologist) with observing the well-formed Kathi women who came down for water, but they were ware of the stranger and adjusted their robes *lajukadhani*, "to keep off shame." The streets were exceedingly dusty and tiresome; some of the small shopkeepers ostentatiously barred their doors in my face, as if the whole imaginary body of horse and foot were going to fall upon their premises to ravage them; and I sauntered back to my premises feeling very much tired and not a little amused.

But I have great faith in the *mens conscia recti*; and that faith, with its corresponding demeanour, perhaps aided by some hints from my Kocaní Brahman, soon wrought a change. In the evening a number of the Kathi chiefs came to call upon me with the usual presents of fruit and sweetmeats, and made themselves exceedingly communicative and agreeable. Next morn-

ing they showed me all that was to be seen in Jaitpore (which was not much), and then we settled down to a long talk and friendly entertainment over their national drink.

The Kathi chiefs are really very fine friendly fellows; but if I might venture to hint at any alteration in their ancient hospitality I would suggest that a prolonged symposium with them might be enjoyed with a greater sense of safety than at the top of a wooden tower six storeys high. Even on that point, however, I would not speak positively. There is a certain advantage in being aware that you have to go down six storeys again; and perhaps, if the symposium were carried on upon the ground-floor, an inadvisable sense of perpetuity might prolong it beyond what is expedient in these bustling times. The staircases leading up to the top of this tower are of rather a perpendicular kind, and are so fearfully and wonderfully constructed that the aid of a hanging rope is necessary in ascending and descending them—particularly in descending, after having partaken of the national drink. Having got up to the top you have a fine large airy room overlooking the whole country, with couches, hanging bedsteads, bedsteads with silver legs (which is a common but unintelligible form of luxury among Indian princes), and the society of all the principal Kathi chiefs.

The national drink referred to is *kusúmba*, or *kusoomba*—a decoction of crude opium. As it was prepared on this occasion, and as the Kathis usually drink it, *kusúmba* was made by pounding crude opium in a species of mortar, and then pouring water over it. The water thus medicated was poured over it again and again, until a very strong tincture of opium, not materially different from laudanum, was pro-

duced, but (it is to be hoped) an extract rather more diluted than, and not quite so strong as, the laudanum of our pharmacopœia. At all events, there was no attempt at measuring it in drops. It was drunk either in small cups, or, as a mark of particular favour, out of the hollow of the administrator's hand. To drink *kusúmba* out of the hollow of a Kathi's hand is the proper way of doing so; and to do so out of cups is regarded very much as the meanness of private tipping, if you do so of your own accord, or as eating below the salt, if it is presented to you. But this drinking out of the hollow of your neighbour's hand has an ancient meaning attached to it. It signifies that you and he become sworn brothers, though the pact has lost much of its force in late years, and perhaps may be considered as meaning little more than an expression of jovial goodwill. Whether it is because the Kathi chiefs are Scythians, or because the palms of their hands have been developed abnormally by this process of turning them into cups, the quantity of *kusúmba* which some of their palms can hold is quite surprising, and rather calculated to alarm the minds of those who have been accustomed to take tincture of opium in drops. The Kathi chiefs, however, were cautious in their administration of it to me, until I assured them that I could stand a great deal of that particular drink (though by no means fond of or habituated to it), and they saw that such was the case. After that, I am afraid to say how many were the chiefs with whom I swore eternal friendship, either by their drinking out of my palm, or by my drinking out of theirs. The interludes were ground nuts, grapes from Afghanistan, and sugar-candy. There was not an approach to rude-

ness of any kind. We swore eternal brotherhood and chewed our sugar-candy, and talked pleasantly; and then, on an amusing remark being made, somebody would insist on swearing eternal brotherhood again. At the end of the banquet I got down the ladders and ropes without any assistance, and rather easier than I got up them. The only result was, that I have a somewhat vague recollection of the country lying between Jaitpore and Gondul, and it seemed that the road was particularly smooth; but certainly when I got to Gondul in the evening I felt no bad effects in any way from all this swearing of eternal brotherhood.

It can hardly be, however, that all this drinking of *kusumba* can go on without injuring the Kathi chiefs in some way; and they themselves are aware that it does so, because they are anxious to preserve their sons from the habit. The son of the principal chief at Jaitpore had passed adolescence, but his father would not allow him to take any *kusumba*, and said that though the older men could not be expected to give up the ancient custom, efforts were being made to preserve the rising generation from it. One injurious effect of it, which the chiefs admitted, was sterility in their families. Most of even the old chiefs were very strong, hale, large-bodied old men. They did not seem to have suffered in physical strength from this habit; but one chief—the cleverest and most amusing of them all—had the appearance of a shrivelled old man of seventy, and I found he was only forty years old, and attributed his decay to excessive use of opium. He had no children, and the chiefs distinctly admitted that the more opium they took the more unlikely they were to have any. They also admitted that their progeny was

very limited, and defended this as a good rather than an evil, on grounds which would have pleased the political economists of Europe; for they argued that by having few children they were able to leave those they had in comfort, and were not compelled to dissipate their possessions by division.

The progress of medical science is showing abundantly that there is a great deal more than our over-sapient Horatios have been or are disposed to admit in the instinctive use, by mankind, of certain substances such as alcohol, tobacco, opium, and Indian hemp, the deleterious effects of which can be very easily pointed out and enlarged upon by a cheap philanthropy, which, too often, has its own exaltation as its chief motive power, as also by a pure and unselfish sympathy with the sufferings of the human race, which, starting from certain most dubious premises, will not wait for the light of science. Hence, merely as an honest writer, I am quite indisposed to dogmatise on this subject of the use of opium in the East. The use of the drug is often destructive; but there is no element of support, medicine, pleasure, or advantage of any kind in the world, which is not liable to shatter the vase into which it is poured; and the greater the advantage, the more risk is there of the earthen vessel being shattered by it. On this occasion I had before me the authority of Colonel Walker himself, the pacificator of Kathiawar, who has laid it down (in his despatch to the Governor of Bombay, of the 15th May 1808) that “from the banks of the Indus to the Mahee, opium is universally considered among all the natives of the country as the emblem of hospitality and the seal of friendship. Opium is invariably offered to every stranger as the pledge of welcome, which it is neglectful to omit and impolite to refuse.”

Not being either neglectful or impolite, I became one of the Bhayad, or brotherhood of the Kathi chiefs; and I fancy they were much more communicative with me than usual, or ever since they had been visited by Colonel Walker. The theory that they are of a northern race is well borne out by their physical characteristics,—especially by their large bones, capacious chests, and blue or grey eyes, and also by certain peculiar customs to which I shall presently allude. But when they are set down as Scythians, as is usually done, we get on very uncertain ground. I have been at some pains to go into this point, and to trace out how the idea that the Kathi were Scythians arose. Colonel Walker, who was not much given to theorising, only traced their recent history, in the modern annals of Kathiawar. William Erskine, in his ‘History of India,’ noted the resemblance between the peculiar form of the Kathi horse and that of the horses on Indo-Scythic coins. Colonel James Tod, author of the ‘Annals of Rajasthan,’ appears to have the merit of originating this idea that the Kathi were of Scythian origin. The feat was not remarkable, but the author of it was, and also the general scope and penetrating character of his views in regard to Indian antiquities. I cannot turn over the pages of these two great quartos of Colonel Tod on Rajasthan and Western India without a feeling of reverence—of that reverence which we have for great men who approach great discoveries, and do much of the creative work of discovery and lead others up to it, but do not bring it into clear light. Everywhere Colonel Tod’s originative mind threw a new light upon the vital relationships of Indian archæology, and he anticipated, in a semi-imaginative way,

much of that vast and most valuable glimpse of the past which has been elaborately worked out by Lassen and his successors. His was essentially what J. S. Mill, speaking of Coleridge, has called “a seminal mind;” and he added to that power a great literary talent which enabled him to realise and reproduce for others the scenes which he witnessed and the ideas to which they gave rise.

On coming into slight contact with the Kathis in another part of the peninsula, Colonel Tod’s mind at once perceived this relationship to far-distant tribes, and he elaborated the idea in a manner which overran his facts, but which was suggestive, and in the main correct. Not in this particular instance alone, but in others, he anticipated later discovery; and in his vital contribution to Indian archæology deserved to be named with such early pioneers as Leyden, Sir William Jones, and Prinsep.

Colonel Tod’s ideas in regard to the Kathis, as developed in the fifteenth chapter of his ‘Western India,’ were at once taken up, and passed as a sort of archæological gospel, while the origin of them was very much ignored. At once the Kathis appeared as Scythians, and as Scythians they have remained ever since. Dr Wilson, for instance, in his history of the suppression of infanticide in Western India, says “the Kathis are undoubtedly of Scythian origin, as indicated both by their name and physiognomy;” and General Jacob says that their physical characteristics “give much of probability to the idea that they are of Scythian descent, with which their habits in some degree correspond.” That is about all which our orientalisks know on the subject, and all the basis they have for their conclusion.

Without collateral support, it

would be obviously absurd to draw any inference from the resemblance, which might be quite accidental, between the name of the Scythians and the Kathi. As a mere linguistic point, it is much more remarkable that the Kathis should have given their own name to the whole peninsula of Kathiawar, a district of country which they first entered in the fifteenth century B.C., where they only occupied a limited space, and where they were among races of far higher pretensions and power. This affords a very good illustration of the way in which a name may suddenly be put to a very large use, and of the folly of depending on such insignificant facts. Kathiawar seems to have got its name because, not the Kathis in general, but a mere section of them—the Kúman Kathis—sent out their plundering horsemen so late as the year 1820 into neighbouring territory, and rather surpassed even the Maratha horsemen in their pillaging success. Immediately Sorashtra became Kathiawar. It was of no consequence that Sorashtra was an ancient name belonging to the sacred traditions of the Hindus, and that the country was mainly under the government of proud Rajpoots and proud Muhammadans. Kathiawar it became in 1820, and Kathiawar it remains to this day. Well, if we may argue from the resemblance between *kút* and *skút* that the Kathi are Scythian, we may just as well argue that Kathiawar is a country wholly or almost wholly occupied by Scythian tribes. Or, further, we might next proceed to prove either that the Kathi are Scotsmen or that the Scotsmen are Kathi (which-ever they like), and that both are Scythians. If *Kathi* can be got out of *Skuthoi*, most assuredly *Skoti* can be got out of it with greater ease; and a collateral support to this derivation could easily be got

through the verb *skutin* of the Runic inscriptions, which means “to shoot”—an exercise in which Skoti, Skithians, and Kathi have alike distinguished themselves, to the great damage of their neighbours.

I just look into this matter by way of guarding myself against any rash acceptance of the theory that the Kathis are Scythians. My own opinion is that they are Kathis—that is to say, that they are of a Northern tribe which has wandered into Kathiawar from Sind. Physically, they struck me as more like Afghans than like any other people I knew; and who the Afghans are is a question which neither ethnologists nor philologists have yet decided.

Yet there are points about the Kathis which indicate a Turanian origin. A probable though by no means a certain trace of polyandry is to be found in a regular custom which they have of making the widow of the elder brother become the wife of the next surviving brother; and so on, should the second brother die and the remarried widow survive. There is something more here than the mere adding a brother's widow to the number of the surviving brother's wives, which is a custom that exists in many countries. Among the Kathis, the widow comes down as the head wife of the surviving brothers successively; and this looks very like a remnant of polyandry, but polyandry divested of its most obnoxious feature. The three great divisions of the Kathi tribes—namely, the Wala, the Khuman, and the Kachar—are said to point towards a Turanian origin; but the reasons for this conclusion have not been assigned, and the names of most of the individual tribes, such as Lalu, Kadadad, and Somasarya, are evidently Aryan. They are worshippers of the sun; but no attempt

has been made to identify them with the Zoroastrians, and there does not appear to be any ground for doing so. In the division of property at death all the sons inherit equally, and this affords a reason why the Kathi chiefs do not care to have any number of sons. Daughters do not inherit anything; and the difficulty thus arising was met, up to a very recent date, by the custom of female infanticide; but this latter custom has now been put an end to as an open custom owing to the efforts of the British Government, though it may still exist to some extent in a secret way. Probably it is not now practised to an appreciable extent; for the possessions of land which the Kathis had secured in an unsettled, turbulent state of the country, and which were of little value in that state of affairs, have turned out of great value to them now that the country is in a peaceful, settled state. As polygamy exists among them, and they can now afford to take more wives than one (or even than two, which was their former practice), there is not much temptation for them to have recourse to the barbarous expedient of female infanticide. Colonel Walker said: "The women of the Kathis are proverbially beautiful and graceful. The Kathis are much under the authority of these women, who often incline their husbands to moderate the harsh treatment which they sometimes pursue to their captives, in order to extract from them large ransoms." I should say the Kathi women were rather large, powerful, and handsome, than specially beautiful or graceful, though they are not altogether wanting in the latter characteristic. As the men have now no overt opportunity of holding prisoners to ransom, the women have little to do, in that respect, in ameliorating the cruelty of their

lords, and when they interfere beneficially at the present time, it is chiefly in the way of persuading their lords to avoid *kusumba*, and to devote themselves to the development of their landed property. The infernal system of Hindu widowhood does not exist among them; and though it is the invariable custom to marry the wife of a deceased elder brother to the next oldest brother, older brothers are not obliged to marry the widow of a deceased younger brother; and if there is no younger brother for the widow to saddle herself upon, she may marry whom she pleases. This custom is rather hard upon younger brothers, but they do not count for much even in England. In the marriage customs there is a distinct trace of primitive capture by marriage. When the bridegroom goes to take away his bride, her relatives and friends assail him and his party with stones and sticks, and he can only carry her off by violence or by coming to some compromise with her defenders. One very curious and almost unique custom the Kathis have is, that when a mother dies, her relations not only take away the children from the widower, but also carry away all his movable property at the same time, with the exception of one brood-mare. The custom of the race does not allow him to make the slightest resistance to this despoilment; and his children are brought up by the relatives of his deceased wife. This custom certainly affords a very efficient protection against wife-murder, and probably sprang up in a state of affairs in which something of the kind was specially needed. The custom remains, as innumerable customs do, though the special necessity for it has disappeared. My reader may thus understand how he would be placed if he had been born among the Kathis. If his elder

brother died and left a widow, as he would be pretty sure to do if only fourteen years old, my gentle reader would have to take that wife to his bed and board even though she might be over sixty: if his own wife died, his movable property and all her children would be taken away from him. In the leaving of the brood-mare, we may perhaps see a trace of Tartar origin.

The next Kathiawar state I went into was that of Gondul, which was under English management, the chief being a minor of five or six years old. The most noticeable results of this guardianship were two or three miles of good road, a well-ordered jail, a good school-house, and a reading-room connected with the school-house, and supplied with native and other papers and a few books. Dajabhai Sûnderlal, the manager of the state for the Bombay Government, was doing well in these respects; but the principle involved in such appointments is open to serious question. I had an interview with the little Thakor, as the infant chief of the state was called, and found him to be a weakly but intelligent child. It was interesting, but almost painful, to see him go through the usual forms of Indian reception under the suggestion of his attendants. Various stories were afloat regarding the conduct of his lady-mother; and another child, of somebody else, was afterwards brought forward in claim to the chiefship, giving rise to a great lawsuit, which, I think, was finally decided in favour of my little acquaintance. What between their old methods of settling such matters, uncertain British justice, and improvements in the administration of British justice, the Kathis must have a fine field for intrigue, corruption, and gambling. Especially trying must be the position of a young or elderly widow who

is left with one child as an heir to the chiefship. Dining, after my visit to the Thakor, or Thakoor, with Captain Nutt, one of the political agents in Kathiawar, who happened to be passing through Gondul with his wife, I had the opportunity of talking over this and similar matters with a sensible officer well acquainted with the country.

Soon after I reached Rajkot, which is the centre of the British agency in Kathiawar, and of the troops which are required to support British authority. The Rajkûmar College with its staff, a postmaster-general (for the province), one or two missionaries, and a few Parsi shopkeepers, aid in making this place something like an ordinary Indian station. It has a small genial society of English bachelors and widowers. I do not mean to say that it might not, possibly, have been still more genial if there had been more English maids and widows, but only speak of matters as I found them. The great luxury of Rajkot society appeared to be to dine at one another's houses alternately; and very pleasant reunions these were—neither brilliant nor fast, but excellent and pleasant in their way,—Colonel Anderson, the Political Agent, setting a good example of hearty and informal hospitality. The most noticeable feature in this place was the Rajkûmar College, which had been opened in 1870 for the education of the young chiefs and future rulers of Kathiawar. Mr Chester Macnaughten, the Principal of this institution, had arranged it, and carried it on in a very efficient manner. The young chiefs were not only well instructed but were also well trained—which is a matter of vastly more importance than mere instruction in the education of youth. They were well looked after even in their

amusements, which were regulated so as to aid in the development of manly and social qualities. I wish to guard myself against saying anything either in approval of or against such an institution; but it must, no doubt, have a considerable effect on the future of Kathiawar, and must present that province with a rather different set of chiefs from what it has been accustomed to. Half the same pains spent on Eton would also effect a good deal of change in the rising nobility and gentry of England. While avoiding all important questions, it may not be uninteresting to convey some idea of the routine followed in this Rajkumar resident college, which was occupied by chiefs and sons of chiefs, of ages varying from about eleven to nineteen. The building in which they resided and were taught was in Italian-Gothic style (having been erected at the expense of the principal chiefs of Kathiawar, under the encouragement and direction of Colonel Anderson, then the Political Agent). The pupils were roused by a bell at half-past five in the morning, and at six had to be ready for their "morning exercises," which did not consist of prayers—Jain, Muhammadan, Hindu, or Christian—but of gymnastics on three days of the week, and of riding on the other four. Lessons on full school days were from ten to one and from two to five. During their hours of leisure the boys were kept as much as possible together, either engaged in outdoor amusements or in the library. They took their meals each in a separate outhouse of their own, where it was prepared for them by their respective attendants; but the Principal discouraged all seclusion there farther than was absolutely necessary. The table expenses of each boy and of his sanctioned attendants were not allowed to exceed

ten rupees a-day, or about a pound sterling; but they might, in addition, spend a sum, never exceeding fifty rupees monthly, on special entertainments. The monthly expenses of the college exclusive of the pupils' board, which was defrayed by themselves, amounted only to 2110 rupees a-month, or about £2500 a-year. The credit of originating and starting this institution was due, I believe, to Colonel Keatinge, a recent Political Resident, who did a great deal for Kathiawar, and managed to make great innovations in that province without irritating any class of the inhabitants; but the practical work of having the college built and organised devolved upon Colonel W. W. Anderson, who was still Political Resident at the period of my visit. One little feature about the college illustrated in a striking manner the extremes of life in Kathiawar. Here were these boys educated and drilled as in a European public school; but in some cases the states to which they belonged had not an unreasonable dread of their being assassinated or kidnapped. Their cricket-field was guarded by sentries, because intimation had been received of some plot to carry off one of the young minor chiefs; and on going through the dormitories at night with the Principal, I came upon strange, wild-looking, armed figures (which might have come out of the middle ages) of sentries, keeping watch over some of the principal young chiefs. This anxiety was not to be wondered at, considering the immense change which might be wrought in the affairs of a state, and in the position of its principal families, by the assassination of a young chief. The same dread required that the boys should have their meals prepared by their own special attendants. All this was quite reasonable; but what a light

does it throw on the incalculable advantages which, I shall not say English rule, but the presence of Englishmen in India, has conferred upon the country !

From Rajkot I passed on to Virumgaum by easy stages, in carriages of the chiefs, provided for me by the kindness of the Political Agent. This was a curious way of travelling, but it was one which was called for in a country where there were no public conveyances, and where the procuring support for private means of carriage was very much dependent on the goodwill of small territorial magnates. If the country was to be traversed at all by Englishmen, these required to have means of conveyance ; and the practical question was, how such could be provided in the circumstances where the traveller might any day find himself in the territory of some chief who (acting either secretly or openly) would, for some whim or other, prevent him from getting any supplies. The chiefs themselves, I understand, preferred to provide carriage for Englishmen forwarded or vouched for by the English Agency, rather than to have their country indefinitely opened up by any regular system of conveyance or of providing supplies. In some measure this style of affairs has now been departed from ; and though at Wudwan, Mr Jardine, the Assistant Political Agent there, readily carried out the arrangements for forwarding me to Gúzerat, yet afterwards, when he became Judicial Assistant to the Agency, he firmly set his face against this whole system of employing the carriages of the chiefs. With this gentleman also I had much interesting conversation about Kathiawar ; and I am sure, from what I learned afterwards, that his energy and clear intellect wrought not a little good in the province.

From thence my journey went to Virumgaum in Gúzerat, to which the railway had been extended from Ahmedabad. The first night found me at the small chiefship and town of Luktur, where I had to stop for the night, without any of my attendants, the arrangements for their conveyance not allowing of their remaining there that night. I was prepared for this, and only required some sort of sleeping-place, which was provided for me by the chief pitching a small tent, with a *charpoi* in it, on the shore of a large tank, or small lake, outside the walls of the town. The carriage in which I had come belonged to a chief who was on bad terms with the chief of Luktur, which did not serve as a recommendation for me. Moreover, the Luktur chief was incensed against some of the Englishmen employed in constructing the railway between Virumgaum and Wudwan, so no attention was paid to me. I accepted the situation, however, without finding fault, and soon some of the chief's relatives, and Deushunker, the civil judge of the state, paid me a visit. We had a long friendly conversation, which ended in their apologising for not having made better preparations for receiving me, and in their begging permission to send me out a Muhammadan dinner. On declining the dinner, they begged me to say that I did not do so from any ill-feeling, which I readily did ; and then they insisted on sending out four Puggis, or watchmen, to guard my tent during the night, as there were bad characters about ; and my tent, which did not close to the ground in more than one place, was pitched some way from the walls of the town.

The Puggis of Western India form a peculiar institution. They were originally a caste of thieves, and still are so to a great extent ; but they also undertake the duty of

watching tents, and houses, and collections of goods—when they are paid to do so. In that latter respect they are faithful and valuable; not that they keep up any strict watch, but that, by an arrangement among themselves, their presence beside you keeps thieves away. This is a point of honour with them; but, on the other hand, they deem it equally a point of honour to make you suffer for it if you decline their services—at least in districts where they are a recognised institution. If their services are declined in such a district you are almost sure to be robbed during the night; and they are so clever in that business that they can even take the *resai* (a padded quilt) or the sheet from beneath a tolerably sound sleeper by gently tickling him, and so making him turn over in various directions. I have even heard of them, or of some Ramooshis—a similar caste in the Dekhan—taking away, in joke, the arms of a whole company of European soldiers, including those of the officer in command, who had declined their services.

After the officials left and before the Puggis came, an old vagabond of a Jat came to me with some maundering stories, winding up with an offer to introduce me to the queen of his tribe, which I promptly declined, and which made me set him about his business; because, though much interested in the gipsies, of whom the Jats are congeners, I had no confidence that he would introduce me to any person of the kind. After he was gone, a Bawa, or Hindu devotee, who had been sitting under a tree near by, left for the town, and on passing me, not receiving the alms he asked for, proceeded to denounce me and prophesy evil. In India, if you are in want of means, all you have got to do is to strip yourself almost naked, to sit down under the shade of a tree or of an umbrella, and

sweep a small circle clear of dust round you. The passers-by will then give you alms, both in money and food; but in order to carry out this easy profession you must have a black skin. If you are seen to be an Englishman—a *civis Romanus*—you will be arrested as a vagabond and a rogue, be clapped into prison, will probably be tortured secretly by the native police, and will finally be deported from the country.

When the Puggis arrived they lighted a fire, cunningly arranged the stones with which the ground was covered so as to make comfortable beds for themselves, smoked their hubble-bubble, and so went off to sleep. No human being disturbed us; but I was awakened during the night by some creature about the weight of a large cat crawling over my face and head. It had a cold slimy feeling, and so at first I thought it was a snake, and kept perfectly still in case of accident. But it seemed to have short legs of a kind, and soon it fell off my head with a flop upon the ground, from which the cot was elevated only a few inches. I immediately got up on the other side of the cot, and made a little noise in order to keep off my visitor, whatever it might be. Unfortunately I could not at once find my matches, and before I could strike a light the creature had left; and the ground was too hard to leave any traces of it. It may have been a cat, or a bandicoot—a large unsavoury species of sluggish rat; but my decided impression is, from the kind of feeling it conveyed to my head, that it was an inquiring young crocodile which had come out of the lake. I do not know, however, that there were any crocodiles in the lake, though, on my inquiring, the Puggis said that there were; but they did so in a sleepy way, not wanting to be disturbed,

and would probably have assented to anything, in order to continue their slumber.

Sleeping in this tent at the lake, with the Puggis beside me, and such a curious creature crawling over my head, I was quite prepared to give a favourable reception to all the superstitions of Kathiawar, and to welcome any "Bhut" who might be pleased to put in an appearance, however objectionable that might be. In this connection it is curious to notice how much resemblance there is between old and now almost relinquished ideas of Northern Europe and those which still exist in Kathiawar. The Bhut is the spirit of a deceased human being which, for sins committed in the body, or neglect of its relatives in performing the due ceremonies after death, wanders about in an uncomfortable fashion, entering into other persons' living bodies, assuming curious shapes, and doing sometimes good, but, for the most part, mischief. It is to be noted also, that the spirit of a man who does not die easily—being held to this life by regard for his wife or children, or worldly possessions, is liable to become a Bhut. These unclean beings, as they are regarded, are fond of dwelling in trees near their former homes or beside where their bodies have been buried, in desert places, and where four roads meet. Their food is of such a character as to suggest that a good many of their exploits may be set down to the credit of the Aghoras and other repulsive devotees who shun daylight and the face of mankind—a class of unfortunate wretches which (though no religious character is here assigned to it) has some slight counterpart in the wretched creatures who are only to be seen after midnight in our own great cities.

The Bhut is known, by some name or other, all over India; but I

here speak of it only as it is known in Kathiawar, though it seems to have much the same characteristics in most parts of the Indian peninsula. It partakes of the character of the vampire in that it sometimes feeds on dead bodies, and, entering into them, makes them speak; but it is more remarkable in Kathiawar for entering into living bodies and making these say and do things contrary to their ordinary character. This evil spirit is much more knowing and powerful than the human being. It can either be invisible or assume material shapes. You may come upon it in the shape of a child or a kid crying at the roadside; and when you put it into your cart to take it home, it grows heavier and heavier until it breaks down the cart, and then disappears screaming. Not unfrequently it takes the form of a serpent, especially when in its human life it has left treasure concealed in or near the house. Entering into a living person's body it makes that person tremble exceedingly, and then become very violent. Deceased husbands are fond of troubling their widows in this way, and deceased wives trouble their husband's wives, which is not wonderful. Powerful and clever as Bhuts are, they can be cheated like the European Devil of the middle ages. There is a story, for instance, of a Kathiawar king who was about to be devoured by a Bhut, when the latter incautiously promised, before devouring him, to do anything which the king might request; on which the king asked the Bhut to go on climbing up and down a pole for ever.

Brahmans and all the different kinds of devotees have various ways of exorcising Bhuts, most of which turn upon sacrificial and other offerings. Unfortunately for the existence of such creatures, we hear less and less of them in their old shapes,

as knowledge increases; but they are hard to kill, and seem to reappear again even in the most civilised countries, affecting there chiefly the legs of tables. The Indian superstitions are really more worthy of respect, if both may be considered as arising from timidity, delusion, and interested fraud. In a country like India, full of jungle and solitary places, abounding with wild beasts and serpents, and with a population sunk in extreme ignorance, it is no wonder that any extraordinary phenomena should be regarded as the manifestation of supernatural powers. Where at night any bush may conceal a tiger, and any footstep be planted on a snake, and one's sleep is disturbed by innumerable hideous forms of insect-life, it is not surprising that people should find an evil spirit in the shaking of a leaf, the unearthly wail of a jackal, or the shivering of fever. Let any one try the experiment of spending a night alone in a jungle haunted by wild beasts, and if his nerves are not of something more than iron, he will soon find himself developing supernatural powers both of seeing and hearing. Then the seasons, also, are favourable in India for developing any tendency in that way. Weird are the still nights of the hot season which tempt one to rest in the open air till dawn; and in the south-west monsoon all the powers of darkness seem abroad—

"When voices thunder through the air,
The sky grows black as night,
And fever takes the earth, that shakes
As with a fierce delight."

From Luktur I started next morning in company with Colonel Combe, commandant of the British force at Rajkot, who was making a trip to Bombay. It had been arranged that when we had got about half-way to Virungaum the horse-carriage we had so far travelled in was to be exchanged

for another, provided by another chief; but we found a bullock *gárhí* awaiting us, and one having no centre-piece which could be taken out so as to make two seats or any seat at all. It was in fact a palanquin on wheels, in which the traveller could only lie at full length, and having hardly a breadth sufficient for two persons. We tried to persuade the conductors of the carriage which had taken us on so far to convey us to Virungaum, but they positively refused, for the reason that their horses were quite unable to do so, and they had been directed to go only to this point; and by this time we had got into the sand and salt of the Runn of Kutch, where the track—for it could not be called a road—went over ground (if such it might be called) on which an elephant might have been used with advantage to pull the carriage. The colonel carried quite a battery of small-arms about with him; I was not unarmed, and we were both rather above the average size. Up to this point we had got on quite amicably; but it struck me that if we were stretched beside each other in this coffin of a bullock *gárhí*, and pitched about in the usual fashion of such vehicles, there would be very little chance of our both reaching Virungaum alive. In fact, I felt perfectly certain that ere we had been a full hour in that conveyance, the undignified spectacle would have been presented of a colonel commanding a station and a wandering *littérateur* dodging round it, taking shots at one another with their revolvers. Hence, and having also another possibility in view as to my own means of conveyance, I suggested that the colonel, who was anxious to catch a train at Virungaum, should go on with the bullock-carriage and leave me to shift for myself. This solution of the difficulty was not so

much accepted, as taken advantage of, by him, with the somewhat gruff remark that he at least required to reach Vírumgaum without delay, and that I had better accompany him, unless I thought of walking the whole distance. Whenever I saw him out of sight, I turned to the driver of the horse-carriage and suggested to him that, now we were rid of the weight of the colonel, and of the colonel's baggage, and of his battery of small-arms, it might be quite possible for the little Kathi horses to take me to Vírumgaum. I saw he had been offended by the peremptory manner in which my companion had ordered him to go on, when he was in no way bound to do so. I made a request, not a demand, and expressed a polite hope that, looking at the circumstances of the case, he would try to stretch a point and would take me on. To this he replied that he would do so most willingly if only his horses could get over the ground; and, after giving them a little rest, we proceeded on our journey in this comfortable four-wheeled carriage, drawn by two small but exceedingly active Kathi horses. The ground got worse and worse as we got on, the wheels sinking deep in the sand or the salt and mud of the Runn of Kutch. The little horses did not dislike the cracking of the whip, but they would not allow themselves to be struck, and offered to lie down whenever that was done, however lightly. They exerted themselves, however, bravely, and there was no lack on the part of the driver and his companion in stimulating and assisting their efforts. At one place I thought the carriage was going to stick altogether, so loose and deep was the sand. Our efforts, combined with that of the horses, failed to move it. At last, to my great surprise, the coachman asked me if

I had any brandy that I could give to the horses; and he held open their mouths while I administered a large glass of brandy to each of them. Now, whether it was the actual effect of this dose, or a dread of any repetition of the same, certain it is that, shortly after receiving it, the horses made a more desperate and prolonged effort than before, and pulled the carriage out of the sand-hole. I was glad to be able to save these spirited and sensitive little creatures the labour of going all the way to Vírumgaum. Before reaching that place I got my baggage and myself transferred to a *trolly* on the railway in course of construction to Wudwan, and so glided smoothly along to that town, in company with a large strong Englishman engaged on the railway, whose name I have forgotten, but who was a superior man of his class, and had devoted not a little attention to the more interesting features of the country in which he was temporarily located.

At Vírumgaum I came to the end of my Kathiawar journey. The weather was becoming uncomfortably hot; I had gone through a good deal of hard roughing, especially on Gírnar, which yet remains to be described; and I was not sorry to settle down for a couple of days' repose in the most splendid travellers' bungalow it has been my fortune to meet with in India. It had spacious apartments round a central hall, dressing-rooms, bath-rooms, with baths of clear water, large mirrors, and commodious easy-chairs. This pleasing place, so much superior to the usual style of travellers' bungalow to be met with in India, had been built at the expense of the Vírumgaum municipality; and the inhabitants of the town referred to it with an amusing combination of pride and regret in their countenances.

In order to make the position of the British Government in Kathiawar intelligible, I must very briefly refer to the history of our connection with that province. The first interference with it on our part was in the year 1807. The Gaikwar of Baroda held a large portion of Kathiawar under tribute, but the country was in such an unsettled state that he had great difficulty in levying his tribute, and asked our assistance to that end; while, at the same time, some of the chiefs themselves desired our interference in order that the country might be pacified. Accordingly Colonel Walker, then the Resident at Baroda, entered Kathiawar, and permanent settlements were soon made, under British guarantee, as to the tributes due from the various states, as also engagements binding the chiefs to keep the peace towards one another and to give up piracy and female infanticide. In addition to this the occupancy of the Maratha country transferred to the Bombay Government the tributary and other rights possessed by the Peishwa in Kathiawar. It is astonishing to consider how much was done in Kathiawar in those older times of British rule in India—with how much ease and with such slender means. Then, and even so late as in the Agency of Colonel Keatinge, the history of our relations with Kathiawar was, with the exception of one or two interregnums when the Agency was occupied by incompetent officers, most honourable to Great Britain; and the names of Walker, Jacob, Lang, Keatinge, and other officers, who effected the greatest changes in the province, are respected and even revered by chiefs and people alike. A similar general remark may be truly made in regard to our position almost everywhere in India; and the explanation is not far to seek. In these past

times, our representatives in India sought to carry out the interests, the imperial aims, of their country, and to act upon its large humane motives. There was no notion then of currying favour with the children of India, bending to their prejudices, seeking their approval, and preparing for vast disaster by pampering and pushing forward unprepared sections of the people, such as the sepoys of the Indian Mutiny and the “educated natives” and Indian servants of the present day. The Englishman of those old times had a mission in India and was free to carry it out; and a consciousness of that animated his whole life, quickened his energies, elevated his mind, and, strange to say, made him loved as well as respected among the people of India. Animated by that consciousness, he was able to mingle freely with the people, and knew them as almost none of our later officers have done. There was no superciliousness in his demeanour towards them, no contempt for their more harmless manners and customs, no rude and brutal behaviour towards them. But towards the period of the Indian Mutiny a change came over these relationships. Political and military officers of all kinds became less and less in sympathy with the people of the country. Our representation in India had developed into a bureaucratic officialdom which could only uphold its position by pampering the sepoys, and the system of pampering them could only be kept up by appointing incompetent officers to the command of regiments. Hence came the great crash of the Indian Mutiny, when what might have been a good servant became a destroying master. The dreadful events of that time might, and ought to, have given us a complete and satisfactory hold upon India; but that could

only have been achieved by throwing to the winds the traditions and habits of a close and incompetent officialdom. Men like Havelock and Neil, after being snubbed all their previous lives, were gladly taken advantage of and used up in the suppression of the Mutiny, but no real change occurred in the conduct of affairs. On the contrary, a still more fatal step was made than the pampering of the sepoy, and one proceeding from the same motives and the same incompetence. Such haste was made in confirming the zemindars of Oudh in their possessions, in passing a general indemnity, and in opening up Government service to Hindus and Muhammadans, that inevitably a general impression was created that we were acting from fear, and that the atrocities of the Mutiny had compelled us to adopt these measures. An enormous mistake had been made before, and we proceeded to rectify it by making one still greater. The Administration condoned the unpardonable conduct of those who had witnessed the horrors of the Mutiny without an attempt at interference; and instead of steadily filling responsible posts with able Englishmen, giving them sufficient power to act, and instead of affording any fair scope for the energies of the increasing mass of Englishmen of various classes in India, it fell back again upon the very expedient which had produced the Mutiny—that of pampering and pushing forward sections of the native community whose interests were opposed equally to those of the British Government and of the great mass of the people, and sections which, thus pushed forward under false and misleading pretensions of equality and liberty, could not but regard us with the profoundest distrust and detestation. This frightful mistake has borne its

natural fruits. The Prince of Wales and English sportsmen may visit India pleasantly enough; but that proves little. Let us look at the matter from a statesmanlike point of view—from such a point of view as a Bismarck, a Gortschakoff, or even Marshal Macmahon would take. Suppose events in Europe required us to recall two-thirds of our English soldiers from India, what would be the result? Instead of India being a valuable support to the British empire, as it might easily have been made, it would be a source of weakness, distress, and loss. The scenes of the Indian Mutiny might be repeated over again, without even the shallow excuse of unpreparedness and surprise. All this, and much more which lies in the possible future, might easily have been avoided; nor is it yet too late.

In Kathiawar I saw a miniature of our Indian empire. A great deal of dissatisfaction existed in the province; and the result of my investigations was the conclusion that much of that dissatisfaction was not without good cause, and that it was produced chiefly by the most objectionable system of judicial secrecy pursued towards Kathiawar by the Bombay Government, and by the too great dependency of the Political Agency on native *employés*, and on the cunning action of these latter toward the native state. So palpably was this the case, that a good deal of improvement in these respects was soon afterwards effected by the Government. Especially much good was done by appointing a Judicial Assistant to the province, and by this officer trying cases in open court. But I must not go too deeply into Kathiawar affairs; and, in another article, shall deal only with the secrets of Gárnar and the religion of the Jains.

THE FRIEND OF THE HERO.

CHAPTER I.—THE BRUTAL LIFE.

"WHAT would the world be without passion?" asked Thomas.

"A better place," said Orlando, "and a healthier, as it would be without champagne."

"And romance?" asked Thomas, plaintively.

"Romance is to passion as the morning soda-water to the champagne of evening. We should be better without either."

"Thank heaven I don't take the trough view of the world," said Thomas, hotly.

"The brutal life for me," said Orlando, rolling over on the inn lawn. "I have had enough of culture for this year, and enough of society. Now I shall eat when I am hungry and always have room for my elbows, dance when I feel light-hearted and always have space for my legs, burn my white ties, free my neck from the collar, and, above all, breathe air."

Here he filled his capacious lungs and stretched his long limbs, which were covered with spotless white flannel.

Thomas looked at his friend with an expression of disappointment and perplexity.

"Let us be brutal for a change," continued Orlando, with an air of moral earnestness; "or vegetable, and drink in sun and air. Waiter, a pot of ale."

When he had refreshed himself with a draught, he sprang to his feet, and said, "And now let us be off."

"I hope you won't think I am annoyed," said Thomas, anxiously, "but I think I should like to walk to-day, and join you this evening, if you don't mind scull-

ing the boat down alone and taking my bag."

"I shan't expect to see you," said his friend, shaking his head with much solemnity. "In an hour you will be settled under a hedge with one of the ten volumes of 'A Placid Existence,' or 'Thoughts of a Suburban Grandmother,' or 'Gayer Moments of an Upper Tooting Curate,' or 'Gentle Dreams for Gentle Souls,' or—but enough. You see the effect of forcing such food upon me. I am suffering from a reaction. I am wedded to the brutal life." Then he laughed aloud, shook his friend playfully by the shoulders, and betook himself to the boat.

Thomas watched his friend, as he rowed away, with an expression half admiring, half pathetic. It seemed very sad to him that so glorious a creature should be so hard of heart, strong, bright, and cold as a diamond. And yet he could not find fault with one who swung so grandly forward, filling his broad chest and straightening his shapely arms, and then with scarce an effort of strong back and thighs sent the boat flying along the water. Orlando shouted a farewell, and Thomas sighed and smiled, went indoors and paid the bill, and so started on his journey.

It was still early morning, and the dew was on the grass; the sky was not a pitiless blue, but tender and made softer by little fleecy clouds; and about the low green hills in the distance a wayward shower was sweeping. An April day had come to freshen the close of a thirsty June. The heart of the young wayfarer grew light, and his lips

began to babble of little joys. Surely before the close of such a day something wonderful must happen. The fitful air was full of vague promises; each scent, as it grew fainter with the growth of day, hinted a memory too sweet for a regret. Thomas stepped out gay as a troubadour. The hours seemed endless before him, each moment a new joy, and surely somewhere a great surprise to crown the day. He thought with pity of Orlando, for whom no wonderful thing was reserved. He was full of whimsical thoughts, laughing and blushing now and then at his own absurdity. He pulled off his hat to the honeysuckle in the loose-growing hedge, and stepped aside from the path of a beetle magnificent in green: he stopped to whisper to the sweet-brier rose, and to hear the sage counsel of a pragmatistical finch. He lingered by the cottage porch, if haply some little damsel might step out to fasten the loose spray of roses. He watched a light cart come jogging towards him, and wondered who was in it; till lazy Sally was jolted by in the sunlight, and he began to wonder if she had a lover. While his thoughts were yet busy with Sally, and he was humming some words of a girl, who was no lady nor beautiful, and who knew she ought not to walk with a gentleman; while he was musing on dairies and daisies and cool pastures and three-legged stools, and fancying Corydon with ribbons at his knees, and Bob Hulker in corduroy; and when the day was still young,—he heard the quick feet of ponies behind him, and before he had time to imagine a lovely driver, she had passed. Only a vision of soft fair hair, a face half curious, half shy, but very sweet in shadow; and yet the young man thought that something remarkable had happened. He stood still and stared with the murmured song

hushed on his lips. Away went the ponies, sleek, round, and sure of foot, happy in the thought of corn and in the light hand of their lady. Thomas pushed through a gap in the hedge, and ran up the sloping field, whence the hay had just been carted. From the high ground he looked far down the road, till the little carriage was but a speck in the distance. Then he sighed and solemnly shook his head, and then he looked across the country with a new sense of its loveliness. Fields of ripening corn stretched away from his feet to the bank of the delaying river. The wheat was scarcely stirred, and the hazy air was murmurous with the hum of insects. Beyond the river lay meadows where cows were lazily feeding—meadows which far away rose slowly and softly into grassy hills. The sky was tender as the memory of an old love-story—everywhere was rest; and the impressionable Thomas staring upward with wide eyes, gave himself up to dreams, and, dreaming, slept.

When Thomas woke the sun was high, and the charm of morning had passed away. He stretched himself, rubbed his eyes, and wrinkled his eyebrows plaintively. Then he stared down the road, and was absurdly disappointed because he could not see the pony-carriage. There was nothing but hot and dusty miles laid out before him, plain and monotonous as the path of everyday duty. He gave a great sigh, and braced himself for the work. As he plodded on, he began to think himself a very unfortunate young man. Nothing ever came up to his expectations. How different the day would have been, if those pampered ponies had taken fright, and he had flung himself at their heads! So his imagination busied itself with that which might have been. He fancied Beauty in distress and Hero-

ism flying to the rescue. It did not occur to him that he might have been run over; but he was sure that he would not have minded a slight injury. Suppose, for instance, that he had sprained his wrist, and that she had bound it with her own handkerchief. Suppose—but, after all, life was a poor affair; and romance was of the dark ages: things never happened exactly right; and the day had grown oppressively hot.

For uneasy thoughts there is no cure like walking. Abuse of the age sank gradually into a mechanical accompaniment of the footsteps, and finally vanished before a growing consciousness of hunger.

When Thomas entered the low porch of the village inn he was tired and hungry, but the burden of the day was gone. He found Orlando lying on another lawn, and breathing the evening as he had breathed the morning air—a little browner and a little stronger, but otherwise unchanged. He had ordered a stupendous dinner, and had tried the beer.

"A good day?" asked Thomas, throwing himself on the ground by his friend.

"Great," said the other; "and you?"

"Yes," said Thomas, doubtfully; "good enough."

"By the by, I fished out a woman."

"A what?"

"I pulled a woman out of the water."

"You have saved a woman from drowning?"

Thomas felt a sinking. He had left Orlando for a day, and on that day Orlando had had an adventure.

"An old woman?" he muttered.

"I should guess about twenty."

"Dark?" Thomas thought he should not mind so much if she were dark.

"Fair, tall, and——"

"Beautiful?"

"Women don't look pretty when they have just fallen into the water; but I think——"

"You think she was handsome."

"Yes. Come and dine."

"Tell me how it happened first."

Thomas listened eagerly, while his friend told his story as quickly as he could.

About two hours previously he was drifting lazily down the stream, when he heard a cry. He drove his sculls through the water, turned the corner, and saw a boat floating, bottom upwards, in the middle of the stream. He pulled off his shoes and flannel coat, and stood up. Then he saw a woman struggling in the water trying to reach the boat, but hampered by petticoats and weeds. Of course he plunged, and of course he pulled her out without the least difficulty. Indeed, as he was careful to explain to his friend, the girl kept her presence of mind so well that it was quite unnecessary to hit her on the head, or seize her by the ears, or adopt any of the authorised means of saving drowning persons.

Thomas shuddered at the idea of seizing a young lady by the ears.

"And now to dine," cried Orlando.

"Who is she?" asked his friend.

"She is Jeanie. Her father is a Mr Dorian, and his place is one of the nicest on the river. The bore is, that I must scull up there in the morning. I never should have got away from the paternal gratitude if I had not promised."

"And what shall I do?" asked Thomas, feeling painfully unimportant.

"Oh, I told them about you, and they said I might bring you."

"And you are a hero," thought

Thomas, as he followed his friend's broad back to the shoulder of lamb. Then he thought of himself as the friend of the hero, and sighed once more over the good behaviour of those ponies.

CHAPTER II.

"Here's flowers for you."

The next morning, after an early swim and a great breakfast, the two friends turned their boat's head up stream, and set out for Raynham Farm.

Orlando, overflowing with delight in oar, and stream, and summer air, burst ever and anon into conventional expressions, uttered in a fine tone of mockery. "May I ask for a dance?" he shouted. "Where are we to sit? When do you ride?" and then with a great burst of laughter he hazarded the observation, "I think I know your brother."

Thomas, swinging steadily behind his friend's broad shoulders, could not keep his eyes from the bank, gracious with river-flowers—the iris standing tall, strong, and graceful in the stream, or crowned with gold among the meaner reeds; the forget-me-nots nestling by the dimpled water; the fair, white water-lilies withdrawn shyly into shadowed nooks; and loosestrife frequent in the more common crowd. The boat passed on by cows standing deep in the cool; by the swan-mother busy in a stately fashion among the rushes, while her mate sailed near, proud as a king, and ready ruffled for war; by grand clusters of trees, and creeks half hidden in the tangled thicket; by trim gardens and wild hanging woods. So the rowers moved from beauty on to beauty, with ears charmed by the gossip of birds, and soothed by the rushing of the far-off weir. So they bent to the oar, and were not weary of rowing when they came to the smooth

shelving lawn of the sweetest of river-side places. And on the lawn fair girls were moving gladly, and they tossed the ball from one to another. Now when they saw the two young men run their boat carefully by the old water-steps, and ship their oars, Letty and Jo, who were young girls, and still in the schoolroom, shrank back, and began to whisper together, and to glance, and Jo almost to giggle; but Jeanie, though she paused for a moment like a startled deer, and let the ball lie idle at her feet, came presently forward with her head up, and looking with open honest eyes. She came neither quickly nor slowly, giving the young men time to fasten their boat, before she met Orlando with a little sun-burnt hand outstretched. "Please let me thank you again," she said, "and don't be angry."

The young man laughed somewhat sheepishly. "It was very hot," he said, "and I was glad of a plunge."

"But I might have drowned you."

"Not much fear," said he, in the pride of his strength; "and besides, you behaved so well, and kept your head. It was nothing; and I feel such a fool when I am thanked."

Now, while these two were talking, Thomas was thinking many thoughts, as his custom was, and had all sorts of feelings; for the girl whom his friend had saved in the afternoon was she who had driven the ponies in the morning. All in a moment he was preposter-

ously glad and absurdly wretched. It was a great thing that wonders should happen in an age when miracles are announced by telegram; but how might they not shatter a sensitive and sentimental man!

When Jeanie looked at Thomas, she wondered why his face had so many expressions, and what they all meant. She thought that he was shy; and so when Orlando said, "This is Thomas, my friend," she smiled very kindly, and held out her hand. Then she explained to her guests that her father had been obliged to go to town, but would be back in the afternoon; that they were to dine and sleep there; that they might remain in flannel; and finally, that their rooms were ready.

Before the friends had time to expostulate they found themselves and their bags being conducted by a servant to the house.

"What a wonderful little manager!" said Orlando, in a voice which he believed to be low.

"What a perfect child!" said Thomas to himself.

When they came back to the lawn Miss Dorian was alone, having sent her younger sisters to the schoolroom. She played the hostess with strange simplicity, and showed them all the small beauties of the place without a doubt of their interest. Orlando was unusually gentle, and Thomas thought of Una and the lion as he watched the pair before him.

Nor was the young woman unmindful of the shy man. She made many little remarks to him, and sometimes turned to look at him with sympathetic curiosity in her eyes. She laughed at something which the big Orlando said, and betrayed by the sound of her laughter a delight in fun which thrilled the hearers. When Una laughed, the lion roared with laughter; and so

laughing and talking they went to see the shrubberies, the copper-beech, the monkey-puzzler, the hollow tree with the peep-hole towards the river, the old kitchen-garden half filled by intrusive flowers and sturdy lavender-bushes, the field with the new hay-stack, and the farmyard where the white pigeons sunned themselves on the dull red roof and the geese walked in procession, and the sweet-smelling stalls were ready for the heavy cows. Orlando talked of his admiration at every corner, but Thomas said little until they came to the stables.

"These are my ponies," said Miss Dorian with pride.

"I saw you driving them yesterday morning," said Thomas, briefly.

"Did you?" asked she, kindling with interest. "How strange! It must have been you I passed walking alone close to Darley Court. I remember wondering if my ponies would take fright."

"I wish they had," said he.

"You wish they had taken fright?" she asked, round-eyed with surprise.

"No, no. I beg your pardon. I meant something else."

He laughed uneasily as she still looked at him with frank curiosity. She thought him a mysterious young man.

When everything else had been duly admired, the attention of the guests was called to the merits of the house, so roomy yet so modest, so near the river and so free from damp, with its old brick weather-stained and laced, but not strangled, by ivy, and its deep veranda cool all day long. Indeed it is in all respects what a house by the river Thames should be.

At luncheon Miss Jeanie Dorian presided with perfect self-possession, now checking her youngest sister with a glance, which it was equally

impossible to defy and to resent, now encouraging that meekest of governesses Miss Tubb. It was clear that this lady regarded Miss Dorian, who was at least ten years younger than herself, with extraordinary deference. When she ventured on a remark, she seemed to plead for her approval, and she put to her a series of chance questions, which had evidently been rehearsed in private. She blushed a good deal at finding herself in the society of two strange gentlemen, and was driven into desperate conversation by the eyes of her two pupils. She was painfully conscious that a new chapter would be added to the false history of her life, on which Jo, most imaginative of biographers, was always engaged. For many years romantic incidents had been growing round her uneventful life, and Jo would have long since raised her to the rank of the most heroic heroine that had ever been, had she not been checked by the chastening criticism of the more prosaic Letty. This romantic chronicle was the great delight of the schoolroom, and, on the whole, a not unpleasant torture to the victim. Yet when Orlando suggested a glass of ale or Thomas handed the strawberries, Miss Tubb trembled to think what was passing in her pupil's mind; while Jo shook her curly head at the governess, and burst out laughing at the surprised expression of Thomas. This contemplative young man was still more surprised when Miss Jeanie, who had been indulging herself with trifling talk, began to question him with becoming gravity about the Oxford colleges. Was not this too fast, and that too slow? She must find one where exactly the right amount of encouragement was given to athletics. Could a man row and read? Could he read and hunt once a-week? When Thomas had answered several

questions of the kind, Orlando began to laugh and asked her if she were going to the University.

"No," she said, sedately, "but I have a brother at Eton between me and the girls."

"The girls!" muttered Orlando under his breath—and presently asked her, almost diffidently, if she arranged everything.

"Yes," she answered, raising her eyebrows a little; "I am the eldest, and I have to do things."

Then she turned to the governess, and asked her if she and the girls would join them later on the lawn. Miss Tubb murmured her thanks, blushed under Jo's eye, and looked appealingly at Letty, who got her out of the room.

"She is quite invaluable," said Miss Jeanie, gravely, to the young men; and then a sudden flush came over her face, and her mouth was round as a child's as she said, "Oh, do you play lawn tennis?"

In a few minutes she was ready, clad in a suitable gown, and armed with her favourite racquet, and was quickly absorbed in a tremendous struggle with Orlando. She laughed when the genial young giant reached strokes which seemed impossible, and he laughed twice as loud admiring her skill and quickness, her parted lips, her eager looks, and all the beauty which seemed nothing to her. Thomas, watching the players, thought how much alike they were, and yet how different, and how very quickly they had become friends. For some reason he could not feel their gaiety, and his thoughts wandered off with sympathy to Miss Tubb, who had of course been disappointed in life, as anybody could see.

This was one of those rare summer days which seem to have no end. Each is a life as happy as uneventful, and its chronicle must be tedious as the biography of a maiden

aunt. Yet they are the great slumbrous flowers of that garden where memory loves to wander in idle hours, as the laden bee goes back, and cannot have enough of sweetness. This long day was scarcely old when Mr Dorian came home. He found his family drinking tea in the veranda; and Miss Jeanie, who had run to meet him like a child, came leading him by the hand towards the young men. This father was evidently the kindest of men, for Letty proudly claimed his other hand, Zoe flung herself upon him, and Miss Tubb expanded in his presence. He had been all his life in business, and had made constant efforts to believe in the wickedness of the world, but to no purpose. There were tears in his eyes as he held out his hand to Orlando, and said, "I must thank you again for what you did yesterday. I don't know how to say—I don't know how to think of what might have

been," and he put his arm round his eldest child as he spoke.

"Please don't speak of it," cried Orlando in a great hurry, "it was nothing: I could not have done less for a cat."

Hereupon Miss Dorian burst out laughing, and caught Thomas's eye and stopped. She introduced him to her father, and looked at him curiously. She was puzzled and almost troubled by him, wondering what he thought about so much.

"A splendid place!" said Orlando that evening, as he breathed the night air in his friend's room.

"I never believed in maiden simplicity before," murmured Thomas, whose old enthusiasm for romance seemed rather stale to him.

"She is like an awfully nice honest sort of boy," said Orlando, with the air of one inspired.

Thomas shuddered. There seemed to him a certain profanity in the remark.

CHAPTER III.

"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."

The days went slowly by, and the two friends did not leave the farm by the river. They had not refused to send for their luggage, and, after all, the place was a good central point for lovers of the Thames. Thus it happened that a great change came over the family, who were converted with wonderful ease to Orlando's theory of life. Mr Dorian took a holiday. He had read 'Wilhelm Meister' when a boy, and there was a half-choked spring of romance beneath his ample waistcoat. He was now suddenly possessed by a conviction that wisdom was to be imbibed with air, and that health and happiness were incompatible with a shirt-collar. He began to row with tremendous

energy, to lead his family to distant spots, and to wonder in the solitude of his own room why exercise made him stouter. In the schoolroom lessons were forgotten. Jo added a stupendous chapter, in which was related the tragic story of Miss Tubb's attachment to a bargeman, by whose side the Farnese Hercules was a puny whipster; and Miss Tubb herself, after many fears of possible improprieties, invested secretly in a little manual of training. The headlong zeal and superb example of Orlando inspired the community. Early rising, though cynically regarded by the servants, became a custom; and to greet the rising sun with a shout, assumed the character of a religious observ-

ance. To ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth, seemed once more the whole duty of man, and the hardy Norseman found a home upon the gentlest of rivers. The courage of the men was matched by the endurance of the women, who made an exercise of hair-brushing, and scorned to shriek at the split point of a hair-pin. Simplicity was the fashion, and practical Letty manipulated her bed with so much dexterity, that she could almost lie in it as she had made it. All things began to be viewed with the eye of the athlete. It was observed for the first time that the butler was beginning to stoop, and it was suggested that he should for the future carry the tray of coffee-cups on his head. Miss Tubb fell into feeble ecstasies over the wing-muscles of the birds, whom she had previously regarded with merely sentimental interest as feathered songsters of the grove; and the very sunlight, which had been little more than a caress, gained new interest as a tremendous species of force. Thomas alone was cold. He congratulated his friend somewhat dismally on his successful preaching of the brutal life.

"Brutal life!" cried Orlando; "I wonder that you can use such coarse expressions."

"Why, it was your own word," said the other staring.

"Say simple life, or Greek, Homeric, heroic," said the prophet, whose voice grew louder with each epithet. Thomas smiled as he recognised the refining influence of the despised sex. He was acquiring the habit of smiling sadly. He took part in the common occupations, but often moved away into solitude. Sometimes he was discontented among the eager crowd, and having left them, was more discontented still. He hovered on the borders, hearing a little and imagin-

ing much, half actor, half spectator, as comfortable as a hypochondriac jammed in a draughty doorway. One eye observes the sweet, treacherous moonlight without, the other a warm, wide sofa within, but the draught on the neck is undeniable. So was Thomas dissatisfied with the world and with himself, as he interpreted the words and actions around him according to his theory of the situation, his tale of the hero who saved the lovely woman from the water. So, too, it happened that when Miss Dorian, who preserved a becoming moderation even in this new life, came, as she often did, to ask his advice about some book or some subject for the pencil, he was infinitely touched by so much thoughtfulness and courtesy, and made great efforts not to damp her joy. At her request he read to her in his most dulcet tones, but stopped at the bottom of every page to make sure that she was not bored. He received her kindness with diffidence, and perplexed her by smiles which were at once pathetic and intelligent.

"I can't understand your friend," Miss Jeanie said one day to Orlando, who had been telling her anecdotes about him. "He seems to be always thanking me and forgiving me at the same time, and both for nothing." Orlando laughed, and declared Thomas to be a preposterous but delightful person, deeply tainted by medievalism and incapable of classical simplicity; and so, shouting a sonorous line of Homer, he betook himself to his hollow boat.

"You think us very foolish," said Miss Jeanie to Mr Thomas, with a little nod of decision, as he drew near with a book under his arm.

"No, indeed I don't," he answered, eagerly. "I envy you, and—and I think you wonderful. You

keep the whole thing straight, and yet you don't offend the enthusiasts."

"It is fun, if it is silly."

"But it is not silly. I know you think me a prig, and I daresay I am. Orlando is a much finer fellow. I envy him, and——"

Here he broke off, and thought within himself how he had envied his friend the chance of a fine deed and the favour of a fair lady. He thought that he would give much for the opportunity of risking his life. As they talked, they had strolled towards the farmyard, and the young man's gloomy thoughts were interrupted by a cry of the maiden. Was it possible that his chance had come? He looked quickly at her face, followed the direction of her eyes, and saw the turkey-cock. He could not be mistaken: it certainly was not a bull. Yet, bird as he was, he knew the one weak point in Miss Dorian's character. He stood terrific, in ruffled plumes as the fretful porcupine, scratching the dust with stiffened wings, blushing ever more fiercely red about his chaotic countenance, and sounding notes of war, such as are heard when some apoplectic gentleman gulps thick soup at a railway station, and the bell clangs, and the light porters are hustled together.

"Don't turn," cried Jeanie; "he will fly at our backs; oh, pray go first."

Thomas stepped forward, but there was bitterness in his soul. He had no stick; so he pushed his foot somewhat clumsily at his opponent, and said, "Get out!" The bird gave way a few inches, threatening war, Jeanie slipped quickly by, and the young man followed her. He could not run, but he was conscious that the fowl was close at his heels; he was therefore obliged to proceed in a crab-like manner,

now and then pushing his foot out sidewise at the pursuer, and well aware that the action was far from graceful. In this way he drew near to the farmyard gate, and was aware of Jo shaking on the top bar, and stifling her laughter at the risk of her life. Had that turkey been a bull, Thomas had rent him with his bare hands. However, he was only a turkey.

Miss Jeanie, when on the safe side of the gate, was ashamed of her fears, and inclined to be angry with Jo for laughing at her defender. Indeed so vexed was she, that she straightway remembered that music was too important a thing to be neglected, and marched off her youngest sister to the piano.

Thomas, as he lay under a tree and stared at his book, was soon marching to marches which quickened unexpectedly, waltzing to tunes which whirled him in all sorts of circles, and polking to others which, breaking off suddenly, left him with one leg in the air. He had a sensitive ear, which rebelled against Jo's playing, and he wondered at the virtue which kept Miss Dorian near the instrument. At last the music came to an end, and the musician leapt through the window like an india-rubber ball, and vanished in the shrubbery. Thomas turned to look at the house, but her sister did not follow her. Then he fixed his eye sternly on his book, and made up his mind to become absorbed in constitutional history. After some time he found himself repeating with a frown the word "*Witanagemot*," and wondering whether his hostess looked better by daylight or candle-light. Another half-hour had gone, when he awoke to the fact that he had not turned a page. A minute insect was busily surveying the word "*Witanagemot*," which still stared the reader in the face; but the

reader's thoughts had wandered thence to the House of Lords, thence to the Eastern question, thence by an easy transition to the farmyard. If but for one short hour that bird had been a bull!

When Thomas had closed his book in despair, he saw that the sun was already low in the sky. From the new order of things dinner had disappeared, and supper, a charming institution in the country in summer, had taken its place. It was growing late. The young man was turning towards the house when he felt a light fluttering touch on his arm, and looking down beheld Miss Tubb, terrified by her own audacity.

"Pray excuse me," she gasped, glancing nervously round in her great fear of her youngest charge. "I daresay I am very foolish——"

"Can I do anything for you?"

"Oh, I daresay it is nothing—only my fears;" and Miss Tubb showed wavering signs of drifting away.

"What is it?" asked Thomas.

"Oh, only Miss Dorian."

"What?" cried the young man, so sharply that the governess gave a convulsive leap, and remained quivering as though she would melt into air. He put out his hand to support and detain her.

"Only your friend Orlando—I mean Mr ——"

"Orlando!" cried he, and again the governess jumped.

"He came," she went on trembling and in a great hurry—"he came, and I was sitting behind the copper-beech, and said something about its being all ready, and having brought the boat to the steps, and——"

"But why did you say that?"

"I didn't say anything. I couldn't think what to say till afterwards. I did say 'Ahem!' but they didn't hear me."

"They! Who?"

"Why, Mr Orlando and Jeanie—Miss Dorian," said Miss Tubb, mildly exasperated.

"Orlando and Miss Dorian!" repeated Thomas, with a sensation of sinking.

"Yes. He said that the boat was ready; and she asked if something was safe; and he only laughed, and then she said that she was not afraid with him."

"She was not afraid with him!" echoed Thomas again.

"Yes; and I think they are just going. And it is so late for the water; and I am so frightened: though of course it is nothing; and I hope you will excuse me."

Thomas made no answer. An awful suspicion was taking shape in his mind. Was this to be the end of the romance? What might not his wild friend attempt? Was he playing the barbaric Norseman or the Homeric hero? Would he snatch a maiden from the hearth? And she had said that she was not afraid with him. With himself she had trembled before a turkey-cock.

Trifles light as air came thick upon him, as he assured Miss Tubb that it was nothing; and his heart beat quick as he darted to the landing-place. He was too late, and he saw them travelling down the stream. He shouted, and Orlando, as he answered, seemed to quicken his stroke. He looked for the Dorians' gig, but it was not in its place. He was sure that he had divined the truth. It was the necessary end of the story. He trusted his fancy as an inspiration. As he stared down the river, Mr Dorian came gliding in his boat from above. "Come in," cried the elderly athlete, cheerily; "take the other sculls and get an appetite for supper."

"All right; quick; down stream!" cried Thomas, as he stepped in.

With a great effort he kept his awful suspicion to himself. He would spare this new Lord Ullin as long as possible. "Orlando is just ahead," he said; "let us try to catch him—just for fun, you know."

"You are hurrying the stroke," said Mr Dorian, who prided himself on his Oxford swing. The younger oarsman was sculling his strongest with his head over his left shoulder.

"Quicker!" he cried, "or we shall be shut out of locks."

"Steady," said Mr Dorian, making gallant efforts as became his character of athlete, and growing hot with the ardour of the race. They were flying along, when Thomas gave a sudden cry and stopped in amazement.

"What is it?" gasped the veteran, as his sculls rattled against his friend's.

"They are going down the weir stream." Mr Dorian felt a glow. Wealth was a little thing; the responsibility of the father of a family was nought: all his youth rose from the depths of his being, and flashed from his lips in the words, "If he shoots the weir, we will too. Come on."

Thomas replied by a stroke, and the boat leapt forward. He saw that it was their only chance of hindering this folly. The runaway match must be stopped, even if it spoiled the story. On flew the boat, and crossing the end of the lock-cut swept through the gathering shadows towards the rapids. They had gained on the fugitives, and Thomas, looking round, could see Miss Jeanie sitting upright and guiding the boat steadily to the open part of the weir. In an instant it flashed from his sight.

"Sit firm," said he, in a low voice. As he spoke, he felt an unexpected current catch the boat and sweep it towards the stakes. He rowed fiercely with his right hand, and wrenched the bows round to the open space. They were clear of the wood-work, but the rushing stream hurled them on before their craft was straight. She seemed to pause on the brink, then jumped like a horse; and Thomas felt a cold wave on his back, as she righted herself with a convulsive effort below. Clear above the rush of the rapids rang the inextinguishable laughter of Orlando. Thomas was dumb with amazement. Close beside him was the classic robber resting harmless on his sculls, and the hapless maiden was radiant with excitement.

"Oh, papa," she said, "how could you be so rash?"

"Dear me! what are you doing here?" asked her father, surprised.

"But why did you stop? I mean, what did you do it for?" asked Thomas.

"For fun," said Orlando; "we have been discussing it for the last week."

Thomas said no more. He was silent while they went through locks, and even when the veteran spoke of supper. He sculled mechanically, and wondered why his life was a tissue of delusive excitements, and why, if the world of romance was a fool's paradise, it was always his lot to be the fool.

"Wrong as usual," he muttered, as he tied up the boat, and as his eye caught the flutter of a gown he added, "Thank heaven." It was clear that the tale must find some other end.

CHAPTER IV.

"For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love."

The impressionable Thomas did not sleep well after the shooting of the weir. He was abroad early, saw the mist rise slowly from the river, and felt the chill air of dawn. As he walked briskly towards the house, Orlando stepped through a window with a great towel flung across his shoulder, seized him and carried him off for a dip.

"Look here," said the young hero as they went towards the bath-house; "I must go away to-day."

"Go away?" echoed Thomas, blankly.

"You can stay, of course," said the other, laughing.

"But why do you go?"

"The complicated nineteenth century has intruded on me. My mother has sent for me."

"And you don't much mind going?" asked Thomas, with hesitation.

"Why should I mind?" asked his friend with a curious emphasis, as he pulled off his flannel shirt. Thomas sat meditating with his mouth open and a boot in his hand. Orlando laughed aloud, drew himself up, stretched his shapely arms above his head, leapt like a deer, and flashed like Leander into the cool stream. After a few minutes he was back again, brilliant, glowing, and joyous, shaking the drops from his close-cropped curls. Thomas was sorely puzzled. Certainly this strayed athlete belonged to a time when romance was not. This creature shouting, singing, and laughing in the fresh sunlight was no lover just summoned from the side of his mistress. And yet how pull a girl out of the water and not love her? He began to feel very

sorry for Miss Jeanie, across whose quiet life this young Viking had gleamed, with his blue eyes and his careless heart. "Poor child," he murmured to himself again and again, surprised at the tenderness of his own pity. He could sympathise with her: there was a melancholy pleasure in the thought. At breakfast he was very uncomfortable. When his friend announced his approaching departure, he dared not raise his eyes, and yet he seemed to see the trouble in a sweet young face. As he was staring at his plate and feeling very hot, he heard her speaking in her usual tone and saying how sorry she was. He was lost in wonder at her modesty and self-control. He could not help looking at her, and he hoped that his glance expressed sympathy without giving offence; but she only thought that he wanted his tea.

"Must you go too?" she asked, as she handed his cup.

"No. Yes. I mean I think I had better go with Orlando."

"We shall be sorry to lose you both at once," said Mr Dorian, looking curiously at the young man.

"I am afraid I should not be much good alone. I mean I shall be better away," and he gave an appealing look to Miss Jeanie. But that lady was inspecting the bottom of her cup with great earnestness. It was no part of her duty as hostess to press young men to stay. So breakfast passed with less than the usual gaiety, and Orlando having exhorted Mr Dorian to try a pair of clubs, and advised Miss Tubb and her pupils to devote their whole minds to their shoul-

ders, entered his boat. Miss Dorian was standing on the highest of the old steps with her crisp gown gathered carefully about her. "Thank you a thousand times," he said as he pushed off, "for the most splendid fun." As he swung out into the stream, Thomas came running from the house. "Hi!" cried he; "stop! I am going with you."

"No, you are not," said Orlando, unable to row for laughter. Thomas was seriously annoyed. He was unable to see the humour of this school-boy trick. It was embarrassing to be left when the hero had gone out of the story. The romance was to end, as some romances do, with a woman's sorrow and patience; and there was clearly no place for him. He humbly asked pardon of Miss Dorian, and promised to go away by train. He went gloomily into the house and sat down to Bradshaw; but as he found himself, after half an hour's study, earnestly endeavouring to reach the Isle of Man, he abandoned the book and turned to packing. Having packed till he felt silly, he left the task to the footman, and went out to have a last look at the place. There was nobody about. Mr Dorian had gone to town for the day. Miss Tubb was doing the elegant English hour with the Misses Letitia and Josephine. Play-time was over, and all the vitality of the place seemed to have gone with that frank young creature, who was far down the stream poised on extended sculls, and laughing to himself.

Thomas went round the lawn and through the shrubberies, visited the stable, where he cast an unfavourable glance at the ponies—and the farm, where he chucked a stone at the turkey-cock. Thence he sauntered into the country lane, and, strolling aimlessly onward, entered the path which leads up to

the easy-sloping downs. The path passes through a wood of beech-trees, which for the most part meet above it. On the left these trees are a mere belt, and Thomas stopped again and again to look with wonder on visions of sweet country framed in leaves. In some places the land sloped gently downward from the wood, and was heavy with upright wheat or barley glancing in the sun like a polished silver floor; in others it fell sharply away, and the gazer saw the country below like another world in which were no unquiet thoughts and longings. Sunlight lay broad and deep on all the land, and far away the blue-grey earth and grey-blue sky melted together as thought and dream. Thomas sighed as he saw below him the smoke rising straight from the hidden house. He was in a very sensitive mood, and some deep feeling of sympathy was stirred within him as he watched the brown path quiver with light and shade. He saw the sunlight tangled in the beech-leaves, and started as a long shaft slipped through and touched his upturned face. He was alone, and yet about him was a presence and a power. He passed the old gate, which hung idle on its rusty hinges, and came out upon the open slope. A few yards from him Miss Dorian was seated, and, as she turned with a slight start, he saw a tear upon her cheek.

"I did not know you were here. I am afraid I startled you."

"Oh no; but I am so sorry that all the fun is over."

They both spoke very quick, as if eager to avoid all misunderstanding. An awkward pause followed, and then Thomas made a stupendous effort to say something pleasant.

"I wish I was Orlando," he said, "he is so free, and can come here whenever he likes—at least, I mean whenever you like."

There was another interval of silence, and then she asked, rather coldly, "Are you so very busy?"

"I? Oh, well, I am rather. At least—but it doesn't matter. What a lovely view!"

"It is thought the best view of the house."

The young man looked for a few minutes, and after doubting whether he should say it, and deciding that of course he must not, observed forthwith, in a spirit of bravado, "I almost wish I had never seen it."

He turned cold at the sound of his own words, but she did not demand an explanation. She only said, "Thank you," with a strange little smile.

"I should like to say good-bye here," he said, "and go away." She turned her head and looked across the country. "Good-bye," he said as he passed behind her, and having said it he saw her eyes. He shivered from head to foot, and turned cold. Clearly he was the victim of some horrible mockery. He walked towards the gate with an instinctive desire of flight. Then he wavered and turned back.

"Miss Dorian," he began, speaking very quickly, "it can't be—I can't think—you can't be sorry because I—no, no. You must forgive me for being such a puppy." She had risen and wanted to speak, but could only twist her glove. "Good-bye," he said again with a sort of sob, "and forget what a fool I have been." She could not speak, but

she made a little movement as if to hold out the twisted glove. He seized both hand and glove. "Miss Dorian—Jeanie," he cried, and here his voice failed him.

An hour passed, and they were sitting on the hillside, and wondering at the beauty of the world.

"Jeanie," said he, "it will be an awful shock to your father."

"Not very great, I think," said she. "I almost think he suspected something."

"But I did not suspect myself. He does not know anything about me."

"Oh yes, he does. Your friend talked of nothing but you."

"Did he talk of me?" asked he; and then added suddenly, "you don't mean to say that Orlando knew?"

"I can't say, but I think he guessed——"

"That I loved you. Oh, Jeanie, I believe that everybody knew except me. But what on earth made you like me?"

"I don't know," she said, and smiled.

"But it ought to have ended differently," he maintained in an argumentative manner.

"What ought to have ended differently?"

"The story. You ought to care for the hero, and not for his friend."

His words were words of complaint, but as he looked across the peaceful land there was great contentment in his heart.

A WOMAN-HATER.

PART V.—CHAPTER XII.

INA smiled at his ingenuity—her first smile that day. “You are indeed a friend,” said she. “He fears reproaches; but, when he finds he is welcome, he will stay with me; and he shall have money to play with, and amuse himself how he likes. I kept too tight a rein on him, poor fellow; my good mother taught me prudence.”

“Yes; but,” said Ashmead, “you must promise me one thing, not to let him know how much money you have won, and not to go like a goose, and give him a lot at once. It never pays to part with power in this wicked world. You give him twenty pounds a-day, to play with, whenever he is cleaned out. Then the money will last your time, and he will never leave you.”

“Oh, how cold-hearted, and wise, you are!” said she. “But such a humiliating position for *him*!”

“Don’t you be silly. You won’t keep him any other way.”

“I will be as wise as I can,” sighed Ina. “I have had a bitter lesson. Only bring him to me, and then, who knows? I am a change: my love may revive his, and none of these pitiable precautions may be needed. They would lower us both.”

Ashmead groaned aloud. “I see,” said he. “He’ll soon clean you out. Ah, well! he can’t rob you of your voice, and he can’t rob you of your Ashmead.”

They soon reached Frankfort. Ashmead put her into a carriage as agreed, and went to the “Russie.”

Ina sat, with her veil down, in the carriage, and waited Ashmead’s return with Severne. He was a long time coming. She began to

doubt; and then to fear; and wonder why he was so long.

At last he came in sight.

He was alone.

As he drew nearer she saw his face was thoroughly downcast.

“My dear friend,” he faltered, “you are out of luck to-day.”

“He will not come with you?”

“Oh, he would come fast enough, if he was there; but he is gone.”

“Gone! To Homburg?”

“No. Unfortunately he is gone to England. Went off, by the fast train, an hour ago.”

Ina fell back, in silence, just as if she had been struck in the face.

“He is travelling with an English family, and they have gone straight home. Here are their names. I looked in the visitors’ book, and talked to the servant, and all. “Mr Vizard, Miss Vizard——”

“Vizard?”

“Yes — Miss Maitland, Miss Dover. See, I wrote them all down.

“Oh, I am unfortunate! Why was I ever born?”

“Don’t say that, don’t say that. It is annoying: but we shall be able to trace him now; and, besides, I see other ways of getting hold of him.”

Ina broke in upon his talk; “Take me to the nearest church,” she cried. “Man’s words are vain. Ah, Jesu, let me cry to thee!”

He took her to the nearest church. She went in, and prayed for full two hours. She came out, pale and listless, and Ashmead got her home how he could. Her very body seemed all crushed and limp. Ashmead left her, sad at heart himself.

So long as she was in sight

Ashmead could think only of her misery. But the moment she was out of sight, he remembered the theatre. She was announced for Rosina that very night. He saw trouble of all sorts before him. He ran to the theatre, in great alarm, and told the manager she was taken very ill. He must change the bill.

"Impossible!" was the reply. "If she can't sing, I close."

Ashmead went back to the "Star." Ina was in her bedroom.

He sent in a line,—“Can you sing to-night? If not, he says he must close.”

The reply came back in rather a trembling hand. “I suffer too much by falsehood to break faith myself. I shall pray till night: and then I shall sing. If I die on the stage, all the better for me.”

Was not this a great soul?

CHAPTER XIII.

That same morning, our English party snatched a hasty breakfast in travelling attire. Severne was not there; but sent word to Vizard he should be there in time.

This filled the cup: Zoe's wounded pride had been rising higher and higher all the night, and she came down rather pale, from broken rest, and sternly resolved. She had a few serious words with Fanny, and sketched her out a little map of conduct, which showed that she had thought the matter well over.

But her plan bade fair to be deranged: Severne was not at the station: then came a change: Zoe was restless, and cast anxious glances.

But at the second bell he darted into the carriage, as if he had just despatched some wonderful business to get there in time. Whilst the train was starting, he busied himself in arranging his things; but, once started, he put on his sunny look, and prepared to be, as usual, the life and soul of the party.

But, for once, he met a frost. Zoe was wrapped in impenetrable *hauteur*, and Fanny in polite indifference. Never was loss of favour more ably marked, without the least ill-breeding, and no good handle given to seek an explanation.

No doubt a straightforward man,

with justice on his side, would have asked them plump, whether he had been so unfortunate as to offend, and how; and this was what Zoe secretly wished, however she might seem to repel it. But Severne was too crafty for that. He had learned the art of waiting.

After a few efforts at conversation, and smooth rebuffs, he put on a surprised, mortified, and sorrowful air, and awaited the attack, which he felt would come soon or late.

This skilful inertia baffled the fair, in a man; in a woman, they might have expected it; and, after a few hours, Zoe's patience began to wear out.

The train stopped for twenty minutes, and, even while they were snatching a little refreshment, the dark locks and the blonde came very close together; and Zoe, exasperated by her own wounded pride and the sullen torpor of her lover, gave Fanny fresh instructions, which nobody was better qualified to carry out than that young lady, as nobody was better able to baffle female strategy than the gentleman.

This time, however, the ladies had certain advantages, to balance his subtlety, and his habit of stating anything, true or false, that suited his immediate purpose.

They opened very cat-like. Fanny

affected to be outgrowing her ill-humour, and volunteered a civil word or two to Severne. Thereupon Zoe turned sharply away from Fanny, as if she disapproved her conduct: and took a book. This was pretty sly, and done, I suppose, to remove all idea of concert between the fair assailants; whereas it was a secret signal for the concert to come into operation, it being Fanny's part to play upon Severne, and Zoe's to watch, from her corner, every lineament of his face under fire.

"By the way, Mr Severne," said Fanny, apropos of a church on a hill they were admiring, "did you get your winnings?"

"My winnings! You are sarcastical."

"Am I? Really I did not intend to be."

"No, no; forgive me; but that did seem a little cruel. Miss Dover, I was a heavy loser."

"Not whilst we were there. The lady and gentleman, who played with your money, won, oh, such a deal!"

"The devil they did!"

"Yes: did you not stay behind, last night, to get it? We never saw you at the 'Russie.'"

"I was very ill."

"Bleeding at the nose?"

"No; that always relieves me when it comes. I am subject to fainting fits: once I lay insensible so long they were going to bury me. Now do pray tell me what makes you fancy anybody won a lot with my money."

"Well, I will. You know you left fifty pounds for a friend to bet with."

Severne stared; but was too eager for information, to question her how she knew this. "Yes, I did," said he.

"And you really don't know what followed?"

"Good heavens! how can I?"

"Well, then, as you ran out—to faint, Mademoiselle Klosking came in, just as she did at the opera, you know, the time before, when you ran out—to bleed. She slipped into your chair the very moment you left it; and your friend with the flaming neck-tie told her you had set him to bet with your money. By the by, Mr Severne, how on earth do you and Mademoiselle Klosking, who have both so much taste in dress, come to have a mutual friend, vulgarity in person, with a velveteen coat and an impossible neck-tie?"

"What are you talking about, Miss Dover? I do just know Mademoiselle Klosking; I met her in society in Vienna, two years ago; but that cad I commissioned to bet for me, I never saw before in my life. You are keeping me on tenter-hooks. My money—my money—my money! If you have a heart in your bosom, tell me what became of my money."

He was violent, for the first time since they had known him, and his eyes flashed fire.

"Well," said Fanny, beginning to be puzzled and rather frightened, "this man, who you *say* was a new acquaintance——"

"Whom I *say*? Do you mean to tell me I am a liar?" He fumbled eagerly in his breast-pocket, and produced a card. "There," said he, "this is the card he gave me, 'Mr Joseph Ashmead.' Now may this train dash over the next viaduct, and take you and Miss Vizard to heaven, and me to hell, if I ever saw Mr Joseph Ashmead's face before. THE MONEY!—THE MONEY!"

He uttered this furiously; and it is a curious fact; but Zoe turned red, and Fanny pale. It was really in quite a cowed voice Miss Dover went on to say, "La! don't fly out like that. Well, then, the man re-

fused to bet with your money; so then Mademoiselle Klosking said she would; and she played—oh, how she did play! She doubled, and doubled, and doubled, hundreds upon hundreds. She made a mountain of gold, and a pyramid of bank-notes; and she never stopped till she broke the bank—there!”

“With my money?” gasped Severne.

“Yes, with your money: your friend with the loud tie pocketed it; I beg your pardon, not your friend—only hers. Harrington says he is her *cher ami*.”

“The money is mine!” he shrieked. “I don’t care who played with it, it is mine. And the fellow had the impudence to send me back my £50 to the ‘Russie.’”

“What! you gave him your address?” This with an involuntary glance of surprise at Zoe.

“Of course. Do you think I leave a man £50 to play with, and don’t give him my address? He has won thousands with my money, and sent me back my fifty, for a blind, the thief!”

“Well, really it is too bad,” said Fanny. “But, there—I’m afraid you must make the best of it. Of course their sending back your £50 shows they mean to keep their winnings.”

“You talk like a woman,” said he; then, grinding his teeth, and stretching out a long muscular arm, he said, “I’ll take the blackguard by the throat, and tear it out of him, though I tear his life out along with it.”

All this time Zoe had been looking at him with concern, and even with admiration. He seemed more beautiful than ever, to her, under the influence of passion, and more of a man.

“Mr Severne,” said she, “be calm. Fanny has misled you, without intending it. She did not hear

all that passed between those two; I did. The velveteen and neck-tie man refused to bet with your money. It was Mademoiselle Klosking who betted, and with her own money. She took £25 of her own, and £25 of yours, and won two or three hundred in a few moments. Surely, as a gentleman, you cannot ask a lady to do more than repay you your £25.”

Severne was a little cowed by Zoe’s interference. He stood his ground; but sullenly, instead of violently.

“Miss Vizard, if I was weak enough to trust a lady with my money at a gambling-table I should expect foul play; for I never knew a lady yet who would not cheat *at cards*, if she could. I trusted my money to a tradesman to bet with. If he takes a female partner; that is no business of mine, he is responsible all the same, and I’ll have my money.”

He jumped up, at the word, and looked out at the window: he even fumbled with the door, and tried to open it.

“You had better jump out,” said Fanny.

“And then they would keep my money for good. No;” said he, “I’ll wait for the nearest station.” He sank back into his seat, looking unutterable things.

Fanny looked rather rueful, at first; then she said, spitefully, “You must be very sure of your influence with your old sweetheart. You forget she has got another now: a tradesman, too. He will stick to the money, and make her stick to it. Their sending the £50 shows that.”

Zoe’s eyes were on him with microscopic power, and, with all his self-command, she saw him wince and change colour, and give other signs that this shaft had told in many ways.

He shut his countenance the next

moment; but it had opened, and Zoe was on fire with jealousy and suspicion.

Fluctuating Fanny regretted the turn things had taken. She did not want to lose a pleasant male companion, and she felt sure Zoe would be unhappy, and cross to her, if he went. "Surely, Mr Severne," she said, "you will not desert us, and go back for so small a chance: why, we are a hundred and fifty miles from Homburg, and all the nearer to dear old England. There, there—we must be kinder to you, and make you forget this misfortune."

Thus spoke the trimmer. The reply took her by surprise.

"And whose fault is it that I am obliged to get out a hundred and fifty miles from Homburg? You knew all this. You could have got me a delay of a few hours to go and get my due. You know I am a poor man. With all your cleverness, you don't know what made me poor, or you would feel some remorse, perhaps; but you know I am poor when most I could wish I was rich: you have heard that old woman there fling my poverty in my teeth; yet you could keep this from me—just to assist a cheat and play upon the feelings of a friend. Now, what good has that done you, to inflict misery on me in sport, on a man who never gave you a moment's pain if he could help it?"

Fanny looked ruefully this way and that, her face began to work, and she laid down her arms, if a lady can be said to do that, who lays down a strong weapon and takes up a stronger; in other words, she burst out crying, and said no more. You see she was poor herself.

Severne took no notice of her; he was accustomed to make women cry. He thrust his head out of the window in hopes of seeing a station

near, and his whole being was restless as if he would like to jump out.

While he was in this condition of mind and body, the hand he had once kissed so tenderly, and shocked Miss Maitland, passed an envelope over his shoulder, with two lines written on it in pencil:

"If you GO BACK TO HOMBURG, oblige ME BY REMAINING there."

This demands an explanation, but it shall be brief.

Fanny's shrewd hint, that the money could only be obtained from Mademoiselle Klosking, had pierced Zoe through and through. Her mind grasped all that had happened, all that impended, and, wisely declining to try and account for or concile all the jarring details, she settled, with a woman's broad instinct, that, somehow or other, his going back to Homburg meant going back to Mademoiselle Klosking. Whether that lady would buy him or not, she did not know. But going back to her, meant going a journey to see a rival, with consequences illimitable.

She had courage; she had pride; she had jealousy. She resolved to lose her lover, or have him all to herself. Share him she would not, nor even endure the torture of the doubt.

She took an envelope out of her satchel, and, with the pencil attached to her *chatelaine*, wrote the fatal words, "If you go back to Homburg, oblige me by remaining there."

At this moment she was not goaded by pique, nor any petty feeling. Indeed, his reproach to Fanny had touched her a little; and it was with the tear in her eye she came to the resolution, and handed him that line, which told him she knew her value, and, cost what it might, would part with any man for ever rather than share him

with the Klosking or any other woman.

Severne took the line, eyed it, realised it, fell back from the window, and dropped into his seat. This gave Zoe a consoling sense of power. She had seen her lover raging and restless, and wanting to jump out, yet now beheld him literally felled with a word from her hand.

He leaned his head in his hand in a sort of broken-down, collapsed, dogged way that moved her pity, though hardly her respect.

By-and-by it struck her as a very grave thing that he did not reply by word, nor even by look. He could decide with a glance, and why did he hesitate? Was he really balancing her against Mademoiselle Klosking weighted with a share of his winnings?

This doubt was wormwood to her pride and self-respect; but his crushed attitude allayed in some degree the mere irritation his doubt caused.

The minutes passed, and the miles: still that broken figure sat before her, with his face hidden by his white hand.

Zoe's courage began to falter. Misgivings seized her. She had made that a matter of love which, after all, to a man, might be a mere matter of business. He was poor, too, and she had thrust her jealousy between him and money. He might have his pride too, and rebel against her affront.

As for his thoughts, under that crushed exterior, which he put on for a blind, they were so deliberate and calculating, that I shall not mix them on this page with that pure and generous creature's. Another time will do to reveal his sordid arithmetic.

As for Zoe, she settled down into wishing, with all her heart, she had not submitted her lover so im-

periously to a test, the severity of which she now saw she had underrated.

Presently the speed of the train began to slacken—all too soon. She now dreaded to learn her fate. Was she, or was she not, worth a few thousand pounds ready money?

A signal-post was passed, proving that they were about to enter a station. Yet another. Now the wheels were hardly turning. Now the platform was visible. Yet he never moved his white, delicate, womanish fingers from his forehead, but remained still absorbed, and looked undecided.

At last the motion entirely ceased. Then, as she turned her head to glean, if possible, the name of the place, he stole a furtive glance at her. She was pallid, agitated: he resolved upon his course.

As soon as the train stopped, he opened the door and jumped out, without a word to Zoe, or even a look.

Zoe turned pale as death. "I have lost him," said she.

"No, no," cried Fanny. "See, he has not taken his cane and umbrella."

"*They* will not keep him from flying to his money and her," moaned Zoe. "Did you not see? He never once looked at me. He could not. I am sick at heart."

This set Fanny fluttering. "There, let me out to speak to him."

"Sit quiet," said Zoe, sternly.

"No, no. If you love him —"

"I do love him—passionately. And *therefore* I'll die, rather than share him with any one."

"But it is dreadful to be fixed here, and not allowed to move hand or foot."

"It is the lot of women. Let me feel the hand of a friend, that is all; for I am sick at heart."

Fanny gave her her hand, and all the sympathy her shallow nature had to bestow.

Zoe sat motionless, gripping her friend's hand almost convulsively, a statue of female fortitude.

This suspense could not last long. The officials ordered the travellers to the carriages: doors were opened, and slammed; the engine gave a snort, and only at that moment did Mr Edward Severne tear the door open and bolt into the carriage.

Oh, it was pitiable, but lovely, to see the blood rush into Zoe's face, and the fire into her eye, and the sweet mouth expand in a smile of joy and triumph.

She sat a moment, almost paralysed with pleasure, and then cast her eyes down, lest their fire should proclaim her feelings too plainly.

As for Severne, he only glanced at her as he came in, and then shunned her eye. He presented to her the grave, resolved, countenance of a man, who has been forced to a decision, but means to abide by it.

In reality he was delighted at the turn things had taken. The money was not necessarily lost, since he knew where it was; and Zoe had compromised herself beyond retreating. He intended to wear this anxious face a long while. But his artificial snow had to melt; so real a sun shone full on it; the moment he looked full at Zoe, she repaid him with such a point-blank beam of glorious tenderness and gratitude, as made him thrill with passion as well as triumph. He felt her whole heart was his, and, from that hour, his poverty would never be allowed to weigh with her. He cleared up, and left off acting, because it was superfluous; he had now only to bask in sunshine. Zoe, always tender, but coy till this moment, made love to him like a young goddess. Even Fanny yielded to the solid proof of sincerity he had

given, and was downright affectionate.

He was king. And from one gradation to another, they entered Cologne with Severne seated between the two girls, each with a hand in his, and a great disposition to pet him and spoil him; more than once, indeed, a delicate head just grazed each of his square shoulders; but candour compels me to own that their fatigue, and the yawning of the carriage at the time, were more to blame than the tired girls; for at the enormity there was a prompt retirement to a distance. Miss Maitland was in the next compartment fast asleep; and Vizard, from the first, had preferred male companions and tobacco.

At Cologne they visited the pride of Germany, that mighty cathedral, which the middle ages projected, commenced, and left to decay of old age before completion, and our enterprising age will finish; but went on the same day.

Before they reached England, the love-making between Severne and Zoe, though it never passed the bounds of good taste, was so apparent to any female eye, that Miss Maitland remonstrated severely with Fanny.

But the trimmer was now won to the other side. She would not offend Aunt Maitland by owning her conversion. She said, hypocritically, "I am afraid it is no use objecting at present, aunt. The attachment is too strong on both sides. And, whether he is poor or not, he has sacrificed his money to her feelings, and so, now, she feels bound in honour. I know her; she won't listen to a word now, aunt: why irritate her? She would quarrel with both of us in a moment."

"Poor girl!" said Miss Maitland; and took the hint. She had still an arrow in her quiver—Vizard.

In mid-channel, ten miles south of Dover, she caught him in a lucid interval of non-smoke. She reminded him he had promised her to give Mr Severne a hint about Zoe.

"So I did," said he.

"And have you?"

"Well, no; to tell the truth, I forgot."

"Then please do it now; for they are going on worse than ever."

"I'll warn the fool," said he.

He did warn him, and in the following terms:

"Look here, old fellow. I hear you are—hum—paying a good deal of attention to my sister Zoe."

No answer. Severne on his guard.

"Now you had better mind your eye. She is a very pretty girl, and you may find yourself entangled before you know where you are."

Severne hung his head. "Of course I know it is great presumption in me."

"Presumption? — fiddlestick! Such a man as you are ought not to be tied to any woman, or, if you must be, you ought not to go cheap. Mind, Zoe is a poor girl; only ten thousand in the world. Flirt with who you like; there is no harm in that; but don't get seriously entangled with any of them. Good sisters, and good daughters, and good flirts, make bad wives."

"Oh, then," said Severne, "it is only on her account you object."

"Well, principally. And I don't exactly object; I warn. In the first place, as soon as ever we get into Barfordshire, she will most likely jilt you. You may be only her Continental lover. How can I tell, or you either? And if not, and you were to be weak enough to marry her, she would develop unexpected vices directly—they all do; and you are not rich enough to live in a house of your own, you would have to live in mine; a

fine fate for a rising blade like you."

"What a terrible prospect! to be tied to the best friend in England, as well as the loveliest woman."

"Oh, if that is the view you take," said Vizard, beaming with delight, "it is no use talking reason to you."

When they reached London, Vizard gave Miss Maitland an outline of this conversation; and, so far from seeing the humour of it—which, nevertheless, was pretty strong, and characteristic of the man and his one foible—she took the huff, and would not even stay to dinner at the hotel. She would go into her own county by the next train, bag and baggage.

Mr Severne was the only one who offered to accompany her to the Great Western Railway. She declined. He insisted; went with her; got her ticket, numbered and arranged her packages, and saw her safely off, with an air of profound respect and admirably-feigned regret.

That she was the dupe of his art, may be doubted: that he lost nothing by it, is certain. Men are not ruined by civility. As soon as she was seated, she said, "I beg, sir, you will waste no more time with me. Mr Severne, you have behaved to me like a gentleman, and that is very unusual in a man of your age nowadays. I cannot alter my opinion about my niece and you: but I *am* sorry you are a poor gentleman—much too poor to marry her—and I wish I could make you a rich one; but I cannot. There is my hand."

You should have seen the air of tender veneration with which the young Machiavel bowed over her hand, and even imprinted a light touch on it with his velvet lips.

Then he retired, disconsolate, and, once out of sight, whipped into a

gin-palace and swallowed a quart of neat brandy, to take the taste out of his mouth as he pretended. "Go it, Ned," said he, to himself; "you can't afford to make enemies."

The old lady went off bitter against the whole party *except Mr Severne*; and he retired to his friends, disembarassed of the one foe he had not turned into a downright friend, but only disarmed. Well does the great Voltaire recommend what he well calls "*le grand art de plaire*."

Vizard sent Harris into Barfordshire, to prepare for the comfort of the party, and to light fires in all the bedrooms, though it was summer, and to see the beds, blankets, and sheets aired at the very fires of the very rooms they were to be used in. This sacred office he never trusted to a housekeeper: he used even to declare, as the result of experience, that it was beyond the intellect of any woman really to air mattresses, blankets, and sheets—all three. He had also a printed list he used to show about, of five acquaintances, stout fellows all, whom "*little bits of women*" (such was his phraseology) had laid low with damp beds, having crippled two for life with rheumatism and lumbago, and sent three to their long home.

Meantime Severne took the ladies to every public attraction by day and night; and Vizard thanked him, before the fair, for his consideration in taking them off his hands; and Severne retorted by thanking him for leaving them on his.

It may seem, at first, a vile selection; but I am going to ask the ladies who honour me with their attention, to follow, not that gay amorous party of three, but this solitary cynic on his round.

Taking a turn round the garden in Leicester Square, which was new

to him, Harrington Vizard's observant eye saw a young lady rise up from a seat, to go, but turn pale directly, and sit down again upon the arm of the seat as if for support.

"Hollo!" said Vizard, in his blunt way, "*you* are not well. What can I do for you?"

"I am all right," said she; "please go on,"—the latter words in a tone that implied she was not a novice, and the attentions of gentlemen to strange ladies were suspected.

"I beg your pardon," said Vizard, coolly. "You are not all right. You look as if you were going to faint."

"What, are my lips blue?"

"No; but they are pale."

"Well, then, it is not a case of fainting. It *may* be exhaustion."

"You know best. What shall we do?"

"Why, nothing. Yes; mind our own business."

"With all my heart; my business just now is to offer you some restorative—a glass of wine."

"Oh yes! The idea of me going into a public-house with you! Besides, I don't believe in stimulants. Strength can only enter the human body one way. I know what is the matter with me."

"What is it?"

"I am not obliged to tell *you*."

"Of course you are not obliged; but you might as well."

"Well, then, it is Hunger."

"Hunger!"

"Hunger—famine—starvation. Don't you know English?"

"I hope you are not serious, madam," said Vizard, very gravely. "However, if ladies will say such things as that, men with stomachs in their bosoms must act accordingly. Oblige me by taking my arm, as you are weak, and we will adjourn to that eating-house over the way."

"Much obliged," said the lady, satirically; "our acquaintance is not *quite* long enough for that."

He looked at her; a tall, slim, young lady, black merino, by no means new, clean cuffs and collar, leaning against the chair for support, and yet sacrificing herself to conventional propriety, and even withstanding him with a pretty little air of defiance that was pitiable, her pallor and the weakness of her body considered.

The poor woman-hater's bowels began to yearn. "Look here, you little spitfire," said he; "if you don't instantly take my arm, I'll catch you up, and carry you over, with no more trouble than you would carry a thread-paper."

She looked him up and down very keenly, and at last with a slight expression of feminine approval, the first she had vouchsafed him. Then she folded her arms, and levelled her little nose at him like a bayonet, "You daren't. I'll call the police."

"If you do, I'll tell them you are my little cousin, mad as a March hare: starving, and won't eat. Come, how is it to be?" He advanced upon her.

"You can't be in earnest, sir," said she, with sudden dignity.

"Am I not, though? You don't know *me*. I am used to be obeyed. If you don't go with me like a sensible girl, I'll carry you—to your dinner—like a ruffian."

"Then I'll go—like a lady," said she, with sudden humility.

He offered her his arm. She passed hers within; but leaned as lightly as possible on it, and her poor pale face was a little pink as they went.

He entered the eating-house, and asked for two portions of cold roast beef, not to keep her waiting. They were brought.

"Sir," said she, with a subjugat-

ed air, "will you be so good as cut up the meat small, and pass it to me a bit or two at a time?"

He was surprised, but obeyed her orders.

"And if you could make me talk a little? Because, at sight of the meat so near me, I feel like a tigress—poor human nature! Sir, I have not eaten meat for a week, nor food of any kind this two days."

"Good God!"

"So I must be prudent. People have gorged themselves with furious eating under those circumstances; that is why I asked you to supply me slowly. Thank you. You need not look at me like that. Better folk than I have *died* of hunger. Something tells me I have reached the lowest spoke, when I have been indebted to a stranger for a meal."

Vizard felt the water come into his eyes; but he resisted that pitiable weakness. "Bother that nonsense!" said he. "I'll introduce myself, and then you can't throw *stranger* in my teeth. I am Harrington Vizard, a Barfordshire squire."

"I thought you were not a Cockney."

"Lord forbid! Does that information entitle me to any in return?"

"I don't know; but, whether or no, my name is Rhoda Gale."

"Have another plate, Miss Gale?"

"Thanks."

He ordered another.

"I am proud of your confiding your name to me, Miss Gale; but, to tell the truth, what I wanted to know is how a young lady of your talent and education could be so badly off as you must be. It is not impertinent curiosity."

The young lady reflected a moment. "Sir," said she, "I don't think it is; and I would not much mind telling you. Of course I studied you before I came here. Even hunger would not make me sit in a tavern beside a fool, or a

snob, or—(with a faint blush)—a libertine. But to tell one's own story, that is so egotistical, for one thing."

"Oh, it is never egotistical to oblige."

"Now that is sophistical. Then, again, I am afraid I could not tell it to you without crying, because you seem rather a manly man, and some of it might revolt you, and you might sympathise right out, and then I should break down."

"No matter: do us both good."

"Yes, but before the waiters and people! See how they are staring at us already!"

"We will have another go in at the beef, and then adjourn to the garden for your narrative."

"No; as much garden as you like, but no more beef. I have eaten one sirloin, I reckon. Will you give me one cup of black tea without sugar or milk?"

Vizard gave the order.

She seemed to think some explanation necessary, though he did not.

"One cup of tea agrees with my brain and nerves," said she. "It steadies them. That is a matter of individual experience. I should not prescribe it to others any the more for that."

Vizard sat wondering at the girl. He said to himself, "What is she? a *lusus nature*?"

When the tea came, and she had sipped a little, she perked up wonderfully. Said she, "Oh, the magic effect of food eaten judiciously! Now I am a lioness, and do not fear the future. Yes, I will tell you my story—and, if you think you are going to hear a love-story, you will be finely disappointed. No, *sir*," said she, with rising fervour and heightened colour, "you will hear a story the public is

deeply interested in and does not know it; ay, a story, that will certainly be referred to with wonder and shame whenever civilisation shall become a reality, and law cease to be a tool of injustice and monopoly. She paused a moment: then said, a little doggedly, as one used to encounter prejudice, "I am a medical student; a would-be doctor."

"Ah!"

"And so well qualified by genuine gifts, by study from my infancy, by zeal, quick senses, and cultivated judgment, that, were all the leading London physicians examined tomorrow by qualified persons at the same board as myself, most of those wealthy practitioners—not all, mind you—would cut an indifferent figure in modern science compared with me, whom you have had to rescue from starvation—because I am a woman."

Her eye flashed. But she moderated herself, and said, "That is the outline; and it is a grievance. Now grievances are bores. You can escape this one before it is too late."

"If it lies with me, I demand the minutest details," said Vizard, warmly.

"You shall have them; and true to the letter."

Vizard settled the small account, and adjourned, with his companion, to the garden. She walked by his side, with her face sometimes thoughtfully bent on the ground, and sometimes confronting him with ardour, and told him a true story, the simplicity of which I shall try not to spoil with any vulgar arts of fiction.

A LITTLE NARRATIVE OF DRY FACTS
TOLD TO A WOMAN-HATER, BY A
WOMAN.

CHAPTER XIV.

"My father was an American, my mother English. I was born near Epsom, and lived there ten years. Then my father had property left him in Massachusetts, and we went to Boston. Both my parents educated me, and began very early. I observe that most parents are babies at teaching, compared with mine. My father was a linguist, and taught me to lisp German, French, and English; my mother was an ideaed woman: she taught me three rarities—attention, observation, and accuracy. If I went a walk in the country, I had to bring her home a budget; the men and women on the road, their dresses, appearance, countenances, and words; every kind of bird in the air, and insect and chrysalis in the hedges; the crops in the fields, the flowers and herbs on the banks. If I walked in the town, I must not be eyes and no eyes; woe betide me if I could only report the dresses. Really, I have known me, when I was but eight, come home to my mother laden with details, when perhaps an untrained girl of eighteen could only have specified that she had gone up and down a thoroughfare. Another time mother would take me on a visit: next day, or perhaps next week, she would expect me to describe every article of furniture in her friend's room, and the books on the table, and repeat the conversation, the topics at all events. She taught me to master history *accurately*. To do this she was artful enough to turn sport into science. She utilised a game: young people in Boston play it. A writes an anecdote on paper, or perhaps produces it in print. She reads it off to B. B goes away, and writes it down by memory; then reads her writing

out to C. C has to listen, and convey her impression to paper. This she reads to D, and D goes and writes it. Then the original story and D's version are compared; and generally speaking, the difference of the two is a caution—against oral tradition: when the steps of deviation are observed, it is quite a study.

"My mother, with her good wit, saw there was something better than fun to be got out of this. She trained my memory of great things with it. She began with striking passages of history, and played the game with father and me. But, as my power of retaining, and repeating correctly, grew, by practice, she enlarged the business, and kept enriching my memory, so that I began to have tracts of history at my fingers' ends. As I grew older, she extended the sport to laws and the great public controversies in religion, politics, and philosophy that have agitated the world. But here she had to get assistance from her learned friends. She was a woman valued by men of intellect, and she had no mercy—milked jurists, physicians, and theologians, and historians, all into my little pail. To be sure, they were as kind about it as she was unscrupulous. They saw I was a keen student, and gave my mother many a little gem in writing. She read them out to me: I listened hard, and thus I fixed many great and good things in my trained memory; and repeated them against the text: I was never allowed to see *that*.

"With this sharp training, school subjects were child's play to me, and I won a good many prizes very easily. My mother would not let me waste a single minute over music. She used to say, 'Music

extracts what little brains a girl has. Open the piano, you shut the understanding.' I am afraid I bore you with my mother."

"Not at all, not at all. I admire her."

"Oh, thank you—thank you, sir. She never uses big words; so it is only of late I have had the *nous* to see how wise she is: she corrected the special blots of the female character in me; and it is sweet to me to talk of that dear friend. What would I give to see her here!"

"Well, then, sir, she made me, as far as she could, a—what shall I say?—a kind of little intellectual gymnast, fit to begin any study; but she left me to choose my own line. Well, I was for natural history first; began like a girl; gathered wild flowers and simples at Epsom, along with an old woman: she discoursed on their traditional virtues, and knew little of their real properties; *that* I have discovered since.

"From herbs to living things; never spared a chrysalis, but always took it home, and watched it break into wings. Hung over the ponds in June, watching the eggs of the frog turn to tadpoles, and the tadpoles to Johnny Crapaud. I obeyed Scripture in one thing, for I studied the ants and their ways.

"I collected birds' eggs. At nine, not a boy in the parish could find more nests in a day than I could. With birds'-nesting, buying, and now and then begging, I made a collection, that figures in a museum over the water, and is entitled, 'Eggs of British Birds.' The colours attract, and people always stop at it. But it does no justice whatever to the great variety of sea-birds' eggs on the coast of Britain.

"When I had learned what little

they teach in schools, especially drawing, and that is useful in scientific pursuits, I was allowed to choose my own books, and attend lectures. One blessed day I sat and listened to Agassiz—ah! No tragedy well played, nor opera sung, ever moved a heart so deeply as he moved mine, that great and earnest man, whose enthusiasm for nature was as fresh as my own, and his knowledge a thousand times larger. Talk of heaven opening to the Christian pilgrim as he passes Jordan! Why, God made earth as well as heaven, and it is worthy of the Architect; and it is a joy divine when earth opens to the true admirer of God's works. Sir, earth opened to me, as Agassiz discoursed.

"I followed him about like a little bloodhound, and dived into the libraries after each subject he treated or touched.

"It was another little epoch in my life when I read White's letters to Pennant about natural history in Selborne. Selborne is an English village, not half so pretty as most; and, until Gilbert White came, nobody saw anything there worth printing. His book showed me that the humblest spot in nature becomes extraordinary the moment extraordinary observation is applied to it. I must mimic Gilbert White directly. I pestered my poor parents to spend a month or two in the depths of the country, on the verge of a forest. They yielded, with groans; I kissed them, and we rusticated. I pried into every living thing, not forgetting my old friends the insect tribe. Here I found ants with grander ideas than they have to home, and satisfied myself they have more brains than apes. They co-operate more, and in complicated things. Sir, there are ants that make greater marches, for their size, than Napoleon's invasion of Russia. Even the less nomad tribes will

march through fields of grass, where each blade is a high gum-tree to them, and never lose the track. I saw an army of red ants, with generals, captains, and ensigns, start at daybreak, march across a road, through a hedge, and then through high grass till noon, and surprise a fortification of black ants and take it after a sanguinary resistance. All that must have been planned beforehand, you know, and carried out to the letter. Once I found a colony busy on some hard ground, preparing an abode. I happened to have been microscoping a wasp, so I threw him down among the ants. They were disgusted. They ran about collecting opinions. Presently half of them burrowed into the earth below and undermined him, till he lay on a crust of earth as thin as a wafer, and a deep grave below. Then they all got on him except one, and he stood pompous on a pebble and gave orders. The earth broke—the wasp went down into his grave—and the ants soon covered him with loose earth, and resumed their domestic architecture. I concluded that though the monkey resembles man most in body, the ant comes nearer him in mind. As for dogs, I don't know where to rank them in *nature*, because they have been pupils of man for centuries. I bore you?"

"No."

"Oh yes, I do: an enthusiast is always a bore. 'Les facheux' of Molière are just enthusiasts. Well, sir, in one word, I was a natural philosopher—very small, but earnest; and, in due course, my studies brought me to the wonders of the human body. I studied the outlines of anatomy in books and plates, and prepared figures; and from that, by degrees, I was led on to surgery and medicine—in books, you understand; and they are only half the battle. Medicine is a thing

one can do; it is a noble science, a practical science, and a subtle science, where I thought my powers of study and observation might help me to be keen at reading symptoms, and do good to man, and be a famous woman; so I concluded to benefit mankind and myself. Stop! that sounds like self-deception. It must have been myself and mankind I concluded to benefit. Any way, I pestered that small section of mankind, which consisted of my parents, until they consented to let me study medicine in Europe."

"What! all by yourself?"

"Yes. Oh, girls are very independent in the States, and govern the old people. Mine said 'No' a few dozen times; but they were bound to end in 'Yes,' and I went to Zurich. I studied hard there, and earned the approbation of the professors: but the school deteriorated; too many ladies poured in from Russia; some were not in earnest, and preferred flirting to study, and did themselves no good, and made the male students idle, and wickeder than ever—if possible."

"What else could you expect?" said Vizard.

"Nothing else from *unpicked* women. But, when all the schools in Europe shall be open—as they ought to be, and must, and shall—there will be no danger of shallow girls crowding to any particular school. Besides, there will be a more strict and rapid routine of examination then to sift out the female flirts—and the male dunces along with them, I hope.

"Well, sir, we few, that really meant medicine, made inquiries, and heard of a famous old school in the south of France, where women had graduated of old; and two of us went there to try—an Italian lady and myself. We carried good testimonials from Zu-

rich; and, not to frighten the Frenchmen at starting, I attacked them alone. Cornelia was my elder, and my superior in attainments; she was a true descendant of those learned ladies who have adorned the chairs of philosophy, jurisprudence, anatomy, and medicine in her native country; but she has the wisdom of the serpent, as well as of the sage; and she put me forward because of my red hair. She said that would be a passport to the dark philosophers of France."

"Was not that rather foxy, Miss Gale?"

"Foxy as my hair itself, Mr Vizard."

"Well, I applied to a professor. He received me with profound courtesy and feigned respect, but was staggered at my request to matriculate. He gesticulated and bowed *à la Française*, and begged the *permission* of his foxy-haired invader from northern climes to consult his colleagues. Would I do him the great honour to call again next day at twelve? I did, and met three other polished authorities. One spoke for all, and said: If I had not brought with me proofs of serious study, they should have dissuaded me very earnestly from a science I could not graduate in without going through practical courses of anatomy and clinical surgery. That, however (with a regular French shrug), was my business, not theirs. It was not for them to teach me delicacy, but rather to learn it from me. That was a French sneer. The French are *un gens moqueur*, you know. I received both shrug and sneer like marble. He ended it all by saying: The school had no written law excluding doctresses; and the old records proved women had graduated, and even lectured, there. I had only to pay my fees,

and enter upon my routine of studies. So I was admitted on sufferance; but I soon earned the good opinion of the professors, and of this one in particular: and then Cornelia applied for admission, and was let in too. We lived together, and had no secrets; and I think, sir, I may venture to say that we showed some little wisdom, if you consider our age, and all that was done to spoil us. As to parrying their little sly attempts at flirtation, that is nothing; we came prepared: but, when our fellow-students found we were in earnest, and had high views, the chivalrous spirit of a gallant nation took fire, and they treated us with a delicate reverence that might have turned any woman's head. But we had the credit of a sneered-at sex to keep up, and felt our danger, and warned each other; and I remember I told Cornelia how many young ladies in the States I had seen puffed up by the men's extravagant homage, and become spoiled children, and offensively arrogant and discourteous; so I entreated her to check those vices in me the moment she saw them coming.

"When we had been here a year, attending all the lectures—clinical medicine and surgery included—news came that one British school, Edinburgh, had shown symptoms of yielding to Continental civilisation, and relaxing monopoly. That turned me north directly. My mother is English: I wanted to be a British doctress, not a French. Cornelia had misgivings, and even condescended to cry over me. But I am a mule, and always was. Then that dear friend made terms with me; I must not break off my connection with the French school, she said. No; she had thought it well over: I must ask leave of the French professors to study in the north, and bring back notes about those

distant Thulians. Says she, 'Your studies in that savage island will be allowed to go for something here, if you improve your time; and you will be sure to, sweetheart, that I may be always proud of you.' Dear Cornelia!"

"Am I to believe all this?" said Vizard. "Can women be such true friends?"

"What cannot women be? What!! are you one of those who take us for a *clique*? Don't you know more than half mankind are women?"

"Alas!"

"Alas for them!" said Rhoda, sharply.

"Well, well," said Vizard, putting on sudden humility, "don't let us quarrel. I hate quarrelling—where I'm sure to get the worst. Ay, friendship is a fine thing, in men or women; a far nobler sentiment than love. You will not admit that, of course, being a woman."

"Oh yes, I will," said she. "Why, I have observed love attentively; and I pronounce it a fever of the mind. It disturbs the judgment, and perverts the conscience. You side with the beloved, right or wrong. What personal degradation! I observe, too, that a grand passion is a grand misfortune; they are always in a storm of hope, fears, doubt, jealousy, rapture, rage, and the end deceit, or else satiety. Friendship is steady, and peaceful; not much jealousy, no heart-burnings. It strengthens with time, and survives the smallpox, and a wooden leg. It doubles our joys, and divides our grief, and lights and warms our lives with a steady flame. *Solem e mundo tollunt, qui tollunt amicitiam.*"

"Hollo!" cried Vizard. "What! you know Latin too?"

"Why, of course—a smattering; or how could I read Pliny, and

Celsus, and ever so much more rubbish, that custom chucks down before the gates of knowledge, and says, 'There—before you go the right road, you ought to go the wrong; *it is usual*'? Study now, with the reverence they don't deserve, the non-observers of antiquity."

"Spare me the ancients, Miss Gale," said Vizard, "and reveal me the girl of the period. When I was so ill-bred as to interrupt you, you had left France, crowned with laurels, and were just invading Britain."

Something in his words or his tone discouraged the subtle observer, and she said, coldly, "Excuse me; I have hardly the courage. My British history is a tale of injustice, suffering, insult, and, worst of all, defeat. I cannot promise to relate it with that composure who ever pretends to science ought: the wound still bleeds."

Then Vizard was vexed with himself, and looked grave and concerned. He said, gently, "Miss Gale, I am sorry to give you pain; but what you have told me is so new and interesting, I shall be disappointed if you withhold the rest; besides, you know it gives no lasting pain to relate our griefs. Come—come—be brave, and tell me."

"Well, I will," said she. "Indeed some instinct moves me. Good may come of my telling it you. I think—somehow—you are—a—just—man."

In the act of saying this, she fixed her grey eyes steadily and searchingly upon Vizard's face, so that he could scarcely meet them, they were so powerful; then, suddenly, the observation seemed to die out of them, and reflection to take its place; those darting eyes were turned inwards. It was a marked variety of power. There was something wizard-like in the

vividness with which two distinct mental processes were presented by the varied action of a single organ : and Vizard then began to suspect that a creature stood before him with a power of discerning and digesting truth, such as he had not yet encountered either in man or woman. She entered on her British adventures in her clear silvery voice ; it was not, like Ina Klosking's, rich, and deep, and tender : yet it had a certain gentle beauty to those who love truth, because it was dispassionate, yet expressive, and cool, yet not cold : one might call it truth's silver trumpet.

On the brink of this extraordinary passage I pause to make no less than three remarks in my own person. 1st, Let no reader of mine allow himself to fancy Rhoda Gale and her antecedents are a mere excrescence of my story : she was rooted to it even before the first scene of it—the meeting of Ashmead and the Klosking—and this will soon appear. 2d, She is now going into a controverted matter ; and though she is sincere and truthful, she is of necessity a *partisan*. Do not take her for a judge. You

be the judge. 3d, But, as a judge never shuts his mind to either side, do not refuse her a fair hearing. Above all, do not underrate the question. Let not the balance of your understanding be so upset by ephemeral childishness, as to fancy that it matters much whether you break an egg top or bottom, because Gulliver's two nations went to war about it ; or that it matters much whether your Queen is called Queen of India or Empress, because two parties made a noise about it, and the country has wasted ten thousand square miles of good paper on the subject. Fight against these illusions of petty and ephemeral minds. It does not matter to *mankind* whether any one woman is called Queen, or Empress, of India ; and it matters greatly to *mankind* whether the whole race of women are to be allowed to study medicine, and practise it, if they can rival the male, or are to be debarred from testing their scientific ability, and so outlawed, *though taxed* in defiance of British liberty, and all justice human and divine, by eleven hundred lawgivers—most of 'em fools.

THE TWO CHANCELLORS :

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF AND PRINCE BISMARCK.

THIS is a most interesting and valuable book. Its different chapters appeared in successive numbers of the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*' in 1875, and, translated by Mrs Tait, now appear in the form of a separate volume. They are written by M. Julian Klaczko, an ex-deputy of the Parliament of Vienna, who in 1871 retired from politics, but who, nevertheless, quotes in this volume only such documents and despatches as have hitherto, by fair means or by foul, found their way before the public eye, rightly deeming himself "bound by the obligations laid upon him by professional secrecy, and by the elementary rules of state service." The object is to trace out the workings and the results of a ten years' partnership between the two famous Chancellors of Russia and Germany, Prince Gortschakoff and Prince Bismarck; and these are delineated with considerable artistic power, and in a manner which betokens considerable political insight, and an intimate acquaintance with the diplomatic world. The momentous partnership or understanding between these powerful statesmen, to which is traced the downfall of Austria and France, the unification of Germany, the eclipse of Europe, and the quiescence of Russia, is said to have lasted from the occasion of the Schleswig-Holstein question down to the Emperor William's journey to Russia in the spring of 1873 to pay his debt of gratitude to the Czar. M. Klaczko approaches the recital of these

marvellous events, if to some extent from an Austrian, before all things from a European, point of view. "Taking a broad view," he exclaims, "it is in truth a matter of congratulation that the sceptre of the West has slipped from the hands of a turbulent volcanic nation, always engaged in some propaganda, now Jacobin, now Ultramontane, but ever revolutionary, to fall into the grasp of the most orderly, most hierarchical, and best-disciplined State in Europe." Sadowa and Sedan were Protestant victories over the two chief Catholic Powers, fitly followed by the struggle into which Prince Bismarck has plunged against the Vatican. But upon the part which Russia has played during this portion of European history M. Klaczko is remarkably severe. He traces it entirely to a policy of spite against Austria for imaginary wrongs during the Crimean War—against France for its interference with regard to Poland, to a policy which was totally opposed to the traditions of Russian diplomacy, which has substituted along the whole line of frontier, in place of "a purely and exclusively defensive combination," in which Russia had the paramount influence, a gigantic military power, ambitious, full of enterprise, and obliged by its very position to undertake the championship of what are called "Western interests." He declares that the same Power which struck down Austria at Sadowa and France at Sedan, could at will deal Russia a mortal

blow through the gates of Poland ; and that a proposal to do so was warmly discussed in 1871 by "a group of Hungarian statesmen supposed to be to some considerable extent in Prince Bismarck's confidence." He points to the views held by Prussia in 1863 as to the left bank of the Vistula, "the natural frontier," and argues that Teuton aspirations are ever on the increase in Courland and Livonia. The grateful disposition of the Emperor William may influence destiny for a time ; yet even he is capable of resigning himself, with grief in his heart and tears in his eyes, to a sanguinary sacrifice, when either the voice of Germany, or his mission from on high, may summon him to arms.

M. Klaczko insists that whatever Europe may have gained by the rise of Germany, Russia has lost in security, power, and relative influence, by her persistent support of Prussian policy. Napoleon's loss of his throne is traced to the short-sighted policy and confused ideas which led him to urge Prussia forward in her aggressive path after having thrown up the cause of Denmark from a feeling of ill-temper against England. On the other hand, Prince Gortschakoff, although he made a skilful use of the goodwill of France to restore Russia to her old ascendancy within four years of the treaty of 1856, nevertheless refused, from the motives here attributed to him of rancour and ill-nature, to entertain the idea of any alliance but that of Prussia ; actively aided that ally in wreaking his vengeance on France and Austria ; rejected in 1867 ample concessions offered by both those Powers ; refused in 1871 to take the initiative in the work of peace, though urged thereto by both Austria and England. The recent conquests in Asia are, it is urged, wholly inade-

quate as a compensation, since they are of doubtful value, and at the best are embarrassing possessions, and Russian hopes on the Bosphorus are but shadowy contingencies. A vague presentiment is declared to have already taken possession of the Russian public, conscious that the ancient traditions of the empire have been set aside, that the balance of power between Austria and Prussia is gone, that the friendship of the secondary States has disappeared, that the work of revolution and annexation has obliterated the treaties and public law of Europe. It is clear, as has been constantly urged during the progress of the recent phase of the Eastern question, that Russia is far weaker, relatively to the rest of Europe, than she was twenty years ago, and that a policy of singlehanded aggression no longer lies within her power.

Prince Gortschakoff, born in 1798, the present Chancellor of the Russian empire, was initiated into the language of Voltaire by the brother of Marat, the infamous conventionalist. Of varied classical acquirements, he was the co-disciple, and remained the steadfast friend, of Pouchkine, the great national poet, who foretold his splendid destinies, hailing him as "Fortune's favoured son." The favours, however, were tardily conferred ; for the future chief, although at an early age he entered the Foreign Office, and became attached to the suite of Count Nesselrode from the time of the Laybach and Verona Congresses, continued to fill a secondary appointment till he was over fifty years of age. He first attracted the attention of the Emperor Nicholas as plenipotentiary at Stuttgart, where, "by dint of skill and dexterity, he succeeded in establishing the Grand Duchess Olga (the daughter of Nicholas) in the royal family of Würtemberg ;"

and then remained for some years longer at his post to be her guide and counsellor in her adopted country. He was still at Stuttgart when the Parliament of Frankfurt, anticipating the work of 1870, constituted a German empire, to the exclusion of Austria, offering the crown to the King of Prussia. The King of Würtemberg refused to submit; and in 1850 the German Confederation was re-established on the old compact of Vienna, Prince Gortschakoff being appointed the representative of the Russian Court at the Diet of Frankfurt. Nicholas at that time was, so to speak, Chief Justice of Europe, the champion of Conservatism amidst States which had been devastated by the revolutionary storms of 1848. He had protected Denmark against Germany; he had crushed the Hungarian insurrection against the Austrian Government; he had largely contributed to re-establish the German Confederation on its old basis, that combination which Prince Gortschakoff has subsequently eulogised as "purely and exclusively defensive."

Bismarck, born in 1815, could hardly, with all the advantages of the University of Göttingen, compete in point of classical learning with Gortschakoff; and for twenty years it was a serious question with the more formal and pedantic Germans whether the hero of Sadowa had ever passed his Government examination. His early tastes had led him to hunting, riding, swimming, gymnastics, and duels; although he possesses "a very ample knowledge of his Bible, his Shakespeare, his Goethe, and his Schiller." Though neither a writer nor an orator, his obscure and confused style is often lit up by lifelike and original expressions, "lightning-like thoughts, powerful and unforeseen imagery, words which strike and

penetrate, and remain indelibly engraven." He could never bow his neck to scholarly tasks, nor endure the regular work of an office, or of a soldier's life. His first ten or twelve years were filled with mis-carried schemes of every description. He began life as the resolute adversary of modern ideas, of Prussian Liberalism, combating the two great national fancies of the party—viz., the deliverance of Schleswig-Holstein and the unity of Germany. He denounced the former as "an eminently iniquitous, frivolous, disastrous, and revolutionary enterprise;" the latter in the name of justice and patriotism. The humiliation of Olmütz occurred in 1850; and the sole orator who arose in the Prussian Assembly to defend Prussian subservience to the house of Hapsburg was Bismarck himself. He was convinced that Austria was a German power in every sense of the word, and that Prussia should submit to her, in order to oppose a united front to a menacing democracy. The partisan of Austria was immediately appointed Prussian plenipotentiary to the German Confederation, a post which he held for eight years (1851-59). The petty manœuvring and puny struggles for influence, the tittle-tattle and small incidents by which he was surrounded, irritated and exasperated him; his contempt for the Bund increased year by year; and in 1858 he almost decided upon giving up his diplomatic career.

The Eastern question burst upon Europe whilst two men, who were on the eve of filling their large place in the eyes of the world, were busied at Frankfurt. Every one knows that during the progress of that momentous strife, the fidelity of Frederick William IV. to his brother-in-law, the Czar Nicholas, was proof against everything. The other members of the Bund were equally

sympathetic ; and it is interesting to find that the future chancellors of the two countries followed the example of their respective sovereigns in the matter of personal and political intimacy of friendship. Bismarck's disgust, however, at the neutrality of the German Confederation, inspired him with unmitigated contempt for the Bund. He became convinced "in his inmost soul of its utter nullity;" and, as our author relates, while seated at the green table in the palace of Taxis, exhibited his contempt for the proceedings.

In 1854 the two friends were separated by the appointment of Prince Gortschakoff as envoy to the Court of Vienna—the marshal's baton in the diplomatic career of Russia. The relations of Russia and Austria during and arising out of the Crimean war were far from satisfactory. The Czar held that, after the suppression of the Hungarian insurrection, Austria was bound to him by the ties of gratitude, firmly restrained by political leading-strings. But whilst Prussia and every State in the Bund denounced the Allies and the Christian defence of the Crescent, Austria, on the other hand, looking to her position as a Danubian, Slavonic, and Catholic Power, was disinclined to carry her gratitude for recent services to the length of abnegating her position as a great Power, and considered that the success of Russian policy would have led to that result. She owed Russia much, but at least something less than self-immolation ; and when all things were considered, the suppression of the Hungarian revolt was to the Czar the extinction of a conflagration in a neighbour's house. Count Beust's policy, and the motives for it, are clearly brought out in this volume. He opposed the Czar by upholding the principle of Ottoman

independence : he nevertheless favoured Russia in the negotiations to an extent which exasperated both Napoleon and Lord Palmerston ; he closed the gates of Poland to the Allies ; he compelled the Allies to distant operations ; and he facilitated the conclusion of peace on terms which saved the dignity of the new Emperor. After the war was over, Prince Gortschakoff succeeded to the post vacated by Count Nesselrode ; and, as this volume is intended to show, he shared to the utmost the bitter feelings, the rancorous animosity, with which every Russian regarded what was called the immense ingratitude of Austria. Three years afterwards he was joined at St Petersburg by the friend whose intimacy he had cultivated on the banks of the Main. Bismarck, in April 1859, was made Prussian envoy at the Russian Court. His feelings towards Austria had undergone an entire reaction from the time when he upheld the Hapsburg in the Prussian Assembly, after the humiliation of Olmütz. Austria had outweighed him in everything at Frankfurt, in spite of Prussian sympathy and community of ideas with the secondary States. "These States," he wrote, "after every oscillation, return with all the persistence of the magnetised needle to the same point of attraction." Summing up the teachings of his experience at Frankfurt, he declared, "I see a vice in our federal relations that must sooner or later be extirpated by *ferro et igne*;" the first known version of the famous "blood and iron."

The growth of international relations (1856-59) during the period which intervened between the Crimean and the Austro-French wars, is vividly described by M. Klaczko. Prince Gortschakoff had acceded to power in Russia, with

a new and untried Emperor, strongly supported by the popular voice, resolved upon breaking with the traditional policy of the Czars in regard at least to the secondary States (whose sympathy had been of so little value), animated with the strongest hatred to Austria. Napoleon, dreaming of Italian unity, was plotting his enterprise against Austria; he insisted on Prussia being restored to that rank in Europe from which its recent conduct had seemed to degrade it; he eagerly sought the friendship of Russia. The able manner in which Prince Gortschakoff availed himself of this growing cordiality to reinstate Russia in its old post of European influence, without suffering himself to be used by the French Emperor, is skilfully depicted. Napoleon fought his battles and annexed his provinces; the Anglo-French alliance came to an end; the Peace of Villafranca was inspired by fear of German intervention. Russia shortly afterwards raised the question of the condition of the Christians in the East; and the Emperor Alexander met the German sovereigns at Warsaw, once more to give the word of command, assume the front rank in the eyes of Europe, and take the lead in demanding explanations from the Tuileries. If the close of the war in Italy found Napoleon at the zenith of his power and glory, it also marks the commencement of his steady decline. In his schemes and his diplomacy he had destroyed the Western alliance, and played incessantly into the hands of Prince Gortschakoff. Italy felt little gratitude to the author of the Peace of Villafranca; but Russia stood forth as the conservator of public rights, profiting by events which it did not create, in order to wreak vengeance and win back *prestige*.

The career of M. de Bismarck,

the *frondeur* diplomatist at St Petersburg, is then sketched, and the successful mode in which he cultivated the goodwill of Russian society and government. While Gortschakoff was lending himself to all those diplomatic subtleties which, according to Napoleon's wishes, were to force Austria to declare war, Bismarck was eager for a rupture with the Bund. Napoleon, secure in his prosperity, had insisted that a high destiny awaited Prussia, and that Germany expected her to fulfil it. He from the first insisted upon the advantages which would accrue to the Hohenzollerns from a rupture with Austria. But at Berlin there was a strange weakness in favour of Austria; the Prince Regent was contented with visions of purely moral conquests. The mobilisation of the Federal armies was under consideration; the Berlin Cabinet remonstrated with Cavour; and Bismarck fell seriously ill with vexation and alarm. Count Cavour replied with something of prophetic sagacity, at all events in words which must have delighted the future conqueror at Sadowa, that "Prussia would one day be grateful to Piedmont for the example the latter had just set her." The French journals also were loud in the praises of the Piedmontese mission of the house of Hohenzollern. It was at this time that there arose disquieting rumours as to an alliance between Russia, Prussia, and France. Authoritative publications spoke of "great agglomerations of States" to be effected by the Roman, Slavonic, and Germanic races; and to a triple alliance of three universal monarchies "whose distinguishing features would be not only the three principal races of the European system, but also its three great Christian Churches." Lord Palmerston declared in Parliament that the situation was pregnant with

at least half-a-dozen respectable wars. The gigantic combinations which Napoleon shadowed forth, and the great destinies which he was perpetually thrusting upon Prussia, impelled the king to energetic resolutions. Accordingly, a vigorous man was required. All eyes were turned to M. de Bismarck; but society was disconcerted by learning that the great man was only appointed to be ambassador at Paris. He stayed there, however, only two months; took the measure of Napoleon, whom, contrary to the general opinion of the time, he confidentially described as "the embodiment of misunderstood incapacity;" insisted with the influential men of the Government that France should acquiesce in Prussia's absorption of the smaller Germanic States with a view to her obtaining a desirable ally, or as another alternative, in her turn enlarging her own territory in the direction of Belgium. Having expounded his future political plans, he returned to Berlin to form, as he expressed it, "a lid for the Government saucepan." His farewell speech to France appears to have been, "Liberalism is but a child easily brought to reason; but revolution is a power, and you must know how to use it."

Bismarck acceded to the Prussian Ministry in September 1862, bent upon the aggrandisement, "the rounding-off," of the monarchy of Frederick II., foreseeing from the first that Austria would always be his resolute adversary. He trusted that, with careful management, Russia and France might be brought to favour, or, at least, not to interfere with his designs; as regards England, he did not trouble himself. "England has for many a year," said he, "been erased from all my political calculations: and do you know since when I began to reckon without her? Since the day on

which she renounced of her own free will her right to the Ionian Islands. A Power which ceases to take, and begins to give up, is an exhausted Power." M. Klaczko remarks that the conviction that proud Albion would quietly submit to be slighted was more than justified during the Danish campaign. Bismarck soon resolved upon his course. He trusted himself thoroughly to the friendship of Prince Gortschakoff. He set himself to outwit Napoleon, whose purpose was vacillating, and who, in vaguely striving to accomplish the welfare of humanity, was fast endangering that of France. Though the design of transforming a "purely defensive" confederation into a great military and aggressive kingdom was hostile to the interests and traditions both of Russia and of France, by a fortunate turn in events those Powers never united to resist it. For at the very commencement of Bismarck's ministry the Polish question arose, and in the course which it took, immediately estranged the Emperor Alexander and Napoleon, reawakened in St Petersburg the old rancorous feelings against Vienna, and enabled the Prussian King to draw close his alliance with the Czar, while yet maintaining friendly relations with Napoleon. This drama on the banks of the Vistula, which lasted for two years, ended in a final catastrophe in January 1863. The populace at Warsaw knelt before the palace of the King's lieutenant, "holding nothing in their hands but the symbol of Christ's crucifixion, and asking for nothing but their God and their country." A reference was made to St Petersburg, and there arose a sincere desire to conciliate Poland. The Emperor sent his brother to reform and administer the government, and a moderate independence was granted. But

the demagogues of Europe speedily introduced their mysterious organisation and their violent measures. Europe encouraged the folly of the Poles. From the Palais-Royal came the advice "to throw away their Catholic mummeries and up with the barricades;" from Earl Russell came a recommendation of parliamentary institutions for Poland, and for an extension of the same to the whole of Russia; from Count Rechberg, "that fatal Minister then at the head of foreign affairs in Vienna," came encouragement, Galicia becoming in effect the refuge armoury and centre for supplies for the Polish insurgents. The Emperor of the French at first declined to encourage hopes which he had no means of satisfying; but at last, urged on by the language of Lord Palmerston, the attitude of Austria, and finally by Bismarck's military convention with Russia, he addressed a great European remonstrance to the Czar, which naturally stimulated the insurrection, and deeply wounded the pride of Russia; and the Czar thereupon "undertook against the Polish nation a work of methodical and implacable extirpation." As M. Klaczko observes, Prince Gortschakoff received all the honours of the melancholy campaign; while the profits were absorbed by M. de Bismarck, who used them to construct a secure and solid foundation for his future labours. At all events, M. de Klaczko regards as immense the benefits which accrued to Bismarck through the Polish insurrection in consolidating his friendship with Russia, and the estrangement of the latter country from both France and Austria. It appears, however, that at that time Bismarck himself doubted the capacity of the Russian Empire to quell the Polish insurrection without Prussian assistance, and even contemplated rectifying the Prussian

frontier by the absorption of Poland. The first blow of Bismarck for the aggrandisement of Prussia might, if fortune had so willed it, have been struck upon the banks of the Vistula.

Circumstances, however, took him to the banks of the Elbe. A question of the Duchies had been opened in 1859, in consequence of the events in Italy, and had grown to importance since Lord John Russell's Gotha despatch. The magnificent harbour of Kiel was a prize worth playing for; and Bismarck's antagonist in regard to the Duchies was Earl Russell, who was easily convinced that the German covetousness proceeded from Austria and the secondary States, and that Prussia was eager to restrain it. The diet of Frankfurt decreed a federal execution in Holstein. Denmark accepted English mediation on a promise made by Bismarck to Great Britain that he would prevent this execution; Earl Russell was delighted at the influence of the attitude assumed by England; but in three weeks Bismarck withdrew his assistance. In the interval Lord Russell, overjoyed at Bismarck's co-operation, had sacrificed to him the Polish question with Russia, and exasperated Napoleon by his opposition to a European congress, and by leaving him in the lurch with regard to Denmark and Russia. The field was now clear for Count Bismarck, who was now no longer satisfied with a federal execution in Holstein, but managed to deprive the King of Denmark first of Holstein and then of Schleswig, by a series of manœuvres, partly diplomatic and partly military, in which he was constantly aided and abetted by his Russian ally. Yet, as M. Klaczko observes, "to Russia more than to any other Power in Europe was it of importance to preserve the freedom of the Baltic,

and to prevent the harbour of Kiel from falling into the hands of the Germans; it was also of more importance to her than to any other to remember that the people of Courland and Livonia spoke a much purer and harmonious German than the people of Schleswig."

The Polish and Danish questions were the prelude to the decisive wars with Austria and France, and are minutely referred to by M. Klaczko, since they influenced the international relations of Europe in a manner favourable to Bismarck's schemes. They completed the estrangement between France and England, which the annexation of Savoy and Nice had commenced; they also cemented the friendship between Gortschakoff and Bismarck; while they produced an enduring rancour on the part of the Russian Chancellor towards Austria and France. But while the sulks of Alexander Mikhailovitch are described as nearly as fatal to Europe as the reveries of Napoleon III., Count Bismarck alone was distinguished for his clear conception of the ends which he desired to accomplish, and for the unrelenting directness and vigour with which he strove for their accomplishment.

This book describes Count Bismarck as eager above all things to secure the Russian Chancellor as a principal card in his game, but equally determined not to change *rôles* with him, and to become a card in the game of his friend. But at the outset, in the scheme of consolidating Germany, his principal aim was to bend the misunderstood incapacity of the powerful Napoleon to his purposes. And, according to the narration here given, the French Emperor fell an easy victim. The whole world at that time believed in the immense superiority of the Austrian army

over that Prussian *landwehr* which for half a century had not smelt powder. Foiled with regard to Denmark and Poland, isolated in Europe on account of his dealings with England, Austria, and Russia, Napoleon was before all things bent on doing something for Italy. He was not in a position to accept diplomatic defeat, any more than he could re-enter Paris after Sedan. M. de Bismarck went to Paris, descanted upon the advantages which would accrue to Italy from the impending duel between Austria and Prussia—the benefit which it would be to Napoleon if Prussia, better outlined and more powerful, became the unfailing ally of France. A Prusso-mania took possession of the Bonapartists; and M. Benedetti, M. de la Valetta, and General La Marmora, were the exponents of the new policy which completely upset the antiquated ideas of M. Drouyn de Lhuys.

Relying on this state of French opinion, the Prussian Minister, who had previously, in concert with Austria, declared in favour of the Duke of Augustenburg's title to the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, now declared that the King of Denmark alone was entitled, adding that the King had abandoned them to Austria and Prussia, who accordingly were capable of disposing of them without reference to the Bund. He then demanded of the Emperor Francis Joseph that he should give up his share in the conquest for a cash payment. A provisional arrangement was made at Gastein shortly afterwards, which served to show how little disposed either France or England was to interfere. The latter country was changing its government, and preparing a campaign of parliamentary reform; the rulers of the former trembled at the thought of their future ally being exposed to certain defeat from the

enemy of Italy, of progress, and of France. The Italian and French press applauded the "Piedmontese mission" of the Hohenzollerns, and cherished hopes of a "Germany united by means of a Prussian needle;" Napoleon himself was eager for a reconstructed Prussia as a Protestant rival to Catholic Austria, and a useful counterpoise to Russia. With that view he was eagerly encouraging Prussia to declare war, reserving to himself a policy of "attentive neutrality," convinced that whatever might be the fortune of the war, he could always interfere with effect in favour of peace and the equilibrium of Europe. On the other hand, Bismarck, who saw through this game, and was unwilling to embark in a war of which Napoleon could dictate the conclusion and the terms of peace, was anxious to obtain a written promise of absolute neutrality. This Bismarck failed to obtain. Napoleon was anxious that Italy should complete her unity, and that Prussia should afford her the opportunity of doing so, and he was ready to respect the national aspirations of Germany. He was equally willing to complete French unity, and was full of visionary schemes to promote the cause of progress and humanity. But no definite arrangement was made, either as to neutrality by France, or as to guarantees by Prussia in the improbable event of her issuing victorious from the strife. Under those circumstances the Prussian Minister felt that the blow must be struck, and struck quickly and decisively, before Napoleon had time to intervene. The marvel of the whole achievement was, that Count Bismarck, up to that time regarded as a sort of mad diplomatist, was able to carry the pious Hohenzollern into this fratricidal war, as all persons declared it, and,

with the aid of the comparatively inexperienced Moltké and Von Roon, strike down Austria in a week.

This war was by far the most perilous adventure to which the emotional mind of the Prussian King had ever been fixed. Bismarck knew that he risked death upon the scaffold in case of failure; only Napoleon would have traced any parallel between such an enterprise and the schemes of Count Cavour. There was no counterpart to Italian misrule to be found in the constitutional and republican States which formed the Bund, and which already boasted as much liberty and order as Prussia possessed or could possibly confer. They denounced beforehand the "fatal policy" of the Berlin Cabinet, and were the immediate victims of its success. Italy was Prussia's real ally in this business. A treaty had been concluded between the two countries in April 1866; and while the Prussian King appeared in the unwonted character of Victor Emmanuel's ally, the Hohenzollern as the patron of successful revolution and of Garibaldi's friend, the Prussian Minister was already in communication with Mazzini and the Magyar chiefs, determined, if the worst came to the worst, to fight his enemy with revolutions, and be ready, if France should intervene and Italy withdraw, to fall back on Hungarian legions and southern conspirators. The conquest of Germany, however, was achieved. It is clear that Prince Gortschakoff silently but effectively aided his friend, and probably no one rejoiced more heartily than he did at the discomfiture of Austria and the mortification of Napoleon. Italy at this time obtained possession of Venice, and a Hohenzollern prince assumed the government of Roumania; but neither by diplomacy

nor arms could Napoleon obtain the smallest compensation. His altered position with regard to Europe was at once manifest to the initiated, if not to the outside public. Before the war, he had declared in a solemn document laid before the Corps Legislatif on the 11th June 1866, that "none of the questions which affect us will be settled without the consent of France." After the war, contrary to the express words of this document, Prussia openly modified the map of Europe to her own exclusive benefit, without reference to France. Austria, so far from being "maintained in her great position in Germany," was excluded from the German Confederation; instead of "a more powerful organisation" being accorded to the secondary States, annexation became the order of the day. But in vain did M. Drouyn de Lhuys urge the establishment of a French army of observation on the eastern frontier; that Prussia, though victorious, was exhausted; that Austria could recall a powerful force from Italy; and that a military demonstration would render Napoleon the arbiter and master of the situation. The French Emperor hesitated, he was terrified at the prodigious successes of Prussia; the Mexican expedition had weakened his army; and doubtless he felt that the man who gains time gains everything. "Sire," said, according to M. Klaczko, an eminent minister of the German Confederation, "a simple military demonstration on your part may save Europe, and Germany will be eternally grateful to you. If you allow the present opportunity to escape, before another four years will have elapsed you will have to go to war with Prussia, and you will have the whole of Germany against you." But the Bonapartist party clung to the delusion that Prussia and Italy were the true

allies of a democratic empire; that "Austrian sympathies" must be suppressed; and that the conquest of Belgium would amply compensate for the unity of Germany. The foundering of Austria was in reality the ruin of Napoleon's dynasty; the unification of Germany was the eclipse of France. Something of this must have dawned on the imperial mind when the conqueror of Sadowa would hear of no territorial reparation which involved a cession to France; alluded vaguely to "other arrangements" which might be made, to something "which might be found in the Palatine," to the annexation of Belgium—to anything, in fact, which was hopeless and unattainable. Not much doubt could have remained when, after much hesitation and apology, M. Benedetti at last presented to Count Bismarck the outline of a secret treaty, abandoning to France the whole of the left bank of the Rhine, without even excepting the stronghold of Mayence. "Very good," said the new master of Europe; "then we shall have war! But do not fail to remind his Majesty the Emperor that, under certain circumstances, such a war might be waged with revolutions, and that in the presence of revolutionary dangers, German dynasties would prove to be built on more solid foundations than that of Napoleon."

The fate of France and of Napoleon's dynasty was in reality sealed very shortly after the successful issue of the war in Germany. What might have happened, if Napoleon had interposed directly after Sadowa, no one can say: he might have merely anticipated his doom. But what really happened was this;—Bismarck was the new master of Europe, Prince Gortschakoff and Napoleon equally courting his favour and alliance. The

friendship of the former was accepted, and General Manteuffel sent to negotiate the terms either of alliance or "understanding" which should subsist between Prussia and Russia. France was bamboozled, over-reached, and betrayed. "Dilatory negotiations," a new term in diplomacy, were prosecuted for her amusement, in which she betrayed to her implacable enemy that policy of "taking tips" (*une politique de pour boire*) which Bismarck scorned. If a Power which had ceased to take and had begun to give up, was deemed by him, rather hastily, to be an exhausted Power, what must have been his idea of a Power which, no longer able to take, stood hat in hand to a powerful rival vainly asking for its grateful acknowledgments? He was ready to sell it the bearskin, well knowing that it would fail to catch or kill the bear; but there his complaisance ended. He would not even allow it to purchase Luxembourg from the King of Holland. He tempted it with Belgium; took an authentic project of a treaty on the subject in M. Benedetti's handwriting, with Napoleon's marginal notes, into his possession: but no sooner was the Peace of Prague concluded with Austria than he was averse to "creating ill-feeling between Prussia and England," and in good time divulged the project to England and the world. But the secret treaty, or project of a treaty, relating to the Rhine, was at once laid before the Southern Confederate States, which, according to the preliminaries of Nikolsburg, were not to be included in the new Confederation governed by Prussia. The triumph of French mediation had been that they should form a restricted union amongst themselves, having solicited and obtained the French Emperor's help for that purpose. But no sooner did Count Bismarck

explain to them that so far from the Emperor protecting them, he was seeking an understanding with Prussia at their expense, than they gave way and concluded with him secret offensive and defensive treaties. These were kept rigorously secret; but from the date of the peace with Austria, Bismarck could rely on the armed co-operation of the whole of Germany, the silent aid of Russia, and the certainty of being able to destroy all hope of English interference. France knew that her alliance had been declined in favour of Russia; but it does not appear that she suspected the magnitude and completion of the precautions which Prussia was taking against her. "That powerful agent of civilisation and progress" which France had done so much to call into a vigorous life, was already plotting her destruction, to wrest from her the admitted supremacy in Europe. What may have been the exact terms of the arrangement which General Manteuffel was commissioned to make with Prince Gortschakoff is not known; but M. Klaczko's observations with regard to it are interesting, for the Eastern question must at all times be largely affected by any understanding between Germany and Russia. It was suspected that another bearskin was being disposed of on the banks of the Neva; but this time "it was a bear of the Balkhan, who had not felt well for some time past, and whom the Emperor Nicholas had declared to be very sick twenty years before."

And during the Eastern troubles both Austria and France made significant advances to the Court of St Petersburg. The French Cabinet was willing to reopen the whole Eastern question and pacify the East with heroic remedies. Count Beust could not refuse to sympathise with the Christians in Turkey, and to en-

courage amongst them "a wider development of their privileges, and to promote the establishment of a system of self-government, to be limited only by a tie of vassalage." He actually proposed to revise the Treaty of Paris of 1856 in the sense of assigning a very great rôle to Russia. He wished for a collective interference of the Powers in the affairs of Turkey, and to release the Czar from his Black Sea engagements in order to secure his sincere co-operation. Prince Gortschakoff had declared before the Treaty of Prague that the only value of the Treaty of Paris depended on the agreement existing between the great Powers to see it respected. But Europe had recently shown itself without unity and without public law, and Count Beust wished to re-establish the European union at least in reference to the affairs of Turkey; and he was willing to sacrifice to this end the Black Sea clauses of the treaty. France wished to dower the Russian Queen of Greece with the island of Crete, and to demand from Turkey the annexation of Thessaly and Epirus. In return, Austria and France desired the assistance of Russia in the menacing complications in the West. Prince Gortschakoff was in raptures; M. Beust, he declared, was inaugurating a new era in the political history of Austria—an era whose views would be liberal and lofty. The French Minister's principles and assurances had a peculiar value, since they emanated from the thoughts of the Emperor Napoleon. But the Prince, notwithstanding the exclusion of Russian interests in the German Confederation, kept close his intimacy with his Prussian friend: he showed no consideration for France in the affair of Luxembourg; he encouraged the violent Slavonic opposition then rife in the empire of the Hapsburgs.

In the face of this manifest duplicity, of the obvious understanding between St Petersburg and Berlin, Austria and France retired from the East. The "Pan-Slavonic propaganda" attracted the attention of M. Benedetti, who never failed to urge upon his Government that while Bismarck was free to operate in Germany, Russia was at work in the East and in the Slavonic provinces of Austria. "Mighty projects," says M. Klaczko, "had indeed been cherished on the banks of the Moskva and the Neva during the whole of the feverish and agitated period which separated Sadowa from Sedan." The world was to be divided between Slavonia and Germany. Napoleon himself had declared that "an irresistible power was impelling all nations to form great agglomerations, and to abolish all minor States." The Congress of Moscow followed, Russia seeking to adopt towards the Slaves the same course of action which Prussia had adopted towards the Germans. The Congress and the Cretan insurrection served to keep the Christian populations of Turkey in a state of ferment and of expectation, and appealed directly to the sympathies of the Austrian Slaves. After the Congress was dissolved, a permanent committee under the auspices of a Grand Duke was appointed to watch over the interests of Slave unity. The Ruthenes, the Czechs and the Croats of Austria, the Princes of Montenegro and Servia felt its influence. Bulgarian committees were established at Bucharest and other towns on the banks of the Danube to provoke disturbances in Bulgaria, and disorderly agitations took place. But, as M. Klaczko observes, in the period between Sadowa and Sedan, although these disturbances were the subject of numerous and energetic representations by the Cabinets of Lon-

don, Paris, and Vienna, to Roumania and Greece, the Cabinets of St Petersburg and Berlin maintained a continuous silence. "By a curious change in earthly matters which must have astonished the Nesselrodes and Kamptz in their celestial abode, the voices of the Western Powers—those of England, France, and Austria—were now denouncing the underhand and revolutionary proceedings of the European demagogues; while Prussia was silent, and Russia denied the fact, or pleaded extenuating circumstances." A conference was held in Paris; Turco-Grecian difficulties were smoothed over; but the universal belief remained that Russia would assume an offensive position in the East as soon as complications arose in the West. In 1869, Fuad Pacha on his death-bed addressed his last political testament to the Sultan, in which he pointed out the approaching inevitable conflict between France and Prussia, declared that the great Ottoman empire was in danger; and concluded, "an internal war in Europe, and a Bismarck in Russia, and the face of the globe would be changed."

The completion of Italian and Germanic unity brought no comfort to the Tuileries. M. Benedetti was the first to perceive the altered position of France; and M. Klaczko pays every honour to the insight and judgment which he displayed in the four years between Sadowa and the Franco-Prussian war. Grossly and painfully deceived as he had been during the negotiations which preceded the war with Austria, he constantly drew the attention of his Government to Count Bismarck's schemes; his propagandism beyond the Main; his intrigues with the revolutionary party in Italy, designed to aid him in fighting Victor Emmanuel as well

as Napoleon with revolutions in case of necessity; his negotiations with Russia through General Manteuffel; his intrigues with General Prim respecting a Hohenzollern candidate to the Spanish throne. Napoleon despatched General Fleury to the Court of Russia; and Bismarck's relations with his Hungarian allies of 1866 showed that he did not contemplate surrendering to Russia all German interests and claims on the shores of the Danube and at the foot of the Balkans. And at the Paris Conference in 1869, the views of the Berlin Cabinet diverged from those of Russia. Convinced that no definite solution could be arrived at without the aid of a united Germany, Count Bismarck did not wish in the then state of the Continent to commit himself with either the friends or the foes of the Sultan. The collapse neither of Turkey nor of Hungary would suit his views; and a struggle in the East might force him to borrow a card in the game of his Russian friend, a change of rôle to which he was at all times strongly opposed. Then, as now, Count Bismarck maintained his own liberty of action, resolved, however, not to pre-engage German forces in an Eastern crisis, but rather to reserve to himself the part which Napoleon ought to have played in the Prusso-Austrian war—the part of umpire of the contest, at whose word the combatants must separate and come to terms. Russian policy, it seems, was to wait; and when the power and public opinion of Europe were paralysed by the tremendous strife which was plainly imminent, to step in and seize its plunder. Prince Gortschakoff no more than the French Emperor dreaded the increase of Prussian power; and, like Napoleon in 1866, he never dreamed of the tremendous victories which Prussia was about to win. Bismarck had

secured the co-operation of the Southern States in Germany; Gortschakoff intimated to the Viennese Cabinet that Austria would not be permitted to make common cause with France, and to Denmark that she too must be neutral. England's neutrality was secured by the revelations about Belgium. M. Klaczko declares that the sudden catastrophe of 1870—which of course was hastened by Count Bismarck for his own purposes, though France had all the discredit of it—found Russia not merely in a military sense unprepared. Its moral influence over the Slave world had received a check since the conference on Greece. It hurried to arms, and might have appeared as an active ally of Prussia in its fear of French successes. As it was, Prince Gortschakoff, at the outset of the war, urged the Emperor Napoleon to be moderate; and probably awaited with patience the opportunities for action in the East. But the Ottoman empire remained unscathed during that intestine struggle which Fuad Pasha had declared would lead to its destruction. M. Klaczko declares that all chances of a Russian crusade in the East melted away in the terrible disasters of France. Russia abandoned the idea of the compulsory unification of the Slaves, and contented itself with the repeal of the Black Sea clauses of the Treaty of Paris. The great object of Prince Gortschakoff was to prevent—and he skilfully succeeded—Europe from interfering between Prussia and France in respect of the terms of peace. The work of 1870 became a mere copy of that of 1860; even as regards the *politique de pour boire*, Count Bismarck again scorned to give tips. "You can take the East," said he, according to M. Klaczko, at St Petersburg, through his mouth-piece, General Manteuffel, as he had previously told the Emperor Napoleon to take

Belgium, making always the same kind offer of what was not his to give—the same gracious gift of dragon-defended fruit. The new Greco-Slave-Roumanian world was as much a dream as Napoleon's conglomeration of States for the advancement of humanity. In the wreck of treaties, and the abrogation of public law, it is satisfactory to find that, in the two quarters of Europe where England held supreme interests, the great military Powers paused in their career of spoliation and conquest.

The ten years' partnership between the two Chancellors, however much it has promoted the aggrandisement of Prussia—however it may tend to preserve the equilibrium of Europe, however little it may have injured England, the destruction of the Black Sea clause being a small matter in comparison with its other more decisive results,—nevertheless has, as far as existing European nations are concerned, set at nought every principle of international justice and good faith. The single-handed repudiation of a treaty by Russia without pretext or negotiation or congress, showed the want of good faith, the utter disregard for international obligations which was beginning to displace the public law of Europe. The Continent was powerless while its map was transformed; and we can only hope that the work is complete, and that the growth of conservative principles of law and order may be encouraged, as the waters of revolution, anarchy, and spoliation subside. In two years' time the Eastern question again burst upon Europe; and it was a question of grave importance how the great Powers, with their altered fortunes and changed attitudes to each other, would approach the subject.

If Russia has conquered Tartary, gained the Caucasus and a new world on the shores of the Amoor

and the Syr Daria, and resumed her freedom in the Black Sea, on the other hand she has lost Sebastopol, and there is a barrier of autonomous States under the guarantee of Europe between her and Turkey. Germany does not share Prussia's indifference to the East, but demands that her voice should be attended to. Austria, constantly exhorted to "seek her centre of gravity elsewhere than at Vienna," to justify her name of *Ost-reich*, and become in reality an empire of the East, feels that she has a large stake, perhaps a more pressing mission, on the banks of the Danube than she had in 1856; and England, as a great Mediterranean and Eastern Power, has interests in the settlement of Turkey, and the distribution of its provinces, which her formidable fleets are capable of protecting. "I see no Europe!" was the exclamation of M. de Beust, in a celebrated despatch of 1870, as its organised impotence stood unveiled before him. It has been the high mission of Great Britain in the recent troubles to restore to Europe her confidence in herself, to renew the public respect for treaties, to vindicate the collective rights of the great Powers against the pretensions of the Triple Alliance, to enforce that non-intervention in the disorders of an unhappy State to which the Continent is pledged, and to secure to the public voice of Europe the final settlement of those difficulties which are temporarily intrusted to the arbitration of an unimpeded struggle.

It has been an achievement worthy of a great Conservative Power; and we doubt not that, when the opportunity arrives, the men who have recalled Europe to a sense of public right will know how to attend to the claims of the unfortunate populations which suffer from Ottoman misrule, and in the perpetuation of whose misery and dependence public safety and English prosperity have no sort of interest or stake. To discover a *modus vivendi* between the various races which, with warring creeds and dissimilar institutions, swarm over the south-eastern provinces of Europe, is the problem to be solved, and of which from time to time a temporary solution must be found. The Turks, when all is said on their behalf that can be said, are only one of those races; and the relations of those turbulent tribes to one another must be to some extent settled by themselves; the final adjustment, in the interests not merely of justice and good government amongst them, but in the interest of the permanent peace and security of Europe, resting with the collective authority of the Powers. To secure a gradual settlement of this kind requires patience and firmness; but the heroic achievements of the last ten years have given all of us a taste for the less dramatic, but more conservative, results which flow from respect for treaties, love of order, and political sympathies, which a keen sense of justice repels from the border-land of mania, and restrains by reason and prudence.

NENUPHAR: A FANCY.

JUNE.

I AM going to try to call up before you what I consider to be one of the loveliest pictures in that great picture-book that we call the world, and which is always lying open for the eyes of every admiring child of nature to look upon.

A grey, cool summer dawn, lighting up with the hazy, mysterious light peculiar to the dawn, the dark shadows that have slept all night among the branches of the trees: dew-drops lying on every leaf waiting for the sun's touch to convert them into sparkling diamonds. Nothing to be heard around but the faint chirp of newly-awakened birds, —over everything else the soft hush that seems to prevail in the very early morning, as though the whole world were waiting and listening so as to wake up to life and motion at the very first token of the arrival of the Day-god.

At the foot of the trees which grow thickly around it, and tower darkly above it, is a large lake—Wykeham Mere. The marsh-marigolds and forget-me-nots on its banks, as also the alders and tall trees above, are reflected in its waters, and all over its broad surface lie the white blossoms of the water-lilies with tight-folded petals, sleeping away the hours of night.

Suddenly over the landscape, springing from one knows not where, comes a little shivering breeze that rustles the tall tree tops, and even disturbs somewhat the placid waters of the mere, causing the water-lilies to move restlessly to and fro on the baby ripples, and the rushes, that on the one side grow by the water's edge, to shiver and murmur amongst themselves,—a lit-

tle breeze that is the precursor of morning.

It has scarcely time to give its message, and pass on with it to other lands, ere the clouds on the horizon have cleared away, and through the branches come flickering rays of light that wake the birds to a chorus of praise, and cause the water-lilies to unfold their leaves in anticipation; then a few more minutes of waiting, and the dim grey haze has disappeared: no more dreams of night—no more uncertain fancies of dawn; those are alike over and done with, for the day has come—the working-day of stern facts and realities.

Some hours later on, the path that led through the park from Wykeham Hall to Wykeham Mere was trodden by John Clermont, lord of the manor.

He walked slowly, and leant heavily on his stick, but more through weariness of spirit than infirmity of body; for a tired heart makes tired feet, and Mr Clermont's heart was indeed sad. Only a year ago he had, after seeking for it over fifty years, found and won for his own, the most precious jewel in the world—at least it had seemed so to him; and now he was thinking of how once more he was left quite alone—only all the sadder and drearier for the remembrance of the brief glimpse of sunshine he had had, and of how at home, in the wide nurseries where he had once, not so long ago, hoped to see a proud young mother, holding her child in her arms, there was no one but the week-old motherless babe. So thinking, and pondering over the rights and wrongs of a question, the

solving of which is so far above a weak human mind, he came down to the water's edge, and stood watching the white moony cups floating on its calm surface; but even in their still loveliness his angry embittered soul could see no beauty. "Senseless things," his thoughts ran on, "you were just as unmoved, and looked at me just as calmly, a year ago when I gazed upon you in my joy, as you do to-day in my sorrow! Cold and white and beautiful, you have not one feeling in common with us! You stand apart in a world of your own, the embodiment of selfishness!

"There are some flowers," so his fancies rambled on, "one could imagine gifted with a soul, so near and dear do they become to us. Mignonette, or heather even, a scentless blossom, but still there is something that it has about it that is different to—a peony, for instance. But you are of the peony type, I am afraid," he dreamed on, "despite your beauty:" but here the thread of his thoughts was broken, and a sharp cry of utter astonishment broke from his lips, and entirely disturbed his fancies, which had begun to run rather wild, as they were sometimes wont to do; for among the reeds by the water's edge, he had caught a glimpse of what appeared at first sight to be a water-lily gifted with motion, but which on a closer examination proved to be a baby.

It was laid in the rushes as in a cradle, safely out of the reach of the water, although the hem of its long robe was damp by reason of its having come in contact with the wet leaves around.

The child was fast asleep, but at John Clermont's touch it opened its large blue eyes and gazed up at him. With many a cry of astonishment and surprise, he lifted it up in his arms out of its unsafe bed,

where certainly in its white dress, and with its little close-fitting cap tied under its chin, it did present rather an unearthly appearance.

"I will take thee home, little one," said John, his own grief and bitterness of soul for the minute forgotten, in contemplation of the helpless infant in his arms: "for the present, at least, thou shalt remain with us; and if in the future no one comes to claim thee, why, thou canst still stay on, and be a companion for little, lonely Heather."

There was much excitement in the nursery at Wykeham at the appearance and romantic history of this new water-baby, and much discussion as to its parentage; for although Mr Clermont inquired everywhere, and the nurses made no secret as to how and where it had been found, no one ever came forward to put in a claim for it.

It was a lady's child nurse Bell, who had been engaged to look after it, declared, because of the delicate laces and embroideries wherewith its things were trimmed; which supposition nurse Betty, Miss Clermont's attendant, of course, thought it her duty to contradict. And as the days went on, and still no anxious father or mother raised an inquiry for the babe, it really seemed at times to Mr Clermont whilst gazing on the sleeping infant's placid countenance, that it was not altogether impossible for it to have sprung from the same root as its namesakes floating on the waters of the lake; for, as a sort of link with the past, and as a remembrance of how the foundling had come among them, he had given to the child the name of *Nenuphar*.

Little Heather screamed and cried when on the christening day the sacred drops fell upon her forehead, but *Nenuphar* only opened

her wide, blue eyes, and smiled a sweet, baby smile, as if she liked to feel the water; and Mr Clermont watching her in the distance, smiled too, for it seemed to him a realisation of his quaint conceits and fancies that day he had found her down by the water's side: and from that day forth he took more interest in her than ever, for it diverted his mind from his own sorrow, and he looked forward with something almost approaching excitement to the time when she should be grown up, so that he might see what kind of a woman she would develop into.

And thus it was that Nenuphar gained a name and a home.

A stray sunbeam flickering through the branches of some forest oak may touch and warm some dark spot that the sun's rays rarely if ever reach,—a stray raindrop caught on its downward course by a green leaf, may fall from thence on to some corner of the earth hitherto barren and unprofitable, and by its cool, reviving touch give life to a seed there concealed, which, springing up as the years pass on, may grow to be a stately tree giving shelter and protection to those who need it; but then, again, the seed having developed, it may prove to be the poisonous nightshade breathing death on those around; but surely for this neither the sunbeam nor the dewdrop can be blamed. They did the good deed—they gave the life for good or for evil—and if the seed be poisonous, the fault does not lie with them.

Which all is a preface to saying that John Clermont watching Nenuphar grow up, sometimes wondered whether all the world, or at least the world that came under her influence, would not have been happier and better if the waters of Wykeham Mere had closed over

her head when she lay a sleeping babe upon its bosom.

She was growing up to girlhood fast now; but in all the years that had come and gone, no one had ever arisen to lay claim to her, no one had appeared who either in love or in law wished to take her away from the home that had been given to her; and Mr Clermont wondered often, as he watched her lazy, languid movements, who and what her mother had been;—a lady, he generally decided, as nurse Bell had done before him,—or else, he would add, smiling to himself, a water-lily! As long as the children were in the nursery Nenuphar remained the favourite; for what nurse can withstand a child who rarely if ever cries—a child who will lie in its bed and gaze calmly and contentedly at the ceiling for as long as the maid requires for conversing with the young man from the baker's? A child of that description is well worth its weight in gold. So what wonder that Nenuphar was often held up as a model to naughty, passionate little Heather, who could not bear to be kept waiting a minute for anything, and would scream and cry, and stamp her tiny feet, if not attended to on the moment?

Then her father would come up, attracted from his study by the shrieks of his motherless lassie, and Betty would be reproved, and the child coaxed back into goodness. And Mr Clermont would go away, thinking he had done all that was required of him, and wondering if the children were so troublesome now, what they would be when they grew older.

"After all it is only Heather," he would think as he shut the study-door again; "no one could wish for a better child than Nenuphar. It will be an interesting study to watch as they grow up and their

characters develop, the effect they will have the one upon the other. It will give quite an interest to my life, that has become of late so sadly devoid of interest." So he thought, almost forgetting that human souls have to be guided into right paths, trained and pruned by a gardener's hand, not left to run wild for the sake of astonishing that gardener by the flowers and fruits they will produce when left alone.

As the children grew older, Nenuphar still continued the favourite with every one, as she had been when a baby with her nurse. And yet she did not do very much to earn that position, and was perhaps not so really worthy of it as naughty, wilful, little Heather, who was all tears and despair one moment, and was lifted up into the most wild joy the next.

But Heather was troublesome; always more or less in mischief, and did not care for learning—and beyond a sweet voice, was possessed of no accomplishments likely to do credit to her instructors; so it was not altogether wonderful that her good qualities were rather inclined to be overlooked. Whereas with Nenuphar it was different: not that she was clever—and her accomplishments fell short even of Heather's, for she could not sing; but then she had learned one great art of popularity—she agreed so quietly with everything proposed; afterwards, perhaps, she as quietly slipped out of it—for she was essentially lazy, and disliked work quite as much as Heather did, though for different reasons. But she certainly managed better.

No one ever heard her voice raised in dispute, or saw her smooth forehead disfigured with frowns; she had learned while yet very young that it was so much easier, so much less trouble, to say "yes" than to say "no."

"No" involved explanations and arguments, and noise and confusion,—all the things, in fact, she most disliked; whereas "yes" stopped people talking for the time being; and afterwards—well, afterwards—the best thing was to wait and see what would happen.

Wait; yes, that was always the great thing with her. She was never in a hurry about anything; any other hour was just as good as the present: hence her popularity with those about her; for the impatience of a child is often trying to the wider understanding and deeper knowledge of those about it.

"I believe," said Heather, as she stood watching from the window one day a steady downpour that had set in just as the two girls were dressed and ready for a long-promised expedition—"I believe, Nenuphar, we shall not be able to go, after all. Oh, what shall we do?"

"Wait," replied Nenuphar, calmly, looking up from the arm-chair in which she was awaiting the result of the storm. "It does not really matter; for if it rains very hard to-day, it is almost sure to be fine to-morrow."

Very philosophical, of course, but scarcely natural in a girl of thirteen; and Heather, who had her feelings less under control, turned away with tearful eyes to the nursery, there to be told not to be so silly, but to look at Miss Nenuphar, and see how much more sensible she was.

As the years passed by, and girlhood gave place to early womanhood, the intense stillness—I know not what else to call it—of Nenuphar's character became less noticeable than when she was a child. She and Heather were always great friends, as indeed was only natural; for they were sisters in all but name, being bound together by the ties of one mutual home and one father's

care—for John Clermont made no difference whatever in his treatment of the two girls.

Mr Clermont was very fond of society, and he very often had friends staying in the house—men friends, that is to say. As to ladies, he had reverted to his old feelings towards the sex,—feelings that had held good up to the time of his marriage, which event had not occurred until he was nearly fifty, before which time he had never been known to speak willingly to a woman—and to that most unchivalric state he had returned after his wife's death; so, having procured an elderly lady to act as chaperon to the girls, he felt he had quite done his duty as far as womankind was concerned, and might now go his own way and amuse himself.

But there were always plenty of men, and with them, as with every one else, Nenuphar was the favourite, and Heather merely a very ordinary girl, not remarkable in any way—rather bad-tempered too—but still forming an admirable contrast to the wonderful beauty of Nenuphar. All the admiration, all the love, fell to her share, and it was the more curious, as it seemed impossible for her to return any one's tenderness. She smiled graciously on all alike, and was always willing to receive any amount of admiration, but that was all; yet, strange to say, it seemed utterly impossible for any man to care for, or even think of, any other woman while she was present, though wherein lay her exact fascination it would have been difficult to say, beyond mere beauty. Perhaps it was the sense of rest and quiet that was always about her, setting her apart, as it were, from every one else in a world of her own—a world from which all toil and care had been carefully excluded.

Although in that way the girls

saw a good many strangers, they had rarely, if ever, gone beyond the precincts of their own home. The world outside the grounds of Wykeham Manor had always been denied them, Mr Clermont being of opinion that girls could not go too little abroad; therefore it was not altogether strange that they had entered into their nineteenth year before they saw Sebastian Long.

Sebastian Long was the greatest landowner in the neighbourhood, and "eccentric" was the mildest word used when speaking of him; indeed there were found some to hint cautiously and with bated breath of madness, although the only symptom evinced was that he had shut up the great house that his forefathers had bequeathed to him, and had spent a roving life in foreign lands, in preference to staying quietly and decorously at home.

But there was, as there generally is, another side to the question. The said house was large, and somewhat gloomy and lonely for a man who had neither wife nor mother to keep him company in it; so it was not perhaps altogether so wonderful his preferring to spend his time amongst his mother's Spanish relations, who made for him the nearest approach to a home he had ever known.

And now as to how and where he and his neighbours first met. It was the evening of a lovely summer's day, just such a one as that early dawn on which Nenuphar first made her appearance might have grown into later on, when the mists and the dew had alike passed away, giving place to something brighter and more glorious. But, as on that other occasion, the work of the day was not begun, so on this it was over and done with, and the two girls were out on the terrace that surrounded the house, Nenuphar lazily reclining on the

marble steps reading, and Heather some few yards distant from her feeding the peacocks. It was a brilliant picture enough, for the sun was near setting, and its declining rays dyed scarlet everything they touched. They tinged even Nenuphar's white cheeks with some of their own warmth and colour, and caused the soft yellow curls that lay upon her forehead to brighten, until they shone like molten gold.

It was just what she wanted to give perfection to her beauty, which was otherwise too cold and colourless, though there were not often people to be found who thought so.

"How full the world is of sunshine!" exclaimed Heather, as she watched the evening glow intensifying the colours of the gorgeous birds before her, and the rich tints spreading over the landscape. "How full the world is of sunshine!"

Nenuphar did not reply to her companion's rhapsodies, being too much interested in her book; besides, she was not much given to rhapsodise over anything.

After Heather's remark the silence remained unbroken, until suddenly on to the path was thrown a long black shadow, which lay still and motionless between the two girls—the shadow of Sebastian Long.

Heather was thinking too much of her peacocks and Nenuphar of her book to give it a thought, and his footsteps had been so silent over the smooth turf that led up to the gravelled walk, that they had never heard his approach; but presently he moved a little, upon which the shadow wavered for a second, and then fell right across Nenuphar, enveloping her in entire darkness.

At this sudden eclipse Nenuphar raised her head, and saw, standing before her, a man with soft Southern eyes, and dark foreign-looking moustache, and small pointed beard.

"Heather," she said; and at her voice the stranger turned towards the girl addressed, and raising his hat, said, "I beg your pardon for taking you by surprise in this way, but I have come to see your father, and I took the short cut through the gardens instinctively; it is so long since I have been at home that I quite forgot it might be a liberty."

"Then you are Mr Long," exclaimed Heather, impulsively, holding out her hand; "how glad I am to see you! Oh, I hope you have come home for good!"

"Yes, I have come home," he replied; "but for good or for evil, who can say?" he added in a lower tone, as if to himself.

"Let me show you the way to my father's study," said Heather; "but first I must introduce you to my adopted sister—Nenuphar—Mr Long."

Nenuphar bowed, and then the other two turned away towards the house, chattering merrily as they went.

When, a couple of hours afterwards, greetings and explanations and welcomes over, Sebastian once more emerged from the house, he was a little startled to find Nenuphar still seated on the marble steps. She was no longer reading, although even that might have been possible, so brilliant was the starlight, and the moon, which had just risen, was shedding such a soft, quiet light over the scene he had last seen illumined with the glow of sunset. She was sitting on one of the lower steps, her head resting against the urn filled with geraniums that stood behind her, and gazing up into the bright heavens above with such intense earnestness that she might have been trying to read her fate therein.

"Are you not cold out here?" asked Mr Long, for want of some-

thing better to say, when he reached her side, as she still did not move.

"Cold?—no," she replied, sitting up and turning towards him. "Why, it would be a shame to go in on such a lovely night. Oh, if only this sort of weather would but last all the year round!"

"There, Miss——" and he paused.

"Nenuphar," she said, quietly.

"Miss Nenuphar," he repeated, "I do not agree with you. Summer is all very well in its way, but it is nothing without winter to back it up. It is pleasant, of course, but enervating, and that is the reason why, with all its faults, I prefer this country to the ones I have been living in lately."

"But think of the snow and the cold and the storms that we know are coming, and then, looking up at that sky above us, and feeling the warm sweet air that blows around us, can you not find it in your heart to agree with me when I say that I would sacrifice one half of my life if the other half could all be spent in some sheltered sunshiny spot, far away from this existence of mingled heat and cold? Ah," and she gave a little faint shiver, "the very thought of winter makes me miserable!"

"I am afraid we should never agree on that subject, for I love a storm. I think it is a grand though fearful sight to see tall trees that have had a firm foundation in the earth for ages, fall before that giant power which is not even visible. Yes," he went on, warming with his subject, and for the moment almost forgetting his white, lovely listener, "I love to stand and watch such a storm: to hear the wind screaming through the branches, and to see the wild waves rising up madly in their wrath, and yet to feel that I, a weak man, can stand firm amongst the ruin around. It is at such times one realises most that

all about us there is a Power greater than ourselves, greater than the storm; then it is one understands most clearly what it is to be held in the hollow of His hand."

"I cannot understand you," Nenuphar made answer; "it is so incomprehensible to me how any one can like noise and confusion."

"Is it?" he replied, still somewhat excitedly. "Cannot you understand the pleasure of fighting against *anything*, even though it is only a storm of wind? Why, the very struggle itself gives fresh life!"

But the girl only shook her head incredulously.

"It is different, I suppose, with you," she said; "you are a man, and I—am only Nenuphar!"

He made no answer to her strange words, but suddenly remembering he was on his way home, said "Good night," and left her.

She did not reply to his parting salutation—did not even seem to notice his departure. When he had gone some few steps, he turned back for one farewell glance. She was still seated as he had left her, looking upwards, and in the weird, chill moonlight she looked very white and ghostly. And was it fancy, he wondered, but as he looked it seemed to him that the border of her white dress waved softly to and fro; yet there certainly was no breeze to stir it.

With a smile at his fancies, he continued his walk towards his own lonely home. When he had arrived there, and was seated in the empty hall, he indulged in a waking dream—an amusement he was rather given to; but when he shut his eyes, so as to give greater scope to his imagination, the vision he conjured up was not that of a woman with soft golden hair and wide blue eyes, which seemed always looking beyond the things around them, but that of a slim, graceful maiden, with

rough brown locks and honest sweet eyes; and the last words he seemed to hear before he really passed through the ivory gates, were the echo of those which had reached his ears not so very long ago,—“I am so glad you have come back; I do hope that now you are going to stay,” while a small hand was placed in his.

Some time after Mr Long's departure, Heather was awakened by a sound in her room, and on looking up she discovered Nenuphar seated by the open window, bathed from head to foot in a broad sheet of moonlight. She looked very white and lovely as she sat thus gazing out—the moon's beams just turning her golden hair and white dress to silver; but, nevertheless, there was something in her calm, motionless attitude which sent a little shiver, almost of terror, to Heather's heart. But then it is enough to terrify any one to be awakened suddenly out of a first sleep.

“Nenuphar, what are you doing?” she questioned, after a second spent in watching her.

“Doing!” repeated Nenuphar; “I am doing nothing—only wondering how you can spend such a glorious night in bed. I came in here because the moon does not shine into my room, and you know how fond I am of moonlight. I think I was very nearly asleep when you spoke.”

“Have you been there long?”

“No, not very long. I stayed out of doors until I feared that I should have been shut out altogether; then I came here; and ever since, till I began to get sleepy, I have been thinking and dreaming over—love;—I knew you would laugh.”

“No; I am only laughing at the serious way you said it. But you should be careful, Nenuphar, for

you know that they say moonlight causes madness.”

“Another name for the same thing, perhaps. But what I was thinking of was, what is love? Heather,” she said, rising, and speaking almost excitedly, at least for her, “what is it? Why is it that I cannot care for any one?”

“I do not understand you. You have never, perhaps, cared very much for any one as yet, because the right person has not come; but that is, after all, only one kind of love. You love us, do you not? I hope so; and that, of course, is the same kind of thing—at least it seems so to me.”

“But do I love you?” questioned the other.

“Oh, Nenuphar! how can you grieve me by speaking like that?” and Heather got out of bed, and crept to her friend's side.

“Tell me,” said Nenuphar, “what it feels like, this love that every one talks of. You say *you* care for me, do you not? Well, supposing some morning you came into my room and found me lying there dead, what difference would it make in your life?”

“Oh, do not even suppose such an awful thing!” and there was a sob in the girl's voice as she spoke. “What should I do?” cried tender, impulsive Heather. “I should die too!”

She, not yet having learnt to understand that death is the great reward bestowed on those who have fought and struggled; not like the Lethe of old, a river in which we can bathe and forget our pain, but the opening of the gates that have shut us out so long from the sight of our beloved ones,—the entrance to the eternal rest after the pain has been suffered and conquered.

“Do you remember,” said Nenuphar after a pause, “young Mr Vivian?”

"Yes, certainly I do."

"Well, that was exactly what *he* said, when I told him I did not care for him. That it would kill him ! But he is still alive ; so you see, Heather, you are not right. As I said before, I cannot understand it."

"I think Mr Vivian was right, all the same, Nenuphar," said Heather, softly ; "for though he is, as you say, alive—and of course his saying it would kill him was nonsense—still I do not think he has ever been quite the same man since. He loves you, you see ; and therefore, as you do not love him, the world must seem darker to him than it did. Cannot you see the *loneliness* of it, Nenuphar ?"

But Nenuphar did not answer ; her thoughts seemed to have wandered far away. After a time, however, they returned to Heather and the subject in hand. "You ask me if I do not see the loneliness, and pity it, I suppose you mean ? No, I cannot say that I do ; I am lonely, but I do not pity myself."

"Ah, Nenuphar ! how can you say that ? Are you not happy ? You have nearly all my love, surely I have some of yours ?"

"But you forget—I cannot love ; and that brings us back to the beginning of the argument—back all the way to where my thoughts were before you woke up. What is it that I do not possess ? What is it that makes me so different to every

one else ? For I am different, Heather, as even you, with your eyes, blinded as they are by affection, must acknowledge."

"You are only different," said Heather, putting her arm around her, "in that you are a thousand times more lovely than any one I ever saw. And that being the case," she concluded somewhat timidly, "you should not be too kind, until you have found some one really worthy of your love, and then you will find out quickly enough the meaning of the word."

"Do you really think so ?" said Nenuphar dreamily, leaning her white arms on the sill, and looking down into the garden.

"Yes, of course. They say that every one loves once."

"I should like to think so," replied her companion in a softer voice than that in which she had yet spoken. "But, come, it is quite time you were asleep again, Heather ; so I must shut the window, for I see you can hardly keep your eyes open ! Good night, dear." She stooped as she spoke, and just touched Heather's forehead with her lips ; then, without another word, she glided away, still bathed in moonlight, to the door which led to her own room, leaving Heather to find her way back to bed, there to dream dreams of the strange conversation she had held with her midnight visitor.

JULY.

Almost a month has passed away since Nenuphar's midnight confidences, when we take our next look at her. It is after dinner, and she is seated on a low chair by an open window in the drawing-room, contemplating with a faint, troubled look, most unusual on her calm face, Mr Long and Heather playing

chess in the farthest corner of the room.

John Clermont, looking older and perhaps somewhat harder than he did on that June morning nineteen years ago, is conversing in low tones with Mrs Evans on the unusual beauty of the weather they have had of late. "There will be a

grand harvest," he says, conclusively; and then he rises, and goes over to the window where Nenuphar sits, and for a few moments watches her in silence. Indeed a silence seems to have fallen on the whole party. One might have said there was an angel pausing overhead, but Mr Clermont breaks it.

"What are you thinking of, Nenuphar?"

She raises her great eyes to his, and half sighs, as she says, "Thinking of? Really I do not know."

As she thus looks up, you can see that in this month—since that day when Sebastian's shadow fell across her—a change has come over her, though wherein the change exactly lies it would be hard to say. But it is there nevertheless—a half-troubled look in the blue eyes, which gives them a depth they did not possess in the days when no sorrow or joy seemed to have any power over her.

And what is it, then, that has come over her? Not jealousy of Heather, surely; for Nenuphar is a beautiful woman, and has seen so many men bow down and do homage to her, that it is impossible for her to grudge Heather her one conquest. And as to love, why, she herself acknowledged not so very long ago that the very *meaning* of the word was incomprehensible to her.

At first, after his return home, Mr Long had believed, as so many men had done before him, that in Nenuphar Clermont he had found his ideal of all that was perfect and lovely in womanhood. But after the first few days it seemed to his passionate Southern nature there was something almost repulsive in the cold beauty, that nothing could stir out of its unnatural calm. Then he had begun to think of the other girl, so full of fire, and life, and activity; of whom his dreams had been the first night of his

home-coming, and whose voice had once welcomed him back so warmly, and whose eyes had now learnt to brighten at his approach; and this vision gradually blotted out that other one that had stirred his fancy for a little while with the wonderful fascination of its beauty.

"Do you think," asked Mr Clermont, after another little pause, spent by him in speculating as to the likeliest question to gain him an insight into Nenuphar's thoughts—"do you think that those two," with a half movement in the direction of the chess-players, "are likely to make a match of it?"

"Do you?"

"Yes, it would not surprise me."

Nenuphar lifted her eyes then, and looked in the direction indicated. "What makes you think it?" she said; and though she spoke quietly, the very faintest tinge of pink passed over her cheeks—a very unusual show of emotion for her.

"It seems like it," said old Mr Clermont. "To think that my little, rough, careless Heather should have lived to be preferred to a beautiful woman like you—for you are a beautiful woman, Nenuphar, there is no denying that. 'Eyes, and no eyes,' is it not?"

"Beauty is not everything."

"Perhaps not. But it is nearly everything—or rather, it is a royal-road to nearly everything."

"Beauty only turns heads; it does not win hearts," said Nenuphar, softly. "Oh, I wish I knew," she went on, almost appealingly, "what it is that is wanting in me—what it is that makes me so different to every one else! why *he*," looking towards the far-off players, "finds something almost repulsive in me. What can it be?"

"His bad taste," retorted Mr Clermont. "Be satisfied with yourself just as you are—it is the

best way. And besides, it would be folly to wish a change; for you are lovely to look upon, and nothing more should be required of a woman. Directly they grow learned they become argumentative,—and a woman who argues, ah!” and John shrugged his shoulders expressively. “No,—ignorance and beauty for women!”

“But that is not what I mean; it is not learning that makes so many women lovable,—women a thousand times plainer than I—women in every way insignificant. What is it? Oh, I wish I knew! or rather, I wish I possessed it, whatever it is.”

“Do not strive after it, my dear, or you may lose the blessings you have, and perhaps gain nothing in exchange. There are peonies and water-lilies, wallflowers and mignonne—and they are all prized, though for different reasons. You must not be grasping, and try to seize all the blessings: you may be sure they are equally divided.”

“But I am not a flower,” urged Nenuphar, still with that faint tone of pleading in her voice.

“Are you not, my dear?” said old John, mockingly. “I am not so sure of that!”

Now let us cross over to the chess-players for a few minutes, and see how their game is progressing.

“Check to the queen,” said Sebastian. And at his words, and perhaps also at a certain inflection in his voice, and a certain tender look in his eyes, a quick, bright flush passed over Heather’s face.

“Check?” she repeated, inquiringly.

Sebastian touched a black knight with his finger. “Do you not see now?”

“Then I may as well give up the game at once,” she replied, somewhat petulantly, “for there

seems nothing left for me to do. I do not feel in the humour for playing to-night.”

“Then you will give up the game to me, will you not?” said Sebastian, in a low voice.

“No, I will not,” said Heather, as she rose from her seat. “I never could bear to give up a game without fighting for it; so we will leave the pieces as they are, and put off the conclusion of the game till to-morrow, when perhaps I may have discovered some way out of my difficulties.”

“That is hard upon me,” said Sebastian; “for very likely if we wait till then you will have thought of some way of conquering me, whereas if I pressed my advantage now——”

“You are too generous to do that,” replied Heather, softly. “So good-night: I will think all to-morrow, and perhaps I shall beat you yet.”

“Have you ever heard,” said Sebastian, rising also, “that, next to victory, there is nothing so sweet as defeat,—if only the *right* adversary overcomes you?”

And Heather turned away, feeling that so far Sebastian had had the best of it. As to the game itself, it was written in the Book of Fate that it should never be played out; for the next evening, when Heather should have been making her final effort to extricate the white queen from the difficulties that surrounded her, she was out on the terrace-walk, listening to the old story.

So the white queen was conquered; though perhaps the defeat was, as Sebastian had said, as sweet as a victory would have been; for when she re-entered the drawing-room, it was as the affianced wife of Sebastian Long. In this way the game of chess was forgotten; and the next morning, the housemaid,

who had been much annoyed all the previous day by the untidy appearance the pieces presented, took upon herself to return them to their box, and thus all chance of redeeming her fortunes was taken away from Heather.

"I am glad of it," she said, when she discovered what had occurred; "for it is a sort of satisfaction, after all, to know that I gave up the game—that I was not beaten."

"Were you not?" said Sebastian—and there was a smile in his dark eyes as he spoke. "I am not so sure of that; but perhaps," he added, "I *was* the right adversary."

And then Heather, with a blush on her cheeks and a soft light in her eyes that transformed her from a somewhat plain girl into a beautiful woman—beautiful, at least, in Sebastian's eyes—crept into his arms, and laid her head upon his shoulder; and for the time being they two had reached that "kingdom fair and wide,"—that kingdom wherein lovers stand alone, seeing no footprints around of those who have trodden it before them, hearing no echo of the cries of those who have lived to descend the mountain from which they gained their view of the promised land.

As he left the house that night, and was making his way across the garden towards his own home, Sebastian was startled by Nenuphar's suddenly appearing before him.

She looked whiter and more lovely even than usual, was his first thought; the second, that it always seemed to be by moonlight that they met.

He was going to pass her with a simple "Good night," knowing her fondness for solitary moonlight strolls, when she stopped and held out her hand as though to arrest his steps.

"Mr Long."

"Yes?" he questioned, stopping also.

"Tell me," she said, more impulsively than he had ever heard her speak,—“what is it that I want to make me liked? Liked as Heather is, for instance. No, you need not fear to pain me by telling me the truth,” she went on, seeing that Sebastian hesitated. “I am not afraid, for I really want to know. I asked Heather, who is fond of me, you know, and she says I need nothing. That she would not have me changed, if she could; then I asked my father, and he—well, you know him well enough to be able to guess what *he* said. Please do not think me vain for repeating it: That I was beautiful, and that a woman should require nothing else; but *I* am not satisfied. So now I come to you; tell me, what is it other women have, that I have not?”

Then she looked up at Sebastian with those wonderful blue eyes, which used to be so cold and unmoved, but in whose depths he fancied there was a something of softness, which for the moment made them look almost tender—or was it only a combination of moonlight and shadow on a lovely face?

"What is it?" she repeated; "tell me."

And Sebastian looked down at her, and said quietly, "Love."

"Given or received?" she questioned; but she spoke so low that it was more like the sighing of the wind than the utterance of a human voice.

"There you puzzle me," he answered, "and I do not exactly know how to answer you,—for love begets love, and she who gives most, receives most."

"But how am I to gain it?"

"Give your own freely to those about you; do not try to stand apart from the world—not even

above it—but mingle freely with its inhabitants, and you will find one day, when you least expect it, that you have won that for which you are seeking.”

“And when one has gained it,” she queried, “is it rest, is it happiness?”

“When you have felt its power, you will not doubt its happiness,” said Sebastian, confidently,—Heather’s soft kisses returning to his remembrance as he spoke. “It is the only foretaste of heaven that is granted us here; and it is granted, I believe, to make us long more than ever for that place where there is no death, no parting to separate us from our beloved ones,” replied Sebastian, reverently.

“Yes, I see,” said Nenuphar, slowly. “So you think that to love some one is all I need. But supposing that I learnt this love, and that then——”

“Well?”

“That then the one I loved did not return it?”

“Even then,” said Sebastian, gently, “even at such terrible cost, I should think the lesson well learnt. For we should always try and remember, hard though it seems at times to believe it, that we gain more from what we give than from what we receive.”

“Thank you,” said Nenuphar, suddenly raising her eyes from the ground, and looking up into his face; “then you think that it is *only* love that is required to make me more—what shall I say—human?”

And the shadow of a smile passed over her face.

Sebastian did not reply.

“Good night,” at length she said.

He took the hand she held out, and without another word turned homewards, his thoughts suddenly reverting from this strange conversation to where they had been before Nenuphar’s appearance—namely, to Heather, and her tender eyes and loving words.

AUGUST.

One more month has come and gone; the summer, such a lovely summer as it has been, is nearly over; and now John Clermont, following a study which has always been particularly interesting to him, can note the change that has come over those about him in the last three months.

Perhaps, after all, it was not so much a change as a gradual development—a gradual development of character wrought by love, the great motive power for good or evil; in much the same way as the sunshine during these long, hot months has brought to perfection many bright, delicate flowers, but has also caused to droop and wither away their slighter, frailer sisters, that could

not bear the piercing heat of its rays.

No one would ever call Heather plain now. Indeed, sometimes Sebastian, looking from her to Nenuphar, finds himself wondering how he could ever have compared the two to the disadvantage of the former. Even Mr Clermont himself, pondering over this and that, and striving as he had striven forso many years to forget that his fellow-beings were anything else than a curious study for those who, by reason of some inward bitterness of spirit, had determined to slip aside and let the world go by,—not joining in its revels, nor yet sorrowing with its griefs, but becoming, as he had fancied he had become, a looker-on—

one who could amuse himself by laughing at the slips and falls of those who passed him by, and never heed the cries of distress from those who needed help,—even he, watching Heather's eyes as they rested on Sebastian's face, would half wonder whether he had gone quite the right way to work to forget the grief that had so bowed him down; whether, if he had mingled more with those around him, and had not tried so long to stand above them, he would not perhaps have hushed his grief to a gentler sleep.

And when thus perplexed, a glance at *Nenuphar* would cause his conscience to prick him afresh. The study that had interested him so long was almost completed now. He knew it; the human soul he had so often laughed at her for lacking, was coming to her at last—coming slowly and surely, and bringing with it grief immeasurable, such as only those quiet self-contained natures can feel.

Sometimes as he looked at her, and saw her watching Sebastian and Heather as they walked together in the garden, he would see come into her wide blue eyes an expression of such intense and bitter pain, that, startled and horrified, he would turn away. At such moments he would seem to hear his dead wife's voice; his dead wife's figure would rise before him, pleading by her motherhood for the motherless girl—reproaching him for the years of selfishness that were now bearing such bitter fruit. Then Mr Clermont would answer the accusing voice by saying that, after all, he could not attach any blame to himself. He had acted most generously by her, and so the world must acknowledge.

He had saved her from certain death as a child—he had brought her up in his own home—he had

denied her nothing; and now, was he to blame himself because the girl, when she was grown up, had chosen to fall in love with a man who had no thought for her?

It was nonsense—so he argued; but, all the same, the voice would make itself heard at times. He had left her alone: he had not, indeed, biassed her for evil; but, unfortunately, the mind has to be strongly biassed for good, not left to find its own way out of the evil that surrounds it.

So poor *Nenuphar*—for surely she needs pity now, if she never needed it before—had grown up quietly and calmly, with never a quicker pulse-beat than was strictly healthy; never a flush of pleasure at any one's appearance; never a feeling of pain at any one's departure: just living, that was all, calmly and evenly from day to day, hearing from John Clermont, or rather seeing from his manner to her, that there was something about her different to all other women; until at last, so firmly did she become imbued with the idea that she was different to those around her, that she began in a manner to feel that she ought to act up to the character assigned to her. All this till that June evening when she first saw Sebastian Long's face, and Sebastian's shadow fell across her. Then, into her tranquil mind was borne a feeling that there was something greater to be got out of life than the mere pleasure of living from day to day, and also the knowledge that there was something essential to a perfect woman wanting in her; and whatever it was, she felt that it was making her, despite her beauty, less pleasant in Sebastian's eyes than Heather.

So she asked him that question in the moonlit garden, and from his own lips she had the answer; and then she saw him go away into the light of Heather's smiles, leaving

her—having learnt her lesson, although as yet she was scarcely aware of the fact—to struggle with the knowledge, and to conquer the grief that it brought with it, as best she might, all alone.

Even now she did not give the sorrow that possessed her a name; or rather, she did not know that, like the tendrils of the vine when first they begin to grow, love must have something near at hand round which to twine; and failing a right support, it will seek about, and cling to whatever is nearest—and always supposing that there is absolutely nothing near, that it will fail and die for want of support.

"The fine weather is going, Nenuphar. Do you see those black clouds on the horizon? They mean rain, I am sure," said Heather, laying a caressing hand on her friend's shoulder; "but we ought not to grumble—we have had a lovely summer."

"It makes it all the sadder to think that it is coming to an end. I cannot bear the idea. The winter always seems so terribly long."

"I enjoy it," said Heather. "Of course I like these long cloudless days we have had lately; but, all the same, I think it would be very dull and monotonous if there were no such things as storms—if it were always sunshiny."

"That is just what Sebastian told me," said Nenuphar, dreamily.

"Did he?" and Heather blushed a soft, rosy red. "I entirely agree with him. Just in the same way that life would be dull, I fear, if it were not for its storms, which come at intervals. I am afraid we are not capable of enjoying uninterrupted sunshine at present."

"Ah, but you are so strong!" sighed Nenuphar. "I cannot bear storms." And she raised her eyes, in which that shadow of pain had

now become habitual, to Heather's face.

"Cannot you?" said Heather, simply. "I should have thought you were so calm, and so far above all the rest of us, that storms would scarcely have had the power to disturb you. Now I—I am different. I feel things dreadfully."

Nenuphar half smiled at the energy in her friend's voice.

"Do you? I think I envy you then; for perhaps it is that which makes you so lovable."

"Lovable? Scarcely that; for until Sebastian came, I do not think any one ever cared for me, but his love seems to have changed me altogether. I seem now to carry my summer about with me; perhaps that is what makes me so careless about the real summer's departure."

Into Nenuphar's eyes again came a look almost of envy.

"And you are really quite, quite happy?"

"Yes, indeed I am," Heather replied, and then turned away at the sound of Sebastian's voice calling her name.

"What is it," cried Nenuphar, clasping her hands together, and looking towards the place where the sun was setting, amidst red angry clouds—"oh, what is it I need? He says that it is love—love given, he thinks; but whatever it is, I will discover it before I die."

She had spoken impetuously; but the momentary energy died away immediately, and the quiet apathetic look habitual to her stole over her features, and she was outwardly calm at least as she also made her way back into the house.

Night,—not a soft, balmy, moonlit June night, like that first one on which Sebastian came, and cast his shadow across Nenuphar's white dress—but dark and stormy, with black clouds scudding across the

sky before a westerly wind, which caused every now and then little rifts and chasms in their blackness, through which a watery moon appeared.

A night, when any one who had a roof under whose safe shelter he could rest, would seek it, and leave the outside world to those to whom a home had been denied.

But there is some one apparently who thinks differently: some one who prefers being out of doors, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, to the comfort of a sheltered room, where two lovers are playing a game of chess; a careless game, in which no move has taken place on either side for the last half hour—and where an old man sits alternately reading and dozing in the lamp-light.

"Heather, where is Nenuphar?" Mr Clermont rouses himself at length to ask.

"I do not know, father. I think she must have gone to bed."

But no. Out in the garden, without even a shawl over her white dress, is Nenuphar, pacing up and down, heedless of cold and rheumatism, in the narrow path that leads to the gate, through which the road runs to Sebastian's house.

In the centre of the path is a fountain; and as its waters rise up into the air, the westerly breeze, which though strong is not cold, plays with them, and tosses them about, causing them to spread themselves out, and fall in a silver shower around.

Presently down the path from Wykeham Manor comes the tall, dark figure of a man—a man who, as he nears the gate that separates Heather's home from his own, starts, and looks in some bewilderment at the white form before him.

"Nenuphar?" he cries, incred-

ulously. "What are you doing out here, you foolish girl?"

"I am thinking," she replies, lifting her eyes quietly to his.

"You should think indoors on such a night as this. And what, if I may ask, were your thoughts about, that they required such a solitary spot to bring them to perfection in?"

He had turned back as he spoke, as she did not seem inclined to stand still, and walked down the path by her side, until they stood close to the fountain—almost, indeed, within reach of its waters.

"Take care—you will get wet," he said, "if you go on;" and he himself stood still, but she continued her walk two or three steps further, and then looked back to see if he were following.

Seeing he was not, she also stood still; and for a minute they both remained motionless, one on either side of the fountain, with the spray falling softly between them—for there was a lull in the tempest.

And as they thus stood, all Sebastian's old feeling of fear and dislike of the girl returned upon him, and almost with a shudder he turned intending to leave her, without breaking the silence by so much as one word, but some spell seemed laid upon him which prevented his moving. Then it was she spoke, and her voice came softly and gently over to where he stood.

"You know," she said, laying her hand on the marble basin of the fountain, and leaning slightly forward, "that I am unlike every one else; that I have no heart, or that if I have one it is different to those of other women: you yourself have told me so, so also has Mr Clermont." She had of late rather avoided giving him the title of father. "Other men have told me so, and I have believed them, and yet been satisfied with myself; but now,

Sebastian," taking a step towards him, and looking up steadily into his face—"now I have determined, whatever happens, to cross the boundary-line that separates me from those around; and I have a fancy, a belief—call it what you will—that if you were to kiss me once, I should wake up to a new life,—should break the spell, or whatever it is that has overshadowed me from childhood, and become like other women."

Her voice never faltered once as she made her strange request: and it did not sound in Sebastian's ears, at least, that of some sweet siren luring him away from his true love, but rather, so it seemed to him, that of a fair statue, which had been endowed with life and motion and all the outward semblance of womanhood, but who had at length discovered that the human soul with all its capabilities of joy and sorrow had been denied her, and for that human soul was pleading.

For a minute after she had spoken all was dark overhead; then through a rent in the clouds the moon appeared, and shed a soft light on the girl's white figure, and on Sebastian's dark, earnest face, as he gazed at his companion, half in surprise and half in pity. Between them the waters of the fountain ceaselessly rose and fell, causing Nenuphar, as seen through the silvery veil of spray, to appear more lovely than she had ever done before.

She moved a step forward, heedless of the shower around, which penetrated her thin dress, and even rested in bright, glittering drops on her golden hair, and waited.

Waited in silence. Not one word to break the intense stillness; not one word of self-justification,* of pleading for pardon; and Sebastian, looking down at the quiet eyes and lightly-clasped hands, hesitated no longer, but stooped and kissed her

once—still in utter silence—then turned to go.

But before he had time to leave her side, there rang through the night air one sharp, bitter cry—the cry of a breaking heart; and before the word "Heather" could pass his lips, he saw her standing beside them.

Such a world of grief and horror in her eyes as she stood thus, and looked from the one to the other.

And thus they all three remained for a moment. Nenuphar, her head bowed on her hands that rested on the edge of the fountain; and Sebastian and Heather gazing upon each other, wondering who would speak first, and what the first words would be.

But after all, it was Nenuphar who broke the silence. Lifting her head and looking at Heather, and speaking as though she were repeating some lesson learnt by heart: "It was all my fault, Heather," she said; "you must not blame him in the least—not even in your thoughts, Heather," she cried, going over to the girl's side, and touching her hand. "You *must* believe me, however hard it may be; I have never told you a lie in all my life—have I? Well, on the strength of that, believe me now, and do as I bid you. Ask Sebastian to tell you everything, and when he has done so, believe him implicitly, and try to forgive me, will you? Promise me that you will."

"Yes," said Heather, speaking slowly, and as if she were not quite awake; "I will try. But, oh! what are you, who are you, that you could do such a thing?"

"What am I? I am only Nenuphar, you know," said the other sadly; then before Heather could speak again, she turned towards Sebastian. "You must not try to shield *me*," she said, half pleadingly; "tell her *everything*."

Sebastian did not answer. What was this girl, with her strange wild fancies, to him, compared with Heather's shattered love and trust? So he looked away from her white face—away from her eyes, into which had passed at length a woman's loving, grieving soul—to the slight figure beyond.

"Heather," he cried, stretching out his arms towards her, "you have *loved* me, have you not? Can not you *trust* me a little?" And Heather after one second's hesitation, in which she had a glimpse of what a future might be, from which both love and faith had been swept away, moved closer to him—into the shelter of his outstretched arms.

"I trust you, Sebastian," was all she said. "Yes, I trust you implicitly."

"Then you must prove it, dear, for I will not tell you anything until to-morrow. You really must not stay here any longer," Sebastian said, kissing her. "What made you come out this chilly night?"

"I thought I should like one turn before going to bed;—one turn in this garden that always speaks to me of you," she replied, low and tenderly.

"Well, good-night again, for there is the rain; I knew it must come soon. And to-morrow I will tell you everything; till then, farewell!"

Then as she turned in silence to go back to the house, he drew her towards him again, and whispered, "Once more, Heather, let me tell you that if you had not trusted me,—if you had refused to hear me, and had left me—as I at first feared you might, without giving me a chance of explaining myself,—ah," he broke off abruptly, "I cannot bear to think what my life might have been!"

"But I love you, you see," said Heather, simply.

And neither of them, as they stood thus, looking in each other's eyes, and reading there the happiness that was so surely in store for them, had one thought for the girl who had for a moment come between them, and who had then crept away into the darkness, alone with her sorrow.

Heedless of the rain that was now falling heavily, Sebastian stood and watched Heather's retreating form; then he too turned to make his way to his own home, and as he did so, a heavy clap of thunder sounded overhead,—the summer was indeed over!

The morning dawned dark and unpromising; and what with the war of elements without, and the remembrance of last night's work within, it was with something of a heavy heart that Heather made her appearance.

"Where is Nenuphar?" her father questioned.

But Heather had not been into her friend's room, and had as yet seen nothing of her; very likely she was not up. "You know, father, how she dislikes a dreary day."

Afterwards, when Heather went up-stairs to look for her, she found the room deserted.

"Surely she has not gone out in all this rain! What can she be thinking of?"

But on closer examination she saw that the bed had not been slept in.

And at that sight a foreboding of evil crept into Heather's heart, that she hastened down-stairs to confide to her father.

"Father, you do not think it possible, do you, that Nenuphar has run away?" she said, after relating what she had seen.

"Run away, child! What do you mean?"

"Only, father," said Heather, brushing the tears out of her eyes, "we had a quarrel last night—Nenuphar and I,—do not ask me what it was about, for indeed I could not tell you; and I have never seen her since. Perhaps she has gone away to try and find a new home!"

"Nonsense, child! where would she go to?"

But despite his decided tones, John Clermont half doubted his own words; for he seemed to see before him the eyes which had haunted him so of late, because of the shadow of pain that had crept into them, and troubled their calm depths. Far and wide they hunted for any trace of the lost girl, but nothing could be heard of her.

Towards noon down came Sebastian to aid in the search: and he and Mr Clermont, both somewhat remorseful, though for such different reasons, started off afresh through the steadily pouring rain, leaving anxious, miserable Heather behind them.

It was four o'clock when the two men at length found themselves down by the lake where the water-lilies grew; and then John's cheek grew suddenly white, and even Sebastian's bronzed complexion paled; for amongst the broad green leaves and white blossoms that covered the surface of the lake, was something else that lay there almost as still and white—Nenuphar!

The boat that was always chained at the entrance into the boat-house had been loosed from its moorings, and had drifted out a little way from land. It may have been that,

having loosed it, she had attempted to step into it, and had slipped and fallen in the darkness. Any sadder, more terrible fate, they put away from their thoughts as they lifted her out of the waters that had been her cradle as a child, and had now become her grave.

The lilies looked just as calm and peaceful as they did that summer morning long ago. They did not droop or fade because their sister—their namesake—had found her death amongst them; only the reeds and rushes that grew by the edge seemed to murmur to each other sorrowfully of the sad fate that had befallen the lily who had gone away out of their sight, and had only returned to die.

This was Nenuphar's requiem. This, and Heather's soft words of pity over Sebastian's recital of the events of the night before. Heather, who, sure of the love she had won, was able to afford love to the memory of the girl who had lived such a calm, self-contained, only half-comprehended life amongst them for so long, and had then passed away in such a terrible storm.

"After all," said John Clermont, returning once more to his dreams and fancies of the girl whom, if he had not exactly loved, he had at any rate admired, and in whose life and future he had grown to take an interest,—“after all, she was nothing but a flower; a beautiful one, I grant you—still nothing but a flower!”

"Pardon me," said Sebastian gently, remembering, as he spoke, the sorrowful eyes that had looked into his that dark stormy night,—“pardon me—but I think she was a woman before she died!”

PRIMAVERA.

THE Spring has passed this way. Look ! where she trod
 The daring crocus sprang up through the sod
 To greet her coming with glad heedlessness,
 Scarce waiting to put on its leafy dress,
 But bright and bold in its brave nakedness.
 And further on—mark !—on this gentle rise
 She must have paused, for frail anemones
 Are trembling to the wind, couched low among
 These fresh green grasses, that so lush have sprung
 O'er the hid runnel, that with tinkling tongue
 Babbles its secret troubles. Here she stopped
 A longer while, and on this grassy sweep,
 While pensively she lingered, see ! she dropped
 This knot of love-sick violets from her breast,
 Which, as she threw them down, she must have kissed,
 For still the fragrance of her breath they keep.
 And look ! here too her floating robes have brushed,
 Where suddenly these almond-branches flushed
 To greet her, and in blossoms burst as she
 Swept by them—gladsomely and gracefully.

Where is she now ? Gone ! Vain it were to try
 To overtake her. Here, then, let us lie
 On this green bank and weave a wreath, and sing
 From our full hearts the joyous praise of Spring,
 Grateful for these dear gifts she left behind—
 The flowers, the grass, the soft and odorous wind,
 The lingering effluence, the subtle grace
 That still, though she has vanished, haunts the place.

Pursuit is vain ; for she, like all things fair,
 Will not be hunted down into her lair,
 And caught and prisoned. Let us not be rude,
 Nor seek into her presence to intrude,
 But praise her in the distance. Then, perchance,
 She may not flee away with wingèd feet,
 But pause and backward cast a favouring glance,
 And waft a fragrance to us rare and sweet.
 Too eager, we our present joy may miss
 In the vain chase of an imagined bliss ;
 The ideal joy no human hand can seize,
 The dream that lures us and before us flees.

The day is passing. Let us own its spell ;
 And as these trees, feeling within them swell
 The blind, dim stirring of the Spring, express
 In leaves and blossoms their mute thankfulness,
 So, grateful, let us take what Nature gives ;
 Love be our blossoms—gentle thoughts our leaves.

W. W. S.

COUNTRY LIFE.

BECAUSE of the climate we so naturally abuse, there is no place like England for the pleasures of the country,—rain and sunshine, snow and frost, bring out a world of beauties in an enchanting variety of landscape. There are lakes and streams that are swarming with fish, in spite of the growth of manufacturing industries; game abounds in field, fell, and wood, notwithstanding occasional indifference to preserving it; and a succession of invigorating sports falls in with the several seasons. It is no *amour propre* of patriotism that makes us believe that in these matters we are far better off than our neighbours; and indeed they are ready to acknowledge it themselves, by cultivating the tastes that are instincts with Englishmen. You have only to cross the Channel to be conscious at once of a change. There is as charming scenery among the orchards of Normandy as any to be found in the hop-gardens of Kent. The granite precipices of Penmark and the Pointe de Raz on the Breton coast are nearly as wild as anything in Devon or Cornwall. Where the Grand line of railway from Liège to Cologne is carried along the slopes of the valley of the Vesdre, you look down on meadows and rushing streams that remind you of the pastoral picturesqueness of Herefordshire. But everywhere you are struck by the sharp lines of demarcation that are drawn between the country and the towns. Here and there you may come upon an isolated *château* that looks as if it had been transplanted from some neighbouring *boulevard*, and then adapted to its rural site by being fitted with turrets and statues. If there is a park,

it is shut in from plebeian intrusion by forbidding walls of stone; and the highest praise you can possibly bestow on such a place is, that there are turf and flower-beds that remind you of England. No thought of coveting it ever comes across your mind, except in so far as it may be the sign of an easy fortune. On the contrary, you are inclined to pity the owner, and to wonder what in the world he does when he goes there. Doubtless he has the means of amusing himself indoors, so far as the cellar, *salle-à-manger*, and a billiard-room can help him. The ladies, in toilets of affected simplicity, may saunter on the terrace of an evening, and sip their coffee in a frescoed temple covered with creepers, looking down on the water-lilies in a formal fish-pond. But theirs, after all, is only the life of the town, with all that is dull in the country superadded. The brand-new stucco of the façade—that formidable wall, with its gilded grills and its bolted posterns—are disagreeably suggestive of antipathies of class, and the absence of those kindly feelings that are insensibly fostered in the course of generations by a neighbourly intercourse between the landlord and his people. The foreign proprietor cannot hunt, and there is little for him to shoot. The fields look all that is desirable for partridges, but they are cut up in infinitesimal patches among a society of jealous little owners, who would open full cry on their more wealthy neighbour if he followed a pack over their patrimonies. His woods are very attractive to the artist, but they have none of the undergrowth that shelters ground-game; and if he went in for pheasant-breeding, he would have to

bring up his birds by hand in wired-in aviaries like those of the Jardin d'Acclimatation.

Go where you will abroad, there are the same signs of conspicuous segregation between the men of the country and those of the town; and the exceptions only prove the rule. In Brittany and some other of the more wild and woodland provinces of France, there are still seigneurs who live in their ancestral *châteaux*, devoting themselves to the chase of the wolf, and having off-days among the hares, the woodcocks, and the partridges. But they are a class by themselves, and the wolf-hunting is supposed to be matter of necessity, so that the dignity of master of the hounds is frequently an official appointment. Volunteers flock to the rendezvous clad in garments of sheep-skin and armed with antiquated weapons, heavily loaded with slugs and B.B. No authority can repress the excitement or keep the vociferous field in check, when the game is fairly afoot; and fatal accidents are of frequent occurrence when a hail of shot is drifting through the covers. It is much the same in Germany; and there things have been getting worse than they were, since the peasants swept the country of game in the civil troubles of 1848. Some great land-owners in Bohemia, Northern Bavaria, and elsewhere, have wonderful quantities of hares and pheasants. In the neighbourhood of their vast woodland preserves, you see each outlying patch of grain protected from the ravages of deer and wild boars by *chevaux de frise* of stacked thorn-bushes. But even there sport is the monopoly of an aristocratic few, who seclude themselves in their domains for a short hunting season; as the Kings of Bavaria or Italy, the Emperor of Austria, or the Prince of Thurm

and Taxis, enjoy the chase of the chamois or izzard in the magnificent solitudes of their mountain hunting-grounds. Elsewhere you have occasional grand days among the game with comparatively pitiful results; but there is little of those everyday country sports which are so keenly appreciated by thousands of Englishmen. Indeed the evidences of life of any kind are few and far between. Nothing can be more beautiful than the Black Forest, for example: you may walk on day after day from Baden-Baden towards Stuttgart, through noble woods of feathering beech-trees, or grand glades of clean-stemmed pines; that, with the light falling in streams through their boughs on the bilberry carpet beneath them, remind you of labyrinths of long-drawn aisles in the most superb of Gothic cathedrals. Every here and there you come out on some sequestered valley, with fields that are waving with the hay-crops and the ripening grain, sloping down to the sides of some murmuring brook that babbles along between its banks in a series of rushes and cascades. But you may walk on there day after day, and never raise a hare or flush a covey. Game there must be, no doubt, for you find it not unfrequently figuring on the dinner-table. But it has a perverse knack of keeping out of your way, and cannot in any case be very abundant. The roes and the foxes that lurk in the recesses of the woods either see or scent you as you approach through the open; for of course, in the absence of undercover, they get preternaturally shy and suspicious.

As for human habitations, the country is fairly populous, and human habitations there are; but there is scarcely a trace of the existence of a squirearchy or of a com-

fortable class of gentlemen farmers. Here and there in the depths of the forest you come on the picturesque huts of the charcoal-burners or woodmen; now and again you stumble out upon a clearing with some sylvan lodge, the dwelling of the forester, whose duty is to keep an eye on them, and whom you have possibly come across in the course of the morning, with a *dachshund* or two at his heels. Generally, however, the people are huddled together, and each of the greater valleys has its village. Nothing can be more quaint than the many-gabled houses with their rustic woodwork interlaced through the rough lime walls, hanging along the slope in the single street that leads down to the little *place*, with the village inn and the post-house. There is a pleasant odour of fresh hay and newly-milked cows; everybody seems in comfortable circumstances, and the local authorities look after the poor; but it is plain that they must labour hard to live, and that life shows its serious side to all of them. Not a man of them who does not place the *summum bonum* of recreation in a Sunday or saint's day that is celebrated by a free indulgence in beer and tobacco, or a longer chat on local politics. Naturally that marked feature is brought out conspicuously in those writers of the nation, who are the most keen to appreciate all that is most enchanting in the scenery of their respective countries. Our remarks on the Schwarzwald, though the results of a long familiarity with it, might have been borrowed almost *verbatim* from the pages of Hackländer, who narrates in his 'Pictures of Travel' the very excursion we have been imagining. Perhaps no French novelist of our own time or of any other, excelled more absolutely in delicate landscape-drawing than

George Sand, and at the same time she had made herself the unrivalled mistress of the subtle refinements of rustic character. Her whole heart went out in her writings; she made her enchanting studies either from memory or observation of scenes endeared to her by happy associations; and her dreams of the most perfect lot on earth were closely linked with a life in the country. In 'Flammarande,' one of her latest works, her love for nature is as fresh, and her pen as forcible, as in 'Le Meunier d'Engibault' or 'La Petite Fadette.' Yet even George Sand in her inimitable descriptions gives us the idea of an enthusiastic and emotional amateur looking at the beauties of nature through an æsthetic medium, as she might admire them on the canvas of a Corot or Jules Breton. You see the old *château* lost among the woods and rocks, tenanted now by the family of the farmer who has succeeded to its ancient lords. You see the lonely mill among the meadows and the water-courses, among osier-beds and clumps of the drooping alders and sedges, swarming with water-hen. You are wrought insensibly into easy sympathy with the hopes and hardships, the griefs and the joys, of the hard-working people who have their homes there. You are made to fancy that retreat among such soothing influences would be more tranquillising to the jaded spirit, and as satisfactory in the long-run, to the *blasé* hermit, as the gloom and asceticism of the mediæval convent; and that even a short sojourn in summer would be no disagreeable variety to men and women of the world, though the fare might be simple and the post irregular. But the very longings with which you are inspired must arise from some passing impulse of misanthropy. You are to court solitude from an ephemeral passion for it, and you

are to woo peaceful nature in a dead calm of seclusion. You are to change your every habit, and divorce yourself from your everyday routine. You are to abandon the congenial but demoralising society of your equals for the improving company of virtuous and unsophisticated peasants, as you might give up your Bordeaux or Burgundy for a course of goat's milk. Such books are idylls and pastorals in prose, and there seems a dash of the artificial and theatrical in them. But there is, and there is not. They are only artificial and theatrical in so far as they are true to foreign facts, and founded on an intimate though idealised knowledge of the feelings, and habits, and social relations of our neighbours on the Continent.

Nothing can more forcibly illustrate our meaning than a comparison of the fascinating books we have been referring to with the inexhaustible rural literature of England. What a variety of volumes come crowding together on our memory, written by men who have lived in the English country, and loved it, although many of them had to quit it for more serious pursuits for the best part of the year! What an infinity of friends they have made themselves among folks they have never met in the flesh; and what an endearing popularity they have attained, because they have struck the sympathetic chords in the bosoms of so many thousands of their country-people! If they have been read and read again by successive generations, it is because they have expressed with unstudied and graceful eloquence those feelings that are universally struggling for utterance; because by the force and minute fidelity of their descriptions they have recalled to us some of the happiest associations of our lives. Not only when they have written with that definite

purpose, but incidentally as essayists, biographers, and romancers; and even when their passion for the country has run away with their pens, their rural digressions are most readily forgiven them. The country is become a stock theme with literary professionals, although their individual experiences may have lain among bricks and mortar—although their ornithological observations may have been mainly confined to the street sparrows; and although they would be sorely puzzled by the call of the partridge, and mystified by the cry of the landrail. They have practised writing of these things because they know they take; and if they write with talent, Cockneys as they may be, their country episodes may be far from unsuccessful. Take Dickens, for example. Is there anything much better in the inimitable ‘Pickwick Papers’ than the day with the partridges on Sir Geoffrey’s land, when Mr Pickwick followed the sport in the wheelbarrow; though the author’s evident inexperience crops out everywhere? or the spring morning among the rooks, at the bright Kentish home-stead, where Mr Winkle so nearly “does for old Tupman”? But the standard books are of course by men who have taken naturally to themes with which they are familiar, or by men who have been driven to change the gun for the pen by the depth and intensity of their own enjoyment; who in the geniality of their natures have felt irresistibly impelled to communicate the pleasures that came so keenly home to them.

With a little trouble and some slight effort of thought, we might go to work on an interminable catalogue of authors of what may be termed the rural school. But we may be satisfied with making passing allusion to a few that ought to be familiar to everybody. There is old Isaac Walton, for example, whose

name, so long as our world exists, seems likely to pass current as a household word among generations of anglers who have never read a word of him. Old Isaac was a Cockney himself, so far as living in a city can make a Cockney. But in Isaac's days even London had its limits: we fancy there was really a green at Clerkenwell and a bubbling fountain; and a brisk morning walk from the bustle of Cheapside brought you out among trees and brooks and meadows. What can be more exhilarating than your sympathetic sense of the sharpness of the change from the smoke and noise of the streets he has left behind, to the freshness and silence of the fields towards Hoddesdon? The pictures of rustic felicity are the more perfect that the smoke of the capital is hanging on the horizon, and that a faint hum of traffic comes to their ears from the neighbouring highroad, as the anglers listen to the carolling of the milkmaids, while casting their lines in the quick-flowing stream, or sitting in the sanded parlour of the little hostelry discussing their fish and the details of catching them. We find the fresh and quaint simplicity that is the charm of Walton's style reproduced in the 'Natural History of Selborne,' if we make due allowance for the lapse of time and advances in the literary art and general enlightenment. Devoted as we are to Gilbert White, the extraordinary attraction he has for his readers must always remain something of a mystery to us; and it is only to be explained in any plausible way by those inborn tastes to which he addresses himself instinctively. No one would have been more astonished than the retiring Sussex parson, had it been predicted to him that in jotting down his everyday notes, or in penning his letters to Pennant and Barrington, he was

raising himself an imperishable monument, and bringing his parish into undying notoriety. There are scores and hundreds of villages in England to the full as attractive as Selborne, which enjoy no greater reputation than can be given them by a county gazetteer or the ordnance map. But as for Selborne, how many of us there are who seem to know the place, as if they had passed their days under the Hanger! White happened to possess a natural literary gift, which has done all the more for his fame and his parish that he exercised it in absolute unconsciousness, and never dreamed of cultivating it. He had a passionate attachment for nature, which made him indefatigable in his observation of her; and a variety of unconsidered touches in his desultory correspondence and his diaries have worked a thousand details indelibly into our memories. How many of us there are who owe such lights on natural history as we possess, almost entirely to the interest that was excited by that unpretending and antiquated volume! Since then we have had such fanciful theories exploded as the general hibernation of swallows in the depths of the Sussex ponds or the rifts of the chalk cliffs; but it was White who taught us to distinguish the black swifts screaming and circling round the church tower from their more numerous congeners who build under the house eaves, and the martins who flit about the face of the sandbanks. We may smile at the innocence of his untravelled raptures on "that magnificent range of mountains, the Sussex Downs;" but as we ride over the ranges that have inspired the pens of such accomplished admirers of nature as Mr Blackmore, and our older acquaintance Mr Harrison Ainsworth, it is the recollections we owe to the 'Natural History' that give a zest

to the ride by awakening our observation. We remember what White had to tell about the curlews and the wheat-ears, and those restless red-legged choughs that are fluttering about the fissures in the precipices. He could even warm us into a feeling of personal regard for a misanthropic reptile like "the old Sussex tortoise;" and he has left particular pollards as landmarks in our memory, which you begin anxiously to inquire after on a visit to Selborne.

That White made his book what it is, is the more remarkable when we remember that it is merely natural history. How many men there are who pass months of each autumn in the country, unconsciously enjoying it in an absence of knowledge, and never deigning to confess to an interest in anything that falls beneath the category of game! White was a clergyman of the old school, and could handle the gun on occasion, but he was very little of a sportsman; and so gentlemen of inferior genius to his ought to write with a good many points in their favour, when they are not only naturalists but sportsmen to boot. Among the most popular of his successors in kindred fields, Scrope, Colquhoun, and St John, will naturally suggest themselves. No one of the three falls very far short of him in ardent admiration of nature, while the range of their several experiences was infinitely broader and more exciting. Nothing can be more exhilarating than the buoyant sea air on the Sussex Downs, laden with the land-scents from the thyme and the furze-blossom: nothing more picturesque in the way of lowland landscape than the deep woodland lanes worn out in the Selborne chalk, or the lonely ponds in Woolmer and Alice Holt forests. But what is life among them after all, with their tamer part-

ridge and wild-fowl shooting, to that of the sportsman who has the run of the Scotch deer forests or of the broad waters of the Tweed or the Tay? Scrope's stories of his adventures in the forest of Atholl, where he was made welcome year after year by the princely hospitality of "the Duke," read with a flavour of Cooper's Indian romances, although far grander scenery is thrown in for a background. Pedantic he may be occasionally; and the formal dialogues with his pupil which blend instruction with entertainment, sound somewhat like those of Sir Humphry Davy in 'Salmonia'—we remember how Christopher North commented on these. But there is not a taint of the oil of the study lamp when he is really fired with the spirit of the sport. When he describes the rough stalk and the deadly shot; the slipping of the deer-hounds on some wounded animal, or the hart turned to bay under the waterfall,—we can feel the throb of his pulse and hear the beating of his heart. There were heads in the land, too, in those days—heads of ten, with brow, brae, and trae antlers in perfection, such as are seldom to be seen nowadays save hanging upon the walls of shooting-lodges. Deer have increased with over-preserving, but rifles of precision and improved practice have been doing their work, and the animals that promise to be the pride of the forest are seldom suffered to attain maturity. "Life has little better to offer than this," Dr Johnson observed on one occasion, when thoroughly enjoying himself in the Highlands, devoted as he was to Fleet Street. The deer-stalker might say as much with far more reason when following his solitary sport in the valleys of the Tilt and the Bruar, and about the skirts of the witch-haunted hill of Ben-y-gloe, while he had the refine-

ments of civilised society within his reach at the House of Blair or the lodge in Glen Tilt.

Talking of the deterioration in the heads of deer, and *apropos* to general changes for the worse in the wild life of the moors and mountains, in consequence of the ever-increasing demand for shooting-quarters, we may refer our readers to a delightful little *brochure* by Mr Colquhoun on the *Feræ naturæ* of the British Isles. For keepers have been increasing too, and persecuting everything they are pleased to call vermin with a zeal that is born of ignorance and prejudice. There are beasts and birds for which we have nothing to say. Kill down hooded crows and magpies as fast as you will; there will always be enough of these scourges left, and their destructive hunger for eggs places them beyond the pale of toleration. Weasels and polecats, and *id genus omne*, are only too well able to take care of themselves, and should unquestionably be trapped without mercy. Hill-foxes are altogether out of place, seeing that they fly so far in the face of their nature as to burrow like rabbits in impracticable cairns, and that there is no possibility of putting them to their legitimate purpose. But every one who has a soul above sheer slaughter, or an idea beyond stuffing a monster bag, must regret the disappearance of those magnificent birds of prey that lend so characteristic a charm to mountain scenery as they float like specks in the air against a cloudless sky, or soar down over the heather in lessening circles. The eagle and peregrine falcon may take toll of the game, but, so far as we are concerned, they should be welcome to what they can capture. After all, the hares are their great stand-by, and the blue hares are positive nuisances; nor can there be any objec-

tion to their disputing with the shepherds the "braxy" to which they occasionally condescend. Unhappily the protesting against their being put to the ban, can literally be nothing but the voice of one crying in the wilderness, so long as ornithologists offer fancy prices for specimens, and an eagle's egg will fetch a sovereign. Were we driven to make a choice, we could more easily spare the ravens; and yet there is something romantically appropriate in the hoarse croak and the uncanny antics of a lonely pair of these demon-like birds in the recesses of some sombre glen that is seldom illuminated by the sunbeams. We should never grudge the otter his fish, though his habits of feeding are decidedly wasteful, so long as we had the pleasure of seeing him slip silently off the bank of the stream, and dive oilily into the water, leaving a trail of bubbles behind him. Nor can anything be more weird of an autumn night, when the moon is shining fitfully through a grey drift of clouds, than the long mournful cry of the wild cat from the loose boulders among the fir-trees on the banks of some lonely loch. We delight to see the grey forms of the badgers rooting like spectral pigs in the dusk, when the screech-owls are just beginning their music. So we respond heartily to the lament of Mr Colquhoun, when he tells us how hawks and eagles, otters and wild cats, marten-cats and badgers, have been disappearing from the Luss country on the banks of Loch Lomond and elsewhere, since he used to shoot as a boy over his father's domains.

Take them all in' all, however, the books on Highland shooting and Scotch natural history that please us the most are decidedly those of Mr St John. An Englishman by birth, he was long domiciled in Scotland, because it was

there that he could indulge his bent to the utmost. Fond of society, and formed to live in it, he gave it up for the greater attractions of the wilds. His friend and editor, the late Mr Cosmo Innes, tells us how he was reluctantly persuaded to write, although for long he would persist in asserting that he had no vocation for the pen. And no man has written better on his pet subjects, with the single exception of Gilbert White. A keen sportsman and devoted admirer of nature, he was the most practical and observant of naturalists. Nothing can be more vivid or sympathetic than his first work, 'The Wild Sports of the Highlands;' but in point of method and accuracy he surpassed it afterwards in his 'Natural History and Sport in Moray' and his 'Tour in Sutherlandshire.' In his choice of residences, he found admirable headquarters for a man of his particular tastes. At one time he rented Inververne, on the Morayshire coast, a house lying between the cultivated country and an unfrequented waste of woods and sandhills; and then he removed to a mansion with a great old-fashioned garden in the outskirts of the town of Elgin. Now he was off on expeditions into the neighbouring mountains, as when he made that famous stalk of his on the "muckle hart of Benmore," or when he narrowly escaped being buried under an avalanche when looking for ptarmigan in their winter plumage. Now he was filling a mixed bag nearer home with a miscellaneous variety of lowland game, picked up in the course of a hard day's walking. Now he was stalking swans or geese on the Loch of Spynie or the shores of the bay, creatures even harder to come at than the wary red deer; now he was watching for wild duck in the dusk, as they streamed

over his lurking-place in their flight from the sea to their feeding-grounds. He carried a gun in the season, and was an excellent shot; but the number of head he killed was quite a secondary consideration with him. By preference he would turn his steps towards that waste of sandhills we have alluded to, where the foxes, left to forage undisturbed, grew to be "as large as wolves;" where the rabbits they fattened on had gnawed the furze bushes they gambolled among into all manner of fantastic shapes; where, in fact, wild creatures of every kind had it all their own way, and where the wary observer could study their habits as they followed the dictates of their instincts, unconscious of the presence of man. Or he would break off from so-called sports altogether, to stroll along the sea-shore when the tide was out, where the seals were basking on the rocks, or disporting themselves among the waves, and crowds of clamorous sea-fowl and water-fowl were picking up their living among the pools and the sea-weed. He was always on the look-out to welcome the earliest arrivals from foreign latitudes, to see the swans come trumpeting into the bay to settle down in a stately fleet upon its waters, or to mark the streaming flight of the grey or lag geese as they headed for some well-known haunt away among the inland lochs. It was most unlikely that any unfamiliar stranger would escape his wakeful attention; he noticed each peculiarity in the form or plumage, and never rested till he established its identity. We cannot answer for other people of course; but to us he has given an infinity of new ideas on the birds that frequent these northern counties. Nearer his home, too, about his doors, and in his "policies," he was Gilbert White

over again. The birds that were happy enough to settle under his wing enjoyed the immunities of an absolute sanctuary. He went about poking after their nests as ardently as any of those boys of his who were brought up in his tastes. He can tell you almost to a day when it is their habit to set about nest-making. He can detect the presence of the shyest of them by their note; and should any stranger turn up unexpectedly, his voice betrays his incognito, although he should keep himself modestly concealed among the bushes. In short, we could expatiate for ever on St John, but we have recalled enough of him to show what an enjoyable life may be led by a man of his turn of mind; and we must refrain from following him in his 'Tour in Sutherlandshire,' where his main object was a chase after the eggs of the osprey.

Nor have we time to linger with Stoddart and Stewart among the Scottish lochs and salmon-rivers, or the silvery trouting-streams of the Highlands and Border. But we cannot come southward again without an allusion to the veteran Christopher North in his *Recreations*. All accomplished as he was—politician and philosopher, essayist, romance-writer, and poet—Professor Wilson was a born sportsman, if ever there were one. In spite of their joyous and humorous exaggeration, nothing in the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' is so piquant as the passages where the merry party warms up to the recollection of some grand day with the gun or the rod. As when the Shepherd gives the reins to his glowing imagination in recounting his exploits on the way from Mount Benger to Tibbie Shiels', where he found the water everywhere in such magnificent order, and the fish in so grand a humour for taking. Or the scene at

Tibbie's, *à la* Sneyders or Landseer, when the gillies come in and shoot out their loads of feathered game in unstudied studies of colour, at the corners of the little parlour. But it is in his *Sporting Jacket* in those *Recreations* of his that Christopher is simply perfect, beginning with the boyish reminiscences of the moorland parish where he was under the roof of the manse; where such game as he cared for then swarmed like the midges on some mountain tarn, and you could not throw a stone into a hedge or a cornyard without sending a cloud of sparrows into the air. How humorous is the description of the exploits of himself and his comrades with the rusty pistol that was their common property,—we think we remember something of the same kind in the introduction to the 'Old Forest Ranger,' also written by a Scotchman—or with the ancient single barrel of portentous length and recoil that used to be supported along the shoulders of two of the party, while a third volunteered for the duty of discharging it. So he leads us on through such feats of irregular shooting as his stealing in upon the heron struggling with the eel, since "we too can crawl silent as the sinuous serpent," to the finished exploits of the full-grown youth who drops his birds almost unfailingly to the deadly double barrel, as he strides over the heather behind his highly-trained dogs, and who can throw a fly that falls light as thistle-down. There is nothing North touches that he does not adorn, even when the touch is a mere passing allusion. How one chuckles over the match he rode on Colonsay, when he cleared the impossible leap, or got jammed up among the north-country nowt; or over the coursing of the old hare that is the pet and playmate of the cottar's family,

although she is more than suspected of being a witch—a suspicion that gains additional confirmation each time she shakes her fud at “the lang dogs,” as she sets herself to breast the heather braes in earnest!

Scotland is *par excellence* the land of sport and scenery, in spite of a rough climate and treacherous temperature. Yet we can understand that there must be many who may prefer for a permanence the softer and richer beauties of the landscapes of merry England. It is the southern part of our islands we would naturally contrast with the half-inhabited aspect of continental Europe, as we have attempted to describe it. Go where you will in counties that are most essentially English in their character, there is the same sense of home-like enjoyment in a wide variety of easy existences among classes that shade insensibly into each other; nor does the enjoyment appear to be diminished very perceptibly even when united to great wealth and to grandeur. It may possibly be sour grapes, but we believe it on searching self-examination to be our honest persuasion, that we are grateful for not having been destined to dwell in mansions so magnificent as Chatsworth or Blenheim. Yet to say nothing of the enchanting country that generally surrounds them, the proprietors of such princely seats are not altogether to be pitied. Country gentlemen like their neighbours, in spite of the length of their rent-rolls, the plurality of their mansions, and a certain formal state that is the inevitable adjunct of their great positions, they manage to divert themselves with much the same pursuits as the more moderately-acred squire. To appreciate the attractions of their historic homes, and the sylvan beauties of their parks with the masses of secular timber, one ought to read Howitt.

We own to having been early prejudiced in his favour, for his ‘Boy’s Country Book’ was one of our boyish delights; but seeing how his ‘Book of the Seasons’ and his ‘Visits to Remarkable Places’ have asserted their influence on us in our maturity, we cannot believe that we admire him unduly. It is not only his bewitching panoramas of scenery, wonderfully true to nature as they are, when he invites you to an excursion across the brown moors of the Cheviots, or plunges with you waist-deep into the luxuriant bracken under the boughs of the oaks in some deer-park in the Midlands; or when he leads you away to some deserted and half-forgotten old hall like Compton Wyniates—to some spectre-haunted Norman hold that looks grimly forbidding in the gloaming, like the ancient castle of the Lumleys; or when he takes you on a brisk walk through the Black Country, to the humble birthplace of an artist like Bewick, on the beautiful banks of the Tyne, past grim rows of colliers’ cottages. But he thoroughly enters into the life of the English country-people of all ranks, reflecting their feelings with unflinching fidelity; he sympathises with the pursuits of the squire and the farmer; bred a Quaker as he was, he has a friendly word for the worthy parson whose lines have fallen in these pleasant places; and, above all, he has a kindly feeling for the peasant and the working-man. It is writers like Howitt and Thomas Miller who love to bring out the home-like features of our rural life in their most attractive aspects; who make it a sacred sentiment to cherish the little that remains to us of old English manners and customs. Howitt is the more loath to see England stripped of its traditional poetry and romance, that he is so heartily alive to the benefits of our

material progress, and the vast development of our manufacturing industries. Because the sea-breeze is tainted with the fumes of the chemical works, he abstracts himself all the more devoutly at the shrine of the Venerable Bede at Jarrow; and his fancy is the more lively among the ruins of Tynemouth, that he is looking down on the smoke of grimy Shields, and on the shipping that crowds the river. And it is wonderful how much of rude romance he contrives to find among people you might set down as essentially prosaic; making no ostentatious exhibition of the interest he so evidently feels, he wins the confidence of the most reserved: whether he may have dropped into casual conversation with some dusty wayfarer, or have turned aside to ask his way of a cottager, or is gossiping pleasantly with some prim old lady, the *châtelaine* of some ancestral show-place. And as Providence helps those who help themselves, he is always in luck in his especial objects. He is perpetually stumbling in the course of his wanderings on feasts or fairs, or anniversaries or border games, and he is sure to make friends among garrulous merrymakers, storing his memory with their old-world tales.

If we desired to do the honours of England to a foreign friend, whether he came over the Channel or across the Atlantic, after giving him a glance at the immensity of London or the prosperity of the port of Liverpool, we should invite him to accompany us on such a driving tour as Mr Black describes in his 'Adventures of a Phaeton.' He might growl at the climate on the days when it was wet or windy; but he would have to confess in candour, in any average summer, that our watery atmosphere was not without its advantages. We have often revelled in the marvellous

transparency of the air in districts like the upper valleys of the Alps, or even the higher plateaux of central Germany. Sitting before the door of your mountain inn, in the Engadine or the Oberland, you fancy you might distinguish the chamois at their gambols on the opposite snow-slopes; while in the German uplands you can almost count the buttons on the coat of the *bauer* who is driving the waggon with the team of oxen against the distant sky-line. But there is a wearisome monotony of effect in the brilliancy of that extreme limpidity. It cannot compare with the rich variety of lights among the softened shadows and changing colours of an English landscape, as you look down over waving crops, verdant meadow, and rolling woodland, through a faint transparency of haze and under a shimmering of fleecy clouds, from such a height as Richmond Hill or the terraces of the Crystal Palace. The stray showers and the heavy night dews keep everything fairly fresh and green, even in the driest seasons. The very highroads wind and dip as they are engineered in accordance with the undulations of the ground, in place of unrolling themselves straight on end like so many kilometres of sad-coloured ribbon, between their regular borders of dust-peppered poplars. As to the labyrinths of woodland lanes in the home counties, you had better take your bearings before you commit yourself to them, if you have not chartered an experienced pilot. Now they have hidden themselves out of sight and wellnigh out of sound between deep banks that are watered by bubbling landsprings, and under the cool shade of the boughs that interweave themselves thickly overhead. The wheels grate lightly over gravel that reminds you of a gentleman's approach, although here and there

you go jolting over the gnarled roots. Before you have wearied of the dim religious light, and begin to long for a glimpse of the glorious sunshine, you are emerging on some stretch of purple heath, or are breasting the slopes of some breezy down. The crest of each eminence and every turn of your road opens up a new variety of prospect, as the eye travels along the lines of leafy undulations to some range of hills that hangs dimly in the distance. Nor are the broad pastures of the Midlands, or the wilder and more open landscapes of the Yorkshire Ridings, less lively in their way. You may miss the tangled luxuriance of hedgerow, the rich flowers or the fruit in the apple and cherry orchards, the hop-plants twining themselves from pole to pole, like the trellised vines of the plains of Italy; but you have an exhilarating sense of life and freedom among those wide stretches of glorious galloping-ground, divided by their stiff ox-fences and bull-fences, with the halls and manor-houses rising among their covers, and the willow-bordered streams meandering peacefully along the bottoms.

If there was nothing in the formal French *château* to excite any emotion of envy, we must own it is altogether a different thing when you are out on your wanderings in rural England. It must be a contented spirit indeed that is not being perpetually tempted by the hall or the rectory house, by the luxurious cottage or the comfortable homestead. Wedded as you may be to the ways of the town—inspired by some devouring ambition, or hotly excited over money-getting—you fancy, for the moment at least, that you might be perfectly happy if you were settled in one of those seductive abodes. It may be partly that the simpler and sounder part of our nature is

asserting its instincts; and it seems so easy to take kindly to a country life when a soothing languor has settled down on the smiling landscape, and you see everything around you in its rosiest colours. Of course it is long odds that you are altogether deceiving yourself, as a little cool reflection reminds you. You are like the veteran winebibber who tries to take to water-drinking: you spoiled yourself for the calm of bucolic enjoyment all the year round. You would be perpetually sighing for the excitement you had grown used to, and *ennui* might haunt you the more, that you were relieved from the worst of your anxieties and worries. But to those who have been bred and born to it, there is assuredly nothing like a life in the country, at all events when that country is in the British Isles. You have only to look at your country friends and be convinced. Their ruddy faces and elastic or comfortable figures are the signs of light hearts and well-preserved health; and if there are exceptions they only prove the rule. It can hardly be otherwise. Fresh air and good digestion, with the habit of exercise in the open air, make them strong to support or cast aside the sorrows that eat away the springs of a more artificial existence. The occupations by which they get their living would be the recreations of other men; and while they harmlessly excite themselves over sports and trifles, they are apt to attain a serenity of temperament that almost borders on stolidity. So it comes about that farmers can slumber peacefully, and know no abatement of their vigorous appetites, while the rain is beating down on the hay or the wheat, while the drought is playing the mischief with the root-crops, or the foot-and-mouth disease has broken loose among the flocks of their neigh-

hours. So landed proprietors sit lightly under mortgages and settlements, and easily console themselves with a growl or a grumble under unwelcome shortcomings on the rent-day, or even in a bad season for the birds.

We have run over some of our favourite books on the country, and now we are tempted to try some random sketches of one or two of our familiar country friends. Take the Highland laird to begin with. His ancestors down to his grandfather were always hard up for cash, though they were lords of a wide extent of barren acres. His lands lie along one of the most lovely of the winding sea-arms on the western coast; and fifty years ago, or even less, the wreaths of blue peat-smoke might have been seen curling up from the hamlets or clachans in half a score of glens. The people who eked out the scanty produce of their crops by the profits of "the fishing" sat at small rents for the best of reasons. A considerable portion of the rent was paid "in kind"—in chickens, in peat-cutting, and other services; and in an unfavourable year, when the crops had failed, or the fishing, the pecuniary transactions were chiefly the other way. The laird had not only to forgive his people what they owed, but to feed them into the bargain. So there was a good deal to soften the separation to him when emigration came into fashion among his neighbours, and he decided to try the experiment. He was reluctant to part with the Donalds and the Duncans and their families, whose fathers had sat under his, and followed them to the field in clan feuds and civil disturbances from time immemorial. But it was clearly for the good of both parties; and he was bound to consider the prospects of his children as well as the feelings of his clansmen. Sheep-farmers from the

south were shifting northwards, and there was a great and growing demand for grazing. Highland shootings were coming into favour with southern millionaires, and lands where leave to shoot used to be had for the asking, were fetching handsome rents in the market. So droves of the aboriginal Celts were consigned to the good offices of a shipping agent on the Broomielaw, and sent forth from the Clyde to try their fortunes in the Canadas. To this day you may trace the foundations of their houses in valleys, by the sides of the mountain brooks, and along the loch, and the salmon-stream that winds through the haughs of the strath.

Doubtless this emigration to another continent was all for the best. At all events, the present laird has no reason to regret it from a pecuniary point of view. He draws £1500 a-year from the sheep-grazings in Strathernan and Strathbran; and the grouse-shooting over the same ground is worth about as much more to him. He has £1800 on a long lease for his deer-forest of Auchnaclosky; the landlord of the inn at the mouth of the Earn pays him a handsome price for the salmon and sea-trout fishing there; while he disposed of some outlying hills at what was then deemed a fabulous price, although already he regrets his precipitation in parting with them, owing to the steady rise in values. In fact, for his many square miles of rock, heath, and bog, interspersed with patches of mountain grazing, he draws the income of a fine property in the most fertile of the English counties. But with all that, he has not stinted himself and his friends in the amusements to which he is keenly devoted. He has kept in his own hands an ample range of the woods and the heather that stretch away from immediately around the house;

and he can boast of as pretty a shooting in every sense as any gentleman of his means in the Highlands. Probably rather by chance than from design, the house was set down in a charming situation; and, thanks to the modern additions he has made, it is as roomy and comfortable as he could wish, though by no means architecturally attractive. It stands in the middle of feathering birches on the romantic banks of Lochlyle; and out of the broken ground that extends behind it rises a range of bold heathery uplands that lose themselves high overhead in a mountainous jumble of rocks and precipices. In a creek below, you may see the masts of the little cutters that transport him easily to his more distant beats; while half-a-dozen of broad-bottomed boats in the boat-house are eloquent of excellent fishing. Although his seat is pretty much at the back of the world; although his precarious posts are delivered to him by boat and steamer, and the landscape is wild enough in all conscience,—yet the climate on the lower levels is anything but ungenial, as is shown by the shrubs that thrive in luxuriance in his wife's romantic little flower-garden. As for the game, in point of variety at least, he has nearly everything that man can possibly desire. You have magnificent roe-drives in the woods and the rough ground that lie along the shores of the loch. You may walk up the graceful animals like hares among the bracken under the birches; and many a merry day the laird has there in autumn, when he has them running in rings round his post among the tree-trunks to the music of his lively little beagles. Along the scattered corn-fields in the strath at the loch-head, there are plenty of coveys of the small hill-partridges, where you may amuse

yourself pleasantly enough when the weather is wet and the grouse are wild; while as you wade through the marshy ground that is overflowed from time to time by the river, you have the snipe getting up in wisps all about you. As for the grouse, of these there are any reasonable quantity. The beats are long—it is nothing to walk six or eight miles before you think of uncoupling the dogs—and the walking is rough; but then you can get good shooting till late in the year, for the coveys are in no hurry to pack. And such shooting as it is, for a man who has the soul of a poet or the eye of an artist! As you gradually mount higher and higher, the views become grander and more extensive. Lochlyle, with its sheltered bays and wooded islands, unfolds itself in all its length beneath you, running out and in among the purple hills, and losing itself from your sight in land-locked harbours. Inland you follow the course of the strath, with here and there a solitary house or a shepherd's shieling; while as you ascend higher still into the zones of the ptarmigan, you open up rocky vistas through the surrounding heights, through which you get glimpses of the carse-lands in the distant Lowlands. The mountain air has a perceptible scent of the brine and the sea-weed, as well it may have, for it is salt water you are looking down upon in Lochlyle; and the surge of the Atlantic is breaking at the back of those splintered peaks that hem in the horizon away to the westward.

More exciting, perhaps, than the best of the grouse-shooting, is a day up there among the ptarmigan in the late autumn, when they are beginning to change to their winter plumage. Not that the shooting them is difficult, for the birds are

always in extremes. At first they get up wild enough, and go circling round the mountain-tops high in the air like flights of carrier-pigeons; but when you have flushed them several times, they will cower down motionless among the lichen-covered stones, from which their mottled feathers are scarcely to be distinguished. But there is a strange pleasure in the crisp keenness of the air, the magnificence of the bird's-eye views over the panoramas that unfold themselves around you, and the glimpses of solitude-loving beasts and birds that you are likely to get if you are in luck. In spite of the persecutions of the agents of mercenary ornithologists, more than one pair of golden eagles have their eyries in the hills that overhang Lochlyle; and they may often be seen sweeping round overhead, as if they felt themselves monarchs of all they surveyed, although they prudently keep themselves well out of rifle-shot. There are sea-eagles, too, among the rocks that hang over the ocean, and a pair of peregrine falcons have built since the memory of man in an inaccessible cliff in the laird's deer-forest. Ten to one you may catch sight of a sleek, though wiry old mountain-fox, taking himself leisurely off in the broad daylight to his quarters in one of the many cairns around you. You have startled him probably from his slumbers in the heather on the hill, where he laid himself up after a heavy meal and a long night of successful foraging. There is a handsome price set upon his head, and it is hard to say whether the shepherds or the keepers hate him with a more perfect hatred; and there is no better fun, by the by, to be had on an off-day, than drawing one of these stone-heaps for a vixen and her litter, with a few frantic couples of varmint-terriers. Before you get to the crest of the lower hills, the

mountain-hares have been lolloping up before you by dozens, like rabbits disturbed at feeding-time on the skirts of a low-country warren. Troublesome as they are to the best-broken dogs, you feel you could very easily spare them; yet they make capital subjects for a Highland *battue*, when you have the lower grounds driven in a narrowing circle of beaters, towards the guns that are stationed on the heights above. You may roll them over there by hundreds, or even by thousands; and it must be owned they come in as a godsend to the Highland kitchen, where the soup is made somewhat on the liberal receipt of the Ettrick Shepherd — half-a-dozen hares to each tureen.

Walking over the grouse-ground, you come upon sheep in every grassy hollow; and although they may be sufficiently picturesque objects, with their shaggy fleeces and their curling horns, yet they are decided nuisances in many ways. The shepherds may be on bad terms with the gillies, and may revenge themselves on the grouse-eggs and the young broods, which they naturally come across in the course of their peregrinations. The colliers in any case are always disturbing the ground; and on the very day you have devoted to a favourite beat, you find that the herds of sheep are being driven in, and gathered in flocks to be numbered. In the solitudes of the forest of Auchnaclosky there is no nuisance of the kind. There you are absolutely alone with nature, and the red deer, and the "vermin" that are carefully kept up in order to keep down the grouse. Auchnaclosky consists of a conglomeration of half-inaccessible hills, split up by the deep precipitous valleys that lead to nowhere in particular. Unless you were as much at home in these as the laird himself, or the

keepers who have charge of that portion of his grounds, you would be perpetually landing yourself in *culs-de-sac*, and being lured on into ugly scrambles where retreat is difficult and advance impossible. The forest is "grand ground," as any connoisseur will tell you. Although by no means large, it is amply stocked, for there are famous preserves on three sides of it; and in the depths of its valleys there is splendid feeding that seduces the deer from extraordinary distances. But the stalking is as difficult as well may be. In the first place, you may sweep your range of vision with the telescope, overlooking, after all, a number of animals hidden out of sight, who will be sure to spoil your stalk on the victim you have set your affections on. Then unless you have the head and foot of a chamois-hunter, you are not at all unlikely to come to grief: while the actual exercise,—toiling up rocky heights, only to come down again; hanging on to ledges of rock by the eyelids; dragging yourself along stony watercourses at a frightful expenditure of skin and homespun,—is sufficient to test the stamina of the strongest. Finally, it is difficult for the most experienced of stalkers to make due allowance for the caprices of the wind. It twists and turns in the most tantalising fashion in the folds of the hills and the recesses of the corries; and just as you are crawling up wind, as you fondly imagine, and congratulating yourself on a most successful cast, you are disagreeably conscious of a side puff on your cheek that must infallibly carry the alarm to the quarry. But all the difficulties that would be insurmountable drawbacks to many people, are only additional attractions to the laird. Many is the night he has lain out under the "Shelter Stone" with a bundle of

heather for a pillow, his plaid for bed-clothes, and a sandwich and his whisky-flask for sole refreshments; although now, chiefly in deference to the sybaritism of his friends, he has set up a lodge in the wilderness, where they can be tolerably comfortable on occasion.

Though the laird in these latter days occasionally takes his family to town for a month or so in the season, his habits are very different from those of the gentlemen who make a dash at the moors or the forests for a few weeks in the autumn. He lives on his territory all the year round; sport in its different shapes is pretty much his only avocation; and he is most hospitable in filling his house with guests, who take his annual invitations almost as a matter of course. It is odd indeed if they cannot find plenty to do; and even if they should be kept close prisoners by the weather, there are a library and an excellent billiard-table and agreeable young women within doors. There is capital mixed shooting on the lower ground, or what may be called the lower ground by comparison. The birch-woods that come stretching down to Lochlyle are famous places for black-game and woodcocks; and when a flight of woodcocks arrives with the first frost, the laird sends expresses forthwith to his neighbours, who are looking out in keen expectation. These gentlemen gather in fast with their attendant gillies, and the party sets out in line after breakfast from the very door of the house. Now it is a hare that gets up, now a couple of roe who have been crouching in their lair with ears laid back and heads buried in the heather, hoping in vain that the *bacarme* would go by. Now they stumble among some partridges that rise only to scatter and drop again; and then in the corner of some thicker patch of cover,

they possibly have the agreeable distraction of a brilliant little bouquet of pheasants. A little farther, and they are in the best of the woodcock ground. Small streamlets, half choked with the frost, come trickling down among rime-covered rushes; the cry of "mark-cock" makes itself heard more and more frequently in every variety of Gaelic gutturals; and then follows the shot or the succession of shots, as the crescent-winged bird goes zigzagging softly away among the scattered tree-stems in some clearing in the copsewood. Or there is a whir and a loud rustle through the trees, and the heavy blackcock is brought up in his rapid flight, to come down with a crash among the branches that interlace themselves over the brook below.

In winter, when there is little else to be had, there is duck and wild-fowl shooting; and that in spring and early summer is followed by the salmon-fishing. The laird prides himself on his skill with the rod rather more than on his prowess with the rifle; and he is as well off for water as he ought to be, considering the variety of it that there is on his domains. Trout swarm everywhere; and though the little yellow-bellied fellows in the brooks and rivulets seldom run more than four to the pound, they are wonderfully strong for their size. As a rule, however, except for an occasional dish for breakfast, very little attention is paid to these, although now and then the boys will condescend to ply the otter among the shoals of still smaller fry in one of the mountain tarns. But there is unrivalled sea-trout fishing at the head of the loch, where the tide runs into the river; and the lower pools of the Ernan are famed far and wide for salmon. Where the hills have closed in on the level strath, the Ernan winds along among the rocks

and the birch-woods, now tumbling over half-submerged shelves in an infinity of white tiny cataracts—now rushing along in a narrowed bed in a succession of black bubbling swirls—now eddying fretfully under the bank, beneath the overhanging roots and the heather. It is no easy matter to make a cast in some of these pools, where you have to balance yourself in fishing-boots on a slippery shelf, with the branches of the trees behind bending down over your shoulder; and you dare not cut them away, for fear of the salmon resenting it. But the laird handles his heavy rod in these circumstances as if he had been born and bred up to the calling of an acrobat: he casts a long line out underhand, with the skill that has been born of much experience; and the sober-coloured fly is pitched, with miraculous dexterity, right into the very ripple it is meant for. But when the fish does come at it with a resolute rush, and the long line runs out with a rattle, the situation of the angler may be critical, not to say positively perilous. Fighting every yard of the water on a system of tactics that changes with the necessities of the case, it is a question when to humour the salmon, when to force him, and when to head him up the stream by dint of firm persuasion. Instinct suggests the most dangerous dodges to him, and he seems to be thoroughly aware how awkwardly his enemy is hampered. "Show him the butt of the rod" may be an excellent maxim; but how are you to do it when you are doubled up among the trees, with the top of it rustling against the branches? He makes a dash straight for the sea, as if he had no idea of stopping till he got there; and if you are too brusque in your hints that he had better stay, it is a sovereign to a shilling that something gives with you.

He is doing everything he knows to test the soundness of your tackle, if he is foiled in that determined rush. He is winding the line about among the stones, grazing it against their sharp edges, or else he is down with his nose in the gravel, grinding at the hook for dear life. Possibly he takes to sulking—a sore trial to the temper—when he absolutely declines to pay any attention to the stones you hail down in his direction. And it is worse still when he will insist upon your following him, although the track along the banks is wellnigh impracticable, even when the scrambler has both hands at his disposal. But the trials and anxieties increase the value of the triumph, when at last he begins to own himself beaten, and when you can see the scales of silver glancing to the light as you guide him gently within reach of the gaff. Not a pennyweight less than sixteen pounds, in prime condition, clean run from the sea, and covered still with the-sea lice he has brought with him. A fish like that deserves a dram; and the laird takes a hearty pull at his flask before passing it on to his gillie. Nor has he seen the last of him, as he is happy to think, when the salmon is sent promptly off to the kitchen; and the well-spread table of a well-conducted Highland mansion is far from being one of its least agreeable features. The cook is something of a *cordón bleu*, and never at a loss for materials. What haunches and necks of hill-flavoured venison! and to our mind, the red deer, with the sauce of a Highland appetite, is no whit inferior to the park-fed fallow deer. At all events, there is no saying a word in detraction of the saddles and cutlets of the mountain mutton. We have adverted already to the tureens of hare-soup, that should be duly flavoured with port or Madeira; and

then there are the grouse of the season, that have just been sufficiently hung, without sacrificing the piquancy of the bitter of the backs—grouse *en salmi*, and in pies, and split and “brandered;” the woodcocks fat as butter, with their melting trails; the black-game, that make an agreeable variety; the snipe and the ducks; the salmon, served in the sublime simplicity of the water he was boiled in, and in cutlets, and in curry, and in kipper; the pink-coloured sea-trout and the white little burn-trout, by no means bad in their way as a *pis aller* for breakfast; herrings from the loch, as delicate as those of Loch Fyne; and fresh haddocks from the neighbouring ocean that might hold their own with those of Dublin Bay. Considering that the laird has an excellent cellar, and that the family has always prided itself on its claret in especial, since his grandfather and forebears were in the habit of smuggling it, it must be owned that a man might find worse quarters, although Lochlyle may be scarcely a paradise, so far as its climate is concerned.

Perhaps the Highlands have most fascination for a man with a dash of the adventurer in him, who is hard and sound in mind and body; who loves to brace his sinews in exposure and with severe exercise; who does not object to an occasional touch of hardship; who can make himself happy among well-chosen books as the companions of his leisure hours, when he is not living in a house that is filled with congenial company. But there is much to be said, on the other hand, for the life of the English squire. It is true that, so far from being monarch of all he surveys, and a good deal more, he is rather “crowded up,” as the Yankees would say. The lands of his neighbours cut here and there into his

own; and when he flushes birds upon farms not very far from his house, they are apt to drop beyond his boundaries. But then he has plenty of pleasant society in a neighbourhood that is full of quiet domestic beauties, if it has not the grandeur of the shores of Lochlyle. The hall may stand a trifle low. Those who built the oldest part of it, in the days of the Tudors, had a habit of coming down like rats to the water. But the suspicion of damp that hangs about the little river and the lake fosters timber and shrubberies into the richer luxuriance, and gives a brilliant freshness to the grass and the foliage. The house is a long and rather rambling building, where you have never far to mount to your room, though you may have a long way to walk along the corridors and up the quaint oak staircases; and the mullioned windows, with their lozenge lattices, are embowered in their masses of roses and creepers. The doors open on a broad terrace looking over the velvet lawns and variegated flower-beds to the undulations of the beautifully-timbered park, that seems to shade away imperceptibly into the woodlands beyond. Scattered clumps of venerable trees throw out their gnarled boughs over great beds of bracken and bramble, where the fallow deer stand buried to their heads and horns; while there are groups of cattle that are scarcely less ornamental. Everything bears evidence of careful overlooking and liberal expenditure. The oaken fences of the park are kept up to perfection; and there is hardly a weed or a rut on the broad gravel drives, which provide easy and well-paid employment for half the old people in the village. The village itself is a show one. A low-aisled Norman church, with ivy-grown tower and moss-covered lich-gate, and superannu-

ated yews all rent and torn by time, standing about among the simple tombstones; a vicarage half hidden out of sight among great shrubberies of laurel; quaint-gabled cottages in blooming gardens—cottages that are either as old as they seem or else admirable modern imitations; an old-fashioned inn, with a great bow-window and a broad gravelled space before the door, where the sign is swinging from an overshadowing elm-tree; and better than all, a general look of contentment and cheerful comfort, which tells of confidence in kindly friends and happy relations with generous landlords.

The estate is a model of good English farming of the olden time, with just so many modern improvements introduced as may be compatible with preserving its picturesque appearance. Farm-houses with spacious kitchens, and with sumptuous parlours that are only used upon state occasions; rambling steadings round great straw-yards, where the cattle are ruminating up to their bellies in litter, and where pigs, constrained to cleanliness in spite of themselves, are grunting and gorging themselves in supreme felicity; a shady horse-pond well stocked with ducks and geese, flocks of fat poultry picking up a leisurely living among the wheat-stacks, and flights of pigeons cooing on the tiles. There has been little grubbing of hedgerows or straightening of roads. The lanes meander about among thorn-bushes, matted with the wild clematis and overgrown with the wild hop and honeysuckle. There is turf enough between the hedges and the cart-way to pasture the horses of whole caravans of tramps and gipsies; and, in fact, you may often see them hobbled there, while the kettles are slung before the tents in some nook out of the wind or the sunshine. The

fields are cut up in all manner of waving lines and fantastic patterns, by copses and hangers and outlying spinneys, linked together by lines of trees growing out of the straggling hedges. It is scarcely what you would call a partridge country. There is more grass than wheat; and the root-crops on the higher lands, especially in a dry season, would seem mere spectres of profitable cultivation to a gentleman who farms in the Lothians. With so much that is primitive, even in the way of woods and furze and hedge-rows, it is impossible to put your hand on the birds at the precise moment you are looking for them; and when you do find them, it is long odds that you fail to mark them in their longer flights. Yet they are there in plenty, as you may be very sure; for there are a wealth of breeding-places, and endless corners where they can bask, and delightfully dry elevations where they can take refuge from the rains in the spring. The fields are carefully bushed as you may see, and there is an ample strength of keepers, though the villagers, who have lived like their fathers on the estate, are but little addicted to poaching.

But the feature in such a south-country shooting is the pheasants; and the land looks as if it had been laid out with a special eye to their delectation. Till they come to a sudden and violent death, the wild broods have pleasant times of it, with the dense undergrowth of bramble, where nothing but a fox or some prowler of the weasel species can make its way; with the gorse covers, where the foxes are carefully preserved, in the hope that they may stick pretty much to the rabbits; with the great patches of bracken in the park and along the lanes; with the long dry grassy-covered ways, that run under the

roots of the hedge. And then, the numbers that are brought up under fowls. The head-keeper is hand-in-glove with the farmers, and their good-wives are always willing and eager to supply him with sitting-hens. Spring after spring he shifts his breeding-ground, but it is always on some sunny, sheltered aspect in the immediate neighbourhood of his cottage and the kennels. There the long lines of coops are set out in the rank grass that is carefully strewn immediately in front of them; and he or one of his subordinates is always on duty to guard against the descent of hawks or jackdaws. How he has gone questing about in search of the early eggs before the voracious rooks and magpies have had time to anticipate him! What a pretty sight it is, when the young ones are hatched, and come running out of the grass to his call! And later, before the first of October, when their plumage is in its bloom, and they take a conscious pride in it, how ornamental they are in the stubbles and on the cover-side! How he can reconcile it to his feelings to see these pets of his shot down, is a question between himself and his conscience—on the same principle, we suppose, as the affectionate poultry-woman cherishes her ducklings to come in with the peas. But it is certain that there is a great charm in pheasant-shooting, however one may abuse the *battues*, which we have no great love for ourselves. There are few things pleasanter on a fresh autumn day, when the foliage has been thinned by rain, and the frosts have opened daylight through the broken-down undergrowth, and when the leaves that are still hanging on the trees are glowing in their gorgeous autumnal tints. Nor can anything be more lively than working quietly behind a couple or so of spaniels, when they are forcing the stray birds out of the

hedge, and running them through the outlying covers.

Rabbits may be a curse to the farmer when they are suffered to breed to excess, but we know no better fun than rabbit-shooting, over spaniels or terriers. So the squire thinks, who lets his land at easy rents to the tenants, making no secret of his tastes, and is liberal in distributing what he kills among the farmers and the poor people in his cottages. And when a frost in the winter keeps the hounds at home, he is often to be seen, with keepers and ferrets, a terrier or two, and a retriever, bending his steps towards some well-known burrow. Many of the gravelly banks that enclose his plantations are mined and countermined in all directions. The difficulty is to persuade the rabbits to bolt, when they have so many opportunities of dodging their pursuers. But a couple of ferrets or more are put in, at the risk of having the rabbit taken in front and flank, and compelled to succumb to the blood-suckers below ground. You hear a subterraneous rumbling and rattling and scrambling that now seems to draw near the mouth of some hole, and the next moment rapidly recedes from it. At last the persecuted victim takes heart of grace, and shoots out of some unsuspected bolting-hole, altogether hidden among the grass and the fallen leaves. The terriers who have been watching for him with cocked ears, cannon up against each other in their eager rush, and you have to shoot clear of them, and shoot quickly, before the nimble game disappears under some convenient branches. There is an extreme satisfaction in a rabbit rolled over by a clean shot, more especially when his impetus has carried him out of sight, and you are at a loss to know whether you have killed or missed him. In the open park the

sport is comparatively simple. The rabbits burrow in the mounds of turf under the roots of the venerable thorns; while on occasion they even scramble up the hollow trunks, and come tumbling out of unsuspected orifices on high, to the extreme astonishment and disgust of the jack-daws.

Whatever our individual opinion may be, it is certain the squire would never hesitate between his English home and a principality in the Highlands. His heart may be in the Highlands, among the deer in the season, and possibly his person too; but if he were sent to the Highlands to settle, he would have to leave his horses behind him to begin with. Except a pair for his lady's carriage, and the serviceable beast he drives in his dog-cart, the laird keeps nothing but the "shelties" that run loose in his "parks," and carry him out to his remoter beats, or bring home his deer or the heavy game-hampers. The squire's stables, so far as they go, are among the most complete in the country, and the horses that fill their stalls are as the very apples of his eyes. He does not live in the "shires," as may be surmised from our descriptions of the scenery. He does not profess to have an interminable string, the half of them on the sick-list or eating their heads off, so that he may hunt himself with second horses five days in the week, allow for casualties and the caprices of a stud-groom, and help a friend or two on occasion. But the best part of his neighbourhood may be described as "a fair hunting country," though it is a trifle cramped about his own domains; and he takes care to mount himself that he may be carried comfortably with a stone or a couple of stones to spare, though prices are high enough in any case, and go up in arithmetical progression for every pound above a

certain point. He does a little in the breeding way himself. One of his largest tenants is regularly in that line of business; and more than one dealer makes a point of breaking his journey at the neighbouring inn on his way homewards from Horncastle or elsewhere. There are worse places to smoke a cigar in of a winter morning, when the hounds are frozen up hard and fast in their kennels, than the warmed and well-ventilated seven-stall stable, when the old head-groom goes stripping the clothing, passing his hand along the muscular thighs and hocks, the well-ribbed-up barrels, and the powerful loins and quarters. The squire has seldom to pay excessive prices for his horses, considering their handsome looks, because, rather than not, he would have something that wants riding; but with his light hand and firm yet flexible seat, they soon fall into his ways, and seldom dream of refusing. If there is a fault in his style of going, it is that he goes a trifle too straight, and takes it out of the animals he rides instead of trying to save them. Enthusiastic pheasant-preserver as he is, Gorham-bury, Gorse and the Hazledean woods are among the surest draws in all the country, and the squire's well-deserved reputation for hospitality makes his mansion one of the most popular meets. Then the grand entrance-hall, the great dining-room, and the breakfast-room, are all laid out with tables *en suite*, and every one with the slightest pretensions to admission is made welcome to cut and come again among the viands that load the side-tables and buffets. Then the home-brewed, that reminds one of Trinity audit, is broached for those who are kicking their heels outside, and the gardener must endure as best he may the inroads that are made on his turf and his shrubberies. There is no-

thing that borders on the riotous or boisterous, for with all his hospitality and frank good-humour, the squire has a strong sense of decorum; yet nothing can be more jovial than the mixed multitude that files off at the tail of the pack when it follows the huntsmen to the nearest fox-cover.

The taste for horse-flesh has been in the family for generations. Our friend's grandfather was a famous gentleman-whip in the days of the Regency; and the walls of the billiard and smoking rooms are hung at this present moment with a variety of portraits of himself and his horses. In drab driving-coat, curl-brimmed hat, and belcher scarf, he is springing his team of bays over Five Mile Bottom; he is doing the Park behind Trojan and Traveller, the grey and the chestnut, in his mail phaeton; he is sending along Marigold, his wonderful trotting mare, in a cloud of dust before a mob of spectators, from a perch between a pair of gigantic yellow wheels. That light of old coaching-days, as well as his son who came after him, used to help to horse the Highflyer, and drive it too. *Eheu, fugaces!* these times are gone. The great posting-house of the Wheat-sheaf, not a mile from the lodge-gates, where a dozen of coaches used to change horses daily, and which had stabling for a hundred pair and more, has been tenanted for long by an ordinary farmer, and the racks and mangers have gone to wreck and ruin. The surrounding agriculturists have to consign to more distant markets the oats they used to shoot into its well-stored bins, and the hay that was weekly delivered by the waggon-load. But the present man does something to keep up the family tradition. When he takes his carriage-horses to town, connoisseurs will still turn to look at them. His park hack is a

model of symmetry, and cost him considerably more than the best of his weight-carriers; while necessarily he is an eminent member of the coaching club, and the critics are hard put to it when they set to picking faults in his turn-out. Consequently there is always something worth looking at in his paddocks; and nothing can be prettier in the way of pets than the colts and the fillies of illustrious race that come whinnying at their master's heels, seeking to rub their silken muzzles on his shoulder, and hunting after apples or sugar in the broad pockets of his shooting-coat.

Except, perhaps, the occupants of the kennels. At the hall they still shoot over dogs, for the country is little adapted to walking in line. And the squire's setters are pictures. What action they show when you see them out! what dash and fire, and yet what perfect training! They are rather dearer to the keeper than his own children, and yet he is a most affectionate parent. Broken by gentleness and not brutality, in their wildest swing they always keep their eye on their master, answering to the slightest wave of his hand. "Handsome is as handsome does;" but their steadiness and splendid action are as admirable as their animated eyes and silken coats, their sinewy loins and feathering sterns. Then there are the Sussex spaniels, that make such merry melody after the pheasants and rabbits; and the lively little terriers, with their prick ears and game limp; and, last but not least, the curly retrievers, with a staid demeanour beyond their years, and a world of sagacity in their thoughtful faces. And everybody and everything about the place,—farmers and cottagers; servants, from the bailiff, the forester, and the chief butler, down to the smallest helper in the stable-yard; horses and dogs,

pigeons and ornamental water-fowl,—are all devoted to the master; and if his lot is not an enviable one, we should like to know a lot that is.

But after all, and without so many worldly advantages, there are others of our country acquaintances who are at least as happy as either the squire or the laird. The rector, for instance, who holds the lucrative little family living, and ministers to the spiritual and temporal wants of a small and scattered population, who have known him and whom he has known from his childhood. He discourses to them out of the pulpit with an intimate personal knowledge of their necessities. In time of health, as in time of sickness, he has always a warm greeting everywhere. If there is a bit of a tiff in a family, or a difference between master and servants, it is the parson who, of course, is called in to settle matters; and if all the parishes were ministered to like his, the lawyers might starve for lack of litigation. Off go all the hats in the length of the village street, when the broad-brimmed, black wideawake and the pepper-and-salt suit are seen coming down the causeway. The women are bobbing and ducking in their doors, inwardly hoping that the rector may turn aside to them; and the children are always getting in his way, looking out for a kindly word or a caress. The young men regard him with mingled love and veneration, for there is not a bat among them that can hold its own against his round-hand bowling; and when his eye is in, and he takes to judgmatical cutting and driving, he teaches the panting field the secret of perpetual motion. He is not only the leading member of the club, but its very generous patron, though his kinsman, the squire, is hereditary president. He is the life and soul of

the cricketing suppers and the other entertainments he gets up for those who do not care for the willow. He would be the last to rob a poor man of his beer, and is on the best of terms with the village landlord, though he sets his face against anything like excess, and takes care that the merriment of these social meetings shall never degenerate into anything unseemly. He used to shoot now and then at one time, but he has given it up; and now he contents himself with the fishing, to which he is devoutly attached. Not a man in his own or the adjoining parishes can come near him in the delicate skill with which he lures the wary fish out of these still and pellucid waters. But with all his healthy activity and delight in the open air, not the least pleasant of his hours are those he passes in his library. The little room with the great bay-window looking out on the brilliant flower-beds is a marvel of quiet literary luxury, with the well-chosen volumes assorted in the cases, and the periodicals and journals that litter the tables. For the rector was a scholar, and took creditable honours, in spite of an early attachment to the cricket-field; and he was a Fellow of a distinguished college to boot, before he was fortunate enough to fall in with his wife. Simply elegant and pointed as his sermons are, it is only as matter of good sense that he does not make them more learned and more elaborately ornate. For when he takes pen in hand to address himself to a cultivated circle in the pages of one of the leading quarterlies or monthlies, it travels over the pages in a genuine rush of inspiration, and wins him unfeigned admiration from the most fastidious critics. It only rests with himself to remove to more sensational spheres of usefulness; nor is there any reason, with his piety and his

gifts, his manners and his excellent family connections, why he should not legitimately aspire to the highest places in the Church. But he has the sense to know when he is happy and serviceable, and is very reluctant to change. In all human probability he will live and die in the parish he was born in, and be gathered peacefully to his fathers in the family burying-ground under the aged yew-tree at the end of the chancel.

Nor may the life of a well-to-do farmer be less desirable in its way, allowing for differences in education and station. Cares and anxieties he has, of course, but, as we observed already, he comes to carry them lightly; for if he sits at a reasonable rent, has a snug sum put away in some safe investment, and has credit or a floating balance at the county bank, experience tells him that things will come right in the end, on the average of a succession of seasons. Early to bed and early to rise, eating largely, and knowing nothing of his nerves or digestion, passing the livelong day in the open air among the up-turned furrows and breezy fallows, his health is robust and his spirits equable. Unless matters go very badly indeed, he acquires a happy knack of regarding everything as all for the best. If the rain does harm to the hay, it is just what he wants for the roots or the shooting corn-crops; and if prolonged drought is parching his herbage and forcing him to make serious inroads on his hayricks, at least it is ripening the wheat in perfection. If the length and the breadth of the islands were before us to choose, we scarcely know where we should prefer to farm. Though the weight of the winters snow-drifts might lie somewhat heavy on our mind, we fancy we might be happy as a Dandie Dinmont in the dales of the Scotch border or among

the moorlands on the Cheviots. We can imagine the pleasure of the early walk among our flocks over the grassy hills or the heathery uplands, with the silence only broken by the bleating of sheep, the whistle of the plover, or the cry of the curlew. We can conceive the intense excitement of lambing-time, when hopes are blossoming into fruition, and the young ones are dropping into the folds by pairs; the lively scenes of the washing and shearing; the drafting off the surplus stock for despatch to the Falkirk Tryst or some other of the markets. But then for a skilled and scientific agriculturist, whose soul is in his pursuits, we know there can be nothing like a great farm in the fertile Lothians or the Carse of Gowrie, lying round its superb steading. Everything that can be done is done by steam-power; everything is ingeniously made the most of; the latest discoveries in agricultural chemistry have been pressed into the capitalist's service; and in the course of a walk over his ground, you may study the best and most practical of modern mechanical inventions. Yet the introduction of steam would not seem to have materially reduced the number of hands in the farmer's employment, nor those teams of sleek and powerful horses whose work appears to agree with them so well. But steam, and skill, and science have conspired to bring the land to the highest pitch of cultivation; the waving fields of golden grain are a sight to gladden the eye and heart, as is the straw in the bulging stack-yard, when the best of them have been cut and carried; and as for the turnips and mangels, as compared to what you see in the southern counties, they are an Indian jungle to an English pheasant-cover. Notwithstanding which, in point of picturesqueness and climate, and cheery surround-

ings, a man of æsthetic temperament might not unnaturally prefer the south; but as we have already passed some time there with the parson and the squire, we do not mean to go back on a visit to the farmers.

Nor, after all we have been saying of farming and shooting, do we care to loiter among shepherds and keepers. Yet the men who have betaken themselves to such healthy occupations are very much to be envied, since their tastes and the manner of their bringing up has kept them below disturbing ambitions. Contrast their happy circumstances with those of the most highly paid labourers and mechanics—the collier who may be in the habit of working all day and sleeping all night; who seldom except of a Sunday has a look at the noonday sun; with his chances of being crushed, or imprisoned alive, or scorched and stifled in an explosion of choke-damp, and the certainty of having to breathe in foul air at a suffocating temperature, while exerting himself in a distorted attitude. Or with the fate of the Sheffield cutler, or the Manchester cotton-spinner, or the Spitalfields silk-weaver; or even with that of the men whose occupations are not absolutely unhealthy, but who have to huddle up their families in a small room or two in some crowded court, and who are almost driven to drink as an antidote to the noxious atmosphere. If the keeper does not live near the black countries or some great manufacturing town, where the poachers go out in gangs and do not shrink from bloodshed on occasion, the worst hardship he has to put up with is a healthy midnight walk to see that all is right in the covers, with the possibility, perhaps, of a chase and a round at single-stick should he chance to come across some trespasser. He is paid for taking the pleasures that cost his

employer dear, and on the whole he has a greater variety of amusement. For he rarely goes on his rounds without his gun, ready to knock over a hawk, or a magpie, or a hooded crow, or to take a snap-shot at a stoat or a weasel. He has never been taught that trapping may be cruel, and we are sorry to think it would be next to impossible to persuade him of it; and, cruelty apart, it must be confessed that there is a good deal of interest in circumventing the different wild animals, whose instincts make them portentously distrustful. As for the mountain shepherd, his avocation is as innocent as poetic; and the morbidly sentimental Cockneys who set their faces against all man-

ner of field-sports, can have nothing in the world to say against him. *Apropos* to Cockneys, we may admit of cities that they have certain advantages of their own, while the metropolis in especial has its attractions for us. But the brightest moments we have passed even there are those that reminded us of the country: as when strolling in the season among the flower-beds in the Park, before the trees had lost the first freshness of their green; or walking homewards along Piccadilly in the early summer morning, before the smoke-clouds had gathered between you and the Surrey heights, and when the palace at Sydenham was sparkling in the sunbeams.

A RIVER SONG.

SOFT arms about my throat,
 Soft cheek against my hair,—
 Lazily slides our boat,
 Drifting we know not where:
 Lazily, lazily drifting down
 By empty field and silent town.

The shadowed wheat anear
 Drowsily murmureth;
 Deep in the hills we hear
 The south wind's failing breath
 Lazily drifting down the stream,
 From light to shade—from day to dream.

J. R. S.

THE MOBILIZATION OF THE ARMY, AND NATIONAL DEFENCE.

1. GENIUS has been somewhere defined as being simply "a vast capacity for taking trouble;" and although that definition is very far indeed from being correct—since, although sometimes found in conjunction, there is no natural affinity between those gifts—there is no doubt that success in any enterprise, or any walk of life, must depend mainly on the possession and exercise of the latter quality.

2. Indeed, genius would seem to be quite as frequently dissociated from industry as allied with it. The race between the hare and the tortoise is a symbol of the contest between genius *per se* and plodding industry, wherein the prize of success falls to the latter quality in the fable, as it usually does in the race of real life.

3. But where genius and industry are united, their fortunate possessor is a king among men; he chains fortune to his chariot-wheels, and the world lies at his feet. One of the most signal contemporary examples of this happy combination is Field-Marshal Von Moltke, to whom Germany is chiefly indebted for her military pre-eminence; for the successes of the German arms in 1870 are attributable, not to the display of any remarkable ability by the commanders of armies, corps, or divisions, but to that organised foresight, forethought, painstaking—in short, to that "vast capacity for taking trouble"—which, under the guidance of Von Moltke, were displayed in the offices of the Prussian General Staff in anticipation of war; and by means of which the lines by which the different corps should move to encounter the earliest shocks of war were as clearly laid down as the rails on

which a railway train travels to its destination.

4. Since the war of 1870, the other European Powers have manifested a tendency more or less to take Germany as a guide in the matter of military organization; and in no particular more markedly than in a painstaking preparation during peace against a time of war.

5. Such preparation in general terms involves—

(a) The measures necessary for placing in the field on the outbreak of war, in the shortest possible time, and in the highest efficiency, as large an army as is possibly compatible with the peace military expenditure; and these measures are expressed by the technical term, "mobilization."

(b) The most judicious distribution of the different corps, divisions, and brigades of that army.

(c) The measures for concentrating the different corps, either for defence against invasion, or for the invasion of an enemy's country.

6. Of two coterminous States declaring war against each other, that which can the most quickly mobilize its military force already counts at the outset nearly all the points in its favour, more especially where it is a question as to which of the combatants shall first cross the intervening frontier to invade the enemy's territory.

7. *Time*, of which it may now be said more emphatically than ever with respect to military affairs, that it is "more precious than rubies"—time is the most important element in military operations; it is either the most valuable of allies or the most dangerous of enemies. If "time" be adverse, warlike pre-

parations, though directed by the most consummate ability, and backed by unlimited wealth, will be probably only preparations after the event, and too late to influence the issue.

8. In the war of 1870, the German armies, of which the component divisions had been previously assembled and completed in their respective territorial districts, were concentrated on the French frontier, in their several striking positions, from thirteen to eighteen days after the declaration of war; and they actually entered French territory and fought on the same day two victorious battles on French soil, on the twenty-second day after war was declared.

9. The different corps of the French army had been assembled in their respective positions on the frontier even earlier than the Germans; but the difference between the two in point of efficiency was immense; for the French, numerically inferior to their enemies even though their *cadres* had been full, were, when sent to the front, complete neither in men, nor transport, nor supplies: their deficiencies had to be made good by degrees, and at the cost of fatal confusion in the presence of the enemy; whereas every brigade of the German army was in all respects ready to go into action on the day when it quitted its territorial district.

Thus the Germans had completed their "mobilization" before they took the field: while the French, from want of forethought and previous arrangement, were unable to complete their mobilization except by slow degrees after the actual contest had begun; and they were thus caught *flagrante delicto*.

10. The earlier events of the campaign of 1870 point the moral in a very striking manner as to the all-importance of rapidity in mobi-

lization, and explain the reason why the different European nations are running a race with each other, and straining every nerve, if by any means one can forestall the other even by a day in the accomplishment of that object.

11. In England the problem is to a certain extent simplified by her insular situation, which renders invasion by an enemy impossible without a certain time being allowed for preparation. But England is on that account by no means absolved from the necessity of that painstaking forethought which will enable her to pass at once from a state of peaceful repose into vigorous warlike activity,—just as a warrior who, having laid himself down in his harness, springs from his couch fully armed and accoutred when awakened by the blast of the trumpet.

12. "The streak of silver sea" can only be calculated on as affording to England a somewhat longer breathing-space than in the case of a Continental nation, before an enemy can be upon her. For the navy, which is usually regarded as the natural external defence of these islands, has such diverse duties to perform, and at points so remote from each other all over the globe, that it might not be available to intercept the approach of a hostile fleet just at the time and place required.

13. Indeed it is certain that, in a war of large dimensions, the navy will be called on to play an offensive rather than a defensive rôle.

For, the British empire consisting of a small metropolitan nucleus, the population of which is largely dependent on foreign countries for its food—and of large possessions all over the world, separated from each other and from these islands by large tracts of ocean—it follows that the navy must be the arm with which we strike out, while the

army must be that with which we ward the blows of an enemy.

And this consideration supplies a strong argument in favour of maintaining a thoroughly efficient army for home defence; since, without such an army, the navy could not be liberated for those operations at a distance from our shores on which the maintenance of England's imperial position must absolutely depend.

14. In any case it is always prudent, in preparing plans of defence, to base them on the most unfavourable conditions it is possible to foresee; and it is for this reason that, in any scheme for the defence of England against invasion, it should be assumed that an enemy will be able to effect a landing in force somewhere on British soil, in spite of all our efforts to the contrary.

15. The English mobilization scheme, which was last year published to the world—and which it is erroneously supposed that the late military gatherings at Aldershot and Salisbury were designed to test—is really only a part, and that the most mechanical part, of the general comprehensive scheme for the defence of these islands, which, as we understand, is now being worked out in the offices of the Headquarter Staff, under the immediate superintendence of the commander-in-chief, and which has already made very considerable progress.

16. But, between the mobilization scheme, as approved by his Royal Highness on paper, and the late military gatherings referred to, there is really no resemblance beyond the fact that the different battalions, squadrons, and batteries which should compose the 2d and 5th Army Corps of the mobilization tables were brought together at the alarm-posts of the different brigades and divisions.

17. And the criticisms which

have been directed against the mobilization scheme, on the ground of the deficiencies in respect to men, transport, and *matériel*, which the late gatherings have revealed, have betrayed so much misconception, that the attempt is here made to describe clearly the object and meaning of “mobilization,” and the part which it is designed to play in the general defence of these islands.

18. And first, it should be distinctly understood, that the mobilization scheme could only deal with our military establishments as it found them;—that it could only propose a certain distribution of existing materials. In building the edifice, it could only make use of bricks already on hand: it was no part of its functions to make bricks.

19. The formation of the different units of the military force in corps, divisions, and brigades, was a necessary measure in order to save the time of the commander-in-chief and his military assistants from being taken up after the outbreak of war with arrangements which, although mechanical, are very important, and which demand very careful consideration.

But the establishment of an army corps in respect to its component divisions and staff; of a division in respect to its component brigades and staff; of a brigade in respect to its component battalions and staff,—had been settled by the labours of a committee which was appointed to consider the subject so long as seven years ago.

20. Thus the establishment of a corps, of a division, of a brigade, as given in the mobilization tables, is rigidly that prescribed by authority. But the peace establishment of the different battalions, squadrons, and batteries, in men and horses, is much below their proper war

strength: and the existing number of artillery *cadres* is far below that which would be required to place the authorised number of army corps complete in the field.

21. The publication of the mobilization scheme could have no effect in adding a single man, horse, or gun to our military strength; but it has had the useful effect of revealing the existing deficiencies; and it now rests with the British public to say whether they shall be supplied.

22. To assert, as some critics have asserted, that the mobilization scheme is a failure, because the military gatherings of the present year have revealed that *cadres* were weak, and that guns and transport were deficient, is extremely unreasonable. It is, in fact, to convert into a reproach that which must be held to be one of the principal merits of the scheme; unless the British public should wilfully prefer to shut their eyes to the shortcomings of their military system, until they shall be opened by the painful logic of facts.

23. "War is the condition of this world. From man to the smallest insect, all are at strife." And so long as human nature remains unchanged, the nation which is content to dispense with military armaments, and to confide in the honesty of its neighbours, will be gobbled up, just as poor foolish *Lampe* was gobbled up by *Reinike* in Goethe's inimitable fable.

24. In the above view, it would be a great advantage to any nation if it could possibly maintain during peace an army always perfectly appointed for war. But however desirable from a soldier's standpoint such a state of preparedness might be, in the present age of gigantic armaments it is simply impossible. No country, without incurring financial ruin, could for

many years together maintain during peace its army on a war footing.

25. It is for this reason that the military powers have been driven to a compromise between their inclinations and their necessities. And this is the explanation of the system, now generally adopted, of "short service and reserves"—a system which was devised by Scharnhorst, the great Prussian organizer, for the purpose of passing a large number of the population through the mill of the Prussian regular army, which, after Jena, Napoleon had fixed at a very low figure, to prevent future danger from Prussian revenge.

26. The officer who commands a crack battalion would naturally like to keep up its numbers during peace to the proper fighting strength. But the number of battalions which in England we could maintain on those terms during peace would fall far short of the number actually maintained at a reduced strength. And in view of possible war, the maintenance during peace of a large number of weak *cadres* is far more profitable than that of a smaller number of strong battalions.

27. But the maintenance of battalions during peace at a reduced strength necessitates the provision of means by which the weak battalions may be converted into strong battalions immediately on the outbreak of war. And it was for the purpose of that provision that the expedient of short service with the colours, in conjunction with a certain period of service in the reserve, was adopted.

28. Whatever may be thought of the above expedient in the abstract, it affords the only means by which, under a Parliamentary system of Government, the people of England can hope to possess at the commencement of a war an army

adequate to the national requirements.

29. But besides the *personnel* of an army, the *matériel* must be largely and suddenly increased for war service; and with the exception of a large proportion of transport carts and waggons, all the *matériel* required to complete the military force for the field should be stored—not in imitation of France, in one central store, where (in 1870) the articles were so elaborately packed that it required months to get them out at the gates—but in such a manner, that is to say, in such a number of stores so distributed, as to be available for immediate issue.

30. As regards transport, it would obviously be a very unprofitable expenditure of the public money to maintain during peace the horses, waggons, and drivers that would be necessary for war. In peace time, when troops are moved in small parties from one station to another, the ordinary public methods of locomotion, supplemented by the hire of a few carts and waggons, afford the most convenient means. But in war, although railways must be used for the concentration of troops and for the carriage of supplies up to certain points, the army, when it quits the rails, must be self-supporting in respect to the horses, carriages, and drivers required for the transport of all its necessary supplies, as well as of its sick and wounded.

31. In respect of transport, therefore, all that is aimed at by any nation during peace is to keep up a small nucleus which can be rapidly expanded to the extent required. But it is essential that the nucleus should exist; and the manner in which its rapid expansion is to be effected must be carefully systematised by anticipation. This is one of the most important features of

any scheme of mobilization, and we have reason to believe that it has not been overlooked in our own arrangements.

32. It will be gathered from the foregoing remarks that at the commencement of a war the army of a belligerent must *pass from a peace to a war footing*. The change while in progress is termed “mobilization.” In other words, the army, a large proportion of which may be said to have been *latent* during peace, is taken, as it were, out of store, and made capable of being moved against an enemy.

33. In Germany,—where the simplest form of military organization is based on conscription, and on a rigid localization of the several parts of the army,—the different divisions are, during peace, always quartered in their respective territorial districts, in which the reserve men required to complete them for war are following their civil callings; and in which also all the articles required to equip the division for service in the field are stored, and will be issued on the order of the General commanding the division.

The German army is, moreover, composed of battalions, squadrons, and batteries, the establishment of which during peace is identical for the several denominations, and which by means of the conscription are always kept up to their proper numbers.

34. In England, all is different. Half of the army is serving abroad; and under a system of voluntary enlistment, which is the necessary accompaniment of such a distribution, that rigid localization which in Germany so much facilitates mobilization is impossible.

It is true that to each pair of battalions has been given a territorial connection with a certain county or district; but only to the extent of localizing the depôts.

The battalions themselves, when serving at home, are and must be quartered in those places where there are barracks to cover them; and it is a tradition of our army that the same battalion shall not remain longer, ordinarily, than one year in the same quarter.

The reserve men, after completing their service with the colours, may select as their places of abode any county of England, Ireland, or Scotland, and may again change their residence at will.

The articles required to equip the different divisions of the army for the field are principally kept in one large store at Woolwich, the management of which is centralized at the War Office.

Finally, the military force consists of three distinct categories of troops—viz., the regular army, the militia and yeomanry, and the volunteers; and the peace establishment of the different units varies for each category, as well as among themselves for the same category.

Moreover, the units can only be kept up to their fixed peace establishments by the uncertain agency of voluntary enlistment.

35. In England, mobilization involves the following arrangements:—

(a) *The division of the military strength into two principal portions—viz.:*

The Field Force, and
Local Troops.

(b) *The formation on paper of the field force in army corps; intended to be moved from one part of the country to another according to need, and to have no territorial connection.*

(c) *The apportionment of the local troops for garrisons of fortresses and for the defence of certain localities.*

N.B.—Among the local troops

are comprised the different brigade depôts which would be constantly employed in raising and training recruits.

(d) *The completion of the different cadres from peace to war strength in men and horses.* For this purpose, so far as regards men, the rolls of each *cadre* must be kept corrected up to date, and must not only specify the number deficient, but the actual sources from which the deficiency is to be made good—whether from the army reserve resident in certain-named sub-districts, or from the militia reserve of certain named militia regiments, or from both sources; so that in case of war it will only be necessary to put in practice arrangements already minutely prescribed on paper.

As regards the supply of deficient horses, the arrangements are not so obvious. It will be necessary to obtain these by purchase on the first alarm of war; but the horses—in this respect unlike the men employed to raise *cadres* to war strength—will have had no previous training.

(e) *The provision of clothing, arms, and equipment for the men suddenly added to the active army.*

36. So far the measures above detailed have reference only to the different *cadres* supposed to be assembled at their respective *cadre* headquarters. These have been formed into Army Corps only on paper. The next step is to select the places where the different Army Corps are to assemble on the alarm of war, and that selection is not determined by considerations of local convenience, but by urgent strategic reasons; for a due comprehension of which it is necessary to refer to the general scheme for the defence of these islands.

37. Any scheme of defence must be framed on a careful consideration

of all the methods of attack which it is possible to foresee.

The British Isles consist of two principal islands, whose shores constitute the frontier to be defended. But since it is impossible so to guard a long line at all points that an enemy shall not be able to penetrate somewhere, it follows that, in place of disseminating the defensive force equally all along the circumference, it should be rather concentrated at such various points towards the centre as will enable it to traverse the plans of the enemy when these shall be developed.

38. The coast line may be divided into portions which may be characterized as "vulnerable" and "invulnerable." The vulnerable portions are those where an enemy could effect a landing unopposed. The invulnerable portions are those where local peculiarities would render a landing impossible. Supposing these to be determined, attention may be concentrated on the vulnerable portions, which, however, will be more or less important in proportion as they may be near to or distant from the capital, or some other points offering special temptation to an invader.

39. Thus the vulnerable portions of the coast line must form the starting-points of the measures to be embraced in a scheme of defence.

Each possible landing-place offers a distinct problem to be worked out. From any such landing-place an enemy must follow a certain well-defined line of advance in order to reach his object, whether that object be the possession of the capital or of other places of importance.

40. The first measures, therefore, in preparing a scheme of defence, are in their order of sequence—

(a) A careful examination and report on the coast line, in order to determine the vulnerable points.

(b) A careful examination of the

roads, and of the country bordering the roads, by which an enemy must march from any possible landing-place towards his supposed object.

(c) A careful examination of the defensive positions crossing the enemy's line of advance, in which the defensive force may concentrate to oppose his progress.

41. The measures enumerated in the foregoing paragraph supply the data on which the distribution of the defensive force on the first alarm—or in other words, the selection of the places of first assembly for the different army corps—must be determined.

42. In general terms, the most vulnerable portions of our coast, both in respect to facilities for landing and propinquity to the capital, are the shores of Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Kent, and Sussex. Accordingly, of the eight Army Corps into which the military force is divided, three are told off for the protection of London; and their respective places of first assembly have been so chosen that the different divisions may, by means of existing railways and of arrangements framed on the statistics of those railways, be concentrated in some one of the previously selected battle positions covering the capital in sufficient time to stop the enemy, from whatever direction he may come.

43. The places of first assembly for the remaining five corps were determined by similar considerations. All the corps when assembled will, at the outset, be simply in positions of expectancy, their subsequent action being determined by the progress of events; and any particular corps will either be moved to reinforce another, or will itself be reinforced, according to the development of the enemy's intentions.

44. The general problem is complicated by the geographical relative positions of Great Britain and Ire-

land. These present two separate circumferences to be defended, involving also the necessity of sedulously guarding the lines of communication between the two islands; so that the troops stationed in Great Britain shall always be ready to reinforce the Irish garrison, and *vice versa*. It will be found, therefore, that the places of first assembly of two of the Army Corps detailed for England have been so chosen that, while they can be transported rapidly to any part of Great Britain where their presence might be required, they can also be rapidly embarked and sent to Ireland if necessary.

45. So far the arrangements above specified relate only to the distribution of the military force *on paper*.

The next step is to insure the fulfilment of these arrangements without confusion, and in the shortest possible time. And this is accomplished in the following manner:—

46. In the orderly-room of every barrack of Great Britain which holds the headquarters of a battalion of infantry, of a regiment of cavalry, or of a battery of artillery, is hung up the “route” (or the official order of movement) for the march of the unit concerned to the place of assembly of its mobilized brigade. That “route” remains always in the barrack where it is first posted, and applies always to the unit which happens for the time being to be there quartered. This arrangement is rendered necessary by the fact that our military units are constantly shifting their quarters. A reference to the ‘Army List’ will show, for instance, that the 82d Regiment, now quartered at Buttevant, is detailed for the 2d Brigade of the 1st Division of the 1st Army Corps. Next year, however, it will change its quarters, and the regiment which relieves it will assume all its mobil-

ized responsibilities; while the 82d will either be then detailed for another brigade, or will be wiped off the rolls of the Home Army, according as it may have been transferred to some other quarter at home, or embarked for Indian or colonial service.

Similarly every regiment of militia, and every corps of volunteers, will be in possession of routes for their respective alarm-posts.

47. Reference has been made in paragraph 44 to the contingency of despatching one or more of the English army corps to reinforce the Irish garrison, and *vice versa*.

All the arrangements for such an operation must be carefully thought out, and reduced to paper: these must specify the ports of embarkation; the transport of the troops to those ports, and the actual tonnage required for the reception of the troops and stores; as well as the means of insuring the requisite number of vessels being forthcoming when wanted.

48. Again, before bringing together the mobilized brigades and divisions at their respective alarm-posts, arrangements must be thought out, and reduced to paper, for feeding the men and horses.

The same remark applies to the provision of the large number of horses and carts that would be required to make the troops movable.

49. The foregoing arrangements have reference to the “Field Army.” The “Local Troops” now claim attention.

These consist of—

- The garrisons of fortresses;
- Troops apportioned for defence of the coast line;
- Brigade depôts.

50. The garrisons of fortresses, with a specified area of county attached to each fortress, will be under the command of generals, independent of the army corps organ-

ization, who will report direct to headquarters in London.

51. *The troops apportioned for the defence of the coast line*, being in a large proportion local volunteers, will be distributed all round the coast, which has been told off for this purpose in certain lengths denominated coast districts, the troops detailed for their defence being termed "local brigades," as shown in the 'Army List' under that heading.

It is not to be supposed that these local brigades are intended to prevent the landing of a hostile force. All that can be expected of them is that they shall form a line of pickets as it were round the shores of these islands, concentrating their attention on the vulnerable portions; and being in charge of the beacons and telegraphs, that they shall give the earliest possible notice of the approach of an enemy's fleet, and shall harass him during his landing though unable to prevent it.

The volunteer artillery, of which these local brigades are largely composed, will have charge of the different coast batteries located in their respective districts; and also of at least two 40-pounder guns of position, each with four horses, which will be attached to each local brigade—and the instructions for the guidance of the officer to command each local brigade will be specific and minute, and always kept during peace at the headquarters of the general officer commanding the military district concerned.

52. The brigade depots, whose *cadres* will be increased on the outbreak of war, will be constantly employed in raising and training recruits, and passing them on as required to the different units of the field force. In the event of an enemy having possessed himself of any part of British soil, it is clear that the brigade depots within the

sphere of hostile occupation could not continue to fulfil their functions. In such a case, the *personnel* of the brigade depots referred to would be withdrawn and utilized in some other manner, probably in reinforcing the field force. But all the brigade depots not within the sphere of hostile occupation, would continue to perform the duties for which they were created.

53. The territorial commands which during peace are presided over by the general officers commanding military districts, will remain undisturbed during war; excepting that some of the present districts, on account of their unwieldy size, would have to be split up, each into two.

The general officer commanding any territorial district will be independent of the Army Corps Organization, and will report as now direct to headquarters.

He will have no authority over the fortresses which geographically may be situated within his district.

But his functions will be to organize the reserves of his district; and to command the brigade depots, and local brigades which may be located therein, and whose duties have been defined in paragraphs 51 and 52.

He will also have special charge of the lines of communication passing through his district, and of all the arrangements for the transit of troops passing through his district from one part of the country to another, whether for purposes of first assembly of the mobilized brigades, or of the reinforcement of certain portions of the field force by others from different localities.

54. The foregoing remarks refer to the supposed case in which the military force of the country might be called out to resist imminent invasion.

But there is another contingency

that should be taken into account—viz., that of England being required, in the very interests of self-defence, to act offensively, and to send out an expeditionary force.

55. Our military organization, therefore, to be complete, must not only provide the machinery for the defence of these islands against invasion at all possible moments; but should comprise arrangements for sending abroad such a force as may comport with the honour and dignity of England, without deranging the defensive machinery.

56. In this view it would have been most convenient—if the necessity should arise for sending abroad any portion of the military force—to embark one or more of the eight Army Corps just as they stand in the mobilization tables, so that the other Army Corps might remain undisturbed in their component parts; but there are difficulties in the way of adopting that apparently “common-sense” arrangement, which it is desirable to explain.

57. The rather conflicting conditions to be reconciled—taking the infantry as an example, are the following—viz.:

(a) The 1st Expeditionary Army Corps must be made up of the 18 line battalions and of the 3 guards battalions first for foreign service.

(b) The peace establishments of all the line battalions quartered at home are only 520 rank and file; excepting the 18 first for foreign service, which are 820 rank and file.*

(c) The barracks in the United Kingdom being of different capacities, the 18 battalions first for foreign service, which are to compose the 1st Expeditionary Army Corps,

must be quartered in those exceptional barracks which can accommodate 820 rank and file.

(d) The battalions at home change their quarters on the average every year.

58. Bearing in mind the above conditions, let the result be examined of taking the 1st Army Corps of the mobilization tables for the 1st Expeditionary Corps.

The 1st Army Corps of the mobilization tables was detailed entirely of regular battalions, because it was designed in the general scheme of defence to guard the post of greatest danger on the Essex coast, where the earliest collision with an invader would be the most likely to occur.

And it will probably appear a simple expedient to detail the 18 strong battalions first for foreign service for the 1st Army Corps of the mobilization tables; and so it would be if it did not happen that the barracks at Colchester, where the nucleus of that corps is always stationed, are none of them able to accommodate strong battalions.

Aldershot, Chatham, and London are the only places convenient for the purpose in view, where the larger barracks are to be found. Consequently, the strong battalions destined to form the 1st Expeditionary Corps must absolutely be quartered at Aldershot, Chatham, and (the Guards at) London.

59. It has therefore been found most convenient, in making up the 1st Expeditionary Corps, to compose it of the following troops, viz.:—

The two regular divisions detailed for the 2d Army Corps of the mobilization tables; of which 3 brigades are always stationed at

* Until the present year the number of line battalions, with 820 rank and file, was only 4; But Mr Hardy added to the estimates of the present year sufficient men to increase that number to 18.

‡ All the Guards battalions have a peace establishment of 750 rank and file.

Aldershot, and 1 brigade at other stations ;

One brigade of the 1st Army Corps, always quartered at Chatham ;

One brigade (Guards) of the 3d Army Corps, always quartered in London.

60. The foregoing arrangement would be greatly facilitated if the whole of the two regular divisions of the 2d Army Corps were always present at Aldershot, instead of, as now, only 3 brigades at Aldershot, and one between Pembroke, Portsmouth, and Jersey.

The force at Aldershot is designated in the 'Army List' as "the Aldershot division." That division however consists of 3 brigades, whereas the establishment of a division of the British Army has been definitely fixed and promulgated as being composed of 2 brigades.

It is most desirable that a 4th brigade should be added to the 3 now at Aldershot, which could be effected at little more than a nominal cost ; and by means of which that force would then consist of two divisions of 2 brigades in harmony with the regulated organization—rather than, as now, of one division of 3 brigades which is at variance with that organization.

Aldershot would in that case be maintained as the Headquarters of an Army Corps having two divisions always present ; and if it were required suddenly to embark an expeditionary corps, the Aldershot force could be at once completed to the dimensions of an Army Corps by adding a third division, composed of the Line brigade always quartered at Chatham, and of the Guards brigade always in London.

61. The question next arises—supposing the despatch of an expeditionary corps to be necessary, how are the places of the 21 bat-

talions suddenly withdrawn from England to be supplied ?

Here two different cases require to be considered, viz. :—

(a.) The emergency might be such as would necessitate the mobilization of the whole military force remaining in England.

(b) Only the mobilization of a part of the force might be necessary.

62. The case (a) is an extreme one ; but it might occur as the consequence of a powerful coalition against this country. In that case it is evident that the places of the 21 battalions sent out of England could not be supplied by battalions of Line or Militia, because these are all detailed for the different Mobilized Army Corps. Some other expedient must be sought ; and the most convenient one would be found by inviting efficient volunteers (of whom there are about 150,000) to enrol themselves in 21 provisional battalions.

63. The second case (b) is that which is the most likely to occur.

If the despatch of an expeditionary corps became necessary, it would be extremely imprudent to act as if that limited measure were final. Its embarkation should be the signal for the immediate formation of a second expeditionary corps. And this would require a second supply of 21 infantry battalions. These would be brought together to occupy the different barracks vacated by the 21 battalions sent abroad ; but they would themselves have vacated barracks in different parts of the country, where they would have to be replaced.

For this purpose the militia battalions detailed in the mobilization tables for the 2d and 3d Army Corps would be embodied, and would thereby gain the advantage of that continuous military training which alone is wanted to render

them perfectly efficient in the field.

64. It seems unnecessary to pursue the subject farther. Enough has been said to show how greatly all the arrangements for the mobilization of a military force are in England complicated by existing facts that must be taken into account; and how beside the mark it is to hold up Germany, as so many critics are prone to do, for our imitation.

Taking one peculiarity—the barrack difficulty—for example. Nothing can be simpler than the abstract remedy—viz., to enlarge all our small barracks to the same capacity. But who would propose to the House of Commons an expenditure of several millions for such a purpose? It is clear that we must make the best of the barracks as we find them; and so also with other things.

65. The proper establishment of each Army Corps in its complete state is shown in the ‘Army List;’ and the numerous asterisks denote those parts of the organization which as yet have no existence, and the deficiency of which at the military gatherings of this year have given occasion to some unreasoning criticism.

It is neither possible nor desirable to complete all the 8 Army Corps in all particulars of their paper establishment: but there are certain deficiencies which it is absolutely essential to supply.

We have every reason to believe, however, that Mr Hardy—who has already dealt with the recruiting and with the general question of defence in so enlightened and liberal a spirit—is giving his earnest attention to the subject, and that he may be trusted to do what is necessary.

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SWIFT AND LORD MACAULAY.

PARADOXICAL as it may appear to many of our readers, we have been much struck during our persual of Mr Trevelyan's life of his distinguished relative with the similarity of character in not a few respects which existed between the subject of that memoir and the celebrated Dean of St Patrick, and no less so with the contrast afforded by the fate in life which attended each.

The career of Lord Macaulay, from the time when he entered the University of Cambridge, was one of uninterrupted and brilliant success. At the age of four-and-twenty he was elected a Fellow of Trinity. In the same year his article on Milton appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review,' and proved that he had already struck upon that rich vein of mental gold which he afterwards worked with such eminent success.

Article followed article in brilliant succession. In four years more the Tory Lord Lyndhurst, generously disregarding his Whiggish proclivities for the sake of his literary merit, appointed him a Commissioner of Bankruptcy. In the summer of

1830, when he was nine-and-twenty, he was returned to Parliament by the Marquess of Lansdowne for the pocket borough of Calne (there are no such keys now to open the House to future Macaulays), and at once took his place in the first rank of orators, if not of debaters. Holland House, that Holy of Holies of the Whigs (a paradise the hidden charms of which we confess his letters have somewhat served to dispel from our imagination), was thrown open to him. He was surrounded by all the enchantments of genius, fame, wit, fashion, beauty, rank, and wealth.

Calne was doomed to extinction, but Macaulay (who had shortly before been appointed Secretary to the Board of Control) was returned for Leeds in December 1832. In less than twelve months he was appointed member of the Supreme Council of India, with a salary of £10,000 a-year. After a residence in India of little more than four years, he returned to England with a fortune which made him independent for life. The same course of unvaried success still attended him. In 1839 he was re-

turned to Parliament for Edinburgh. In September of the same year he was appointed Secretary at War, and became a member of the Cabinet and a Privy Councillor. All this was accomplished before he had completed his 39th year. His defeat at Edinburgh in 1847 could hardly be considered a misfortune. It enabled him to devote uninterrupted attention for some time to his literary pursuits. On this occasion he gave vent to his feelings in some very beautiful lines, in which he pictured a vision surrounding the cradle in which he had lain—

“Sleeping life’s first soft sleep.”

The queens of gain, power, fashion, and pleasure pass scornfully by, when another appears whom he addresses as follows:—

“Oh glorious lady with the eyes of light,
And laurels clustering round thy lofty brow;
Who by that cradle’s side didst watch that night,
Warbling a sweet strange music, who wert thou?”

The lady replies somewhat enigmatically that she stood by the side of Bacon “in the dark hour of shame,” that she “smoothed the bed” of Clarendon during his banishment and sickness, that she had “cheered the cell” of Raleigh, and “lighted the darkness” of Milton. She might therefore be the genius of science, or law, or medicine, or history, or poetry, or religion. Whoever she was, she promised the child her choicest gifts. It is satisfactory to know (and it would have been more gracious in the poet to have acknowledged) that the haughty queens who passed the infant by in scorn had made ample amends by showering their favours in abundance on its head in after-years. That the queen of gain, besides giving him an appointment worth ten thousand a-year, had from

time to time sent him cheques on Coutts for untold sums. That the queen of power had given him control over millions of his fellow-subjects, and associated him in the government of the greatest country in the world. That the queen of fashion had introduced him to the most brilliant society of London; and the queen of pleasure had secured him a place at the banquets of Holland House, which we presume was in fulfilment of the promise implied by the “stray rose-leaf” which she had scattered on the infant’s pillow.

In 1852, Edinburgh made ample amends by again returning him to Parliament. In 1857 he was raised to the peerage; and in December 1859, his brilliant and happy life was terminated, in his 60th year, by a peaceful and painless death. He retained his marvellous vigour of mind to the last. The sister to whom he was so fondly attached, and the only friend for whom he appears to have entertained any very warm affection, survived him; and he was followed to his grave in Westminster Abbey by all that was highest in rank and most distinguished in literature amongst his contemporaries. Such was the career of the greatest political pamphleteer of the age of Queen Victoria.

We now turn to that of his prototype in the reign of Anne. Born a posthumous child, in an obscure lodging in Dublin—receiving the “education of a dog” from the reluctant charity of an uncle—admitted to a degree by the grudging justice of his college—lingering out long years in the dependent position of a private secretary or at a beggarly vicarage in a wild and remote corner of Ireland—Swift, whose pen had swayed the fate of Europe, was consigned, when nearly fifty, to exile at an Irish deanery worth

about four hundred a-year. He saw the friends to whom he was devoted in prison or in exile. He outlived all to whom he was most tenderly attached, and long survived his own mighty intellect. The last years of his life present a picture too terrible to contemplate. His memory has been the object of the bitterest vituperation and the foulest calumny—his most malignant slanderer being the man most resembling him in character and genius.

A more striking contrast between the fates of two men it is impossible to conceive; and we now come to the consideration of the points of resemblance which existed between them.

Swift left Moor Park a Temple-Whig. His first pamphlet might have come from the pen of Somers, and was for some time attributed to Burnett. He became in after-life the most powerful supporter of Harley and St John. Macaulay entered Cambridge a Wilberforce-Tory, and soon distinguished himself by a glowing panegyric on King George III., and a rattling Tory ballad which would have done honour to the pen of Theodore Hook and the pages of the 'John Bull.' He became in after-life a member of the Government of Grey and Althorp, and one of the most powerful supporters of the Reform Bill.

Swift, as we have shown in a former article, was an entire stranger to the passion of love; nor can we trace in the diary or letters of Lord Macaulay, or in the very minute memoir by which they are accompanied, that he ever had any experience of those feelings which, for good or evil, have the most powerful effect on the character and

career of the vast majority of mankind. Yet both entertained the warmest friendship for persons of the opposite sex. And their private letters written when they were immersed in the stormiest sea of politics, overflow with playful tenderness, and bear the strongest testimony to the amiable and affectionate character of both these very eminent men.

Swift and Macaulay resembled one another almost as much in their hatreds as in their loves. Both were good haters, and neither was scrupulous as to the language with which he assailed his adversaries. The objects of Swift's especial aversion were mostly obscure. Dick Tighe and Sergeant Bettesworth would have been utterly forgotten but for the unenviable immortality which has been conferred upon them by his pen. He appears, however, to have felt no personal animosity against those to whom he was opposed in public. He mitigated the virulence of the attacks on Marlborough;* he treated Addison with uniform respect, and was deeply pained by the temporary suspension of their intimacy, which arose from their political differences; and he protected Steele until his reckless and intemperate insolence rendered the continuance of such protection impossible.

The generous patronage which Swift extended to his opponents forms one of the most amiable traits in his character. Writing to Stella in December 1712, he says:—

"I met Mr Addison and pastoral Philips on the Mall to-day, and took a turn with them; but they both looked terribly dry and cold. A curse on party! And do you know, I have taken more pains to recommend the

* "As to the great man [Marlborough] whose defence you undertake, though I do not think so well of him as you do, yet I have been the cause of preventing five hundred hard things to be said against him."—Swift to Steele, May 27, 1713, vol. xvi. p. 41.

Whig wits to the favour and mercy of the Ministers than any other people ! Steele I have kept in his place. Congreve I have got to be used kindly and secured. Rowe I have recommended, and got a promise of a place. Philips I should certainly have provided for if he had not run party-mad, and made me withdraw my recommendation. I set Addison so right at first, that he might have been employed, and have partly secured him the place he has ; yet I am worse used by that faction than any man.”—(Journal to Stella, Dec. 27, 1712).

We find no such catalogue of generous services performed towards political opponents by Lord Macaulay. He made no distinction between his personal and his political animosities. The intense vindictiveness with which he pursued Mr Croker originated in the fact that they had crossed swords on the floor of the House of Commons, where, as in the combat between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu, the rapier had proved more than a match for the broadsword, and had inflicted wounds which rankled ever after.

We have not space to enter upon the history of this celebrated quarrel ; and even if we had, we are relieved from the necessity of doing so by the extremely able manner in which the conduct and character of Mr Croker have been vindicated in the pages of a contemporary upon whom the duty of his defence more especially devolved (*‘Quarterly Review,’* July 1876). We pass on to a still more eminent object of Macaulay’s aversion.

In 1830 the most prominent figure in the front rank of the Liberal party was Henry Brougham — by universal consent the most powerful orator of the day—endowed with a genius whose very versatility was its defect. On every subject towards which the mind of the nation was directed at that time—emancipation, reform in Parliament, amend-

ment of the law on education—the first name that presented itself was that of Henry Brougham. Macaulay desired to write an article for the *‘Edinburgh Review’* on the events which were taking place in France. Mr Napier, then the editor of the *‘Edinburgh Review,’* very naturally preferred one which he was offered from the pen of Brougham. Macaulay never forgave Brougham the precedence which he was thus compelled to yield to him. Considering the relative position of the two men at that time, the irritation he felt was simply ridiculous, and Mr Trevelyan would have acted more wisely for the reputation of his uncle if he had refrained from publishing the peevish letter in which he gave vent to his feelings of vexation. From that hour Macaulay pursued Brougham with relentless animosity.

Brougham and Croker, as public men, may be considered fair objects of attack, and Mr Trevelyan may be excused for having given us an insight into the feelings with which Macaulay regarded them. But there were others with whom the case was very different. Mr Trevelyan says : “It must be remembered that whatever was in Macaulay’s mind may be found in his diary. That diary was written throughout with the unconscious candour of a man who freely and frankly notes down remarks which he expects to be read by himself alone” (ii. 242). A similar observation is true with regard to his letters. They were addressed to those in whom he felt the most unbounded confidence. He was a man of impetuous feelings and strong impulse, and it was in his diary and his letters that the passion of the moment found vent. It was therefore the bounden duty of his biographer to guard from the public passages which could only have been intended for the perusal of the writer

himself, or for the loving eyes of those to whom they were addressed.

The publication of scandals of the dead—which, whether true or false, may wring the hearts of affectionate survivors who have no remedy except that well-deserved horse-whip, the use of which would unfortunately subject them to the penalties of the law—is becoming a common offence; and in the commission of this social treason Mr Trevelyan is an offender of the worst kind.

The interest naturally felt in everything relating to Lord Macaulay must insure Mr Trevelyan's book an extensive circulation, and the calumnies it contains are thus scattered far and wide. We have only space to notice one or two. Writing to Mrs Cropper from Calcutta (i. 383), Macaulay announces the engagement of his sister to Mr (now Sir Charles) Trevelyan, on whom he pronounces a warm eulogium, extolling his moral and physical qualities, and especially his proficiency in the great Indian sport of "pig-sticking." This is all very well: but why, unless for the gratification of hereditary revenge, should Mr Trevelyan publish in the year 1876 the statements, damnatory if true, calumnious if false, which Lord Macaulay, writing in unreserved confidence to his sister, made as to transactions which took place half a century ago between Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Edward Colebrooke? Sir Edward Colebrooke has been in his grave nearly forty years, but there are surviving members of his family on whom this letter may inflict infinite pain. We know nothing of the facts. Like the vast majority of the readers of Mr Trevelyan's book, we had never even heard the name of Sir Edward Colebrooke. For anything we know, the charge may be utterly groundless; but true

or false, what right has Mr Trevelyan to hold up to execration the name of a man who is dead and cannot answer, merely because he happened to have a quarrel with his father half a century ago?

If Sir Charles Trevelyan deserved and retains the high and chivalrous character which Lord Macaulay attributed to him, bitter indeed must have been his feelings when he came upon this passage in his son's book.

Again, and still prompted as it would appear by his filial animosity against Sir Edward Colebrooke, Mr Trevelyan publishes a private letter from Lord Macaulay to Lady Trevelyan, in which he gives an account (ii. 153) (very amusing certainly) of his being bored on the deck of a Dutch steamer by an "elderly gentleman" (whom he afterwards qualifies with the title of an "old villain") and his "ill-looking vulgar wife." Here the name is left in blank, but no one who is conversant with Indian transactions at that date can find any difficulty in supplying the omission; and accordingly we have seen a copy lying on the table of one of the largest clubs in London, in which it has been filled in (whether correctly or not we cannot say) in pencil.

But even this is not the worst instance of reckless cruelty on the part of Mr Trevelyan. On the departure of Macaulay for India, his father applied to him for a recommendation on behalf of some relative in whom he took an interest. Macaulay thereupon writes to his sister as follows:—

"My father is at me again to provide for P——. What on earth have I to do with P——? The relationship is one which none but Scotchmen would recognise. The lad is such a fool that he would utterly disgrace my recom-

mendation. . . . Why cannot P—— be apprenticed to some hatter or tailor. . . . The next time my father speaks to me about P——, I will offer to subscribe twenty guineas towards making a pastry-cook of him. He had a sweet tooth when he was a child."

Now this was written in 1834, when P—— was probably a youth of seventeen or eighteen, so that, if living, he is now a man of about sixty. He may be alive or dead—distinguished or obscure—we know nothing of him. But no friend or relative he may have can feel the slightest difficulty in supplying the blank. He was a relative of Lord Macaulay, and consequently is a relative of the very man who has had the cruelty to publish these contemptuous expressions uttered by Lord Macaulay forty years ago. Up to the present time he may have regarded his relationship to Macaulay with pride and satisfaction. He has, or had, as it appears from this very letter, sisters, who may be as warmly attached to him as Mr Trevelyan's own mother was to Lord Macaulay. What must be their feelings when they open this page of the memoir of their illustrious relative? Has Mr Trevelyan had a personal quarrel with this far-away Scotch cousin? We are sorry to be obliged to suggest the possibility of such a motive; but it is the only one we can conceive to account for what is otherwise an act of simply wanton cruelty. In these cases, it is not Lord Macaulay but Mr Trevelyan that is the offender.

This leads us naturally to Mr Trevelyan's treatment of the relations which subsisted between Lord Macaulay and Professor Wilson. They stood opposed to each other as the great literary chiefs of the Whig and Tory parties. This is neither the time nor the place to discuss the genius of Christopher

North. Mr Trevelyan thinks it becoming to sneer at the man who has stirred the heart of the Scottish nation more deeply than any writer (with the exception of Burns and Scott), as a "personage who, by the irony of fate, filled the Chair of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh; and who considered the production of twenty columns a month of Bacchanalian gossip a worthy and becoming occupation of his power" (i. 137).

Mr Trevelyan's mind may very possibly be so constituted as not to enable him to understand or relish the infinite humour, the pathos, the poetry, and the creative imagination which adorn 'The Noctes.' There is mental as well as physical colour-blindness. We shall not trouble ourselves about Mr Trevelyan's opinions or criticisms; but what shall we say to the treachery (for we can use no milder term) to the memory of his uncle of which he has been guilty in publishing a private note addressed to Mr Macvey Napier, in which Macaulay, smarting under an article which had appeared in the columns of this Magazine, says: "I thought a contest with your *grog-drinking, cock-fighting, cudgel-playing Professor of Moral Philosophy* would be too degrading"! (i. 249). Now this letter was written in 1832, when Macaulay had just received severe blows from the "cudgel" of the Professor. No man would have been more ready than the Professor himself to pardon hard blows or hard words used in the heat of battle. But Mr Trevelyan deliberately publishes these words forty-four years afterwards! Words, be it remembered, written in evident irritation, and in the full confidence of privacy which existed between the writer and the receiver of the letter! *

* The pain which would have been inflicted on Lord Macaulay could he have

Now mark the sequel. In 1852 Edinburgh redeemed the disgrace it had incurred by the rejection of Macaulay in 1847, and again returned him to Parliament, this time at the head of the poll. On that occasion, this "grog-drinking, cock-fighting, cudgel-playing Professor of Moral Philosophy" rose from a bed of sickness at the house of his brother, drove several miles into Edinburgh, and, supported by two friends, walked up to the poll, and recorded his vote for Macaulay. It was a generous tribute from the noble old man to his former adversary, and a gallant protest against popular bigotry and intolerance. For this, perhaps the highest compliment that his uncle ever received, Mr Trevelyan can find no fitter words than the sneering observation, that Professor Wilson "performed the last public act of his bustling and jovial existence by going to the poll for Macaulay" (ii. 314).

The Lion is dead, and his memory is exposed to the insolence of any self-satisfied prig who would have been annihilated by a single pat of his paw when living.

Immediately before Macaulay's departure for India, an unfortunate incident occurred which had been consigned to an oblivion desirable for all parties concerned, and especially for Macaulay, until Mr Trevelyan, with his usual want of judgment, has thought fit to revive it.

The late Mr Hill, then member for Hull, addressing his constituents in justification of the support he had given to the Coercion Bill of the Whig Government, stated that he had good reason to believe that some of the Irish members who had opposed the Bill by their

votes and speeches in the House of Commons, had expressed very different opinions in private, and had even gone so far as to express to the Government of the day their opinion that the Bill was a necessary measure.

O'Connell took an early opportunity of asking Lord Althorp whether such was the fact. Lord Althorp denied that any such communication had been made to the Cabinet, but added that he had reason to believe that such opinions had been expressed by some of the Irish members.

The Speaker interfered, stating that O'Connell had no right to put the question, and that Lord Althorp ought not to have answered it. But it was too late. O'Connell demanded to know if he was one of the members alluded to. Lord Althorp said he was not. One after another, each Irish member in the House rose and received a similar answer, until it came to the turn of Shiel, when Lord Althorp said that he was the member alluded to. Shiel, in the most solemn and emphatic manner, denounced the statement as a falsehood. A Committee of Privileges was moved for, Mr Hill seconding the motion for its appointment. The Committee met. Macaulay was called, and vouched by Mr Hill as his witness. He at once refused to answer any question. The Committee decided that they either could not or would not compel him. Everybody knows the inference which arises when a witness refuses to answer a question which may criminate himself. The conclusion universally arrived at was, that Macaulay had made some statement to Mr Hill which he either could not substantiate, or feared the con-

anticipated the gross breach of confidence which his nephew has been guilty of in publishing these strictly private and confidential letters, may be estimated by what he endured from the unauthorised publication of a letter addressed to one of his constituents at Edinburgh in 1846. See vol. ii. p. 170.

sequences if he did so. Abandoned by his witness, Mr Hill took the only course open to him as a gentleman and a man of honour. He tendered an ample apology to Mr Shiel for having made a statement on information upon which, as it turned out, he ought not to have relied, and expressed his full belief that the imputation upon him was groundless. Everybody felt that Macaulay had left Mr Hill in the lurch, and opinions were divided as to whether the charge against Shiel was true or false. Such were the simple facts, as any one may satisfy himself by a reference to Hansard and the 'Annual Register.' Mr Trevelyan introduces an absurd and utterly groundless statement that "Mr Hill withdrew the charge in unqualified terms of self-abasement and remorse"! There is not the slightest foundation for this gratuitous insult to the memory of Mr Hill, who expressed his regret in the manly terms of one who felt he had been led into an error by placing confidence where confidence was not due.

It is difficult to say whether Swift or Macaulay was the greater master of the language of scorn and hatred; but in the power of inflicting torture, the palm, we think, must be awarded to the latter. When, in 1845, Sir Robert Peel proposed an increased grant to the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth, he acted, as Macaulay must well have known, under a stern sense of responsibility—

"That heaviest word
In all our language! The imperious lord
Of Duty, and to him who rules a State,
Strong in proportion as its slave is great."

It cannot be doubted by any one that Peel on this as on other even more important occasions was influenced by convictions which had

gradually forced themselves upon his mind:—

"Till all old questions merged afresh in one,
Should for the good of England *this* be done?"

And when conviction was from doubt evolved,
It filled, it ruled him, and he stood resolved,
Prepared for ills the bravest dread to see,
As is the Turk for what the Fates decree.

The taunt which stings the honour to the core;
The look which says, 'False friend we trust no more;
The pangs of chiefs who 'mid their foes' applause
Resign their standards and renounce their cause.
In ills like these, more bitter than the grave,
Show me a fatalist more calmly brave!""*

Upon this occasion Macaulay showered upon the head of the proposer of the measure, which he himself supported in one of the most brilliant speeches he ever delivered, a torrent of the bitterest invective that even his rich vocabulary of vituperation could afford. Eighteen years afterwards, when his great adversary was in his grave, when

"England felt what light of temperate day
Faded from earth when Peel had passed away"—

when it might have been supposed that "time's large apology" would have cooled the heat of personal warfare, Macaulay, revising his speeches for publication, exults with savage delight on the torture he had inflicted. "How white poor Peel looked while I was speaking! I well remember the effect of the words, 'There you sit——'"

We can only compare this to the enjoyment felt by a Red Indian as he gloats over the memory of the tortures endured by the victim he had tied to the stake. Mr Trevelyan,

* St Stephen's. By the late Lord Lytton.

however, thinks that he does honour to the memory of his uncle by reproducing, after nearly a quarter of a century more has passed, not merely the passage in the speech, but also the entry in the diary, which shows that the object of his blind idolatry was totally wanting in those feelings which in all generous minds mitigate the ferocity of political no less than of actual warfare. Certainly no man ever wielded the scalping-knife with more skill or greater gusto than Lord Macaulay.

Neither Swift nor Macaulay appears to have derived much enjoyment from works of art or from the wilder beauties of nature, whilst the willows at Laracor and the thorns and rhododendrons at Holly Lodge were respectively objects of attachment to each. Both were stout walkers, and Swift was a horseman. In his day he was so from necessity, as the habit was to travel on horseback. Macaulay could neither ride, nor swim, nor skate, nor shoot, nor play cricket; and this is the more extraordinary, as his health until towards the close of his life was uniformly good, and his *physique* vigorous.—(ii. 404.)

Another singular instance of the incompleteness of his nature was his dislike of dogs. "How odd," he says, "that people of sense should find any pleasure in being accompanied by a beast who is always spoiling conversation!" and he gives an amusing account of the pains he took to relieve himself from the embarrassing attentions of a too sociable dog.

Lord Melbourne once expressed, in the vigorous language he was in the habit of using, his distrust of "those gentlemen who are so cock-sure of everything." No man was ever so cock-sure of everything as Macaulay. He never doubted, and a man who never doubts is not likely to arrive at the truth. But, as was once observed, "he had no

taste for truth." What he desired was effect, and if he produced that he was careless of the means. He was the greatest of scene-painters and the most vigorous of caricaturists. His portraits bear the same relation to the originals that those of Gilray do to Fox, Burke, or Sheridan. He painted with the gorgeous colour of Rubens, but his *chiaroscuro* was that of Caravaggio. Every character that he draws is "horned as a fiend or haloed as a saint." As in the representations of the last judgment by the masters of the old Cologne school, on the one side stood a troop of virgin martyrs in all their maiden purity, with golden glories round their heads; on the other, demons duly horned and tailed are haling gluttonous friars, dissolute monks, and tyrannical popes, into the fiery jaws of hell.

Lord Macaulay dealt with facts as the late Colonel Wyndham dealt with fences. When the obstacle was not negotiable in any other way, the colonel was in the habit of trusting to the combined weight of himself (not less than eighteen stone) and his horse, and smashed it. In like manner, when the evidence of a fact was conclusively against Macaulay, he simply denied its existence, reiterated his assertion, and trusted to the weight of his authority to carry him through, denouncing all who dared to question his decision in much the same terms as Lord Peter applied to those who denied that his brown loaf was "good, true, natural mutton as any in Leadenhall market." He has unfortunately been very generally successful, and it is probable that the characters he has drawn will go down to posterity as true portraits with other fictions. Richard III. is remembered as the "bloody dog" of Shakespeare and the "bristled boar" of Gray, in spite of Horace Walpole's 'Historic Doubts;' and

Macaulay may exult in having branded Marlborough as a murderer, Penn as the servile huxter of a savage tyrant, Dundee as "the Chief of Tophet," and Swift as the possessor of every vice that can disgrace human nature, though every one of those charges has been demonstrated over and over again to be false.

Lord Macaulay's portrait of his great prototype is in the following words. After a warm and somewhat exaggerated eulogy of Addison he says: "In the front of the opposite ranks appeared a darker and fiercer spirit, the apostate politician, the ribald priest, the perjured lover—a heart burning with hatred against the whole human race, a mind richly stored with images from the dunghill and the lazar-house." *

In a former Number (in May last) we showed how groundless was the charge of being a "perjured lover;" we now propose to inquire what foundation there may be for the remainder of the charges. The first we will select is that of political apostasy. All the relations of political life, all the subjects of political interest, all the names of party, have changed so completely in the course of the last 170 years, that it is extremely difficult to place one's self in such a position as to obtain any fair view of political events in the reign of Queen Anne, or to form a just estimate of the conduct and character of the actors on the political stage.

Lord Macaulay possessed in the highest degree the power of calling up the spirits of past ages and endowing them with the semblance of actual life, but unfortunately the phantom which he evoked acquired forthwith a fatal control over the magician by whom it had been sum-

moned, who immediately imbibed and intensified all the passions, prejudices, loves and hatreds which it had entertained or was subject to during its mortal career.

Not only has the charge of political apostasy been brought against Swift by the Whig Lord Macaulay, but even in greater detail and in equally strong language by the Tory Lord Mahon:—

"We find him," he says, "bred as a Whig under Sir William Temple—patronised as a Whig by Lord Somers—boasting himself as a Whig in his writings [iii. 240]—and then, without a pretence of principle, without the slightest charge against his friends on public grounds, and merely on an allegation of personal neglect, turning round to the Tory leaders at the very moment when those leaders were coming into office; and having evidently no better reason for deserting his cause than that he thought it in danger." †

We trust that before the conclusion of this paper we shall succeed in satisfying our readers that there is no foundation whatever for this charge, that the conduct of Swift was consistent throughout, and has been truly described in the words of Sir Walter Scott:—

"As the *élève* of Sir Wm. Temple, he had been carefully instructed in the principles of the English constitution. As a clergyman of the Church of England, he was zealous for the maintenance of her rights and her power. These were the leading principles which governed him through life. Nor will it be difficult to show that he uniformly acted up to them, unless in addressing those who confuse principle with party, and deem that consistency can only be claimed by such as, with blindfold and indiscriminating attachment, follow the banners and leaders of a particular denomination of politicians."—(Scott's *Life of Swift*, p. 76.)

* v. 679—"Review of Lord Mahon's *Wars of the Succession*."

† Lord Mahon's *History of England from the Peace of Utrecht*, i. 68.

The "Discussion on the Contests in Athens and Rome" was published anonymously in 1701. It was to this tract probably that Swift alluded when writing to Steele in May 1713, at the time when he was most strongly supporting the peace policy of Harley. He says:—

"I think *principles* are at present quite out of the case, and that we differ and dispute wholly about persons. In these last, you and I differ; but in the other I think we agree, for I have in print professed myself in politics to be what we formerly called a Whig."—('Swift,' xvi. 41.)

It was upon his acknowledgment of the authorship of this pamphlet that Somers, Halifax, and Burnett, the leading Whigs, "desired his acquaintance with great marks of esteem and professions of kindness."—('Memoirs relating,' &c., xv. 25.)

"It was then," he says, "I began to trouble myself with the difference between the principles of Whig and Tory, having formerly employed myself in other, and, I think, much better speculations. I talked often upon this subject with Lord Somers; told him that having been long conversant with the Greek and Roman authors, and therefore a lover of liberty, I found myself much inclined to be what they called a Whig in politics; and that, besides, I thought it impossible upon any other principle to defend or submit to the Revolution. But as to religion, I confessed myself to be a High-Churchman, and that I did not conceive how any one who wore the habit of a clergyman could be otherwise."—(*Ib.*, p. 24.)

It was whilst the Whigs were still in the plenitude of their power, and not, as Lord Mahon has represented, in consequence of the accession of Harley and the Tories to office, that Swift published the pamphlets in which he most strenuously opposed the policy of the Whig Ministry, and upon which the charge of apostasy, if it has any foundation at all, must rest.

"I mention," he says, "these insignificant particulars, as it will be easily

judged, for some reasons that are purely personal to myself; it having been objected by several of those poor pamphleteers, who have blotted so much paper to show their malice against me, that I was a favourer of the low party. Whereas it has been manifest to all men that, during the highest dominion of that faction, I had published several tracts in opposition to the measures then taken;—for instance, 'A Project for the Reformation of Manners, in a letter to the Countess of Berkeley;' 'The Sentiments of a Church of England Man;' 'An Argument against abolishing Christianity;' and lastly, a letter to a member of Parliament against taking off the Test in Ireland, which I have already mentioned to have been published at the time the Earl of Wharton was setting out to his government of that kingdom. But those who are loud and violent in coffee-houses, although they generally do a cause more hurt than good, yet will seldom allow any other merit; and it is not to such as these that I attempt to vindicate myself."—(Mem., &c., xv. 30.)

Little did Swift anticipate that the slanders of the "poor pamphleteers," whom he treated with such merited scorn, would be repeated a hundred and fifty years afterwards by men entitled to assert a place in the same rank as himself!

Swift's deep feeling of religion has been admitted even by one of his bitterest assailants. Mr Thackeray says, Swift's was "a reverend, a pious spirit—for Swift could love and pray," and adored heaven "with zeal, wonder, humility, and reverence." Yet he upbraids him with the privacy of his devotions—with having, in obedience to the directions of his Divine Master, "entered into his closet, shut the door, and prayed to his Father which is in secret;" and appears to prefer the rollicking religion of Harry Fielding and Dick Steele, who, as he says, "were especially loud and fervent in their expression of belief; who belaboured free-thinkers and stoned imaginary atheists on all sorts of occasions, going out of their

way to bawl their own creed and persecute their neighbours." Getting drunk, and then "crying '*peccavi*' with a most sonorous orthodoxy, and hiccupping Church and State with fervour."—(Humourists, 30.)

It was not because he considered (as Mr Gladstone did) the State to be under a moral obligation to support the truth that he advocated the exclusion of all but members of the State Church from political power, but because he believed such exclusion to be essentially necessary to the safety of the State itself. He regarded Catholics and Dissenters, —not as objects of divine wrath, whose bodies were to be tortured in this world to save their souls from perdition in the next,—but as dangerous members of the Commonwealth. He considered the Dissenters the more dangerous body of the two, likening the Catholics to a chained lion, whose teeth had been drawn and whose claws had been cut; whilst the Dissenters resembled a wild cat at liberty and in vigour, and ready at any moment to spring at the throat. He entertained, besides, a deep and not ill-founded contempt for the Dissenters as an ignorant, illiterate, and narrow-minded race, who only wanted the opportunity and the power to become the most tyrannical of persecutors.

It was in this spirit that in his tract, "Of Public Absurdities in England" (xv. 209), he lays down as a maxim that "it is absurd that any person who professes a different form of worship from that which is national should be trusted with a vote for electing members in the House of Commons," and gives as a reason the danger which the State would thereby incur; and in 'The Examiner,' No. 39, he ridicules the idea of "Brownists, Famulists, Sweet-singers, Quakers, Anabaptists, and Muggletonians" being employed

in places of trust; and adds, "I have been sometimes imagining how diverting it would be to see half-a-dozen *Sweet-singers* on the bench in their ermines, and two or three Quakers with their white staves at Court."

We have lived to see Catholics and Dissenters take their seats on the judicial bench, side by side with High-Churchmen—the most pugnacious of Quakers a Privy Councillor and a member of the Cabinet—and one who is said to have aspired in his youth to the honour of occupying a Presbyterian pulpit, successively Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, and (seated on the woolsack) presiding over the deliberations of the House of Lords as Lord Chancellor; yet no one of the evils anticipated by Swift has arisen. The law is better administered and more promptly obeyed, the Constitution more respected, and the Crown regarded with warmer feelings of loyalty and devotion, than at any former period of our history.

Never was the standard of political morality lower than during the years which followed upon the death of William III. The frank, or rather, we ought to say, shameless avowal of Bolingbroke, was equally true of both parties. "The principal spring of our actions," he says in his letter to Sir William Wyndham, "was to have the government of the State in our hands; our principal views were the conservation of this power, great employments to ourselves, and great opportunities of rewarding those who had helped to raise us, and of hurting those who stood in opposition to us. It is, however, true that with these considerations of private and party interests there were others intermingled which had for their object the public good of the nation—at least, what we took to be such."*

* Bolingbroke's Works, i. 114.

The great question which divided England during the last four years of Anne's reign was the continuance of the war, and on this question Lord Macaulay says, "The Tories were in the right and the Whigs in the wrong"—(v. 679).

Properly it was a national and not a party question; but, as we have seen in more recent instances, it suited the purpose of both sides to make it a question of party. The Whigs, backed by the mercantile interest and the Dissenters, were eager for the continuance of the war. The Tories, supported by the landed interest and the Church, were the advocates for peace. His attachment to the Church and his friendship for Harley threw Swift into the ranks of the Tories. He became the most powerful auxiliary of Harley and Bolingbroke, and, by the influence exercised by his writings on public opinion, contributed perhaps more than any other man to the success of their policy, to the termination of the war, and to the conclusion of the peace of Utrecht. But in thus acting he never abandoned those constitutional principles which he had advocated in his earlier writings, and his conduct was throughout consistent with the opinions he had avowed to Somers during the time of his intimacy with the leading Whigs. The Whigs themselves acted very differently. They turned their backs on all their former professions, betrayed their friends the Dissenters, and purchased the support of the Tory Lord Nottingham by agreeing to assist him in passing the bill against occasional conformity which they had themselves defeated only a few years before. "This intolerant bill, carried through the House of Lords by the active assistance of the Whigs, was received with enthusiasm by the Tory majority in the House of Commons,

and quickly passed into a law."* It remained for years a disgrace to the statute-book. In pursuance of this base bargain, the resolution against the peace was moved in the House of Lords by Lord Nottingham, and carried by a small majority. Swift, writing to Dr Sterne on the 29th of December 1711, says:—

"You know what an unexpected thing fell out the first day of the session by the caprice, discontent, or some worse motive of the Earl of Nottingham. In above twenty years that I have known something of Courts I never observed so many odd, dark, unaccountable circumstances in any public affair. A majority against the Court, carried by five or six depending lords, who owed the best part of their bread to pensions from the Court, and who were told by the public enemy that what they did would be pleasing to the Queen, though it was openly levelled against the first minister's head. . . . A lord, who had been so far always a Tory as often to be thought in the Pretender's interest, giving his vote for the ruin of all his old friends, caressed by those Whigs who hated and abhorred him—the Whigs all chiming in with a bill against occasional conformity; and the very Dissenting ministers agreeing to it, for reasons that nobody alive can tell. A resolution of breaking the treaty of peace without any possible scheme for continuing the war; and all this owing to a doubtfulness or inconstancy in one certain quarter, which at this distance I dare not describe."—(Swift to Sterne, Dec. 29, 1711, xviii. 142.)

The history of this transaction is told with admirable humour by Arbuthnot in his 'History of John Bull,' chap. xiii., where he relates how "Jack hanged himself up by the persuasion of his friends, who broke their word, and left his neck in the noose."

The strong attachment to the Church which induced Swift to advocate the exclusion of all but members of that Church from the

* Lord Stanhope's History of Queen Anne, p. 502.

privileges of citizenship, appears to a politician of the present day inconsistent with his love of liberty and his Whig principles; but it would be well to remember, before admitting the charge of "apostasy," that the Achilles of the Liberals has displayed the same apparent inconsistency to even a greater extent; and, in obedience to what no doubt appeared to him the exigencies of the times, has struck down the very institution which in earlier years he considered so closely united with the State that they could not be severed without destroying the vitality of both.

There remains the charge founded on the coarseness which disfigures much of the writings of Swift. That there is a sound foundation for this charge, it is impossible to deny. But it must be remembered on his behalf that no line ever fell from his pen calculated to arouse licentious passion or to weaken the bonds of morality. In an age when 'The New Atalantis' was the fashionable novel,* when Congreve and Vanbrugh were the most popular of dramatists, and Prior was read by young ladies as Tennyson is now,† this should be remembered to his credit. Swift's offence consisted not in licentiousness, but in grossness and indecency. Decency is the child of passion, and of passion Swift knew nothing. In his desire to expose the hideousness of vice, he overshoots his mark, and excites disgust more at his treatment of the disease than at the disease itself. The prescription is so nauseous that it is rejected, and fails of its object. But it should

not be forgotten how great a change in manners has been taking place year after year, ever since Dioneo was required to tell his stories at the end of the day in order that Philomena and the other ladies might, if they chose, withdraw (a kind of conscience clause, of which they seem never to have availed themselves); and the Miller, the Sumpner, and the Reeve told their tales unreprieved by the Prioress or the Nun. There are stage directions for the conduct of the actors in Ben Jonson's plays which would make the hair of the Lord Chamberlain stand on end. The heroines of Shakespeare are the types of female purity, yet they listen without disapproval to what in the present day would be considered the most offensive ribaldry. In the last century 'Roderick Random' was the most popular of novels, yet it contains passages which we have no hesitation in saying are more objectionable than any that can be found in the writings of Swift; and, coming still nearer to our own time, Gray's 'Long Story' would certainly have excluded him from the table of Lady Cobham, had it been addressed to her at the present day. It is hardly fair to make Swift the scape-goat for an offence so common at that time as to be considered no offence at all, and for which he has paid a severe penalty in the exclusion of his writings from the perusal of the better half of creation.

Perhaps the most remarkable characteristic of Swift is the warmth and constancy of his very numer-

* "As long as Atalantis shall be read."—"Rape of the Lock."

† There is a curious passage in one of Mrs Delany's letters published by Lady Llanover, vol. i. p. 397. She says: "All the while I have been writing, Don and Kelly [two young ladies, the latter the pretty Miss Kelly] have read with an audible voice 'Hans Carvell' and some other pretty things of that kind; and how can one help listening?" We give Lady Llanover full credit for being in entire ignorance of 'Hans Carvell' and all such other "pretty things"! Otherwise, no doubt she would have suppressed this passage.

ous friendships. It seems as if the affections which were denied their usual exercise in the relations of domestic life had expanded in the direction of friendship. Pre-eminent was his attachment to Harley. Bound to him by ties of gratitude on behalf of his Church, he steadily refused to be placed under personal obligation, and always asserted that proud independence which is essential to genuine friendship.

During the quarrel between Harley and Bolingbroke, Swift maintained his friendly relations with both, and used every endeavour to effect a reconciliation. When Bolingbroke, assisted by the intrigues of Lady Masham, had succeeded in displacing his rival, his first object was if possible to secure the adhesion of Swift: he wrote to him in the warmest terms—he addressed every argument that was likely to be of avail. He held out prospects of brilliant preferment.* Lady Masham implored him to remain, in compassion for the Queen (xviii. 495). Swift's reply may be gathered from his letter to Vanessa:—

"I am wrote to earnestly by somebody to come to town and join with those people now in power; but I will not do it. Say nothing of this but guess the person. I told Lord Oxford I would go with him when he was out, and now he begs it of me I cannot refuse him. I meddle not with his faults, as he was a minister of state, but you know his personal kindness to me was excessive. He distinguished and chose me above all other men whilst he was great, and his letter to me the other day was the most moving imaginable."—(xviii. 506.)

"To Swift's immortal honour," says Sir Walter Scott, "he paused not a

moment, but wrote to solicit a renewal of his licence for absence, then on the point of expiring—not that he might share the triumph and prospects to which he was invited by the royal favourite and the new prime minister, but in order to accompany his beloved friend and patron to neglect and seclusion."—(Scott's *Life of Swift*, 309.)

It is a remarkable fact, and a striking proof not only of the independence and honesty but of the amiable and affectionate character of Swift, that although during the course of this bitter quarrel he never scrupled to tell disagreeable truths in plain language to both the combatants, he never forfeited the esteem or affection of either. The death of the Queen soon changed the aspect of affairs. Bolingbroke's triumph lasted less than a week. The Whigs seized the reins of government, and proceeded to wreak their vengeance after the fashion of the day. Ormond and Bolingbroke fled. Harley remained to abide the storm, and was thrown into prison. Mrs Masham was succeeded in her backstairs' influence by others as servile and unprincipled and more disreputable, and Swift retired to Ireland, where, until the dark cloud which obscured his closing years descended upon him, his time was passed in vindicating the wrongs of his country, in a voluminous correspondence with his distant friends, in the production and correction of works which will last as long as the English language, and in the practice of his favourite maxim of "*vive la bagatelle*" in the society of Sheridan and other men of congenial habits and pursuits.

"On a changé tout cela," and

* "Lord Bolingbroke told me last Friday that he would reconcile you to Lady Somerset, and then it would be easy to set you right with the Queen, and that you should be made easy here, and not go over [to Ireland]. He said twenty things in your favour, and commanded me to bring you up, whatever was the consequence." Barber to Swift, Aug. 3, 1714 (xviii. 509).

much for the better. When Mr Gladstone is succeeded by Mr Disraeli, he is not incarcerated in the Tower, but passing Traitor's Gate in perfect safety proceeds a little farther down the river, and makes a speech to admiring thousands on Blackheath. Even Mr Lowe's head is safe from the vengeance of deputations whom he has snubbed into desperation, and foes whom he has stung to madness by his sarcasms; and he may ride his bicycle along the Strand without any risk of halters being thrown at him, if he chooses to brave the other dangers attendant on such an undertaking.

Besides Harley and St John, Swift numbered amongst his friends the decorous Addison, the sensitive plant Pope, "kind Arbuthnot," who "knew his art but not his trade," and whose figure looks out from the distinguished group with a mixed expression of wit, good-humour, sham misanthropy, and real benevolence—the knight-errant Peterborough, Ormond, Atterbury, Gay, Prior, and a host of others, led by careless, learned, witty, affectionate, henpecked Sheridan, and brought up in the rear by "honest Cromwell in red breeches." All these united in their love and admiration for Swift. They quarrelled amongst themselves. Harley and St John from hollow friends became bitter foes; Addison insulted Pope, and Pope lampooned Addison; but, with the exception of the short suspension of intimacy which arose from the party-feeling of Addison, and disappeared after Swift's removal to Ireland,* not one of these men ever wavered in his attachment to Swift. When Ormond and Bolingbroke were in exile, it was from the friendship of Swift that their wives sought comfort and consolation. When Harley's head

was in peril, it was Swift who shared his retirement, and would have shared his prison. Is it consistent with human nature that the man so loved and honoured, and who had inspired such warm and devoted attachment in the hearts of men so various and so distinguished, should have had a "heart burning with hatred against the whole human race;" and that it should be left to Macaulay, Jeffrey, Thackeray, and Lord Mahon, to discover, more than a century after his death, that he was an epitome of everything that is vile and contemptible in human nature?

We have now gone, one by one, through all the charges that have been brought against Swift; and we cannot conclude this paper better than in the words of Dr Delany, a man of high character and pure life, who knew Swift well, and who sums up his observations as follows:—

"All this considered, the character of his [Swift's] life will appear like that of his writings; they will both bear to be reconsidered and re-examined with the utmost attention; and will always discover new beauties and excellences upon every examination. They will bear to be considered as the sun, in which the brightness will hide the blemishes; and whenever petulant ignorance, pride, malice, malignity, or envy interposes to cloud or sully his fame, I will take upon me to pronounce that the eclipse will not last long.

"To conclude. No man ever deserved better of any country than Swift did of his. A steady, persevering, inflexible friend; a wise, a watchful, and a faithful counsellor under many severe trials and bitter provocations, to the manifest hazard of both his liberty and fortune.

"He lived a blessing, he died a benefactor, and his name will ever live an honour, to Ireland."

* See a Letter from Addison, June 20, 1717-18. *Swift's Works*, xix. 64—Hawthth Edition.

PAGES FROM THE STORY OF MY CHILDHOOD.

I CAN fancy a supercilious reader looking scornfully at this title and sternly putting to me the very proper question—"And pray, who are you that *your* childhood should be of importance to any one? Tell us your name, that we may see whether it will be worth our while to read you. Are you the Earl of Beaconsfield, about to let the world see what manner of sports and studies best fit a child to grow up into the successful novelist, politician, and Premier? Or (for we see a few verses on some of your later pages) are you the poet-laureate, willing to disclose to a circle of breathless admirers how the genius (born, as we all know, not made) first becomes conscious of itself? We have heard that the child is father to the man; if you will tell us what manner of man you now are, we shall know whether it is worth our while to make the acquaintance of the young author of your present existence." Alas! I have no satisfactory answer to give to any such haughty questioner. I am not the late leader of the House of Commons; far from that, I have not even a seat in Parliament, and see no great chance at present of obtaining one. And I am certainly not Tennyson: should I (as I partly intend) indulge a sympathising circle with extracts from my early poems, no further disclaimer of all relation to the author of 'In Memoriam' and the 'Idylls' could possibly be required from me. In fact, I am nobody whose name can bespeak attention—a person of whom you, my discouraging and unwilling listener, never heard before. I claim a hearing from you on a lower but a wider ground than that of having climbed up any of

the dizzy eminences of fame—the ground of being what you yourself probably are, and therefore having more in common with you than more celebrated personages can have,—an undistinguished individual. In your case as in mine (if I may say so without offence), the "child" has not proved the "father" of a great man. Let me hope for you—what is more than I can say for myself—that he has done better than that, and been the father of a man able and willing to take the poet's advice—

"Be good, my friend, and let who will
be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all
day long;
So making life, death, and that vast For
Ever,
One grand, sweet song."

Such is the man whom I would invite to be my only, because he alone would be my compassionate, listener, were I about (following Keble's mournful expansion of Wordsworth's idea into

"The man seems following still the
funeral of the boy"—)

to take my stand in mourning robes beside the grave of my childhood, and to pronounce a solemn funeral oration over that strange little being which once was myself. Did I mean to unveil infantine remorse and anguish as real and as keen as any of the sorrows of maturer years, to revel once more in imagination amid the flowers of vanished springs, to shudder again in thought as the chill touch of death thrilled me for the first time, one such hearer as I am venturing to imagine you to be would be enough, perhaps at last too much. But I am engaged in no such task to-day, and all the

world may listen while I describe some of my own early literary efforts.

It is usual nowadays, when inditing the life of any great writer, to indulge in a good deal of collateral delineation of persons who may be presumed to have influenced the formation of his character. You have no sooner set out on the smooth turnpike road of the great A.'s history, than his biographer asks you to turn up one rutty lane in search of a great aunt of remarkable disposition whom he may have seen when a very small boy, and then up another to look for a second cousin twice removed who displayed some sparks of genius. You come back tired and out of humour from these excursions, and are allowed to pursue a straight course for a few pages; when lo! after accompanying A. through the measles to school (where he did nothing remarkable) along several more pages, you at last arrive at his college life, to find yourself on a wide common, across which you are instructed to follow various winding tracks that you may have a look at a good many people who were, or ought to have been, his friends there—from each of whom he may have learned something, without which he would not have finally proved the man, in hopes of finding whom at last, you dutifully plod along many another weary chapter. This method of composition seems to me irritating, and a needless waste of time, in the biography of a genius.

But I shall fearlessly follow it in my own case—at least once or twice—because I am not engaged in depicting an important life. My main road is far from being a fine one; and so to loiter a while in any shady lane that may branch from it may be no loss of time.

I shall therefore expect to be thanked and not blamed for intro-

ducing my friends at once to the two most remarkable persons who adorned the village near which my early years were spent—a village, or rather hamlet, defended in the olden time by a stout fortress, built to ward off the incursions of our Scottish neighbours, which still rises in grey dignity above the little stream which hastens down the valley below it to meet, a mile further on, the clear bright waters which flow from one of the fairest lakes in England. Opposite to the castle stands the ancient church, on the site of a yet older monastery, mentioned by the Venerable Bede. In that church is the stone effigy of a baron who in days of yore girded on his good sword to fight for the Holy Sepulchre, and haply left some fair lady pining for his return in the strong tower, which might keep out the Scot, but could not shut out many a troubled dream and anxious thought of her absent lord; and which perhaps admitted pilgrims, so called, telling audacious travellers' tales to wrap her in false security, or disquiet her with alarming reports, which no special correspondents, no electric telegraph, were at hand to refute.

Now, when I was a child, the children who, in that old church, gazed on me and the other favoured occupants of the squire's pew on Sundays from their humbler benches, were taught on week-days by a very remarkable pedagogue indeed. Mr Graham (so let me call him) would have had but little chance in these days of school boards. He got too eccentric at last for even the tolerant village trustees, lost his post, and ended his days in the workhouse. But he reigned undisputed through all the days of my youth. His pale ascetic face, surmounting the same long thread-bare cloak in summer as in winter, was never absent at

morning or afternoon service from his nook in church, whence, on occasional absences of the parish clerk, his sepulchral "Amens" were heard sounding. The same curiously-contrived screen fenced him in from draughts at all seasons in the chimney-corner of the house where he lodged; adding the further security against cold of always wearing his hat indoors—I presume, for he was a very polite man, by special permission of his hostess. He was the meekest and humblest of men (sincerely religious, I fully believe); but if he had a lingering spark of pride, that spark rose up into a little flame at the contemplation of his own merits as a letter-writer. And those merits were great. I cannot say that perspicuity was one of them; but in that deficiency Mr Graham only showed a certain kindred to the genius of some great divines and poets of our day. But in his own line of hazy, indefinite grandeur, he succeeded well.

What, for instance, could be more novel and ingenious than his addressing two ladies of my own family—ladies, too, such as ladies were forty years ago, reserved, dignified, and anxious to keep the inferior classes of society in their proper places—by the playful *sobriquets* of "Miss Monday" and "Miss Tuesday," and opening a letter to one of them with these words, "A conference in the Milky Way"? I am sorry to say that, much as they may have appreciated the latent poetry by which they were accosted, they felt that the best interests of society forbade it to gush freely forth, and requested its suppression. Mr Graham proved equal to the occasion. He wrote a pathetic epistle to the person who had remonstrated with him (the sister-in-law of the two aggrieved ladies); and from the folds of that letter (artistically doubled, as letters were before the

penny-post) fell a small pen—a dirty little stump, its recipient used to say, yet surely a pen with a history. "With this pen," said the letter, "I have beguiled many a sad and lonely hour. I part with it regretfully; but since it has traced lines that have offended, I give it into *your* custody, that I may be no more tempted to displease you by my use of it." I think, however, that other pens came to hand; it would have been strange had they not to a schoolmaster. At all events, at the close of Mr Graham's scholastic career, my friend Mrs Campbell—who had newly come to live near the village, in a house purchased from her younger sister's husband, Mr Lewellyn—received an oblique shot from one of them, worthy of its holder's previous reputation among us. Captain and Mrs Campbell had subscribed most kindly towards a little fund raised for the retiring schoolmaster. They scarcely observed that when he passed them in the village afterwards he took no opportunity of thanking them for their kindness; for they knew him to be shy and odd, and they ever desired rather the pleasure of doing good than the thanks of the receiver of their bounty. But great was their amusement when the absent Mrs Lewellyn forwarded to them a letter sent to herself, then in the south of France, by Mr Graham, which concluded with the following sentence: "It has been suggested to me by several persons that I should offer my thanks to Captain and Mrs Campbell for their present to me; but if they are to be thanked *at all*, it can only be done through *you*, whom I have constituted the head of the family." Surely as roundabout a conveyance of gratitude as any one ever thought of!

Poor Mr Graham! his Scriptural knowledge got him at least into one

more serious scrape than his fine epistolary talents, through not considering the difference between things recorded for our example, and things recorded for our information. His scholars had all denied knowledge of some piece of mischief, evidently perpetrated by one of them. So the master informed them that he should detect the culprit by a method pointed out to him in the Bible; and after praying for a perfect lot, made the boys draw lots, and proceeded to whip the unlucky youth on whom the lot fell. I much fear the boy was innocent of that particular offence; but, remembering Hamlet, let us hope that he got, after all, no more than his due. Still, parents unversed in Shakespeare took offence, as might be expected, and Mr Graham lost one promising pupil on the spot, along with *prestige* which he was never afterwards able to regain.

Were I engaged on the memoir of a renowned author, I should be obliged to stop here, and show the influence of this eccentric form in the group which surrounded his childhood on the moulding of his after-life; nay, to examine gravely which of the portraits in his humorous and witty novels bears the greatest resemblance to poor Mr Graham. But being quite otherwise engaged, I feel perfectly at liberty to leave the lane we are walking in by the nearest stile, and cross the adjoining field, for the purpose of introducing my friends to our next village celebrity, Miss Benson, the worthy Sunday-school teacher of my younger days. She was a woman with the gift of utterance, which she exercised remarkably fast, and with a taste for natural history, which I know we children thought she indulged rather cruelly on the butterflies she secured as specimens, and on the bat, of which, having somehow got it into her

power, she said, "I gave it one meal, and then I starved it to death." Unmerciful mercy, so we thought; but children are very severe. In like manner I fear we showed a carping spirit when we heard how Miss Benson diversified her Sunday-school treat with little sacred dramas: how she enacted Joseph and his brethren with her scholars—arrayed herself as Joseph in a Lammermuir plaid scarf, and holding a shepherd's crook; and how she cleverly represented the finding of Moses, with the help of a child and a basket, in the nearly dry moat of the old castle, sweeping down, I presume, herself majestically to the rescue in the character of Pharaoh's daughter. But the trait in my own dealings with Miss Benson, which I disclose with the liveliest fear of misconstruction, is the diversion which her poetry afforded me; knowing how readily it may be set down to the jealousy of a rival verse-writer. Is it wise of me, even at this vast distance of time, to reveal that when Miss Benson's versified address to the curate of the parish on his departure was confided to us by his reverence, we all followed the example of that ungrateful young man by laughing at it more than a little? My only defence is to quote, not all—for some I have forgotten, and some of the lines I do remember deal with very sacred matter—but at least the opening and the close of that remarkable effusion:—

1.

"Reverend sir, adieu! adieu!
You soon from us must part;
But of your flock there's not a few
That *prays* for you at heart.

2.

O may their prayers bring down a
blessing
On your *devoted* head;
And may your labour prove a blessing
To all that it *has* (*sic*) *heard*.

4.

Once I went into your church
 In sorrow, anguish, pain, and grief;
 My heart was almost *fit to burst*,—
 You brought the word that gave relief.

8.

O may your crown like diamonds glitter
 As eyes can scarce behold;
 For as the stars in glory differ,
 So saints *does*, we are told."

"I could not have written those lines, nor you either," was the sly commentary of a learned friend to whom I once repeated them. I think he was especially struck by the, to a classical scholar, alarming use of the epithet "devoted" in verse 2. Probably, too, the notion of labour rendered audible in the succeeding lines was strange to him; not to speak of the fair writer's rather bold disregard of the ordinary rules of grammar, with the result of leaving the reader uncertain whether the preacher's "labour" was listened to or itself a listener.

Miss Benson did not marry the curate, for whose sake she thus outsoared, not "the flaming bounds of space and time," but the prosaic limits of sense and of Lindley Murray. But I am happy to add that she died the wife of another clergyman, who I hope admired her poetry, and to whom I feel sure she made an excellent and "devoted" help-mate.

Nor was it only the case that the friends of my childhood were not quite of the ordinary pattern. I can prove a better right still to be eccentric (had I only possessed the necessary genius) by hereditary descent. My great-great-grandfather (if the tales current about him in my youth were true) must have been very unlike what men are now. When I looked at his placid countenance, beaming out of a well-powdered wig, above his sky-blue coat, among the family por-

traits, I could hardly believe that he was the stern old man who boxed his nephew's ears in church before the wondering congregation; provoked to this assault by his indignation at seeing the youth lolling negligently in an easy attitude against the pew-door, which burst open with his weight and precipitated him into the passage below. After all, though, I believe my instincts were right, and that it was the old man's son, my great-great uncle, who really laid himself thus open to a serious charge of "brawling in church," had the vicar and churchwardens not reverenced the squire too much to suppose he could figure in an ecclesiastical court. In like manner, the rustics of those days saw no cause of wonder if, when a case of wife-beating or similar misdemeanour was brought before the squire, he calmly turned to his attendant with the words "Bring me Condign," the stick with which he was in the habit of administering condign punishment, and proceeded to serve the offender as he had served his victim. I may remark parenthetically, that the beautiful white hands of the handsome fop in a green morning-suit laced with gold, and in smart cocked-hat, among our family pictures, seem scarcely suited to this patriarchal exercise of justice traditionally ascribed to him; in which, I presume, he felt himself emulous of his contemporary Frederick the Great of Prussia, whose works are understood to have been his favourite reading. Nowadays, I fear the worthy man would have changed places with the object of his righteous displeasure, and been himself summoned for an assault; but in those simpler times, the saving of time, trouble, and public disgrace was appreciated, and all parties liked the plan.

But to return to my eccentric

forefather, whose prowess in the hunting-field is commemorated in song and legend in the Lake district, where the boatmen still show the tourist the steep hillside down which, on one occasion, he successfully piloted a favourite hunter—a track on which I believe no horse's hoof has tried to make a print either before or since; and concerning whom it is, or was, said or sung that, at a dangerous leap,

“Up came Squire Edward, who cared
not a pin;
He rode over the ditch while they all
tumbled in”—

lines which have to my ear, perhaps from early prejudice, a fine Homeric flavour in their reckless disregard for the credit of the rank and file as compared with that of the Achilles of the tale. The narrator sets out, if I remember right, by saying that he himself mounted his horse, Black Sloven,

“On Candlemas day, when bright Phœbus
shone clear,
When I had not been hunting for more
than a year;”

and, doubtless owing to the qualities implied in his steed's name, followed at a sufficiently respectful distance to witness, without sharing, the squire's prowess and the discomfiture of the field in general. Now seven miles from the squire's home lived a baronet with many daughters, with one of whom—the fair Julia—the young man fell in love. Charming in all respects, she charmed her lover, if possible, most of all by her exquisite foot and ankle. Received by her parents as an accepted suitor, the squire rode one afternoon (probably with others) beside the baronet's family coach, on the pleasing but anxious duty of escorting the ladies to dinner at a distant friend's house. We may imagine the lover's hand often on the coach-window, receiving playful

taps from a fan, or possibly an ill-spelt *billet doux*,—for the progress was slow over the ill-made, or rather unmade, country roads—would that I could add, but it was sure! It was exactly the reverse; for at some unexpected stumbling-block the coach upset; literally turned upside down, and made the extrication of the ladies within a very difficult matter. The squire dismounted in all haste and flew to the rescue, but unfortunately with him love to one lady meant total indifference, and something more, to the claims of all others. The French politeness of the next generation was in him wholly wanting; and in his anxiety to deliver his beloved from the danger of being crushed by the weight of her mother and sisters, he was, I fear, decidedly rude to those ladies. He caught hold of a foot which came first to hand,—feet were the only signs of individual personality vouchsafed to him,—and, finding it less shapely than the adored one, roughly pushed it aside, exclaiming, “That's not *my* Julia's foot!” and proceeded with his search. The narrators of this story were wont to say that the desired foot lay lowest down, and was not found till at least one foot of every other lady there had been scanned and rejected. Now, mark the consequences of a young lover's imprudence. So at least I judge. For though I was always told that some time afterwards Julia did something naughty which justly displeased her lady-mother, yet I cannot think the sentence on the interesting delinquent would have been so severe as it was, had not the maternal severity been quickened by the *spretæ injuria formæ*. The sentence was this: either to be whipped and then allowed to attend the county ball which took place that same evening, or not to be whipped but not to go to

the ball. We all know what the late Sir G. C. Lewis would have chosen, had such an alternative been proposed to him, and how serenely he would have smiled at the chance of escaping two penances at once; but with the fair Julia it was otherwise. She had looked forward to dancing a minuet with her betrothed that evening with intense pleasure; she knew how his vigilant eye would, among the mazes of the "many-twinkling feet," follow hers, and hers only, with ever-kindling admiration; and the prospect nerved her to heroism. She chose the whipping and the ball. Attending it that night she poured her sorrows into the ears of her affianced husband, who flamed with wrath (little suspecting, I daresay, how much his own indiscretion had to do with her sufferings), and vowed that she should never endure the like again. "I will marry you to-morrow," he said. And so he did. My great-great-grandmother being, let us hope, thus a unique example of a young woman who was whipped one day and married the next. When I looked at her prim decorous face on the wainscoted wall, and her handsome dark-eyed mother (she was of French extraction) smiling at her from the panel opposite, I found it difficult to paint the whipping scene to my mind's eye. I find it still harder to believe now.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be,
I say the tale as 'twas said to me."

The fair Julia's handwriting is still extant. I have already hinted that she spelled badly, but that was a common complaint in her day: spelling-bees not having begun to buzz in either school or drawing-room till full a century and a half later. The most noticeable record of her married life (her diary unfortunately not including her girlhood) was her flight with her chil-

dren to a farmhouse from the young Pretender's army; who passed very near my birth-place on his ill-fated march to Derby. She ought to have bidden her husband keep true to the old Cavalier traditions of his own family, and emulate the prowess of her own forefathers in defence of King Charles the First; but I am ashamed to say that he was Hanoverian to the backbone, and gave bonnie Prince Charlie neither help nor even good wishes. So, instead of recording romantic adventures and hair-breadth escapes, my great-great-grandmother's journal only tells of very prosaic improvements effected at her temporary refuge.

As I began this discursive narrative with some intention of introducing my friends to my own earliest poetic efforts, I feel regretfully, as I look back upon it, how unpoetic a character it has so far assumed. Is it my fault? Am I to blame if the venerable pair from whom (in Homeric phrase) I have been boasting my descent had in their youth such quizzical adventures, and preferred safety to romance in their maturer years? Can I help it if the humble friends of my childhood were rather grotesque than dignified? Still I ought to state the other side. I was born in a country not ill-peopled with ghosts; and ghosts, as we all know, from the wraith of Patroclus downwards, make themselves very useful to the poet. But here again I have been unlucky. It was my mother's maid, not I, who heard the silks of a spectral lady rustling behind her late at night in the long gallery at home, and who had not courage to turn round and behold the ghastly visage which probably surmounted them. Once, too, an old shepherd came in from the mountain-valleys to narrate how on a mid-winter night, as he drove sheep past a lonely

farm, an old and sagacious dog howled and showed evident signs of terror, creeping trembling back with its younger comrade to his feet, before his master's duller eye discerned, as it soon did with awe, a white woman with a child in her arms, doomed, as she told him, for her guilt to wander restlessly along the wilds, and suffered one night every year to appear and tell her story. But unluckily then I was too small a child to be allowed to listen to his thrilling narration, which surprised my father very much, for the man was sober and had no motive for its invention. When in later days, on my return from deer-stalking, I passed the house near which this strange meeting took place, left untenanted and desolate for twenty years or so in consequence, I could not help envying my father's good fortune, who, at least, had seen the man who saw the ghost. I have always remained one remove further off—a decided disadvantage. That was my position when, on the lovely lake of Haweswater, a worthy friend of mine told me how a man he knew, once fishing at midnight about midsummer under beautiful Wallercrag (where, it is well known, sleeps imprisoned the spirit of the Viscount Lonsdale of George the Second's time), heard a crashing sound as if the whole mountain were falling down on him, and fled, smashing his fishing-rod in a fall, and thenceforth forswearing fishing rather than run the risk of meeting the grim ghost, which he thought was then breaking its bounds. Those bounds were set to it with difficulty by a conclave of the clergy of the period; one of whom had pursued it up the river to the lake whence it flows, knocking his shins sadly against the stones

in its rocky bed, but still manfully holding fast the Book of Common Prayer, and reading from it the passages which act as exorcisms.* When at last the spirit, so compelled, showed symptoms of resting beneath Wallercrag, the brave parson, jointly with several of his reverend brethren, intoned the final incantation, and bade the perturbed ghost rest where they laid him

“For ever and ever and aye.”

But a voice from the mountain-hollow mockingly echoed back, time after time, the spirit's ultimatum—

“No; for a year and a day.”

And how far the assembled priests succeeded in making him desist from his counter-proposition remains to this day a little uncertain. At least my Haweswater friend knew a man (you see I never get nearer to the ghosts than that) who had many a time heard a carriage coming quickly down the steep bank on which Lowther Castle rises above the river of the same name, and held open the gate for it at the bottom as in duty bound. But he knew well that that carriage held an occupant who had no longer any business with this world; and, as he described the matter, “sometimes his coachman and his horses had their heads on, but oftener they had not.”

So much for ghosts. Then, as is well known, the atmosphere of the English lakes is quite exceptionally favourable to poetic growths. Were not great poets born among us? have not great poets settled among us? was not our native poet a splendid exception to the rule which refuses honour at home to the genius of the soil? for I am credibly informed that his neighbors so revered him that they never ventured to

* What those passages are, most unfortunately I do not know, or I would point them out for spiritualist friends.

form an opinion without consulting their oracle ; so that a friend of mine told me with a certain comic exaggeration, "If you asked an Ambleside person if he thought it would be a fine day, he answered gravely, 'I have not yet heard what Mr Wordsworth thinks of the matter.'" And under those stately forest-trees, known to distant observers as the Lake school, you would expect to have found many sweet hawthorns and generally-pleasing bushes vocal with song, especially in the spring season. Doubtless such there were, but I have not been particularly fortunate in my researches for them. I have heard, indeed, of the now deceased pastor of a lonely dale, who used to say that as he rambled among the hills, thoughts much grander than anything in Shakespeare or in Milton were wont to come into his mind. But you see we have only his own word for it, as unluckily he did not take the trouble to commit them to paper. Then there was the virtuous Quaker, Mr Wilkinson, owned by Wordsworth as a brother poet, and enshrined by him in imperishable verse. See a poem of his (*To the Spade of a Friend*) beginning—

"Spade with which Wilkinson hath tilled
his land,
And shaped these pleasant walks by
Eamont side."

Possessing, as I do, a couplet by the aforesaid Wilkinson which I believe to be as yet unpublished, I hasten to present it to my readers as a specimen of our poetic undergrowth. He lived, as might be inferred from Wordsworth's poem, by a lovely river, the Eamont. He found, as other river-siders do, that lovely rivers can play mischievous tricks, when the walks, here immortalised, which he had contrived beside it, were washed away in a

flood. Whereupon he indited this touching address to the naughty Naiad :—

"Eamont, I wish—I will not say 'I pray,'
Thou wouldst not wash my little works
away."

The caution with which the worthy man steered clear of any profane or idolatrous invocation to the kelpie, water-sprite, nymph, or whatsoever being might be ignorantly presumed to be the presiding deity of the river he was apostrophising, seems to me deserving of all praise. Prejudice apart, is this couplet which I here rescue from obscurity so very much worse than some of Wordsworth's own lines? For I, who was not born at Ambleside, but on the northern side of the Kirkstone Pass, who only saw the poet once, when I was a child and he a fine, grey-haired, benevolent-looking old man, think him great in spite of, not because of, his poetic theories, and dare not call a weed a moss-rose because I have found it growing in his garden. I think an elderly man, who described to me the trouble he twice got into on Wordsworth's account, only deserved it in the sense in which those who dare to be wiser than the men of their day deserve to smart for it. "When I used to go to Holland House first," he said, "they were in the habit of laughing at Wordsworth's poems. I told them that he was a great genius, and they called me a fool for my pains. Some years later they were enlightened: a good critic persuaded the coterie to read Wordsworth for themselves, and they fell into raptures with him. 'A very great poet,' I said to these new converts; 'but you know that he has written some lines which, I must confess, are sad stuff.' They called me a fool again!"

The generation which produced

Wordsworth has long passed away; the generation which knew him is fast following it; and I fear that the Epigonoi of the lakes have yet their spurs to win.

Children are no doubt influenced by the beauties of nature, but they do not think about them, far less reason about their effect upon the mind. So if I wrote verses when very young, I do not ascribe it to the fact that I lived then two miles from the foot of one of the loveliest of lakes. I know now how beautiful it is: in those days I possibly did not understand it much better than does the average tourist, who is to be seen gazing sadly on its waters (the English seldom look cheerful on a tour), and descending it with eye carefully averted from its best points, which are naturally at its head, while he looks steadily towards our one weak point, a low dumpy sort of hill near the place whence the imprisoned lake-waters make their exit towards the sea. Such benighted people are to be found, after their return from their travels, declaiming against my beloved lake, or, yet more offensively, offering it their unintelligent commendations. In its name I reject both their praise and their blame, and most emphatically the former; beseeching them, if they ever revisit it, to bear in mind these two facts, a remembrance of which may possibly do them some good on other lakes beside: first, that the waters of a lake seldom force their way out of it by the base of its highest hills—the grand Pass of Brander from Loch Awe is the exception, not the rule—and that therefore it is usually best to begin your survey of a lake at its outflow, and row steadily up it to its head; secondly, that the high mountains which appear to you to be at the head of a lake when you are low

down it, are probably looking at you over the shoulder of others lower than themselves, but still high enough to screen them, perhaps completely, when you are actually at the head of the lake, and that therefore about half-way up you are likely to have your grandest view. My lake changes incessantly; it is, as it were, three lakes in one; and the tourist who even gets a fair notion of its varied beauties from one progress up it must be exceptionally qualified to discern them. I do not think those beauties had much to do with my first poem. The grey towers of the old castle near our parish church, and the perusal of 'Ivanhoe' during the Christmas holidays in which my ninth birthday fell, were the proximate causes of my determining shortly after to write a play, to be entitled 'The Siege of D'Arcy Castle.* My plot was a simple one. I provided Lord D'Arcy with a favourite daughter, Berengaria, named after King Richard's wife, whose specialty was to be housewifery, as I remember rather vividly indicating by making her father complain, when she hastily left him to prepare some jelly—

"What! always at her creams and pastries—
Never a word for me."

Then Lady D'Arcy had a favourite child of her own, Matilda—a correct name as I knew by the Conqueror's wife—whose ill-temper and general unpleasantness left her mother's preference much unjustified; while my heroine, the third daughter, the Lady Rowena (I need not stop to explain where I got *that* name from), was nobody's favourite but that of Sir Guy of Warwick, a knight-errant, I presume, on a visit to the castle, whom each parent

* D'Arcy is not the old castle's name, but it is something like it.

proposes as a husband for his or her favourite child.

"But, my dearest mother,
Has he proposed?"

I recollect making Matilda ask fretfully, but not unreasonably, of Lady D'Arcy, while she is developing her pet scheme to her. I think I rather shirked any love-making between Guy and the true object of his affections, Rowena, from not exactly knowing what things were usually said by lovers. But I intended to bring some ferocious Scottish chieftain or other against the castle in the second act (I only contemplated three), who, being slain by Sir Guy in single combat in the third, might entitle that courageous but bashful champion to declare his real attachment and secure the hand of Rowena from the gratitude of her rescued parents. Unhappily, however, I found the fighting more unmanageable than the love-making. That compendious stage-direction, "*Alarums and Excursions*," fills up little room, and did not suggest to me much appropriate dialogue, and so I collapsed ignominiously in the beginning of the second act. I might not even have got so far as that if I had not hit on the ingenious expedient of making Rowena go off and consult an aged hermit on her future fortunes. I think his answer was very encouraging, only perhaps rather injudicious in the way of anticipating the end too much for the interest of the audience; but what I particularly recollect is a correction which I made for the sake of propriety. Rowena reaches the cell in a thunder-storm, and the hermit at first hospitably addressed her with—

"Lady, take off these garments,
So wetted by the storm;"

but after-reflection convinced me that for a lady to undress herself in

a hermit's presence would be indecorous, and I therefore changed the invitation, and risked my heroine's taking cold, by the words,—

"Lady, *now dry* these garments," &c.

Some three years later I got on better with a narrative poem, called '*The Knight and the Enchantress*.' After the lapse of more than thirty years I have just been reading it again, and I find it quite a respectable imitation of the inferior portions of Scott's poems. I had learned before I wrote it to rhyme correctly. I recollect having serious misgivings as to the admissibility of rhymes such as "love" and "move," where the same letters are not sounded alike, and feeling satisfied on the point by discovering similar rhymes in Pope. Want of space, or rather the discovery that this early effort of my muse is neither good enough to please, nor bad enough to divert my readers, compels me to offer them no specimen of it; nor yet shall I trouble them with any account of a rather more successful endeavour than my first to honour my favourite D'Arcy Castle by a poem in ballad measure, describing its lady's distress at the reported death of her husband in the Holy Land, and her deliverance by his un hoped-for return, at the moment when an ill-behaved neighbour was forcing his unwelcome suit upon her at the sword's point. But, though I readily consign these early poems to oblivion now, I know that I was very proud of them when I wrote them, as these two stanzas out of four caused by some slight display of jealousy on the part of a young friend (who had written no verses, and, like myself, imagined that writing them conferred distinction) will show:—

"Take back the too enrapturing lyre;
Muse! I thy gift return.
Quench in my breast the poet's fire—
It lightens, it must burn.

The laurel wreath of fame is bright,
To win it once I strove;
It came, but withered each delight,
Each gentle flower of love."

Pretty well for thirteen! Of course, if some one had asked me whether these lines were spoken in my own person, I should not have dared to say yes; but I know that I meant them of myself. When I so expressed myself, I was either girding myself up for, or else I had just finished, a great enterprise, to which I cannot now refer without a smile, but which I know seemed to me unspeakably important at the time. It was nothing less than a grand historical tragedy. Harold was its title, and its theme the eve and day of the battle of Hastings. For by this time I had learned French, and read, in one of Racine's prefaces to his tragedies, of Aristotle's rules and the unity of time and place. I determined to observe them as closely as I could, encouraging myself, where deviations might seem expedient, by the recollection that Shakespeare had not observed them at all. I remember carefully studying one or two of his plays as models, but feeling that I dared not undertake so wide a canvas, and that I had better stick to Racine's method as more easy. My other preparation was a diligent perusal of Thierry's 'Norman Conquest,' then a very popular book; and, so provided, I set cheerfully to work, in the full belief that I was on the road to occupy a very decently high niche in the temple of fame.

Edith, the swan-necked, was the heroine of my drama, in comparison with whose sorrows I fear the anguish of the defeated army and enslaved nation weighed but little with me; though I strove to do it likewise such justice as was in my power. *My* Edith was, I need not say, a highly correct young person, beloved by Harold, and possessing

a ring as his troth-pledge. But, faithless to this solemn engagement, in obedience to imperious state exigencies, Harold, by advice of his mother Githa, weds another in her place, the lady known to me and M. Thierry as Algitha, but who figures, I think, on Mr Freeman's pages by the (doubtless correct but) fearful and wonderful name Ælfgyth, just as he remorselessly replaces our pretty Edith by Eadgyth. Now Algitha (as we used to call her) was sister to two mighty earls, who ought to have been a great support to their brother-in-law; and my idea was to represent Harold as marrying her entirely in order to secure their fidelity, but as still loving Edith so much, that, at a chance sight of her, he is ready to risk crown and life rather than be unfaithful to her. I had two scenes, in one of which the scheming Githa prevails on the gentle maiden to sacrifice herself for Harold's good, and leave the ring by which she had meant to reclaim him in his mother's hands; and a second, in which that artful dame prevails on her penitent son to repent of his repentance, by making him believe that Edith has deserted him for Oswald, a nobleman of his court, and destined Harold's ring for her new lover. Under this false representation, Harold proceeds to wed Algitha literally the night before that decisive battle which Mr Freeman is teaching us to call the battle of Senlac, and into which night a regard for those misleading unities made me cram all the events aforesaid; not to speak of a scene between Algitha herself and a discarded lover, Eldred, whom I kindly provided beforehand that he might be able to guard, and in due time to forgive and wed, that luckless widowed bride. Certainly the chorus of maidens arranged by me to sing the charms of Algitha and

the splendour of her jewellery and attire in strains like these—

“Glistening pearls thy vest adorn,
Shining like the dew of morn ;
Crimson spangled o’er with gold
Falls thy mantle’s gorgeous fold ;
Diamonds there shed radiant light,
Emeralds and sapphires bright”—

would have been rather in the way of Harold’s grim warriors preparing for the life-and-death struggle of the morrow ; and I fear Alghitha’s finery could have found but few admirers at so busy a moment. But I think history does tell us that our English forefathers mingled rather too much merriment with their more serious preparations, and that, while the Normans were getting shriven, they were drinking ale ; so perhaps the introduction of a bride-ale was not so utterly incongruous. Still, the fourth scene of my second act, which depicts the wedding-guests ranged round the banquet-table engaged in making each other addresses in stilted language, and in listening to somewhat tame war-songs, strikes me now as exceeding the bounds of permissible poetic licence. Especially its conclusion, in which, after listening to a good deal of melodious twaddle from Hilda (a certain propheticess, who has intruded herself unbidden into the royal tent to predict Harold’s downfall as the punishment of his broken faith), the king hears a messenger announce that

“The Norman host, that silently in prayer
Have passed the night, now marshall
their array ;”

and calmly answers—

“Then must we go forth,
Nor fear the event, since righteous is our
cause ;”

suggests a comparison, which I know I was far from intending, with Harold’s predecessor on the English throne, Ethelred the Unready. For the matter of that, however, I find

that I made the Normans advance at as leisurely a pace as the slowest adversaries could desire ; for, setting both armies in presence in scene the fifth, and opening it by a short harangue of William to his troops, I gave Harold time afterwards to say farewell to his mother, to have a long whispered conversation with his confidant Oswald, and to animate his warriors by a speech of forty-one lines, without the smallest disturbance on the part of his obliging enemies. I am glad to see by that speech (I may observe) that I had proper notions in my childhood of the elective nature of the English crown in its origin ; for I see that I made Harold tell his men—

“Me have you *chosen* to defend your
rights,
And, with the help of Heaven, I will till
death !”

I am also much pleased to find that I made poor old Githa express in a soliloquy the deepest remorse for the very white lies (as many modern dowagers would call them) which she told her son, to keep him firm to an advantageous alliance. In fact, the generally virtuous and high-minded sentiments which I find diffused through the play are very edifying ; though the evil forebodings freely indulged in by most of the characters have a depressing effect on the mind, and must have gone far to fulfil themselves.

When the much-delayed fight could be adjourned no longer, I see that I was quite up to the expedient of making two persons watch it from afar, and of enabling the audience to see it with their eyes. Only I fear that my consideration for my audience equalled that of the renowned Puff in the ‘Critic ;’ and that, just as his Raleigh and Hatton discourse far more for the good of the spectators than for their own, so when

my Edith quits the convent, where she had hidden her sorrows, to view the fight, yet declares herself unable to look steadfastly at the battle which rages in the distance, the marvellous insight into its varied fortunes with which her sister Elfrida is endowed is a gift rather to be desired than expected in any young lady similarly situated. The act ends by their retiring from the field on a false report of the victory of the English. My third and last act opened by showing Harold, disappointed of succour from his new-made brother-in-law, and hard pressed by his foes, still finding time to commend his lost Edith to Oswald's care (her supposed new lover), and to learn from him the truth of her unbroken faith to himself. With strong expressions of grief and remorse he meets the fatal arrow, and dies exclaiming—

“I shall not live to see my country's chains,
Or to bewail the loss of Edith's love.”

That excellent young person's lamentations, when the tidings of Harold's death reach her, are, I regret to say, somewhat wanting in passion. However, she remains at her post, refusing to fly with Oswald and Elfrida, to whom that obliging young man has consented to transfer his affections. I may remark that this is not the only young couple whom I, with some ingenuity, contrived to make happy amidst their country's wreck. Alghitha, after rather a spirited scene with her mother-in-law, is rescued from the Norman soldiers by her still faithful Eldred. I recollect that I felt it due to my readers to alleviate their anguish on behalf of Edith and Harold by at least two underplots that ended well. And having got through my battle with singularly little effusion of blood—Harold's death and that of the soldier from whom Alghitha was rescued being

the only two recorded—I could employ a larger number of my *corps dramatique* in the task of burying the dead than could the great anonymous author of ‘Pyramus and Thisbe,’ who, you will remember, leaves no one to discharge the duty but Lion and Moonshine. I, agreeably to history, had Githa ready to enter William's tent (like aged Priam) and beg the body of her son from the Conqueror. But before her entrance, not liking to leave him in undisturbed enjoyment of his hour of victory, I brought in once more the irrepressible Hilda to foretell to the proud Norman the unquiet life and insecure grave which awaited him, with the ills that were to befall his sons. Whether William's fierce refusal at first to allow the burial of the man who broke the oath he swore to him on the holy relics should be ascribed to the irritation produced in his mind by Hilda's well-meant but wearisome effusion, or whether rather his final permission to Githa to inter her son's body was wrung from him by wholesome terror of Hilda's dark picture of his future, I leave for the consideration of others. At all events, my play closed with the battle-field, dimly lighted by the torches of Githa's train, while she vainly searches it for the body of her son. Edith enters after a while and succeeds in finding the slain Harold. Githa bespeaks his brief epitaph, “Harold Infelix,” and then dies beside her son. But Edith lives to lead the mournful procession which bears the dead mother with the dead son to her own convent refuge. I know that I strove hard to bring out the pathos of my closing scene. I perhaps did not wholly fail when I made Edith say of her dead lover, that to herself “His voice o'erpowers the music of the world;” but I see that nature was too strong for me. I could not

know at thirteen how lovers love. A mother's love I had enjoyed; and so, while I made the forsaken Edith say a good deal that was more or less to the purpose, I made the bereaved Githa say little and die.

Schiller, in an earlier play than that which contains his self-sacrificing Thecla (whom I remember childishly thinking I would copy when I made Edith resign Harold for his own good), bids a hero reverence the dreams of his youth. I feel just a little remorse at having invited the public here to laugh at some of mine. Still, I hope it has been harmless fun for both them and me. I do not think I was the worse for having tried so hard to write verses in my childhood, and rather believe that having done so may have helped me to the many hours of happiness which I have enjoyed from that day to this with Spenser or Shakespeare, Dante or the Greek poets before me. And you, my reader, be frank and confess that in your earlier years you were as foolish if not so industrious as I, and if you did not undertake great historical plays, yet wrote lyrics which you thought very charming at the time, and read aloud to an audience, "fit though few," which applauded you to the echo. Or if the pleasing madness never seized you—for sometimes

these things do skip one generation—take one of your sons aside and ask him to tell you in strict confidence whether in moments snatched from the serious business of life, such as cricket and football, he too is not preparing himself to write a tragedy by diligent study of, shall we say, Freeman's 'Norman Conquest,' and 'Strafford: an Historical Drama,' by John Sterling?

If so, have the goodness to tell him, with my compliments, that 'The Finding of the Body of Harold' is now an interdicted subject to poets as well as to painters, having been done as well as is possible by a person of tender years long before he was born; and that if he doubts my word and proceeds in his rash enterprise, I may revenge myself upon him by even yet publishing 'Harold' *in extenso*; but that, if he will oblige me by moving on to 'The Death of Rufus,' or 'Murder of Thomas à Becket,' and send me his tragedy, I may, not impossibly, review it rather more favourably than I have done my own; for we know, on excellent authority, that severe critics are authors who have failed themselves; and how could I bear, by injudicious severity towards another, to confess that my own 'Harold' was after all a failure?

A WOMAN-HATER.

PART VI.—CHAPTER XV.

“WHEN I reached Great Britain, the right of women to Medicine was in this condition—a learned lawyer explained it carefully to me ; I will give you his words.—The unwritten law of every nation admits all mankind, and not the male half only, to the study and practice of medicine and the sale of drugs. In Great Britain this law is called the common law, and is deeply respected. Whatever liberty it allows to men or women is held sacred in our courts, until *directly* and *explicitly* withdrawn by some Act of the Legislature. Under this ancient liberty women have occasionally practised general medicine and surgery, up to the year 1858. But, for centuries, they *monopolised*, by custom, one branch of practice, the obstetric, and that, together with the occasional treatment of children, and the nursing of both sexes, which is semi-medical, and is their *monopoly*, seems, on the whole, to have contented them, till late years, when their views were enlarged by wider education, and other causes. But their abstinence from general practice, like their monopoly of obstetrics, lay with women themselves, and not with the law of England. That law is the same in this respect as the common law of Italy and France ; and the constitution of Bologna, where so many doctresses have filled the chairs of medicine and other sciences, makes no more direct provision for female students than does the constitution of any Scotch or English university. The whole thing lay with the women themselves, and with local civilisation. Years ago, Italy was far more civilised than England ; so Ital-

ian women took a large sphere. Of late the Anglo-Saxon has gone in for civilisation with his usual energy, and is eclipsing Italy ; therefore his women aspire to larger spheres of intellect and action, beginning in the States, because American women are better educated than English. The advance of *women*, in useful attainments, is the most infallible sign in any country of advancing civilisation. All this about civilisation is my observation, sir, and not the lawyer's. Now for the lawyer again.—Such being the law of England, the British Legislature passed an Act in 1858, the real object of which was to protect the public against incapable doctors, not against capable doctresses or doctors. The Act excludes from medical practice all persons whatever, male or female, unless registered in a certain register ; and to get upon that register, the person, male or female, must produce a licence or diploma, granted by one of the British examining boards specified in a schedule attached to the Act.

“Now these examining boards were all members of the leading medical schools. If the Legislature had taken the usual precaution, and had added a clause *compelling* those boards to examine worthy applicants, the Act would have been a sound public measure ; but for want of that foresight—and without foresight a lawgiver is an impostor and a public pest—the State robbed women of their old common-law rights with one hand, and with the other enabled a respectable trades-union to thrust them out of their new statutory rights. Unfortunately, the respectable union, to whom the Legis-

lature delegated an unconstitutional power they did not claim themselves, of excluding qualified persons from examination, and so robbing them of their licence and their bread, had an overpowering interest to exclude qualified women from medicine; they had the same interest as the watchmakers' union, the printers', the painters on china, the calico engravers', and others, have to exclude qualified women from those branches, though peculiarly fitted for them, but not more so than they are for the practice of medicine, Nature having made *them*, and not *men*, the medical, and unmusical, sex.

"Wherever there's a trades-union, the weakest go to the wall. Those vulgar unions I have mentioned exclude women from skilled labour they excel in, by violence and conspiracy, though the law threatens them with imprisonment for it: was it in nature, then, that the medical union would be infinitely forbearing, when the Legislature went and patted it on the back, and said, *you* can conspire with safety against your female rivals? Of course the clique were tempted more than any clique could bear, by the unwariness of the Legislature, and closed the doors of the medical schools to female applicants. Against unqualified female practitioners they never acted with such zeal and consent; and why?—the female quack is a public pest, and a good foil to the union; the qualified doctress is a public good, and a blow to the union.

"The British medical union was now in a fine attitude by Act of Parliament. It could talk its contempt of medical women, and act its terror of them, and keep both its feigned contempt and its real alarm safe from the test of a public examination, that crucible in which cant, surmise, and mendacity are

soon evaporated or precipitated, and only the truth stands firm.

"For all that, two female practitioners got upon the register, and stand out, living landmarks of experience and the truth, in the dead wilderness of surmise and prejudice.

"I will tell you how they got in. The Act of Parliament makes two exceptions: first, it lets in, *without examination*—and that is very unwise—any foreign doctor who shall be practising in England at the date of the Act, although, with equal incapacity, it omits to provide that any future foreign doctor shall be able to *demand examination* (in with the old foreign fogies, blindfold, right or wrong; out with the rising foreign luminaries of an ever-advancing science, right or wrong); and secondly, it lets in, without examination, to experiment on the vile body of the public, any person, qualified or unqualified, who may have been made a doctor by a very venerable and equally irrelevant functionary. Guess, now, who it is that a British Parliament sets above the law, as a doctor-maker for that public it professes to love and protect!"

"The Regius Professor of Medicine?"

"No."

"Tyndal?"

"No."

"Huxley?"

"No."

"Then I give it up."

"The Archbishop of Canterbury."

"Oh, come! a joke is a joke."

"This is no joke. Bright monument of British flunkeyism and imbecility, there stands the clause setting that reverend and irrelevant doctor-maker above the law, which sets his Grace's female relations below the law, and, in practice, outlaws the whole female population, starving those who desire to practise medicine learnedly,

and oppressing those who, out of modesty, not yet quite smothered by custom and monopoly, desire to consult a learned female physician, instead of being driven, like sheep, by iron tyranny—in a country that babbles Liberty—to a male physician or a female quack.

“Well, sir, in 1849 Miss Elizabeth Blackwell fought the good fight in the United States, and had her troubles; because the States were not so civilised then as now. She graduated Doctor at Geneva in the State of New York.

“She was practising in England in 1858, and demanded her place on the register. She is an Englishwoman by birth; but she is an English M.D. only through America having more brains than Britain. This one islander sings, ‘Hail, Columbia!’ as often as ‘God save the Queen!’ I reckon.

“Miss Garrett, an enthusiastic student, travelled north, south, east, and west, and knocked in vain at the doors of every great school and university in Britain; but at last found a chink in the iron shutters of the London Apothecaries. It seems Parliament was wiser in 1815 than in 1858, for it inserted a clause in the Apothecaries Act of 1815 *compelling* them to examine all persons who should apply to them for examination, after proper courses of study. Their charter contained no loophole to evade the Act, and substitute ‘him’ for ‘person;’ so they let Miss Garrett in as a student. Like all the students, she had to attend lectures on chemistry, botany, materia medica, zoology, natural philosophy, and clinical surgery. In the collateral subjects they let her sit with the male students; but in anatomy and surgery she had to attend the same lectures privately, and pay for lectures all to herself. This cost her enormous fees. However, it is only

fair to say that, if she had been one of a dozen female students, the fees would have been diffused; as it was, she had to gild the pill out of her private purse.

“In the hospital teaching she met difficulties and discouragement, though she asked for no more opportunities than are granted readily to professional nurses and female amateurs. But the whole thing is a mere money question; that is the key to every lock in it.

“She was freely admitted at last to one great hospital, and all went smoothly till some surgeon examined the students *viva voce*; then Miss Garrett was off her guard, and displayed too marked a superiority; thereupon the male students played the woman, and begged she might be excluded; and, I am sorry to say, for the credit of your sex, this unmanly request was complied with by the womanish males in power.

“However, at her next hospital, Miss Garrett was more discreet, and took pains to conceal her galling superiority.

“All her trouble ended—where her competitors’ began—at the public examination. She passed brilliantly, and is an English apothecary. In civilised France she is a learned physician.

“She had not been an apothecary a week, before the Apothecaries’ Society received six hundred letters from the medical small-fry in town and country; they threatened to send no more boys to the Apothecaries, but to the College of Surgeons, if ever another woman received an apothecary’s license. Now you know all men tremble in England at the threats of a trades-union; so the Apothecaries instantly cudgelled their brains to find a way to disobey the law, and obey the union. The medical press gave them a hint, and they passed a by-law, forbidding their students

to receive any part of their education *privately*; and made it known, at the same time, that their female students would not be allowed to study the leading subjects *publicly*. And so they baffled the Legislature, and outlawed half the nation, by a juggle, which the press and the public would have risen against, if a single grown-up man had been its victim, instead of four million adult women. Now you are a straightforward man; what do you think of that?"

"Humph!" said Vizard; "I do not altogether approve it. The strong should not use the arts of the weak in fighting the weak. But in spite of your eloquence I mean to forgive them anything. Shakespeare has provided them with an excuse that fits all time,—

'Our poverty, but not our will, consents.'"

"Poverty! the poverty of a company in the city of London! *Alions donc*. Well, sir, for years after this all Europe, even Russia, advanced in civilisation, and opened their medical schools to women; so did the United States: only the pig-headed Briton stood stock-still, and gloried in his minority of one; as if one small island is likely to be right in its monomania, and all civilised nations wrong.

"But, whilst I was studying in France, one lion-hearted English-woman was moving our native isle. First she tried the University of London; and that sets up for a liberal foundation. Answer—'Our charter is expressly framed to exclude women from medical instruction.'

"Then she sat down to besiege Edinburgh. Now Edinburgh is a very remarkable place. It has only half the houses, but ten times the intellect, of Liverpool or Manchester. And the University has two advantages as a home of *science*

over the English universities: it is far behind them in Greek, which is the language of Error and Nescience, and before them in English, and that is a tongue a good deal of knowledge is printed in. Edinburgh is the only centre of British literature, except London.

"One medical professor received the pioneer with a concise severity, and declined to hear her plead her cause; and one received her almost brutally. He said, 'No respectable woman would apply to him to study medicine.' Now respectable women were studying it all over Europe."

"Well, but perhaps his soul lived in an island."

"That is so. However, personal applicants must expect a rub or two; and most of the professors in and out of medicine, treated her with kindness and courtesy.

"Still, she found even the friendly professors alarmed at the idea of a woman matriculating, and becoming *Civis Edinensis*; so she made a moderate application to the Senate—viz., for leave to attend medical lectures. This request was endorsed by a majority of the medical professors, and granted. But on the appeal of a few medical professors against it, the Senate suspended its resolution, on the ground that there was only one applicant.

"This got wind, and other ladies came into the field directly, your humble servant amongst them. Then the Senate felt bound to recommend the University Court to admit such female students to matriculate as could pass the preliminary examination—this is in history, logic, languages, and other branches; and we prepared for it in good faith. It was a happy time: after a good day's work, I used to go up the Calton Hill, or Arthur's Seat, and view the sea, and the Piræus, and the violet hills, and the romantic

undulations of the city itself, and my heart glowed with love of knowledge, and with honourable ambition. I ran over the names of worthy women who had adorned medicine at sundry times and in divers places, and resolved to deserve as great a name as any in history. Refreshed by my walk—I generally walked eight miles, and practised gymnastics to keep my muscles hard—I used to return to my little lodgings; and they too were sweet to me, for I was learning a new science—logic.”

“That was a nut to crack.”

“I have met few easier or sweeter. One non-observer had told me it was a sham science, and mere pedantry; another, that it pretended to show men a way to truth without observing. I found, on the contrary, that it was a very pretty little science, which does not affect to discover phenomena, but simply to guard men against rash generalisation, and false deductions from true data. It taught me the untrained world is brimful of fallacies and verbal *équivoques*, that ought not to puzzle a child, but, whenever they creep into an argument, do actually confound the learned and the simple alike, and all for want of a month’s logic.

“Yes, I was happy on the hill, and happy by the hearth; and so things went on till the preliminary examination came. It was not severe; we ladies all passed with credit, though many of the male aspirants failed.”

“How do you account for that?” asked Vizard.

“With my eyes. I *observe* that the average male is very superior in intellect to the average female; and I *observe* that the picked female is immeasurably more superior to the average male, than the average male is to the average female.”

“Is it so simple as that?”

“Ay; why not? What! are you one of those who believe that Truth is obscure; hides herself; and lies in a well? I tell you, *sir*, Truth lies in no well. The place Truth lies in is—the *middle of the turnpike-road*. But one old foggy puts on his green spectacles to look for her, and another his red, and another his blue; and so they all miss her, because she is a colourless diamond. Those spectacles are preconceived notions, *à priori* reasoning, cant, prejudice, the depth of Mr Shallow’s inner consciousness, &c., &c. Then comes the *observer*, opens the eyes that God has given him, tramples on all coloured spectacles, and finds Truth as surely as the spectacled theorists miss her. Say that the intellect of the average male is to the average female as ten to six, it is to the intellect of the picked female as ten to a hundred and fifty, or even less. Now the intellect of the male Edinburgh student was much above that of the average male, but still it fell far below that of the picked female. All the examinations at Edinburgh showed this to all God’s unspectacled creatures that used their eyes.”

These remarks hit Vizard hard. They accorded with his own good sense and method of arguing; but perhaps my more careful readers may have already observed this. He nodded hearty approval for once; and she went on:—

“We had now a right to matriculate, and enter on our medical course. But, to our dismay, the right was suspended. The proofs of our general proficiency, which we hoped would reconcile the professors to us as students of medicine, alarmed people, and raised us unscrupulous enemies in some who were justly respected, and others who had influence, though they hardly deserved it.

"A general council of the University was called to reconsider the pledge the Senate had given us, and overawe the University Court by the weight of academic opinion. The Court itself was fluctuating, and ready to turn either way. A large number of male students co-operated against us, with a petition. They, too, were a little vexed at our respectable figure in the preliminary examination.

"The assembly met, and the union orator got up; he was a preacher of the Gospel, and carried the weight of that office. Christianity, as well as science, seemed to rise against us in his person. He made a long and eloquent speech, based on the intelligent surmises, and popular prejudices, that were diffused in a hundred leading articles, and in letters to the editor by men and women, to whom history was a dead letter in modern controversies; for the press battled this matter for two years, and furnished each party with an artillery of reasons, *pro* and *con*.

"He said: 'Woman's sphere is the hearth and the home: to impair her delicacy is to take the bloom from the peach: she could not qualify for medicine without mastering anatomy and surgery, branches that must unsex her. Providence, intending her to be man's helpmate, not his rival, had given her a body unfit for war, or hard labour, and a brain four ounces lighter than a man's, and unable to cope with long study and practical science. In short, she was too good, and too stupid, for medicine.'

"It was eloquent, but it was *à priori* reasoning, and conjecture *versus* evidence: yet the applause it met with showed one how happy is the orator *qui hurle avec les loups*. Taking the scientific preacher's whole theory in theol-

ogy and science, woman was high enough in creation to be the mother of God, but not high enough to be a sawbones.

"Well, a professor of *belles lettres* rose on our side, not with a rival theory, but with facts. He was a pupil of Lord Bacon, and a man of the nineteenth century; so he objected to *à priori* reasoning on a matter of experience. To settle the question of capacity, he gave a long list of women who had been famous in science. Such as Bettisia Gozzadini, Novella Andrea, Novella Calderini, Madalena Buonsignori, and many more, who were doctors of law and university professors: Dorotea Bocchi, who was professor both of philosophy and medicine; Laura Bassi, who was elected professor of philosophy in 1732 by acclamation, and afterwards professor of experimental physics; Anna Manzolini, professor of anatomy in 1760; Gaetana Agnesi, professor of mathematics; Christina Roccati, doctor of philosophy in 1750; Clotilde Tambroni, professor of Greek in 1793; Maria Dalle Donne, doctor of medicine in 1799; Zaffira Ferretti, doctor of medicine in 1800; Maria Sega, doctor of medicine in 1799; Madalena Noe, graduate of civil law in 1807. Ladies innumerable, who graduated in law and medicine at Pavia, Ferrara, and Padua, including Elena Lucrezia Cornaro of Padua, a very famous woman. Also in Salamanca, Alcalá, Cordova, he named more than one famous doctress. Also in Heidelberg, Göttingen, Giessen, Wurzburg, &c., and even at Utrecht, with numberless graduates in the arts and faculties at Montpellier and Paris in all ages. Also outside reputations as of Doctor Bouvin and her mother, acknowledged celebrities in their branch of medicine. This chain, he said, has

never been really broken. There was scarcely a great foreign university without some female student of high reputation. There were such women at Vienna and Petersburg: many such at Zurich. At Montpellier Mademoiselle Doumergue was carrying all before her, and Miss Garrett and Miss Mary Putman at Paris, though they were weighted in the race by a foreign language. Let the male English physician pass a stiff examination in scientific French before he brayed so loud. He had never done it yet. This, he said, is not an age of chimeras, it is a wise and wary age, which has established in all branches of learning a sure test of ability in man or woman—public examination followed by a public report. These public examinations are all conducted by males, and women are passing them triumphantly all over Europe and America, and graduate as doctors in every civilised country, and even in half-civilised Russia.

“He then went into our own little preliminary examination, and gave the statistics. In Latin were examined 55 men and 3 women: 10 men were rejected, but no woman; 7 men were respectable, 7 *optimi* or first-rate, 1 woman *bona*, and 1 *optima*. In mathematics were examined 67 men and 4 women, of whom 1 woman was *optima*, and 1 *bona*: 10 men were *optimi*, and 25 *boni*; the rest failed. In German 2 men were examined and 1 woman: 1 man was good, and 1 woman. In logic 28 men were examined and 1 woman: the woman came out fifth in rank, and she had only been at it a month. In moral philosophy 16 men were examined and 1 woman: the woman came out third. In arithmetic, 51 men and 3 women: 2 men were *optimi*, and 1 woman *optima*; several

men failed, and not one woman. In mechanics, 81 men and 1 woman: the woman passed with fair credit, as did 13 men; the rest failing. In French were examined 58 men and 4 women: 3 men and 1 woman were respectable; 8 men and 1 woman passed; 2 women attained the highest excellence, *optimæ*, and not one man. In English, 63 men and 3 women: 3 men were good, and 1 woman; but 2 women were *optimæ*, and only 1 man.”

“Fancy you remembering figures like that,” said Vizard.

“It is all training and habit,” said she, simply.

“As to the study and practice of medicine degrading women, he asked if it degraded men. No; it elevated them. They could not contradict him on that point. He declined to believe, without a particle of evidence, that any science could elevate the higher sex and degrade the lower. What evidence we had ran against it. Nurses are not, as a class, unfeminine, yet all that is most appalling, disgusting, horrible, and *unsexing* in the art of healing is monopolised by them. Women see worse things than doctors. Women nurse all the patients of both sexes, often under horrible and sickening conditions, and lay out all the corpses. No doctor objects to this on sentimental grounds; and why? because the nurses get only a guinea a-week, and not a guinea a flying visit: to women the loathsome part of medicine; to man the lucrative! The noble nurses of the Crimea went to attend *males only*; yet were not charged with indelicacy. They worked gratis. The would-be doctresses look *mainly to attending women*; but then they want to be paid for it: there was the rub—it was a mere money question, and all the attempts of the union to hide

this and play the sentimental shopman were transparent hypocrisy and humbug.

"A doctor justly revered in Edinburgh answered him; but said nothing new nor effective; and, to our great joy, the majority went with us.

"Thus encouraged, the University Court settled the matter. We were admitted to matriculate and study medicine, under certain conditions, to which I beg your attention.

"The instruction of women for the profession of medicine was to be conducted in separate classes confined entirely to women.

"The professors of the faculty of medicine should, for this purpose, be permitted to have separate classes for women.

"All these regulations were approved by the Chancellor, and are to this day a part of the law of that University.

"We ladies, five in number, but afterwards seven, were matriculated and registered professional students of medicine, and passed six delightful months we now look back upon, as if it was a happy dream.

"We were picked women, all in earnest; we deserved respect, and we met with it. The teachers were kind, and we attentive and respectful: the students were courteous, and we were affable to them, but discreet. Whatever seven young women could do to earn esteem, and reconcile even our opponents to the experiment, we did. There was not an anti-student, or down-right flirt, amongst us: and, indeed, I have observed that an earnest love of study and science controls the amorous frivolity of women even more than men's. Perhaps our heads are really *smaller* than men's, and we haven't room in them to be like Solomon—extremely wise and arrant fools.

"This went on until the first

professional examination; but, after the examination, the war, to our consternation, recommenced. Am I then bad-hearted for thinking there must have been something in that examination which roused the sleeping spirit of trades-unionism?"

"It seems probable."

"Then view that probability by the light of fact:

"In physiology the male students were 127; in chemistry, 226.

"25 obtained honours in physiology.

"31 in chemistry.

"In physiology and chemistry there were five women. One obtained honours in physiology alone. Four obtained honours in both physiology and chemistry.

"So, you see, the female students beat the male students in physiology at the rate of five to one, and in chemistry seven and three-quarters to one.

"But, horrible to relate, one of the ladies eclipsed twenty-nine out of the thirty-one gentlemen who took *honours* in chemistry. In capacity she surpassed them all; for the two, who were above her, obtained only two marks more than she did, yet they had been a year longer at the study. This entitled her to 'a Hope Scholarship' for that year.

"Would you believe it? the scholarship was refused her—in utter defiance of the founder's conditions—on the idle pretext that she had studied at a different hour from the male students, and therefore was not a member of the chemistry class."

"Then why admit her to the competition?" said Vizard.

"Why? because the *à priori* reasoners took for granted she would be defeated. Then the cry would have been 'you had your chance; we let you try for the Hope Scholarship; but you could

not win it.' Having won it, she was to be cheated out of it somehow, or anyhow. The separate class system was not that lady's fault; she would have preferred to pay the University lecturer lighter fees, and attend a better lecture with the male students. The separate class was an unfavourable condition of study, which the University imposed on us, as the condition of admitting us to the professional study of medicine. Surely, then, to cheat that lady out of her Hope Scholarship, when she had earned it under conditions of study enforced and unfavourable, was perfidious and dishonest. It was even a little ungrateful to the injured sex; for the money which founded these scholarships was women's money, every penny of it. The good Professor Hope had lectured to ladies fifty years ago; had taken their fees, and founded his scholarships with their money: and it would have done his heart good to see a lady win, and wear, that prize, which, but for his female pupils, would never have existed. But it is easy to trample on a dead man; as easy as on living women.

"The perfidy was followed by ruthless tyranny. They refused to admit the fair criminal to the laboratory, 'else,' said they, 'she'll defeat more men.'

"That killed her, as a chemist. It gave inferior male students too great an advantage over her. And so the public and Professor Hope were sacrificed to a trades-union, and lost a great analytical chemist, and something more—she had, to my knowledge, a subtle diagnosis. Now we have, at present, no *great* analyst, and the few competent analysts we have do not possess diagnosis in proportion. They can find a few poisons in the dead, but they are slow to discover them in the living; so they are not to be

counted on to save a life, where Crime is administering poison. That woman could, and would, I think.

"They drove her out of chemistry, wherein she was a genius, into surgery, in which she was only a talent. She is now house-surgeon in a great hospital, and the public has lost a great chemist and diagnostic physician combined.

"Up to the date of this enormity the press had been pretty evenly divided for and against us. But now, to their credit, they were unanimous, and reprobated the juggle as a breach of public faith and plain morality. Backed by public opinion, one friendly professor took this occasion to move the University to relax the regulation of separate classes, since it had been abused. He proposed that the female students should be admitted to the ordinary classes.

"This proposal was negatived by 58 to 47.

"This small majority was gained by a characteristic manœuvre. The Queen's name was gravely dragged in as disapproving the proposal, when in fact it could never have been submitted to her, or her comment, if any, must have been in writing; and as to the general question, she has never said a public word against medical women. She has too much sense not to ask herself, How can any woman be fit to be a queen, with powers of life and death, if no woman is fit to be so small a thing, by comparison, as a physician, or a surgeon?

"We were victims of a small majority, obtained by imagination playing upon flunkeyism; and the first result was, we were not allowed to sit down to botany with males. Mind you, we might have gathered blackberries with them in umbrageous woods, from morn till dewy eve, and not a professor shocked in the whole Faculty; but we must not

sit down with them to an intellectual dinner of herbs, and listen, in their company, to the pedantic terms and childish classifications of botany, in which kindred properties are ignored. Only the male student must be told publicly that a foxglove is *Digitalis purpurea* in the improved nomenclature of science, and crow-foot is *Ranunculus sceleratus*, and the buck-bean is *Menyanthes trifoliata*, and mugwort is *Artemesia judaica*; and that having lost the properties of hyssop known to Solomon, we regain our superiority over that learned Hebrew by christening it *Gratiola officinalis*. The sexes must not be taught in one room to discard such ugly and inexpressive terms as snowdrop, meadow-sweet, heart's-ease, feverfew, cowslip, &c., and learn to know the cowslip as *Veris*—by class, *pentandria monogynia*; and the buttercup as *Acris*, *polyandria monogynia*; the snowdrop as *Galanthus nivalis*, *hexandria monogynia*; and the meadow-sweet as *Ulmaria*; the heart's-ease as *Viola tricolor*; and the daisy as *Bellis perennis*—*syngenesia superflua*."

"Well," said Vizard, "I think the individual names can only hurt the jaws and other organs of speech. But the classifications! Is the mild lustre of science to be cast over the natural disposition of young women towards *Polyandria monogynia*? Is trigamy to be identified in their sweet souls with floral innocence, and their victims sitting by?"

"Such classifications are puerile and fanciful," said Miss Gale; "but, for that very reason, they don't infect *animals* with trigamy. Novels are much more likely to do that."

"Especially ladies' novels," suggested Vizard, meekly.

"But the sexes will never lose either morals or delicacy through courses of botany endured together. It will not hurt young ladies a bit

to tell them in the presence of young gentlemen that a cabbage is a thalamifloral exogen, and its stamens are tetradynamous; nor that the mushroom, *Psalliota campestris*, and the toad-stool, *Myaena campestris*, are confounded by this science in one class, *Cryptogamia*. It will not even hurt them to be told that the properties of the *Arum maculatum* are little known, but that the males are crowded round the centre of the spadix, and the females seated at the base."

Vizard, pompously, "The pulpit and the tea-table are centres of similar phenomena. Now I think of it, the pulpit is a very fair calyx, but the tea-table is rather squat."

"Yes, sir. But, more than that, not one of these pedants who growled at promiscuous botany has once objected to promiscuous dancing, not even with the gentleman's arm round the ladies' waists, which the custom of centuries cannot render decent. Yet the professors of delicacy connive, and the mother geese sit smirking at the wail. Oh, world of hypocrites and humbugs!"

"I am afraid you are an upsetter-general," said Vizard. "But you are abominably sincere; and all this is a curious chapter of human nature. Pray proceed."

Miss Gale nodded gravely, and resumed.

"So much public ridicule fell on the union for this, and the blind flunkeyism, which could believe the Queen had meddled in the detail, that the professors melted under it, and threw open botany and natural history to us, with other collateral sciences.

"Then came the great fight, which is not ended yet.

"To qualify for medicine, and pass the stiff examination, by which the public is very properly protected, you must be versed in anatomy and clinical surgery.

Books and lectures do not suffice for this, without the human subject—alive and dead. The University Court knew that very well when it matriculated us, and therefore it provided for our instruction by promising us separate classes.

“Backed by this public pledge, we waited on the University Professor of Anatomy to arrange our fees for a separate lecture. He flatly refused to instruct us separately for love or money, or to permit his assistants. That meant, ‘The union sees a way to put you in a cleft stick and cheat you out of your degree, in spite of the pledge the University has given you; in spite of your fees, and of your time given to study in reliance on the promise.’

“This was a heavy blow. But there was an extra-mural establishment called Surgeons’ Hall, and the University formally recognised all the lecturers in this Hall; so we applied to those lecturers, and they were shocked at the illiberality of the University professors, and admitted us at once to mixed classes. We attended lectures with the male students on anatomy and surgery, and of all the anticipated evils, not one took place, sir.

“The objections to mixed classes proved to be idle words; yet the old-fashioned minds opposed to us shut their eyes and went on reasoning *à priori*, and proving that the evils which they saw did not arise *must* arise should the experiment of mixed classes, which was then succeeding, ever be tried.

“To qualify us for examination we now needed but one thing more, hospital practice. The Infirmary is supported not so much by the University as the town. We applied, therefore, with some confidence for the permission usually conceded to medical students. The managers refused us the *town infirmary*. Then

we applied to the subscribers. The majority, not belonging to a trades-union, declared in our favour, and intimated plainly that they would turn out the illiberal managers at the next election of managers.

“But by this time the war was hot and general, and hard blows were dealt on both sides. It was artfully suppressed by our enemies in the profession and in the press that we had begged hard for the separate class which had been promised us in anatomy, and permission to attend, by ourselves, a limited number of wards in the Infirmary; and on this falsehood by suppression worse calumnies were built.

“I shall tell you what we really were, and what foul mouths and pens insinuated we must be.

“Two accomplished women had joined us, and we were now the seven wise virgins of a half-civilised nation, and, if I know black from white, we were seven of its brightest ornaments. We were seven ladies, who wished to be doctresses, especially devoted to our own sex; seven good students, who went on our knees to the University for those separate classes in anatomy and clinical surgery which the University was bound in honour to supply us; but, our prayer rejected, said to the University, ‘Well, use your own discretion about separate or mixed classes; but for your own credit, and that of human nature, do not wilfully tie a hangman’s noose to throttle the weak and deserving, and don’t cheat seven poor, hard-working, meritorious women, your own matriculated students, out of our entrance-fees, which lie to this day in the University coffers, out of the exceptionally heavy fees we have paid to your professors, out of all the fruit of our hard study, out of our diplomas, and our bread. Solve the knot your own way. We will submit to

mixed classes, or anything, except professional destruction.'

"In this spirit our lion-hearted leader wrote the letter of an uninjured dove, and said, there were a great many more wards in the Infirmary than any male student could or did attend; we would be content to divide the matter thus: the male students to have the monopoly of two-thirds, we to have the bare right of admission to one-third. By this the male students (if any) who had a sincere objection to study the sick, and witness operations, in our company, could never be troubled with us; and we, though less favoured than the male students, could just manage to qualify for that public examination, which was to prove whether we could make able physicians or not.

"Sir, this gentle proposal was rejected with rude scorn, and in aggressive terms. Such is the spirit of a trades-union.

"Having now shown you what we were, I will now tell you what our enemies, declining to observe our conduct, though it was very public, suggested we *must* be. Seven shameless women who pursued medicine as a handle for sexuality; who went into the dissecting-room to dissect males, and into the hospital to crowd round the male patient, and who *demand*ed mixed classes, that we might have male companions in those studies, which every feminine woman would avoid altogether.

"This key-note struck, the public was regaled with a burst of hypocrisy such as Molière never had the luck to witness, or oh, what a comedy he would have written!

"The immodest sex, taking advantage of Molière's decease without heirs of his brains, set to work in public to teach the modest sex modesty.

"In the conduct of this pleasant paradox, the representatives of that sex, which has much courage and little modesty, were two professors—who conducted the paradox so judiciously that the London press reprimanded them for their foul insinuations—and a number of young men called medical students.

"Now the medical student surpasses most young men in looseness of life and indecency of mind and speech.

"The representatives of womanhood to be instructed in modesty by these animals, old and young, were seven prudes, whose minds were devoted to study and honourable ambition. These women were as much above the average of their sex in feminine reserve and independence of the male sex as they were in intellect.

"The average girl, who throughout this discussion was all of a sudden puffed as a lily, because she ceased to be *observed*, can attend to nothing if a man is by; she can't work, she can't play, she is so eaten up with the feelings of her sex. The frivolous soul can just manage to play croquet with females; but, enter a man upon the scene, and she does even that very ill, and can hardly be got to take her turn in the only thing she has really given her mind to. We were angels compared with this paltry creature; and she was the standing butt of public censure, until it was found that an imaginary picture of her could be made the handle for insulting her betters.

"Against these seven prudes, decent dotards and their foul-mouthed allies flung out insinuations, which did not escape public censure; and the medical students declared their modesty was shocked at our intrusion into anatomy and surgery, and petitioned against us.

Some of the press were deceived by this for a time, and *hurlaient avec les lours*.

"I took up, one day, my favourite weekly, in which nearly every writer seems to me a scholar; and was regaled with such lines as this:—

"‘It appears that girls are to associate with boys as medical students, in order that, when they become women, they may be able to speak to men with entire plainness upon all the subjects of a doctor’s daily practice.

"‘In plain words, the aspirants to medicine and surgery desire to rid themselves speedily and effectually of that modesty which nature has planted in women.’ And then the writer concludes: ‘We beg to suggest that there are other places besides dissecting-rooms and hospitals where those ladies may relieve themselves of the modesty which they find so troublesome. But fathers naturally object to this being done at their sons’ expense.’"

"Infamous!" cried Vizard. "One comfort, no man ever penned that. That is some old woman, writing down young ones."

"I don't know," said Rhoda. "I have met so many womanish men in this business. All I know is, that my cheeks burned, and, for once in the fight, scalding tears ran down them. It was as if a friend had spat upon me.

"What a chimera! What a monstrous misinterpretation of pure minds by minds impure! To *us* the dissecting-room was a temple, and the dead an awe, revolting to all our senses, until the knife revealed to our minds the Creator’s hand in structural beauties that the trained can appreciate, if wicked dunces can’t.

"And as to the infirmary, we should have done just what we did at Zurich. We held a little aloof

from the male patients, unless some good-natured lecturer, or pupil, gave us a signal, and then we came forward. If we came uninvited, we always stood behind the male students: but we did crowd round the beds of the female patients, and claimed the inner row: AND, SIR, THEY THANKED GOD FOR US OPENLY.

"A few awkward revelations were made during this discussion. A medical student had the candour to write and say that he had been at a lecture, and the professor had told an indelicate story, and, finding it palatable to his modest males, had said: ‘There, gentlemen; now if female students were admitted here, I could not have told you this amusing circumstance.’ So that it was our purifying influence he dreaded in secret, though he told the public he dreaded the reverse.

"Again, female patients wrote to the journals, to beg that female students might be admitted to come between them and the brutal curiosity of the male students, to which they were subjected in so offensive a way, that more than one poor creature declared she had felt agonies of shame, even in the middle of an agonising operation.

"This being a cry from that public for whose sake the whole clique of physicians—male and female—exists, had, of course, no great weight in the union controversy.

"But, sir, if grave men and women will sit calmly down and fling dirt upon every woman who shall aspire to medicine in an island,—though she can do so on a neighbouring continent with honour,—and choose their time when the dirt can only fall on seven known women—since the female students in that island are only seven—the pretended generality becomes a cowardly personality, and wounds as such, and excites less cold-hearted,

and more hot-headed, blackguards to outrage. It was so at Philadelphia, and it was so at Edinburgh.

“Our extra-mural teacher in anatomy was about to give a competitive examination. Now on these occasions we were particularly obnoxious. Often and clearly as it had been proved, by *à priori* reasoning, that we *must* be infinitely inferior to the average male, we persisted in proving, by hard fact, that we *were* infinitely his superior; and every examination gave us an opportunity of crushing solid reasons under hollow fact.

“A band of medical students determined that, for once, *à priori* reasoning should have fair play, and not be crushed by a thing so illusory as fact. Accordingly they got the gates closed, and collected round them. We came up, one after another, and were received with hisses, groans, and abusive epithets.

“This mode of reasoning must have been admirably adapted to my weak understanding; for it convinced me at once I had no business there; and I was for private study directly.

“But, sir, you know the ancients said, ‘Better is an army of stags with a lion for their leader, than an army of lions with a stag for their leader.’ Now it so happened that we had a lioness for our leader. She pushed manfully through the crowd, and hammered at the door; then we crept quaking after. She ordered those inside to open the gates; and some student took shame, and did. In marched our lioness, crept after by her—her——”

“Her cubs.”

“A thousand thanks, good sir. Her does. On second thoughts, ‘her hinds.’ Doe is the female of buck; now I said stags. Well, the ruffians who had undertaken to teach us modesty swarmed in too. They dragged a sheep into the lecture-

room, lighted pipes, produced bottles, drank, smoked, and abused us ladies to our faces; and interrupted the lecturer at intervals with their howls and ribaldry; that was intended to show the professor he should not be listened to any more if he admitted the female students. The affair got wind, and other students, not connected with medicine, came pouring in, with no worse motive, probably, than to see the lark. Some of these, however, thought the introduction of the sheep unfair to so respected a lecturer, and proceeded to remove her; but the professor put up his hand, and said: ‘Oh, don’t remove *her*; she is superior in intellect to many persons here present.’

“At the end of the lecture, thinking us in actual danger from these ruffians, he offered to let us out by a side door; but our lioness stood up and said, in a voice that rings in my ear even now, ‘Thank you: sir; no. There are *gentlemen* enough here to escort us safely.’

“The magic of a great word from a great heart, at certain moments when minds are heated! At that word, sir, the scales fell from a hundred eyes; manhood awoke with a start, ay, and chivalry too; fifty manly fellows were round us in a moment, with glowing cheeks and eyes, and they carried us all home to our several lodgings in triumph; the cowardly caitiffs of the trades-union howled outside, and managed to throw a little dirt upon our gowns, and also hurled epithets, most of which were new to me; but it has since been stated, by persons more versed in the language of the *canaille*, that no fouler terms are known to the dregs of mankind.

“Thus did the immodest sex, in the person of the medical student, outrage seven fair samples of the modest sex—to teach them modesty.

“Next morning the police magistrates dealt with a few of our teachers—inflicted severe rebukes on them, and feeble fines.

“The craftier elders disowned the riot in public, but approved it in private; and continued to act in concert with it, only with cunning, not violence. *It caused no honest revulsion of feeling*, except in the disgusted public, and they had no power to help us.

“The next incident was a stormy debate, by the subscribers to the Infirmary; and here we had a little feminine revenge, which, outraged as we had been, I hope you will not grudge us.

“Our lioness subscribed £5, and became entitled to vote and speech. As the foulest epithets had been hurled at her by the union, and a certain professor had told her, to her face, no respectable woman would come to him and propose to study medicine, she said, publicly, that she had come to his opinion, and respectable women would avoid him—which caused a laugh.

“She also gave a venerable old physician, our bitter opponent, a slap that was not quite so fair. His attendant had been concerned in that outrage, and she assumed—in which she was not justified—that the old doctor approved. ‘To be sure,’ said she, ‘they say he was intoxicated, and that is the only possible excuse.’

“The old doctor had only to say that he did not control his assistants in the street; and his own mode of conducting the opposition, and his long life of honour, were there to correct this young woman’s unworthy surmises,—and she would have had to apologise for going too far on mere surmise. But, instead of that, he was so injudicious as to accuse her of foul language, and say, ‘My attendant is a perfect gentle-

man; he would not be my attendant if he were not.’

“Our lioness had him directly. ‘Oh,’ said she, ‘if Doctor So-and-so prefers to say that his attendant committed that outrage on decency when in his sober senses, I am quite content.’

“This was described as violent invective by people with weak memories, who had forgotten the nature of the outrage our lioness was commenting on: but in truth it was only superior skill in debate, with truth to back it.

“For my part, I kept the police report at the time, and have compared it with her speech;—the judicial comments on those rioters are far more severe than hers. The truth is, it was her facts that hit too hard, not her expressions.

“Well, sir, she obtained a majority; and those managers of the Infirmary who objected to female students, were dismissed, and others elected. At the same meeting the Court of Contributors passed a statute, making it the law of the Infirmary, that students should be admitted without regard to sex.

“But as to the mere election of managers, the other party demanded a scrutiny of the votes, and instructive figures came out. There voted with us twenty-eight firms, thirty-one ladies, seven doctors.

“There voted with the union fourteen firms, two ladies, *thirty-seven doctors*, and three *druggists*.

“Thereupon the trades-union, as declared by the figures, alleged that firms ought not to vote. *Nota bene*—they always had voted unchallenged, till they voted for fair play to women.

“The union served the Provost with an interdict not to declare the new managers elected.

“We applied for our tickets under the new statute, but were impudently refused, under the plea

that the managers must first be consulted: so did the servants of the Infirmary defy the masters, in order to exclude us.

"By this time the great desire of women to practise medicine had begun to show itself. Numbers came in, and matriculated; and the pressure on the authorities to keep faith, and relax the dead-lock they had put us in, was great.

"Thereupon the authorities, instead of saying, 'We have pledged ourselves to a great number of persons, and guided their lives,' took fright, and cast about for juggles. They affected to discover all of a sudden that they had acted illegally in matriculating female students. They would therefore not give back their fees, and pay them two hundred pounds apiece for breach of contract, but merely stop their studies until compelled by judicial decision to keep faith. Observe, it was under advice of the Lord Justice-General they had matriculated us, and entered into a contract with us, *for fulfilling which it was not, and is not, in the power of any mortal man to punish them.*

"But these pettyfoggers said this, 'We have acted illegally, and therefore not we, but *you*, shall suffer: *we* will *profit* by our illegal act, for we will retain your fees to the University, and your fees to its professors, and rob you of the seed-time of your youth, that we have wasted.'

"Now in that country they can get the opinions of the judges by raising what they call an action of declarator.

"One would think it was their business to go to the judges, and meantime give us the benefit of the legal doubt, while it lasted; and of the moral no-doubt, which will last till the day of judgment, and a day after.

"Not a bit of it. They broke their contract with us, refused us the article we had bought of them, and disowned equity, yet shifted the burden of law on to our shoulders. Litigation is long. Possession is nine points. The female students are now sitting with their hands before them, their studies suspended, waiting till time shall show them whether lawyers can pettyfog as well as doctors.

"As for me, I had retired to civilised climes long before this. I used to write twice a-week to my parents; but I withheld all mention of the outrage at Surgeons' Hall. I knew it would give them useless pain. But in three weeks or so came a letter from my father, unlike any other I ever knew him write. It did not even begin, 'My dear child.' This was what he said,—the words are engraved in my memory: 'Out of that nation of cowards and skunks: out of it this moment, once and for ever. The States are your home. Draft on London enclosed. Write to me from France next week, or write to me no more. Graduate in France. Then come north, and sail from Havre to New York. You have done with Britain, and so have I, till our next war. Pray God that mayn't be long!'

"It was like a lion's roar of anguish. I saw my dear father's heart was bursting with agony and rage at the insult to his daughter, and I shed tears for him those wretches had never drawn from me.

"I had cried at being insulted by scholars, in the press; but what was it to me that the scum of the medical profession called me words I did not know the meaning of, and flung the dirt of their streets, and the filth of their souls, after me? I was frightened a little, that is all. But that these rep-

tiles could wound my darling old lion's heart across the ocean—— Sir, he was a man who could be keen and even severe with men : but every virtuous woman was a sacred thing to him ; had he seen one, though a stranger, insulted, as we were, he would have died in her defence ; he was a true American. And to think the dregs of mankind could wound him for his daughter, and so near the end of his own dear life. Oh !” She turned her head away.

“My poor girl !” said Vizard, and his own voice was broken.

When he said that, she gave him her hand, and seemed to cling to it a little ; but she turned her head away from him, and cried, and even trembled a little.

But she very soon recovered herself, and said she would try to end her story. It had been long enough.

“Sir, my father had often obeyed me : but now I knew I must obey him. I got testimonials in Edinburgh, and started South directly ; in a week I was in the south of France. Oh, what a change in people's minds by mere change of place ! The professors received me with winning courtesy ; some hats were lifted to me in the street, with marked respect : flowers were sent to my lodgings, by gentlemen, who never once intruded on me in person. I was in a civilised land. Yet there was a disappointment for me. I inquired for Cornelia. The wretch had just gone and married a professor. I feared she was up to no good, by her writing so seldom of late.

“I sent her a line that an old friend had returned, and had not forgotten her, nor our mutual vows.

“She came directly, and was for caressing away her crime, and dissolving it in crocodile tears ; but I

played the injured friend and the tyrant.

“Then she curled round me, and coaxed, and said : ‘Sweetheart, I can advance your interests all the better. You shall be famous for us both. I shall be happier in your success than in my own.’

“In short, she made it very hard to hold spite ; and it ended in feeble-minded embraces. Indeed she *was* of service to me. I had a favour to ask ; I wanted leave to count my Scotch time in France.

“My view was tenable ; and Cornelia, by her beauty and her popularity, gained over all the professors to it but one. He stood out.

“Well, sir, an extraordinary occurrence befriended me ; no, not extraordinary—unusual.

“I lodged on a second floor. The first floor was very handsome. A young Englishman and his wife took it for a week. She was musical ; a real genius. The only woman I ever heard sing without whining ; for we are, by nature, the medical and unmusical sex.”

“So you said before.”

“I know I did ; and I mean to keep saying it till people see it. Well, the young man was taken violently and mysteriously ill ; had syncope after syncope, and at last ceased to breathe.

“The wife was paralysed, and sat stupefied, and the people about feared for her reason.

“After a time they begged me to come down and talk to her. Of course I went. I found her with her head upon his knees. I sat down quietly, and looked at him. He was young and beautiful, but with a feminine beauty. His head finely shaped, with curly locks that glittered in the sun, and one golden lock lighter than the rest. His eyes and eyelashes, his oval face, his white neck, and his white hand, all beautiful. His left hand

rested on the counterpane. There was an emerald ring on one finger. He was like some beautiful flower cut down. I can see him now.

"The woman lifted her head and saw me. She had a noble face, though now distorted and wild.

"She cried, 'Tell me he is not dead! tell me he is not dead!' and when I did not reply, the poor creature gave a wild cry, and her senses left her. We carried her into another room.

"Whilst the women were bringing her to, an official came to insist on the interment taking place. They are terribly expeditious in the south of France.

"This caused an altercation; and the poor lady rushed out, and finding the officer peremptory, flung her arms round the body, and said they should not be parted—she would be buried with him.

"The official was moved, but said the law was strict, and the town must conduct the funeral unless she could find the sad courage to give the necessary instructions. With this he was going out, inexorable, when all of a sudden I observed something that sent my heart into my mouth, and I cried 'Arrêtez!' so loud that everybody stared.

"I said, 'You must wait till a physician has seen him; he has moved a finger.'

"I stared at the body, and they all stared at me.

"He *had* moved a finger. When I first saw him his fingers were all close together; but now the little finger was quite away from the third finger, the one with the ring on.

"I felt his heart, and found a little warmth about it, but no perceptible pulse. I ordered them to take off his sheet and put on blankets, but not to touch him till I came back with a learned physician. The wife embraced me, all

trembling, and promised obedience. I got a *fiacre* and drove to Dr Brasseur, who was my hostile professor, but very able. I burst on him, and told him I had a case of catalepsy for him: it wasn't catalepsy, you know, but physicians are fond of Greek; they prefer the wrong Greek word to the right English. So I called it 'catalepsy,' and said I believed they were going to bury a live man. He shrugged his shoulders, and said that was one of the customs of the country. He would come in an hour. I told him that would not do, the man would be in his coffin; he must come directly. He smiled at my impetuosity, and yielded.

"I got him to the patient. He examined him, and said he might be alive, but feared the last spark was going out. He dared not venture on friction. We must be wary.

"Well, we tried this stimulant, and that, till at last we got a sigh out of the patient; and I shall not forget the scream of joy, at that sigh, which made the room ring, and thrilled us all.

"By-and-by I was so fortunate as to suggest letting a small stream of water fall from a height on his head and face. We managed that, and by-and-by were rewarded with a sneeze.

"I think a sneeze must revivify the brain wonderfully, for he made rapid progress, and then we tried friction, and he got well very quick. Indeed, as he had nothing the matter with him—except being dead,—he got ridiculously well, and began paying us fulsome compliments, the doctor and me.

"So then we handed him to his joyful wife.

"They talk of crying for joy, as if it was done every day. I never saw it but once, and she was the woman. She made a curious gurgle;

but it was very pretty. I was glad to have seen it, and very proud to be the cause.

“The next day, that pair left. He was English; and so many good-natured strangers called on him that he fled swiftly, and did not even bid me good-bye. However, I was told they both inquired for me, and were sorry I was out when they went.”

“How good of them!” said Vizard, turning red.

“Oh, never mind, sir; I made use of *him*. I scribbled an article that very day, entitled it, ‘While there’s life there’s hope,’ and rushed with it to the editor of a journal. He took it with delight. I wrote it *à la Française*: picture of the dead husband, mourning wife, the impending interment; effaced myself entirely, and said the wife had refused to bury him, until Dr Brasseur, whose fame had reached her ears, had seen the body. To humour her, the doctor was applied to, and, his benevolence being equal to his science, he came: when lo! a sudden surprise; the swift, unerring eye of science detected some subtle sign that had escaped the lesser luminaries. He doubted the death. He applied remedies; he exhausted the means of his art, with little avail at first, but at last a sigh was elicited, then a sneeze; and, marvellous to relate, in one hour the dead man was sitting up, not convalescent, but well. I concluded with some reflections on this *most important case of suspended animation* very creditable to the profession of medicine, and Dr Brasseur.”

“There was a fox!”

“Well, look at my hair. What else could you expect? I said that before, too.

“My notice published, I sent it to the doctor, with my respects, but did not call on him. However, one day he met me, and greeted me with a low bow. ‘Mademoiselle,’ said he, ‘you were always a good student; but now you show the spirit of a *confrère*, and so gracefully, that we are *all* agreed we must have you for one as soon as possible.’

“I curtseyed, and felt my face red, and said I should be the proudest woman in France.

“Grand Dieu!” said he, ‘I hope not; for your modesty is not the least of your charms.’

“So the way was made smooth, and I had to work hard, and in about fourteen months I was admitted to my final examination. It was a severe one; but I had some advantages. Each nation has its wisdom; and I had studied in various schools.

“Being a linguist, with a trained memory, I occasionally backed my replies with a string of French, German, English, and Italian authorities, that looked imposing.

“In short, I did pass with public applause, and cordial felicitation; they quite *fêted* me. The old welcomed me; the young escorted me home, and flung flowers over me at my door. I reappeared in the balcony, and said a few words of gratitude to them and their noble nation. They cheered, and dispersed.

“My heart was in a glow. I turned my eyes towards New York: a fortnight more, and my parents should greet me as an European doctress, if not a British.

“The excitement had been too great; I sank a little exhausted on the sofa. They brought me a letter. It was black-edged. I tore it open, with a scream. My father was dead.”

CHAPTER XVI.

"I was prostrated, stupefied. I don't know what I did, or how long I sat there. But Cornelia came to congratulate me, and found me there like stone, with the letter in my hand. She packed up my clothes, and took me home with her. I made no resistance. I seemed all broken and limp, soul and body, and not a tear that day.

"Oh, sir, how small everything seems beside bereavement! My troubles, my insults, were nothing now; my triumph nothing; for I had no father left to be proud of it with me.

"I wept, with anguish, a hundred times a-day. Why had I left New York? why had I not foreseen this everyday calamity, and passed every precious hour by his side I was to lose?

"Terror seized me. My mother would go next. No life of any value was safe a day. Death did not wait for disease. It killed because it chose, and to show its contempt of hearts.

"But just as I was preparing to go to Havre, they brought me a telegram. I screamed at it, and put up my hands. I said, 'No, no;' I would not read it, to be told my mother was dead. I would have her a few minutes longer. Cornelia read it, and said it was from her. I fell on it, and kissed it. The blessed telegram told she was coming home. I was to go to London, and wait for her.

"I started. Cornelia paid my fees, and put my diploma in my box. I cared for nothing now but my own flesh and blood, what was left of it, my mother.

"I reached London, and telegraphed my address to my mother, and begged her to come at once and ease my fears. I told her my

funds were exhausted, but of course that was not the thing I poured out my heart about; so I daresay she hardly realised my deplorable condition—listless and bereaved, alone in a great city, with no money.

"In her next letter she begged me to be patient. She had trouble with her husband's executors; she would send me a draft as soon as she could; but she would not leave, and let her child be robbed.

"By-and-by the landlady pressed me for money. I gave her my gowns and shawls to sell for me."

"Goose!"

"And just now I was a fox."

"You are both. But so is every woman."

"She handed me a few shillings, by way of balance. I lived on them till they went. Then I starved a little."

"With a ring on your finger you could have pawned for ten guineas!"

"Pawn my ring! My father gave it me." She kissed it tenderly; yet, to Vizard, half defiantly.

"Pawning is not selling, goose," said he, getting angry.

"But I must have parted with it."

"And you preferred to *starve*?"

"I preferred to starve," said she, steadily.

He looked at her. Her eyes faced his. He muttered something, and walked away three steps to hide unreasonable sympathy. He came back with a grand display of cheerfulness. "Your mother will be here next month," said he, "with money in both pockets. Meantime I wish you would let me have a finger in the pie; or, rather, my sister. She is warm-hearted and

enthusiastic ; she shall call on you if you will permit it."

"Is she like you?"

"Not a bit ; we are by different mothers. Hers was a Greek, and she is a beautiful dark girl."

"I admire beauty ; but is she like you—in—in—disposition?"

"Lord ! no ; very superior. Not abominably clever like you ; but absurdly good. You shall judge for yourself. Oblige me with your address."

The doctress wrote her address with a resigned air, as one who had found somebody she had to obey ; and, as soon as he had got it, Vizard gave her a sort of nervous shake of the hand, and seemed almost in a hurry to get away from her. But this was his way.

She would have been amazed if she had seen his change of manner the moment he got amongst his own people.

He burst in on them crying, "There—the prayers of this congregation are requested for Harrington Vizard, saddled with a virago."

"Saddled with a virago !" screamed Fanny.

"Saddled with a—— !" sighed Zoe, faintly.

"Saddled with a virago FOR LIFE !" shouted Vizard, with a loud defiance, that seemed needless, since nobody was objecting violently to his being saddled.

"Look here," said he, descending all of a sudden to a meek, injured air, which, however, did not last very long ; "I was in the garden of Leicester Square, and a young lady turned faint. I observed it, and, instead of taking the hint, and cutting, I offered assistance—off my guard, as usual. She declined. I persisted ; proposed a glass of wine or spirit. She declined, but at last let out she was starving."

"Oh !" cried Zoe.

"Yes, Zoe—starving. A woman more learned, more scientific, more eloquent, more offensive to a fellow's vanity, than I ever saw, or even read of—a woman of *genius*, starving, like a genius and a ninny, with a ring on her finger worth thirty guineas. But my learned goose would not raise money on that, because it was her father's, and he is dead."

"Poor thing !" said Zoe, and her eyes glistened directly.

"It *is* hard, Zoe ; isn't it ? She is a physician—an able physician ; has studied at Zurich, and at Edinburgh, and in France ; and has a French diploma, but must not practise in England, because we are behind the Continent in laws and civilisation—so *she* says, confound her impudence, and my folly for becoming a woman's echo ! But if I were to tell you her whole story, your blood would boil at the trickery, and dishonesty, and oppression of the trades-union, which has driven this gifted creature to a foreign school for education, and, now that a foreign nation admits her ability and crowns her with honour, still she must not practise in this country because she is a woman and we are a nation of half-civilised men. That is *her* chat, you understand, not mine. We are not obliged to swallow all that ; but, turn it how you will, here are learning, genius, and virtue starving. We must get her to accept a little money ; that means, in her case, a little fire and food. Zoe, shall that woman go to bed hungry to-night?"

"No ; never !" said Zoe, warmly. "Let me think. Offer her a *loan*."

"Well done ; that is a good idea. Will *you* undertake it ? She will be far more likely to accept. She is a bit of a prude and all, is my virago."

"Yes, dear, she will. Order the carriage. She shall not go to bed hungry—nobody shall that you are interested in.

"Oh, after dinner will do."

Dinner was ordered immediately, and the brougham an hour after.

At dinner, Vizard gave them all the outline of the Edinburgh struggle, and the *pros* and *cons*; during which narrative his female hearers might have been observed to get cooler and cooler, till they reached the zero of perfect apathy. They listened in dead silence; but, when Harrington had done, Fanny said aside to Zoe, "It is all her own fault. What business have women to set up for doctors?"

"Of course not," said Zoe; "only we must not say so. He indulges *us* in our whims."

Warm partisan of immortal justice, when it was lucky enough to be backed by her affections, Miss Vizard rose directly after dinner, and, with a fine imitation of ardour, said she could lose no more time,—she must go and put on her bonnet. "You will come with me, Fanny?"

When I was a girl; or a boy; I forget which—it is so long ago—a young lady, thus invited by an affectionate friend, used to do one of two things: nine times out of ten she sacrificed her inclination, and went; the tenth, she would make sweet, engaging excuses, and beg off. But the girls of this day have invented "silent volition." When you ask them to do anything they don't quite like, they look you in the face bland but full, and neither speak nor move. Miss Dover was a proficient in this graceful form of refusal by dead silence, and resistance by placid inertia. She just looked like the full moon in Zoe's face, and never budged. Zoe, being also a girl of the day, needed no interpretation. "Oh, very well,"

said she, "disobliging Thing"—with perfect good-humour, mind you.

Vizard, however, was not pleased.

"You go with her, Ned," said he. "Miss Dover prefers to stay and smoke a cigar with me."

Miss Dover's face reddened, but she never budged. And it ended in Zoe taking Severne with her to call on Rhoda Gale.

Rhoda Gale stayed in the garden till sunset, and then went to her lodgings slowly, for they had no attraction,—a dark room; no supper; a hard landlady, half disposed to turn her out.

Dr Rhoda Gale never reflected much in the streets; they were to her a field of minute observation; but, when she got home, she sat down and thought over what she had been saying and doing, and puzzled over the character of the man who had relieved her hunger and elicited her autobiography. She passed him in review; settled in her mind that he was a strong character—a manly man, who did not waste words; wondered a little at the way he had made her do whatever he pleased; blushed a little at the thought of having been so communicative; yet admired the man for having drawn her out so; and wondered whether she should see him again. She hoped she should. But she did not feel sure.

She sat half an hour thus—with one knee raised a little, and her hands interlaced—by a fireplace with a burnt-out coal in it; and by-and-by she felt hungry again. But she had no food, and no money.

She looked hard at her ring, and profited a little by contact with the sturdy good sense of Vizard.

She said to herself, "Men understand one another. I believe father would be angry with me for not."

Then she looked tenderly and wistfully at the ring, and kissed it,

and murmured, "Not to-night." You see she hoped she might have a letter in the morning, and so spite her ring.

Then she made light of it, and said to herself, "No matter; *qui dort dîne*."

But, as it was early for bed, and she could not be long idle, sipping no knowledge, she took up the last good German work that she had bought when she had money, and proceeded to read. She had no candle, but she had a lucifer-match or two, and an old newspaper. With this she made long spills, and lighted one, and read two pages by that paper torch; and lighted another before it was out, and then another, and so on in succession, fighting for knowledge against poverty, as she had fought for it against perfidy.

While she was thus absorbed, a carriage drew up at the door. She took no notice of that; but presently there was a rustling of silk on the stairs, and two voices, and then a tap at the door. "Come in," said she; and Zoe entered just as the last spill burned out.

Rhoda Gale rose, in a dark room; but a gaslight over the way just showed her figure. "Miss Gale?" said Zoe, timidly.

"I am Miss Gale," said Rhoda, quietly, but firmly.

"I am Miss Vizard, the gentleman's sister, that you met in Leicester Square to-day;" and she took a cautious step towards her.

Rhoda's cheeks burned.

"Miss Vizard," she said, "excuse my receiving you so; but you may have heard I am very poor. My last candle is gone. But perhaps the landlady would lend me one. I don't know. She is very disobliging, and very cruel."

"Then she shall not have the honour of lending you a candle," said Zoe, with one of her gushes.

"Now, to tell the truth," said she, altering to the cheerful, "I'm rather glad. I would rather talk to you in the dark, for a little, just at first. May I?" By this time she had gradually crept up to Rhoda.

"I am afraid you *must*," said Rhoda. "But, at least, I can offer you a seat."

Zoe sat down, and there was an awkward silence.

"Oh dear," said Zoe; "I don't know how to begin. I wish you would give me your hand, as I can't see your face."

"With all my heart: there."

(Almost in a whisper) "He has told me."

Rhoda put the other hand to her face, though it was so dark.

"Oh, Miss Gale, how *could* you? Only think! Suppose you had killed yourself, or made yourself very ill. Your mother would have come directly and found you so; and only think how unhappy you would have made her!"

"Can I have forgotten my mother?" asked Rhoda of herself, but aloud.

"Not wilfully, I am sure. But you know geniuses are not always wise in these little things. They want some good humdrum soul to advise them in the common affairs of life. That want is supplied you now, for *I* am here; ha! ha!"

"You are no more commonplace than I am; much less now, I'll be bound."

"We will put that to the test," said Zoe, adroitly enough. "*My* view of all this is—that here is a young lady in want of money *for a time*, as everybody is, now and then, and that the sensible course is to borrow some, till your mother comes over with her apron full of dollars. Now I have twenty pounds to lend, and if you are so mighty sensible as you say, you won't refuse to borrow it."

"Oh, Miss Vizard, you are very good; but I am afraid and ashamed to borrow. I never did such a thing."

"Time you began, then. I have—often. But it is no use arguing. You *must*—or you will get poor me finely scolded. Perhaps he was on his good behaviour with you, being a stranger; but at home they expect to be obeyed. He will be sure to say it was my stupidity, and that *he* would have made you directly."

"Do tell!" cried Rhoda, surprised into an idiom; "as if I'd have taken money from *him*."

"Why, of course not; but between *us* it is nothing at all. There:" and she put the money in Rhoda's hand, and then held both hand and money rather tightly imprisoned in her larger palm; and began to chatter, so as to leave the other no opening. "Oh blessed darkness, how easy it makes things! does it not? I am glad there was no candle; we should have been fencing and blushing ever so long, and made such a fuss about nothing—and——"

This prattle was interrupted by Rhoda Gale putting her right wrist round Zoe's neck, and laying her forehead on her shoulder with a little sob. So then they both distilled the inevitable dew-drops.

But as Rhoda was not much given that way, she started up, and said, "Darkness? no; I must see the face that has come here to help me, and not humiliate me. That is the first use I'll make of the money. I am afraid you are rather plain, or you couldn't be so good as all this."

"No," said Zoe, "I'm not reckoned plain. Only as black as a coal."

"All the more to my taste," said Rhoda, and flew out of the room, and nearly stumbled over a figure

seated on a step of the staircase. "Who are you?" said she, sharply.

"My name is Severne."

"And what are you doing there?"

"Waiting for Miss Vizard."

"Come in then."

"She told me not."

"Then I tell you *to*. The idea! Miss Vizard!"

"Yes."

"Please have Mr Severne in. Here he is, sitting—like grief—on the steps. I will soon be back."

She flew to the landlady. "Mrs Grip, I want a candle."

"Well, the shops are open," said the woman, rudely.

"Oh, I have no time. Here is a sovereign. Please give me two candles directly, candlesticks and all."

The woman's manner changed directly.

"You shall have them this moment, miss, and my own candlesticks, which they are plated."

She brought them, and advised her only to light one. "They don't carry well, miss," said she. "They are wax—or summat."

"Then they are summat," said Miss Gale, after a single glance at their composition.

"I'll make you a nice hot supper, miss, in half an hour," said the woman, maternally, as if she was going to *give* it her.

"No, thank you. Bring me a twopenny loaf, and a scuttle of coals."

"La, miss! no more than that—out of a sov'?"

"Yes—THE CHANGE."

Having shown Mrs Grip her father was a Yankee, she darted upstairs with her candles. Zoe came to meet her, and literally dazzled her.

Rhoda stared at her with amazement and growing rapture. "Oh, you beauty!" she cried, and drank her in from head to foot.

"Well," said she, drawing a long breath, "Nature, you have turned out a *com-plete* article this time, I reckon." Then, as Severne laughed merrily at this, she turned her candle and her eyes full on him very briskly. She looked at him for a moment, with a gratified eye at his comeliness; then she started. "Oh!" she cried.

He received the inspection merrily, till she uttered that ejaculation, then he started a little, and stared at her.

"We have met before," said she, almost tenderly.

"Have we?" said he, putting on a mystified air.

She fixed him, and looked him through and through. "You—don't—remember—me?" asked she. Then, after giving him plenty of time to answer, "Well, then, I must be mistaken;" and her words seemed to freeze themselves and her as they fell.

She turned her back on him, and said to Zoe, with a good deal of sweetness and weight, "I have lived to see goodness and beauty united. I will never despair of human nature."

This was too point-blank for Zoe; she blushed crimson, and said, archly, "I think it is time for me to run. Oh, but I forgot; here is my card; we are all at that hotel. If I am so very attractive, you will come and see me. We leave town very soon; will you?"

"I will," said Rhoda.

"And since you took me for an old acquaintance, I hope you will treat me as one," said Severne, with consummate grace and assurance.

"I will, *sir*," said she, icily, and with a marvellous curl of the lip that did not escape him.

She lighted them down the stairs, gazed after Zoe, and ignored Severne altogether.

A RUN THROUGH KATHIAWAR—THE HOLY MOUNTAIN.

WITHIN a few miles of the city of Júnághar (more properly Júnágarh) there rises one of the most famous mountains in the world, though many of my readers may never have heard of it before. It is Gírnar, or the Lord of Mountains, also called the Sin-destroying Mount, the Mount of Safety, the Golden Mount, the Overshadowing Mount, and by many other similar names. High up on its first peak, above a stupendous precipice, and at a height of nearly 3000 feet, there is a series of magnificent and beautiful temples, sacred to the religion of the Jains—a corrupt form of Búd-hism—and one of which contains their famous Perspiring Statue. On the summit of that peak there is a temple containing a most ancient and sacred Hindu image or rather stone, the Amba Mata or Mother of Gods. The peaks beyond have sacred shrines to which hundreds of thousands of pilgrims yearly ascend. Hundreds of naked devotees besmeared with paint or ashes are scattered over this mountain, exposing themselves to almost incredible hardships. Its last peak, the Dread Mother, shunned by pilgrims, is sacred to Kali or Dúrga, the blood-stained spouse of Síva the Destroyer; and that peak, with the jungle at its base, is infested by the worst of all devotees—Aghoras, who live on carrion and human flesh, and shun the face of mankind.

Looking up to Gírnar from Júnághar or its neighbourhood, this mountain appears as one lofty, ribbed, and apparently inaccessible peak, of a grey pink and cream colour, from the granite, quartz, and other primitive rocks of which it is

composed, and it presents this appearance all the way up from the sea; but from the road between Júnághar and Jaitpore it is seen laterally as an immense mountain mass, having six separate sharp peaks rising from a base that is itself about 3000 feet high, and affording ample room for any pilgrim to kill himself by climbing, or by throwing himself over precipices as formerly was sometimes done. I not only went up this mountain, but stayed upon it for a week, sleeping usually where the Jain temples are, not far from the summit of the first peak. The Júnághar Durbar did everything to assist me in this, and, otherwise, it would have been difficult to have remained even a night on Gírnar. They placed at my disposal a number of *dooly* bearers to carry me up the mountain and upon it; and they also attached to me (for reasons of their own) a clever young Brahman, who spoke English, and had remarkably prominent linguistic eyes. This gentleman's name was Muggenlal Trikomji Boosch; but I usually called him the Man of Pleasure, from the meaning of Muggenlal, and because there was no pleasure in his life, he being naturally of a most serious turn of character, and my visit causing him a great deal of overwork and constant anxiety of mind. They also gave me quite another sort of man, a general attendant, called Kooshal, who was to look after my supplies and comfort in general. This was an invaluable person, and he looked as if he had just stepped out of the Arabian Nights. He had two eyes, but one of them was so large, prominent, and luminous, as quite to eclipse the other, and give him the

appearance of the One-eyed, and his luminous orb was constantly glittering round in search of fowls, or eggs, or other edibles below, or of pilgrims on the mountain, who could be impressed into our service by a touch of his white wand. In fact Kooshal did not strike me as a human being at all, but rather as one of the genii who had been temporarily detailed off to obey all my behests; and it was partly by his aid that I was enabled to obtain admission to the Perspiring Statue. I had also with me, on this excursion, Vishnu Venayck, my Kokani Brahman, shortly designated V. V., and a Portuguese "Boy" and cook from Bombay, who did not at all appreciate the business.

Driving in a carriage of the Nawab's to the east gate of the city wall towards Gírnar, in the end of January, I was there transferred to a *dooly*, there being no carriage-road farther. This latter conveyance is by no means so luxurious as a palanquin, or so convenient as a Himálayan *dandi* or *janpan*. There are *doolies* of quite another kind; but the Júnághar *dooly* was simply a square piece of flat wood (with or without a cushion upon it), with sides about two and a half feet long, slung from two strong thick poles by four ropes. A native of the East can dispose himself upon it comfortably enough cross-legged or squatting, but such postures are tolerable to Europeans only when practised from a pretty early age; and I got a bar of wood slung below the seat on which to rest my feet, which was a great relief. Though there was no support for the back, yet holding on by the ropes somewhat compensated for that. On the steep, narrow path slanting across the great and almost perpendicular precipice of Gírnar, my feet had often to be raised. The

dooly was knocked about a good deal, and at one or two turnings I found myself suspended over the precipice for an instant in a way which might be trying to those people who have a nervous horror of looking down great depths; but there was, in reality, no danger whatever. The bearers were eight in number, four of them carrying me at a time, except at some points where only two could walk together. They were of a Pariah caste, being Dheds, if I recollect rightly. They were large-bodied, strong men, and had a remarkable physical resemblance to some of the *janpan-wallahs* at Simla, who belong not to that place, but to a neighbouring state. Even beside the gate of the city wall I had a foretaste of what was in store for me in the way of devotees, in the shape of some hideously-painted naked Bawas, who sat in the small upper windows of a house leering down upon the pilgrims passing by. There is something very horrible in some of the phases of the Hindu religion, especially in connection with the worship of Siva and Kali. The object seems to be to inspire dread in the minds of the worshippers; and I do not wonder at European ladies having turned quite sick and faint when brought in contact with the orgies of Indian heathens, "mad upon their idols."

A little beyond the walls of the town, the hills, which come down in a semicircular sweep from the flanks of Gírnar, converge quite closely, leaving only a narrow passage for the escape of the river Sonarica. Mr Graham, one of the Bombay merchants I have previously referred to, and who had made a day's excursion up to Gírnar shortly before, had suggested to me that the natural basin thus formed might, at a very insignificant expense, be turned into an immense

reservoir for the supply of Júnághar with pure water, of which it stands very much in need, judging from the number of the inhabitants who suffer from guinea-worms and tape-worms. The greater part of this immense basin has little in it except scrub jungle; it has little or no cultivation; and a lake as large as Grassmere could easily be formed there by making a single embankment only about fifty yards in length. This would not only supply Júnághar, but would also provide water sufficient for a canal from that city to the seaport of Vairawal, thus both aiding the fertility of the country between and providing easy and cheap means of conveyance. I spoke of this matter to Salahindi, and he seemed much pleased with the idea; but I am not aware that anything has been done about it.

Another interesting point connected with this basin is the question whether it may not contain gold. The quartz of Gírnar might very well contain gold; the name of the river is the Sonarica, or "golden-flowing" stream, and there is a tradition that, in ancient times, gold was collected in its bed, though none appears to have been got there of late years. It consequently struck me that if the quartz of Gírnar did contain gold to any appreciable extent, deposits of it would almost certainly exist in the sand and gravel of this basin, which must have been washed down from the great mountain. Accordingly, I collected some specimens of the deposit, and had it sifted after a rough fashion. This was done by putting portions of the sand into a basin of water, stirring the water gently, and then throwing it out by handfuls. Supposing there is gold in the basin, it, being the heaviest substance, will keep to the bottom, and for the most part escape being thrown

out. Repeating this process several times, I then tested with quicksilver, but failed to find any gold. I am not all convinced, however, that there may not be a gold-field in that basin underneath Gírnar; and that not because my testing was roughly done, but because, in taking my specimens of sand, I did not get down deep enough, or reach any basis sufficient to arrest the downward progress of particles of gold. There is also an old tradition, which the Jemadar Bhaoaddín mentioned to me, that diamonds used at one time to be found on Gírnar; but I made no attempt to follow up this suggestion.

About half a mile from the city walls we come upon one of the most interesting remnants of antiquity, the great stone or rock inscribed with the Búdhistic edict of King Ashoka or Priyadarsi, who ruled over the greater part of India in the third century before Christ, and who, as it appears from this stone, had relationship with contemporary rulers of Egypt, Syria, and Greece. This is one of the great landmarks in our knowledge of Indian antiquity; it is almost a startling witness to the remote past; and it does not stand alone, though its fellow-witnesses are removed from it by many hundreds and hundreds of miles. Far off on the wild Afghan border, at the base of the Indian Caucasus, I have seen a similar rock sculptured with the same characters, and presenting almost the same edict as this of Gírnar. Similar inscriptions exist at Dhauli in Bengal, on pillars in Allahabad and Delhi, and the seat of the monarchy of Ashoka has been identified with Patna. Thus we may see how extensive must have been the sway of this ancient monarch, and how powerful the influence of Búdhisim in his time.

The Júnághar state has erected a

species of house over this valuable relic of antiquity for its better preservation. The inscribed stone is an immense block of granite in the shape of a partially-flattened cone, nearly twenty feet high, a little more in circumference, and the inscriptions extend over great part of its surface. The language of these, being Sanscritic, presented no great difficulty when once the characters were deciphered; but these latter did, being so ancient as to have passed out of the knowledge of even the most learned Pundits. James Prinsep managed to decipher them about forty years ago, as described in the 'Bengal Asiatic Society's Journal' of the time; and his rendering has been universally accepted by scholars, with the addition of a few insignificant verbal emendations by Lassen, Burnouf, and others. Ashoka, whose name signifies "Free from sorrow," seems to have himself been a convert to Búdhisim; and these edicts he had inscribed were with a view of instructing the whole of his people in the tenets of that religion and carrying them over to it. He calls himself "The Beloved of the Gods," and even Gautama Búdha did not deny the existence of the Gods; but in other respects his edicts are rigid enough. "No convivial meeting is to be held, because the Beloved of the Gods has noticed many faults in such reunions," as he would no doubt do at the present day were he alive. The putting animals to death must cease entirely; vegetable food is to be provided for all, and the king himself relinquishes hunting. Censors of morals and informers are appointed, and the king himself has no ambition except the performance of moral duty. Universal toleration must be practised; but expiations must be made every fifth year in order to enforce the

performance of duties, and the new faith is to be proclaimed by beat of drum. Such, briefly, is the substance of Ashoka's edicts; and the reference to the Egyptian and other Western rulers not only fixes a date in the third century before Christ, but also, it may be argued, would seem to point out that Búdhisim was known and tolerated in Egypt, Syria, and Greece in the third century before the Christian era. This, it is obvious, is a point of extreme importance in the history of religion; but, unfortunately, the rock has been injured, and the inscription has been partially destroyed just where it promises to throw light on this interesting subject.

In our way up the great precipice of Gírnar, we came upon various devotees, one of whom, I was assured, exposed himself almost entirely naked to summer's heat and winter's cold, and was even to be found at night in the same exposed situation and scanty costume of ashes. He looked as if it might all be true; and on my expressing surprise at the hardships he underwent, he replied, "What does it matter to a poor old man like me, who only seeks for deliverance?" If you want to find devotees, Gírnar is the place to look for them; and they are all nearly, and some of them entirely, in what is delicately termed *achailakya*, or "state of unclothedness." Notwithstanding its bare appearance from below, there is a good deal of thick wood in its clefts, and there they are to be found demanding alms for living in such a jungle, or too worn and wretched and absorbed in apparent meditation to take the slightest notice of you. Every peak, except the dread Kalika, has its own peculiar saint perched on its windy summit. They crawl out of little caves and rude stone huts, and

from behind waterfalls; they are in all varieties of costume, so far as paint, earth, and ashes can disguise the natural Adam; they are in all varieties of physical health, from round-limbed, muscular, savage-looking maniacs, to shrivelled-up doting atomies; and they present all sorts of mental states, from total ignoring of your existence, as of every other earthly object, to one indicated by a maniacal gleam in their eyes, which really would make it not surprising if they suddenly clasped you in their arms, dug their teeth in your shoulder, and leaped with you over a precipice; but they never do so, so far as I am aware.

At the height of about 2700 feet above the sea and 2500 feet above Júnághar, and after passing up many steep stone staircases on the face of the precipice, I reached the series of Jain temples and put up for the night, as also for several nights, at the first building which presented itself, the Khengar Palace. It must be distinguished from the Khengar Palace of Colonel Tod's engraving, which is not on the edge of the cliff, and is a temple. This building, which is anything but a palace at present, and also the most of the Jain temples, are on a sort of ledge on the mountain immediately above the great precipice, with its terrific fall of about 2000 feet, with the peak of the Mother of Gods rising immediately behind them. They have an indescribably grand position, commanding an immense extent of country and distant views of the sea. Colonel Tod says of this "palace" that its "black walls might defy the combined princes of the universe. Superstition could not have chosen a safer asylum to secure her shrines from profanation, nor could these have a more appropriate station from whence to elevate the soul to superior excellence." This partly

ancient building is used as a *dharamsala* or hotel, *pas meublé*, for wealthy pilgrims. It is also the residence of a band of about thirty Arabs and Belooches, who are paid by the priests to guard the temples, and who (whatever their piety may have been) were, out of sight, the most blackguard-looking, most cut-throat-looking set of men I had ever come across—which is saying a good deal. Judging from appearances, I did not in the least wonder at Mr Graham (whom they had prevented with drawn swords from entering the temple, beneath which is the Perspiring Statue) having remarked to me that they would cut any man's throat for eight annas, or one shilling. Their principal occupations were polishing their arms, bullying the pilgrims, drinking coffee, and searching their garments; but possibly they were not at all so bad as they looked. The temple part of this building is very ancient: that portion occupied by the guard and by pilgrims is scarcely habitable for a European; but there is one wing of the latter which is usually set apart for the few Europeans who visit Gírnar; and I took up my residence there, with my two Portuguese servants—the young Brahmans and Kooshal preferring to sleep in the native *dharamsala*. My own room, both for sitting and sleeping in, was a very small one, which must originally have been intended for a guard or watch house, on the roof of this wing of the palace. It was rather peculiarly constructed; for half of it projected out beyond the wall, and consequently over the terrific 2000-feet precipice below. On the precipice side there was, not exactly a window, but an aperture, with a wooden door to it, between two and three feet square, or nearly so. By putting your head out of this aperture, as also by bending

over the low parapet of the roof, you could look down into the giddy depth below. The guard-house was certainly well fitted for commanding the country; but, when alone at night, it became a curious subject of speculation as to whether, in ancient times, any too enthusiastic Búdhist, or any of the Rajah Khen-gar's wives, had ever been thrust through that aperture; and if so, as to what their real feelings may have been on the occasion. The nights were often rendered hideous by the blowing of a fierce north wind, which swept round the Mata peak on the side of the guard-house with such force, that it would sometimes burst open the shutters of the aperture, and sometimes the door (which fronted nearly west and east respectively), with a tremendous bang, and come howling upon my bed as if Satan himself was going to take an unfair advantage of the storm. This was in the end of January and the beginning of February; even ice appeared at the time down in Rajkote; and so it can be judged how intense the cold must have been in such a wind at the height of nearly 3000 feet. Nevertheless, in that high dry air it did me no harm, but a great deal of good; though after sunset I could not venture to take off even my great-coat till the morning, when the air became still, and there was no danger of Satan getting into the room.

The views from this roof or terrace were truly magnificent in the bright clear mornings, in the golden brilliance of noon-day, and in the rosy evening. I felt quite as if living above the earth; and it was curious to look down upon the eagle-vultures, which had their nests in the crevices of the precipice below, as they floated about beneath. They poised themselves upon the wind so as to keep afloat, and even to rise in the air, with scarcely a

motion of their wings, suggesting that if man is ever to overcome the difficulty of aerial navigation, he is more likely to do so as an individual than in machines supported by balloons. These were very heavy birds, and they had the greatest difficulty in rising from the ground; but they started with ease from their eyries in the precipice—floated for hours with scarcely a motion by poisoning themselves against the wind, and could make long sweeps by almost a single flap of their wings. I cannot help thinking that the "flying man" who was killed at London two years ago was in the right way of solving the problem of aerial travel; and that a careful study of the habits of the heavier predatory birds, together with an adoption of mechanical means and the use of compressed air, will enable our children or grandchildren to rival the flying feats of the fabulous Wilkins family and of the late Lord Lytton's charming Coming Race.

Before introducing my readers to the Jain temples of Gírnar, I must say a word about the Jains or Jaina themselves, because, though that sect is well known to scholars, it has not yet attracted much attention in the polite circles of Europe. I am myself something more than a Jain, being even a Jína: that is to say, a very ancient Jain priest, who must have been over a hundred years old, once took a singular fancy to me, gave me a heavy silver ring with mystic characters engraved upon it, and expressed his belief that I would turn out to be the twenty-fifth Tírtthankara, for which all the world was waiting; but not having yet got quite through even the preliminary stages of the asceticism necessary in order to reach that distinguished position, I must not be taken as an authoritative expositor. Far less do I claim to have

attained to that "real and supreme wisdom which is infinite in its subjects, incomparable in its kind, imperturbable, free from all obscurity, a touchstone for all other things, perfect throughout," and which, according to the "Kalpa Sūtra," was the characteristic of my immediate and revered predecessor, the Tīrthankara Mahāvīra.

There appears to be little doubt that Jainism is a corrupt form of Búdhist, and that it first appeared in definite historical shape about the ninth century of the Christian era, though a much higher antiquity and a more independent origin have been claimed for it, chiefly from the mention of a certain person called Gautama among the disciples of Mahāvīra. It may be regarded as a southern counterpart of the Lamaism of Tibet, and is Búdhist largely affected by (the also corrupt) Brahmanical Hinduism. In its most essential doctrines it is Búdhist, and especially in that, the most essential of all, which regards all phenomenal existence as absolutely evil, but an evil which can be escaped from by prayer, meditation, self-denial, extinction of passion, and entire abnegation of every kind.

It is absurd to raise a question, as many have done, whether the Nirvana of the Búdhist means annihilation; and to do so only proves that the critic has failed to grasp the meaning of this primary doctrine. Schopenhauer, the great modern European Búdhist, well expressed this doctrine in his primary moral maxim—"Im *esse* nicht in *operari* liegt die Freiheit;" and he took the severely-reasoned philosophy of Kant as his starting-point. In a certain sense, both his Búdhist and that of the East may be described, not as Pantheism, but as Pandiabolism, to coin a much-needed word. Not only our own lives but all sentient existence is essentially

misery and evil, consisting of myriads of terrified and tortured beings who can support their own wretched existence only by torturing, devouring, and destroying each other, with the absolute certainty of being destroyed and devoured in their turn. This is the teaching of all the Búdhist from Shakya Múni downwards. The Jains have a peculiar and rather striking statement of this doctrine in their description of the Ages: to wit, the Happy Age, the Happy mixed with Misery, and the Age of Misery tinged with Happiness. It need scarcely be said that the latter is the Age in which we dwell. Unfortunately it is to have a duration of "one hundred billions of oceans of years."

But it is to be wished that the Búdhist could have been a little more explicit on the other side of their doctrine. It is useless, however, to ask them to be so, because existence in itself must for ever remain an unknown quantity to existence in operation—the phenomenon cannot compass the nomenon, the finite and changeable can never comprehend the infinite and absolute. But philosophy, they hold, leads us up to that point; and our practical acquaintance with this awful self-devouring universe teaches us the wisdom of getting out of it as soon as possible, though not by suicide, which is merely a change of garment. Here Schopenhauer and the Jains differ somewhat from the orthodox oriental Búdhist, because, for the most part, the latter regard the individual soul as remaining one through its various changes, while the former speak rather of one kind of stuff which is constantly manifesting itself in the shape of men and animals. It is of no importance to the conclusion, however, how long the insignificant particles of this fathomless sea of misery may retain a separate existence, so long as these are there heav-

ing in its agony; and though Mr Swinburne was probably not thinking of Búdhism when he wrote these lines, yet they well express a primary Búdhistic idea:—

“Thy life shall not cease though thou doff it;

Thou shalt live until evil be slain,

And good shall die first, says thy Prophet,

Our Lady of Pain!”

I do not propose, however, either to refute or support Búdhism, but merely to indicate where we are on Gírnar. Anything approaching to a discussion of this subject would be unsuitable to the character of this article, and would require going into very abstruse matters. I only wish to afford a rough idea of Jainism; and it may be impossible to do so fairly without suggesting that the Búdhism from which it corrupted, which even in this the day of its decadence numbers more than a half of the human race among its nominal adherents, which commands more complete devotion to its most trying prescripts in a far larger number of devotees than any other religion in the world does, and which can be argued with at least some show of reason on the soundest principles of modern philosophy, is not to be lightly dismissed as a mere vagary or a lingering superstition—as the writing on a slate, the tapping on a table, or a miracle of Lourdes.

But to return. Búdhism, as I have said, is Pandiabolism only as regards the phenomenal world, and so is Jainism; and both religions agree as to the desirableness of deliverance from this earthly life, and as to the possibility of accomplishing that deliverance by abnegation. But the Jains are unphilosophical, as all such later corrupt sects are, and assign a phenomenal, and even a strictly-defined material, heaven to emancipated souls.

They are also at one with Schop-

enhauer, in refusing to admit more than the most insignificant appearance—that which it presents to our eyes—to the individual, and in refusing to regard it as to any appreciable extent separated from the *jiva*, or universal sentient life. Practically, they are inconsistent on this point; but when pushed in regard to it, they allow no other doctrine. They divide it and subdivide it in the most elaborate manner, with a subtlety unrivalled by any Middle Age treatise on the nature of angels: but, in theory, always return to the doctrine that life is indivisible, one; and that all we see of it are only different manifestations of its doomed diabolism.

The antiquity of Jainism is a point of some interest in this connection; for I hold the sect to be chiefly useful as illustrating the tendency of all things (religions included) to run to seed, however admirable and useful they may have been at first. There are many reasons to conclude that Jainism is the most recent of the great religious systems of India, and there is really no evidence of the least value to prove its existence prior to the eighth century of the Christian era. It is merely lingering Búdhism accommodating itself to the corrupt Hinduism of later times. To a certain extent the Vedas are acknowledged by the Jains; they revere Brahmans, and not only respect, but to a certain extent practise, Hindu rites. On Gírnar the universal salutation to me of the Jain pilgrims was “Shri! Shri! Sita-Rama!” Rama being the most favourite incarnation of Vishnu, and Sita being his well-known spouse. They are also observers of caste to some extent; and even the orthodox Hindus will admit them to the warrior caste, on their renouncing their heretical doctrines. The worst historical accusation which can be

brought against the Jains is, that they aided the Brahmans in extirpating the Búdhist from which they themselves sprang, and extirpating the Búdhist also.

The Búdhist doctrine of emancipated beings finds its place in Jainism, but in a peculiar form. We hear nothing of a line of Búdhas, or of the particular semi-idolatrous images of Tibet and China, such as the Queen of Heaven and the Heavenly General. In place of these we have the twenty-four Tírthankaras, or holy, though once mortal, beings, who have attained deliverance, perfect knowledge, and supreme felicity. This may be said to be the speciality of the Jain religion, both theoretically and practically. The Tírthankara is everything in the minds of Jains, as proved by statues, by their sacred books, by their actual worship, and by the splendid temples erected to these almost deified saints. The Tírthankara is the most tangible thing you can get hold of in Jainism. Whatever else may be wanting he is there—and twenty-four of them—appearing in grand sitting marble statues, and having wonderful temples to do him honour.

Tírthankara means "One who has crossed over," that is to say, from the diabolism of this ever-changing existence to the absolute existence which lies beyond. A Jína is "a victorious one," or "Conqueror;" and Jaina, the proper name for the Jain sect, is the adjective form of Jína. Thus Jaina means "of" or "belonging to" "the Conquerors," or "emancipated ones." This title Jína was not an uncommon appellation of Shakya Múni, and of all the Búdhas—not Búdhist. A Tírthankara is the Búdhist Jína, or Victor,—that is to say, a once mortal but now holy being, who, by obtaining victory over all human passions and infir-

mities, has emancipated himself and entered into perfect knowledge—into absolute existence, where neither sickness, nor storm, nor change of any kind can affect him. He is Yugatbrabhu, or "Lord of the world," and of all worlds, except in so far as the worlds, by their essential nature, are necessarily condemned to an ever-changing development of new manifestations of misery—in which respect he can do little more than point to the road of suffering and abnegation by which he has himself obtained emancipation. But from this point Jainism departs most grossly from philosophical Búdhist, and not only assigns to the Tírthankara a series of heavens, but also enlarges upon his physical perfections—upon the curling of his hair, the fragrance of his body, and the beauty of his form; and the sacred Hindu syllable "Om" is used in adoration of them, as it has been introduced into the universal Lama prayer. In all this the influence of Brahmanism is evident, and also a tendency of the highest speculations to degrade into the grossest and most fantastic materialism. From this point Jainism descends into endless hair-splitting in thought, and an endless variety of material idolatry in practice, into which it would be most unprofitable to follow it. Brahmanism has followed the same course, to the destruction of the national life of India, and the ruin of the Indian mind. I wish there were fewer indications than there are unfortunately at present of a similar process of running to useless seed going on in the thought and religion of Europe; but it may be hoped that Europe has too strong and healthy a sense of vitality and its laws to be lost in that way; though even there exists a great danger, for such a practical sense cannot exist long without a credible intelligible theory

to back it up, and degrades, with marvellous rapidity, into scepticism, hopelessness, and puerile superstition when such belief has disappeared.

In one essential respect the Jaina, and indeed most of the Indian religionists, are at one with the scientific Positivists of the present day; for they believe that the universe (to use the language of Dr J. Stevenson, one of the first investigators of this form of religion), "consisting of intellectual as well as material principles, has existed from all eternity, undergoing an infinite number of revolutions, produced simply by the inherent physical and intellectual powers of nature, without the intervention of any eternal Deity—no such Being, distinct from the world, having any existence, though certain of the world's elements, when properly developed, obtain deification." This, excepting the latter clause, is precisely the view of matter propounded by Dr Tyndall at Belfast; while their doctrine of the Absolute as the home of Jinas, has considerable resemblance to the views of the 'Unseen Universe,' ascribed to Professor Tait.

There are in all, according to the Jains, seventy-two Tīrthankaras or Victorious Ones,—twenty-four of them belonging to a past age, and being practically of no importance; twenty-four others, the real objects of Jain worship, belonging to the age which was concluded with the emancipation of Mahāvīra; and twenty-four of them belonging to that future development which Jainism is so likely to attain, and which we are all waiting for. Of the twenty-four Tīrthankaras which are really objects of worship, many of them are little more than names, having no temples erected to their honour, and only insignificant statues in small niches of temples dedicated to the more famous saints.

Of these latter, the most celebrated are Adinatha or Rishaba, the first of the middle series of Tīrthankaras, whose emblem is a bull, and who is usually represented in yellow-coloured statues; Abhinandanatha, the fourth; Neminatha, the twenty-second; and Parashvanatha and Mahāvīra, the two last and favourite ones. On Gīrnar, Rishaba, Neminatha, and Parashvanatha or Parishnath, are the favourite saints. Their statues, as those of all the Jain Tīrthankaras, are often far above life-size, and are made of white, black, or coloured marble according to the colour of the saint. They are usually—I rather think invariably—represented in a sitting or rather squatting position, with the soles of the feet appearing underneath or on the thighs; and though this position would be ungraceful for a European it is not so for an Indian, and is by no means inconsistent with grand and imposing statuary. In truth, the principal statues in the great temples of Gīrnar are very splendid statues indeed, and are wonderfully expressive of that abstract thought, dreamy contemplation, and serene perfection which the Jain ascribes to his Tīrthankara. But there is no variety in these statues; they are all in the same position, with the same countenances, and are on the same model, with the exception of some little emblematical differences which do not touch the general effect. The conception and first production of these figures must have been a triumph of plastic genius, but the constant repetition of them is only a work of servile imitative art.

A discussion of the life of even Mahāvīra, the last of the Tīrthankara, who alone among them has the least pretensions to a place in authentic history, would require an article to itself; so I shall only say that we

know very little indeed about him, and that he is claimed to have lived, in his last appearance on earth, in the fifth and sixth centuries before the Christian era. His name signifies "the hero," not in war, but in the conflict with the passions. Parashvanatha, his immediate predecessor, appeared about 250 years previously, and is probably the most favourite object of Jain worship. It is difficult for the European mind to obtain any very distinct idea of these saints. Parishnath appears to have been of royal birth, and so was Neminatha, who is said to have died on Gírnar, after having lived 300 years as an erring mortal and 700 as an ascetic, after which he obtained emancipation 85,000 years ago. This is the sort of stuff we get into in studying the "history" of these ascetics; and when we get up to Rishaba, of course the history is still more prodigious.

In practice the Jains are distinguished by the greatest objection to the destroying of life, whatever may be its form, and one caste of them wear a thin covering always over their mouths, in order to prevent the destruction of insects. But even here the Jains are not always quite consistent; for they have been known to show their horror of taking away life by murdering Muhammadan butchers, and making murderous assaults on boys engaged in fishing. Still they have a remarkable desire to avoid the destruction of life: the stricter of them will not drink even water unless it has been thrice strained; and in Ahmedabad, Bombay, and other large cities, they support hospitals in which unclaimed aged and diseased animals of any kind are provided with lodging and a certain amount of food. Avoiding injury to life of any kind is the first of their five great virtues; and

after that follow truth, honesty, chastity, and freedom from worldly desires; and in these respects they probably are superior to most of the people around them, though they might be still better without becoming very wonderful models of virtue. Their essential ritual is of a simple kind, consisting chiefly of a visit to the statue of some Tírthankara, with salutation and short prayer before it. The Jains are a very wealthy sect, and numbers of them are to be found in most of the great cities of India, though they do not obtrude their temples on public notice. In Delhi I found a Jain temple which was wholly unknown to Europeans well acquainted with the city; and on prosecuting inquiry, I got its priests to open to me a concealed chamber containing large statues of several of the Tírthankaras richly ornamented.

The Jain temples on Gírnar are very elaborate and beautiful. The older ones, and older portions of others, are of granite; but all the modern work has been composed out of a soft oolitic stone which is to be found at the base of Gírnar and abounds over Kathiawar. The principal temples, seven in number, are on the ledge which runs above the great precipice of Gírnar; but there are others scattered about on the peak rising immediately above, and some of these latter are in course of repair, and also of erection, the funds being supplied not only by Jains, but also by wealthy, pious Hindus. In outward appearance the temples are much in the usual style of Hindu architecture. The most striking characteristics of their interiors are their fine tessellated marble pavements; their painted domes; their exquisitely shaped and carved pillars, sometimes of granite and green syenite; their antique porticoes, beautiful small sculptures, and colossal statues.

The central dome of the first temple, that to Neminath, is curiously painted and surrounded by female figures. It has beautiful marble pillars; the pavement is composed of alternate slabs of brown and white marble, and it contains a large statue of Neminath in black marble, ornamented with gold and jewels, and with a symbol of Vishnu inlaid in the marble floor before it. There are two or three apartments off the central dome; the doors are of carved stone, and there are blocks of stone on marble stands, with nearly a thousand small carved footprints of disciples of the Tīrthankara. Another temple has a colossal statue, covered with marble-like *chunam*, of Rishaba, the first Tīrthankara, who is also called Adinatha and Adi-Būḍhanatha. Two temples are sacred to Parishnath, one of them containing a very large white marble statue of that saint, though his proper colour is blue, so dark that he is sometimes mistaken for Neminath. In another, the chief statue is Abhinandanatha, with Adinatha on one hand and Shambhavanatha on the other. Great bells are hung in some of the temples. The temples are all beautifully clean; in themselves fitting receptacles for the grand solemn statues they contain, they are rendered all the more striking by their position on the edge of a great precipice.

One of my chief objects in visiting Gīrnar was to gain admission to the Amījhara, or Perspiring Statue of the Jains, which is guarded with the utmost care and preserved from all infidel eyes, only pious Hindus, beyond the Jain sect itself, being permitted to see it. Mrs Postans, in her 'Western India in 1838,' makes the following reference to it: "Having casually heard of the existence of a cave near or in the temple of Neemnath, I made inquiries on the subject, but the Bhats stoutly

denied the alleged fact; however, having obtained a clue to its position, we despatched one of our people in search of it. Succeeding in finding the place, he reported it to be a small excavation leading from an enclosed gallery, containing a very old image of Parswanath. The peculiar sanctity of the holy person consisted of his being always in a perspiration: we could not hear any other reason for the reverence shown to this particular image, or for the evident dread of the Bhats lest it should be polluted by our presence." Mr James Burgess, the antiquarian, who did not gain admission to the cave, but some of whose native attendants may have done so and described it to him imperfectly, says of it, in his 'Notes of a Visit to Somnath, Gīrnar,' &c.: "A small door admits into an apartment behind three figures, whence a descent leads down into a sunken storey in which is a large white marble image, held in the most superstitious veneration by the sect, and to conceal which the *pujaris* will tell any number of lies, each in succession contradicting the preceding. It has a slight hollow in the shoulder, said to have been caused by water that used to drop from the ear—whence it obtained the name of Amījhara—'nectar-drop.'" This derivation also requires to be modified; but more of that anon. At Jūnāghar I was told that Major Lang, when Political Agent in Kathiawar, though a most popular officer, had been prevented from entering the cave *vi et armis*; and that when Sir Seymour Fitzgerald, when Governor of Bombay, visited Gīrnar, all the influence of Bhaoaddin, the brother-in-law of the Nawab and the most powerful man in the state, was exercised in vain to obtain admission to the Amījhara. I have already mentioned that Mr Graham was driven back; and two attempts made after my visit were

not only unsuccessful, but nearly resulted in bloodshed.

My success was partly a fluke and partly owing to management. I had confided to the wild Kooshal my great desire to see the Amijhara, and promised him a small reward if we succeeded; on which his protruding luminous eye literally blazed with delight, and he promised to give me every support, though not, I think, so much because of the reward as for the fun itself. When people visit the Jain temples it is usual to send round with them a few of the priests, or other custodians, and also some of the Arab guard, whose ruffianly appearance has been already noted. The entrance to the concealed temple, beneath which is the Amijhara cave, is in the inner south side of the enclosure of the first temple which the visitor enters—a great temple dedicated to Neminatha, the twenty-second Tirthankara. No one who did not know of it beforehand would suspect the existence of this concealed temple; for the door is a part of the latticed stone-work which forms that part of the enclosure, and there is nothing—except a small key-hole, which might easily escape even close observation—to indicate that there is any door at all.

Having been minutely instructed as to the position of this secret entrance, I only just privately noted its whereabouts on first passing through the courtyard of the temple, made no allusion whatever to it, and passed on to an examination of the temples. In each of these I lingered as long as possible, examining everything, asking interminable questions, and displaying a knowledge of all the twenty-four Tirthankaras, and an interest in them, which surprised even myself, and made the Man of Pleasure, who was not in the secret of my plan, regard me with aston-

ishment and respect. The consequence of this was, that the Arab guard dropped off one by one in disgust before I was well done with the first temple—probably deeming it more interesting and more lucrative to bully pilgrims than to hang in attendance upon a Sahib, who would evidently do no harm. As we passed through the other temples, the priestly and other attendants also began to get tired and dropped off one by one, until shortly before I began to retrace my steps, only the man carrying the keys and two others were left. No harm could be expected from a visitor who never asked about the concealed temple; who had made no demur about taking off his shoes; who never offered to intrude into any shrine an inch beyond the point where he was asked to stop; and who displayed such a respectful interest in Parashvanatha, Abhinandanatha, and all the other saints!

The three attendants who remained never suspected what I was after, when, on our return to the courtyard of the great temple of Neminath, I expressed a wish to have another look at the outside of that splendid edifice, and, in order to do so, backed towards the secret door of the concealed temple; but no sooner was I there than I turned suddenly upon them, threw off the disguise of the third Tirthankara, Shambhavanatha, which I had hitherto been using, and suddenly said—"And now we shall go to see the Amijhara."

Had Adinatha himself risen from the ground they could not have been more thunderstruck; and they immediately raised a cry of dismay. The man with the keys, which were only two or three bent bars of steel, attempted to run off; but the glittering eye of Kooshal was upon him, and before he had withdrawn three steps the keys were

in the latter's hand. There was no torture, threat, or violence of any kind; simply the keys passed into Kooshal's hand; the secret door of the concealed temple was opened, and I found myself at the entrance of the excavation below.

There was not a moment's time to be lost; for the priest had run off to the Khengar palace calling loudly on the Arab guard; and I knew that if I waited for their arrival, I should never see the Amíjhara. So I at once lighted a small piece of candle which I had brought with me, and proceeded to descend into the cave or underground chamber, by steps cut in the rock, and going down from a small aperture in the stone floor of the temple. On this the remaining attendants begged me to allow one of them to go down with me, also with a light, in order to see that no profanation occurred, which of course was at once assented to. I heard, afterwards, that this servitor was secretly put to death for his share in the business; but trust and believe that this statement was one of those numerous inventions which are added on to any unusual occurrence by the natives of India, and not by them alone. At all events I did not ask the man to conduct me, or to go down with me at all, though, as will appear, it was well for me that he did so. The Jain tenderness for life of all kinds, ought surely to have protected him from such a fate as that which he was said to have met with; but I would not place much dependence on that argument, for the Jains show their tenderness for life in a curious way at times, and, notwithstanding their affinity to the Búdhist, appear to have aided the Brahmans in finally extirpating the Búdhist from India by means of torture and slaughter,—which was not only inconsistent, but also

intensely cowardly and mean on the part of the Jains.

I can quite understand a doubt arising as to how far my conduct on this occasion was justifiable. If the Jains chose to keep their Amíjhara *défendu*, and did not invite me to believe in its alleged miraculous properties, what right had I to penetrate to the sacred shrine, and so to commit what they might, however unwarrantably, regard as an act of sacrilege? This question of moral casuistry did not occur to me at the moment, so intent was I on seeing the Perspiring Statue; but so-called sacrilege of the kind is a small matter in India, where, as a personal favour, or on payment of a small sum, priests will often introduce you into the most sacred places. Moreover, if people give out that a statue possesses certain supernatural properties, they lay themselves open to have that tested by lovers of truth, so far as that can be done without violence or fraud. Life is too short, and the strain on the human race is too great, to justify much ceremoniousness on such points. There was certainly no time, however, for entering even on such a discussion, so down I went, preceded by the servitor and followed by Kooshal, leaving V. V. and the Man of Pleasure to keep watch above, lest my acquaintance with the Amíjhara might be prolonged too far. Both of them, but especially the unfortunate Man of Pleasure, were looking positively cream-coloured by this time from excitement; and small wonder, considering that they were left to bear the brunt of the shock of the Arab guard.

The aperture is rather narrow and the steps high which lead down into the underground chamber. That chamber, which seems to have been excavated out of the rock, is of course quite dark, and, judging

roughly, is only about six feet high, little more in breadth, and about eight or nine feet long; but that does not include the considerable space of the niches in which four statues, if sitting figures may so be called, are placed. The Amġhara itself is a figure of Parashvanatha, over life-size, seated squatting, and made of very fine close white marble. I did not see any "hollow in the shoulder, said to have been caused by water that dropped from the ear;" but a silver plate had been let into the fleshy part of the upper right arm, and possibly this may cover the hollow alluded to; and beneath this, at the saint's side, there is a trough, about a foot long and a few inches in depth, for the perspiration to run into. There were silver ornaments on the wrists and body; and, I was told afterwards, silver plates on the soles of the feet, but these I did not myself notice. On the right hand of the visitor, as he faces the Amġhara, there are three other shrines—one with another, but smaller, white marble figure of the same Tġrthan-kara. The other two figures were somewhat larger, in black stone, and I came to the conclusion (though I could not now give any sufficient reason for it) that they were images of Mahāvġra.

Indeed there was not much time for a close inspection. Both Koo-shal and the servitor of the temples were urging me to ascend immediately; and as they had aided me so far, I felt that it would not have been right, and much less considerate, to have resisted their request. Any long delay in the *sanctum* would inevitably have suggested the idea that some process of sacrilege was going on, and so I thought it best to content myself with a hasty but close examination of the sacred excavation. On ascending to the surface I found that the Arab guard

had been kept in the outside of the temple, in the courtyard of that of Neminatha, and that three or four of the Jain priests were awaiting my ascent, indignant enough, but disposed to treat the affair quietly.

There was no perspiration on this statue of Parashvanatha when I saw it; but it is extremely likely to perspire in certain circumstances. On inquiring particularly into that point, I was told that its perspiring qualities were specially manifest in the great season of pilgrims to Gġrnar—that is to say, in April and May—towards the end of the hot season, when the outer air is laden with moisture. Little of that outer air may descend into the Amġhara excavations, for the tendency of hot air is to ascend; but a certain amount of moist hot air will be brought into it by attraction, and the moisture in it will be at once condensed, with the appearance of perspiration, on the large cold marble statue to which the pilgrim's attention is chiefly directed. Moreover, when a dozen of pilgrims or so are collected in that cold underground apartment, the moisture of their warm breaths will condense upon the cold marble figure before them, just as moisture condenses upon a tumbler with ice in it, or on the windows of a crowded church which on the outside are exposed to cold. A better illustration of the effect of the Amġhara in condensing the moisture conveyed into the air around it may be found in the cold stone pillar of a church which has been lighted and is filled by a large congregation. In a very short time such a cold pillar so condenses moisture that it becomes quite wet; and this is what the Amġhara must soon become when even half-a-dozen worshippers are set to pray before it. It must necessarily perspire very

soon, or rather, present the appearance of doing so; and the more votaries there are to pray before it, and the greater their excitement, the more it will perspire. This is quite in accordance with all I could learn in regard to the perspiring qualities of the Amíjhara; but it is not impossible that the silver plate in the arm may have something to do with an artificial exudation of water, or of "nectar" of some kind, when the pilgrims have been worked up into a sufficient state of *quasi* religious excitement. That is very likely, and is certainly fully paralleled by the coarse and transparent trickery which seems to impose upon a considerable portion of the middle classes in England and America, and which finds its counterpart among the lower classes in their affection for Claimants and Dr Kenealys. The great difference is, that people in the West work themselves out of their delusions in a short time; whereas, in the East, they no sooner find a new delusion than they erect temples to its honour, found a new religion upon it, and remain in it for centuries. It is said that great treasure is concealed in this vault of the Amíjhara, and such may be the case for all I know to the contrary; but no indications of any receptacle for it appeared.

Mr Burgess has translated the word Amíjhara as "nectar-drop;" and the guardians of the temples said that the term came from the perspiring qualities of the statue—from its exuding Amrit, or the nectar of the gods. But Indian words relating to religious objects are always very near the Sanscrit; and "dhara" being the word in that language for a drop, the compound would have been "Amridhara" had the above derivation been correct. An eminent orientalist has suggested to me that the second

part of the compound must be the Sanscrit "jhara," which means a well or stream, or a springing up, or exuding. Thus the word would originally be "Amritjhara." The only difficulty is as to the elision of the *r* and the *t* in Amíjhara, but that might occur naturally enough, and especially in Gúzerathi mouths.

When I ascended from the Amíjhara I found that several of the Jain priests were in the concealed temple. They looked very serious, but had kept the Arab guard outside in the courtyard of the temple of Neminath, and sent these away before they allowed me to go out. The whole matter promised to go off very quietly, and I returned to my own quarters without thinking much about it. But in the course of the afternoon a good deal of excitement got up in the Khengar Mehel, and among the pilgrims residing there and encamped in its neighbourhood. The Arab guard had, so far as I could judge, been rather amused by the occurrence; for, being Muhammadans, they of course disliked the sanctity of an idol; but at the same time they were bound, in accordance with the conditions of their being there at all, to protect it from my visit. But they, and still more the priests, were rather puzzled what to do when I had actually visited the sacred shrine, and came out of it quietly, as if I had very much admired it, and had conferred a favour upon them by visiting it. They could not well murder me for a visit to Parashvathana, which flowed naturally from the circumstances; and that would have been much too serious, and, as regarded themselves, too destructive a thing to have been attempted, or even to have been seriously thought of. Not the less, but even more, on that account were they placed in an extremely unpleasant position. Here was the sacred Amíjhara,

which political agents, governors, and antiquarians had desired to see in vain; and yet a quiet, unknown individual deviously wandered into it, without any noise or disturbance, as if Parashvanatha were his bosom friend, and this long-defended excavation his congenial abode. I don't wonder they were puzzled, and let me go on my way in peace.

But, in the afternoon, another element began to assert itself. There was an uneasy feeling that they had not done what they ought to have done, and that a curious stranger had walked through their advanced-guards and careful lines, after a fashion which, if it did not make them entirely ridiculous, at least reflected seriously upon them. The result of this was that a good deal of excitement arose. The Arab guard had a station on the other roof of the Khen-gar Mehel, where they, at certain hours, invoked Allah, and expressed their opinion that Muhammad was his only prophet; but it had, before, been found only necessary for one or two of these heroes to appear there. After my visit to the Amj'hara there were half-a-dozen of them up there, and they amused themselves by handling their matchlocks. The Jain pilgrims, too, had got into a state of great excitement, and were buzzing about like bees in a disturbed nest. I did not much mind this, however, until I heard that a report had spread among them to the effect that I had polluted the Amj'hara by taking down a fowl and eating it before the sacred image. Of course nothing of the kind had occurred; I had even taken off my shoes on going down, in order to avoid profanation as far as possible, and had not touched the images. But still the spreading of a mischievous report of this kind was unpleasant;

because, though the Jains are usually an extremely quiet people, they are capable of being excited, as I have already mentioned, even to the committal of murder, by what they regard as insults to their religion; and to have wantonly eaten a fowl before their most sacred image would certainly have been an unpardonable offence. I know not how this report arose; but in such cases there is usually some mischievous scoundrel who sets the story going, but keeps himself well in the background.

With the Júnághar state and the *prestige* of a Sahib to back me, there was very little reason for alarm; but religious fanaticism is not a thing to be trifled with, so I thought it prudent to make a diversion; and a happy thought occurred to me. Telling my people to remain quiet in the palace, I ascended alone in the evening to the Mother of Gods, with the aid of a long bamboo, which I had brought up with me by way of alpenstock. This took the pilgrims by surprise; and, as I afterwards learned, a report spread among them that I was going to spend the night on Kalika with the Dread Mother. Possibly this may have been suggested by the same inventive genius who originated the story about the fowl, or the lively Kooshal may have hit upon it; but at all events it did me the good service of quieting the priests and pilgrims; for evidently a being who did not hesitate to go up alone at night to interview the Dread Mother, and probably to be devoured by her, might be allowed some privilege in the way of visiting perspiring statues.

An ascent of 600 feet, chiefly up steep stone staircases, took me to the shrine of the Universal Mother, or the Mother of Gods. Daylight was fading as I reached the top of the Amba Mata Peak, and the an-

cient weird-looking temple which covers the shrine ; and it is by no means wonderful if something, at least, of

“A weight of awe, not easy to be borne,
Fell suddenly upon my spirit, cast
From the dread bosom of the unknown
past.”

Inside, the temple is blackened with smoke, and it looks as if it might be of any antiquity. The paint-besmeared stone which occupies the shrine can hardly be said to represent anything in particular ; but it is held in the profoundest veneration, not only by Hindus, but even by the Jain pilgrims. Mr Burgess informs us that the goddess has the following inscription to her honour ; but he does not tell us where it is to be found, and I think it is not in this Amba Mata temple :—

“The destroyer of doubts and fears, the accomplisher of all human desires and wishes, who causes to be completed the designs of the devout,—such a goddess is Shri Mata Ambika, the sole power whereby the prayers of mankind are fulfilled. To her be praise and glory !”

I told the Hindu devotees of this great power what had occurred to the Amājhara, and they were highly delighted to hear it, looking down upon the Jains as they did much as a High Church clergyman in England regards Dissenting preachers, or as a Roman Catholic bishop regards High Church English clergymen, or as a devotee of Nature looks down upon them all. On my suggesting that they might be of some use to me in calming the minds of the pilgrims, and dissipating the idea that any real sacrilege had occurred, they eagerly promised to do so, and told me to make my mind easy, for they would take me under their protection, and see that no harm

occurred to me in Gīrnar. Nor was this a mere empty promise ; for they at once spoke on the subject, in a very threatening manner, to a party of pilgrims who were returning from the Gorukthnath peak, and were going to sleep at the Jain temples. Next day, also, they acted in a similar manner ; and, strangely enough, whether it was this exploit, or afterwards sleeping at the foot of the Dread Mother, when I returned to Bombay after this excursion, every ashly Bawa I passed seemed to recognise me and almost to look upon me as a brother. After talking for some time with the devotees, beside a fire which they had in the centre of their gloomy temple, I took leave of them and descended by starlight, and by the rising light of a still unseen moon, to the Khengar palace, without meeting with any molestation, or, indeed, with any person at all.

The next day was devoted to visiting some places of interest not far from the Jain temples. One of these is the famous Bhairava Jap, or “Leap of Death.” This is a huge rock which rises on the edge of the ledge and slightly overhangs the great precipice, so that a leap from it must involve a tremendous fall. It used to be the custom for those who desired to avail themselves of this convenience to take up a cocoa-nut with them, to place it on the very verge of this rock, and to poise themselves on it—which naturally resulted in their going over. The Leap of Death, however, does not seem to have been very often had recourse to in historical times, and for years the use of it has been forbidden. But even still, occasionally, the leap is taken, and, no doubt, would be so more often than it is were it not for the difficulty of getting up to the top of the rock, now that a

rope which formerly afforded aid has been removed. There is no lack of other points where quite as effectual a leap could be made; but over these it might not have the same sanctified effect. Near this I came on the residence of a very famous and charitable ascetic, called Shivadas, who bears a high reputation, and who condescended to talk with me. This man is of unknown age; he seems to have been seen by Mrs Postans in 1838, and spoke to me of much earlier visits of Europeans. He evidently did not altogether despise comfort, and devotees of this class sometimes live to an extraordinary age. A long way lower down, in a valley filled with thick jungle, through which it was not easy to push a way, I came upon some very wild devotees.

Being desirous, if possible, of ascending the forbidden Kalika, I determined to sleep for one night at the foot of the Dread Mother as the only feasible way of accomplishing the ascent. To my surprise, however, Kooshal failed me on this occasion. His brother-in-law had died below, at the very hour when we had visited the Perspiring Statue and he required to descend the mountain in order to burn the body at the Damodar temple. At first I thought that this was a polite way, on the part of the Júnághar officials, of withdrawing a too accommodat-ing servitor; but it was evident that the event had really occurred, from the taunts to which Kooshal was subjected as to the power of Parashvanatha to avenge the violation of his sacred shrine, and from his own uneasiness and alarm. I say nothing of the logic of Parish-nath in punishing the brother-in-law because of our escapade, because reason is an element almost wholly wanting in the coupling of cause and effect in India when religious feelings come intoplay. Kooshal did

go with me as far as the place which I selected to sleep at, but nothing would induce him to remain there over the night, or to attempt Kalika, because to do so would make him too late for the obsequies of his brother-in-law. My Portuguese servants also refused to accompany me, though they seemed almost equally to dislike the idea of being left in the Khengar temple; but V. V. and the Man of Pleasure came after doing their best to advise me against the enterprise.

After passing the Mother of Gods again I first visited the two principal peaks lying between that and Kalika. The first of these is the Gorukhanatha, and is much less difficult of ascent than the other. Its height is about 3500 feet above the sea, and it commands a very good view of the mountain-mass of Gírnar, and also of a vast circle of country round. The other peak is very nearly the same height; and a steep descent of about 400 feet has to be made from the base of Gorukhanatha before the ascent of it commences. This Datatrya, or Nemina-nath, peak is quite an *aiguille*, and is trying to the nerves as well as the muscles. Stone steps have been cut out of or marked into this rock-needle, but they are very high and narrow, without any protecting balustrade; and if giddiness seized the climber, down he would go to utter destruction. In fact it not unfrequently happens that pilgrims climbing this peak do lose their footing, and are dashed to pieces. This is not to be wondered at, considering the half-starved exhausted state in which many of them are; the wonder is that so many of them, and even women, make the ascent.

This peak is sacred to Nemina-tha, the twenty-second Tírtthankara, and is associated also with his first convert the King Datatri. Nemina-nath himself was of royal family,

and, according to the legend, in his last incarnation, after 300 years of sinful worldly life, he spent 700 years on Gírnar as an ascetic before he finally obtained emancipation and entered Nirvana from the summit of this very peak, on which occasion he left the prints of his feet on the rock, and which still remain, though a sceptic might be inclined to imagine that these footprints had been carved by the hands of man.

On the very top of this rock-needle, I found an old naked devotee guarding the sacred footprints, though he was not a Jain, but a Sívite; and, on taking him into my confidence as to ascending Kalika, he said that he and some other ascetics had a place down below at the foot of the Dread Mother, where I could sleep in safety, and that some of them might accompany me in the ascent, if I chose to persist in it, which he did not advise. This place was a sort of shelf in the rocks at the foot of the Raen Mata, and above an immense basin of jungle which is said to be infested by Aghoras. It has some trees, a small place of worship with a shrine, two or three small stone houses or huts, and about fifty square yards of level ground. If the naked ascetic on the top of the peak above was not very prepossessing, still less so were his naked companions here below; and at first they strenuously objected to my staying there at all. The old man, however, soon made his appearance and put matters to rights. He was an oily sort of managing old man, while his disciples were crude and savage young or middle-aged ascetics.

Left here with only V. V. and the Man of Pleasure, I found that these two, being Brahmans, were allowed to occupy one of the small houses, which they did soon after nightfall, barricading the door in a

most elaborate manner; but that I, not being a twice-born, could on no account be allowed to enter any of the habitations of this holy and ash-garmented community. "Decco, behold," said this oily old ascetic, in his oiliest and most persuasive manner, "here is a far better place for you to sleep in;" and with that he showed me a little stone cottage or hut on the other side of the level space. The peculiarity of this cottage was not so much that it had no door as that it had no roof, and appeared never to have had any. The walls were about five feet high, and there the erection seemed to have stopped. "Utcha? Bohut utcha? Excellent! very excellent! isn't it?" said the devotee, in most persuasive tones, his experience having evidently taught him that to impress that idea strongly upon the mind was quite sufficient to get it accepted. But, in truth, I was very glad to get this cottage, because devotees are apt to make a merit of not destroying parasites; to sleep in one of their close huts would have been intolerable; and the place was too close to the jungly basin below, which harbours wild beasts, to make it pleasant to sleep in an open corner.

Accordingly I had my haps laid out in this roofless cottage, and when every one else seemed to have gone to sleep the old devotee came to see me again. He evidently thought it unnecessary to meet the night air in a costume of paint and ashes, now that there were no pilgrims to see him, for he had on a long robe like a dressing-gown, to which Joseph's coat was nothing, so many were the colours and so innumerable the pieces of which it was composed. The old scoundrel was bent on a most unascetic indulgence, for, after a little circumlocution, he told me that his stomach was out of order, and that he expected I would give

him a little brandy in return for his complaisance in allowing me to sleep there. I had no brandy to give him, having only a bottle of champagne with me; and that, in consideration of the fatigues of next day, was much too precious to be wasted upon him. So I told him that I had something far better than brandy—something to be compared only to the *amrít* of the gods, a very little of which I would bestow upon him as a mark of my obligation and respect. I then mixed some chlorodyne in water, and saw him drink it off; for I had a small bottle of it always about me on this mountain, because cholera is very likely to attack one where pilgrims are collected. I think the pouring it out in drops and the writing on the label impressed him greatly, and he was quite delighted with its heating and exciting effects. He had not left me long before he reappeared, and begged for some more of the *amrít*. This time I gave him a pretty stiff dose. In truth I did not half like the nocturnal visits of this *quasi* ascetic, with his questionable taste for brandy. He might be an Aghora himself, for all I knew to the contrary—a two-legged man-eater; and certainly his companions were savage enough easily to pass for that. They were not harmless Jains, but worshippers of Siva the Destroyer; and this demand for brandy was in itself suspicious. Among the Aghoras, as will be seen farther on, “flesh and spirituous liquors constitute the diet of the adept.” Might not this ancient party be himself an adept, and the “spirituous liquor” he was in search of be wanted only as a preliminary whet to some “flesh” to which he saw his carnivorous way? I asked him if there were any Aghoras about, and he said there were, “there and there,” pointing to the jungle be-

low and to the rocks above, but “not here, not here,” pointing to his own place. Indeed he was at so much pains to convince me that no Aghoras were “here,” as rather to excite suspicion the other way.

After administering the second dose, I saw no more of the ancient party, and had undisturbed repose till morning, though it was some time before I could fall asleep. As the moon rose it lighted up an immense rock, which rose immediately above the roofless cottage, on the floor of which I was lying; and the unpleasant idea obtruded itself that the top of this rock would be a most convenient point for rolling down large stones or rocks into the cottage. There even seemed to be rocks upon it handy for the purpose; and I unfortunately, remembered a story, told by Colonel Tod, of an Aghora who nearly killed a Brahman lad with large stones for the purpose of turning him into food. Of course I had noticed the rock before, but the possibility of its being turned to such a use had never occurred to me until I was lying alone beneath it, and it became lit up by the moon. This was rather more than I had bargained for. I had a revolver and a breech-loading pistol and rifle with me—arms sufficient for any number of Aghoras—but they would not protect me, when asleep, against rocks. The idea was quite gratuitous and rather absurd; but it was difficult to get rid of it, and it was aided by the maniacal cries of an ascetic high up on the peak above. So I watched that rock for some time, till the fatigues of the day brought sleep; and whenever I partially awoke from the hardness of my bed, I found my eyes turning upon it.

Mrs Postans says of Gírnar—“The people of the neighbourhood, with all the superstition common

to those who dwell surrounded by mountain fastnesses, state that the unfrequented passes of the hills are inhabited by cannibals, whom, curiously enough, they entitle *ogres*. I could not discover how the belief or the word had originated." It is, however, not in the passes of the hills, but in a part of Gírnar itself and of its jungly basins in which Aghoras still linger. When Mrs Postans remarked that they were curiously enough called "*ogres*," it was evidently a form of the word Aghora which she heard. The stricter form, I believe, of the title of the two-legged man-eater is Aghori, but he is usually called Aghora on Gírnar; and this is frequently abbreviated to Aghor, pronounced Ughor, which latter sound is almost precisely the same as ogre. Very likely our word is derived from it, but I have not gone sufficiently into that point.

Colonel Tod, on his visit to Gírnar in 1822, heard a good deal about the Aghoras, but it is not certain that he saw any, though on the top of Goruknath he met a very wild maniacal ascetic whom he took to be an Aghora, and who may have been one of the community beside whom I slept. The Colonel wanted much to ascend Kalika; but a sudden attack of lameness—which of course was ascribed to the intervention of the dread goddess—prevented him from even making the attempt. Mr Williams, a friend who was with him, made to him the following statement on the subject: "When I was in Kathiawar, there were three or four men who literally lived like wild beasts, realising the story of Nebuchadnezzar, except that they also ate raw and human flesh. One of these devils came, I think in 1808, to Baroda, and actually ate the arm of a dead child. Another came into the camp of the Sirsoho of Kathiawar,

but he was not suffered to remain, although they covered him with shawls; and at one of the Jattras at Gírnar, one of these Aghoris came to the rock among the pilgrims, who made *pooja*, or worship to him, and clad him with shawls, turbans, rings, &c. He sat for some time, and at length, with an idiotic laugh, sprang up and darted into the forest." Mr Burgess only says that they are supposed to haunt Kalika; and adds, "without a guide it would have been useless attempting to reach that almost inaccessible point, to which, says common report, if three set out, but two may be expected to return."

A brief reference has been made to the Aghoras by the late Professor H. H. Wilson, in his '*Sketch of the Religious Sects of the Hindus*' (Calcutta, 1846); but even that reference I must abbreviate in order to adapt it for polite readers. After alluding to the Paramahansa, the ascetic who becomes "equally indifferent to pleasure or pain, insensible of heat or cold, and incapable of satiety or want," the Oxford Professor goes on as follows: "The same profession of worldly indifference characterises the Aghori or Aghorapanthi; but he seeks occasions for its display, and demands alms as a reward for its exhibition. The original Aghori worship seems to have been that of Devi, in some of her terrific forms, and to have required even human victims for its performance. In imitation of the formidable aspect under which the goddess was worshipped, the appearance of her votary was rendered as hideous as possible, and his wand and water-pot were a staff set with bones and the upper half of a skull. The practices were of a similar nature, and flesh and spirituous liquors constituted at will the diet of the adept. In proof of their indifference to worldly

objects, they eat and drink whatever is given to them, even carrion, &c. They also inflict gashes on their limbs, that the crime of blood may rest upon the head of the recusant; and they have a variety of similar disgusting devices to extort money from the timid, credulous Hindu. They are fortunately not numerous, and are universally detested and feared."

Gírnar is exactly the place where this order of devotees would be likely to be found lingering; and, from what one of the officers of the Nawab reluctantly admitted to me, I doubt not they do exist there, and that I saw some of them; though, to make anything like intimate acquaintance with them, it would be necessary to live for some days in the jungly basin at the foot of Kalika. Many of the Indian devotees go through terrible privations, and pass into a state in which they are hardly responsible for their actions, and become Aghoras in fact if not in name. The word seems to have originally meant "Fire-eater," but it is now associated with the eating of anything dreadful.

I am sorry to say that my attempted ascent of Kalika turned out a failure. I wished to start early in the morning; but all my efforts could not get the ascetics—who were to accompany me to show the way—to move before nine. They objected that they had religious rites to perform, but what these were I could not discover. At last, however, we got off, leaving behind the unfortunate Man of Pleasure, who could not be prevailed upon to attempt an interview with the Dread Mother. He had the same story as one mentioned by Colonel Tod, to the effect that when mortals are rash enough to make the ascent, they are joined by some devotee who offers to show

them the way, and soon devours them, after having appeared as the Dread Mother herself. I did not like the idea of leaving him alone, so I suggested to him that the Dread One might take advantage of our absence, appear before him in the shape of a Bawa, and swallow him up where he was; but this idea, which did not seem to have struck him before, knocked him, as it were, into still more of a heap. The ascent of Kalika, however, was still more dreaded by him; and such a feeling on the part of a Brahman resident so near Gírnar, and also a Government official, went far to convince me that the dread mount *is* dangerous—that is to say, that steps are taken to make it so. I then suggested that he might return to the Khengar palace; but this, he said, his duty to me would not allow of. Thus puzzled between his duties and his fears, the Man of Pleasure had reached an apex of misery unrelieved by any happiness, and I was very glad to leave my rifle with him as a protection from Aghoras, and to give him leave to fire it occasionally.

Starting about nine in the morning, with V. V. and two or three of the Bawas, I found that the foot-track, which at first was visible, soon came to an end, and that an unexpected difficulty presented itself. From the high top of the Datatrya it looked easy enough to ascend Kalika; but on trial I found that its side was thickly covered with huge blocks of rough granite. These blocks were close enough to each other—most provokingly so—but they were far too large to admit of leaping from one to the other, even had leaping been possible for me. Consequently we had to scramble up one side of each rough block of granite only to scramble down the other, and there found ourselves in immediate contact with a similar

exasperating obstacle. This, as I say, was wholly unexpected ; and I had also the disadvantage of being lame with rheumatism. By the time we had got about a third of the way up the peak I saw quite clearly that though I *might* contrive to reach the summit by night-fall, the fatigue and suffering involved would be so great that there would be nothing left for me when I *did* get there, but at once to sink into the arms of the Dread Mother : and the Bhairava Jap would have afforded a much pleasanter route than that. I tried to get V. V. and the Bawas to return to their nest for my haps and make some ar-

rangements for my passing the night where I was, and finishing the ascent next day ; but they would not assent to anything of the kind, and so I had to return. Greatly relieved was the Man of Pleasure when he saw me again. He had become nervous, and had nearly consumed all my cartridges, firing them off against a rock, at intervals of about ten minutes, to keep off ogres, and to keep up his fainting spirits ; but, when he saw me safe back, a tinge of happiness came over the mountain of his misery, though clouded by a dark misgiving as to what might next be in store for him.

A GREEK GIRL.

SOMEWHERE have I seen her wander
Bearing bay and oleander,
And the soft air whispered round her
With a delicate sweet motion ;
And from far there followed after
Ringing laughter, mocking laughter—
Inextinguishable laughter—
Of the merry girls who found her
Singing by the purple ocean,
Songs I made of sun and shadow
For my maiden of the meadow.

J. R. S.

ARMY PROMOTION AND RETIREMENT.

THE duty assigned to the Royal Commission on Army Retirement, whose Report has now been before the public for the last two months, was perhaps the most important in connection with military affairs that has ever had to be undertaken in peace time. For on the solution they arrive at of the problem set before them to work out, depends whether the abolition of purchase is to destroy the efficiency of the army, or whether new conditions could be found for furnishing that essential part of an efficient army, a body of officers in the vigour of life. The Commission have faced and solved the problem boldly, and both the army and they are to be congratulated on the result—a result the more satisfactory because, while that body contained some members of conspicuous ability, the conservative element in military matters was fairly, indeed liberally, represented on it. Its composition was in this sense thoroughly judicious. The recommendation of men of a different stamp from that of some members of the Commission holding strong opinions in favour of abolishing purchase, or generally belonging to the advanced school of military thought, if they might have given us a more original scheme, would not have carried the military world with them; and any proposals advanced by them would have had to run the gauntlet of fresh criticism. In fact, the publication of the Report would have been merely the first step in the matter; they would next have had to bring round public opinion, and still more the military authorities, to their way of thinking. But the recommendations of a Commission composed as was this one, may at

once be taken for granted as representing the very least that is necessary in the way of change; and the almost entire absence of criticism of the Report on its appearance, shows the moderation of spirit in which it has been framed. Considering how many interests are touched by them, it may be assumed that there is a general agreement of the necessity for doing at least as much as the Commission recommend.

If, however, the Commission have not gone further than was absolutely necessary in dealing with some parts of their work, their scheme is in other respects vigorous and far-reaching. They have firmly grasped the cardinal principle which underlies the whole matter—namely, that if promotion is to continue to be as rapid without purchase as it was under the purchase system, it is useless to look to any arrangement in the way of vacancies at the top of a regiment for supplying the needful outlet. In fact, as soon as ever the matter is inquired into, that becomes plain which everybody who had taken the trouble to think about it saw must be the case. Sir Charles Trevelyan, and other would-be military reformers of his school, used to lay down that the object of all reform of this kind should be to make the army “a profession.” The Commission on the other hand point out, that in order that the army may be a profession for the few, it must not be a profession for the many. The ordinary outlet afforded in other professions by vacancies at the top will not suffice to secure efficiency for the army. Not only must there be retirements in all grades, but those occurring in the lower ranks must

be more numerous than those which take place in the higher. It was because, under purchase, most of the men who entered the army remained in it only for a few years, that those who held on could rise to the higher grades before they were overtaken by old age. It was because the majority of the officers who entered the Prussian army did so with the object of spending their lives in it, that the Prussian officers used to be as a body much too old for their work. This condition has now passed away, at any rate for a time, partly from the large augmentation made to that army in recent years, and partly also from pensions being now available in almost all grades, the rates of which are very liberal in comparison with the rate of pay drawn while in the active army. The different reserves also afford a retreat to many; to which may be added that, as pointed out by General Beauchamp Walker in his evidence, the work thrown on Prussian officers nowadays is severe enough to wear most men out by the time they reach field-rank, and thus to hasten their retirement. Hard work, in fact, seems to do for that army what foreign stations and bad climates do for ours. But if Europe continues for long at peace, the difficulty will certainly arise in the Prussian army again, especially in consequence of the large proportion maintained of junior to senior officers, there being in the infantry no less than four subalterns to one captain. The Commission, therefore, recognising the fact that the comparatively rapid promotion which used to obtain in the English army was due to the large proportion of retirement in the lower grades, which, again, was the direct result of purchase, have wisely proposed that purchase should virtually be re-established, but purchase by the State instead of by

the officers themselves. By this means alone can that block in the higher grades be prevented, which the Government have guaranteed should not be allowed to occur. At any time after eight years' service an officer is to be entitled to a sum in ready money on retirement, varying according to length of service, but generally rather more than the old regulation prices; while in case these inducements should, after all, not prove sufficiently attractive to maintain the needful number of retirements to insure adequate promotion for those who remain behind, they propose a system of enforced retirements after certain maxima periods of service in each grade. This condition is absolutely necessary if the scheme is to work successfully, and there is no doubt that it may hit some men hard; but the public good must be the first consideration, and the reservations proposed by the Commissioners seem to go as far as is fair and reasonable in the way of protecting existing interests. It is on this point, however, that the scheme will suffer shipwreck if it is not to pass; but it is to be hoped the Government will have sufficient firmness to withstand any objections that may be raised in the interests of those who will be unfavourably affected in this way. If we are to have an efficient army, it is absolutely necessary that the lower ranks be kept clear of all officers who reach middle life without having had the good fortune to get promoted into the upper. If any considerable mutilation is made of the scheme in this respect, it must prove a failure. Of course no one can tell beforehand whether or not the payments alone will prove sufficient for the purpose, by inducing a sufficiency of optional retirements, or how far resort to compulsory retirements will be found

necessary ; so far as one can judge from the past, it seems probable that the need will very seldom arise in the cavalry, and not often in the line, but that superannuation will often be necessary in the artillery and engineers, and still more frequently in the Indian army, if, as is certainly most desirable, the same rules are made applicable to it.

Purchase, then, of a kind, the State instead of the individual bearing the cost, is thus recognised to be the needful agency for maintaining an efficient army in the future ; and, after all, the question cannot but arise, even to those who were most keenly alive to the defects of the old purchase system, whether even now the best solution of the difficulty has been arrived at. For it was not the use of purchase, but the abuse, that caused its abolition. Those impartial critics of the system who understood the advantages attending it, and the difficulty of finding any satisfactory substitute, would not come forward in its defence, because their sense of justice revolted against the flagrant cases of injustice which each man's experience of the army must have made him familiar with,—as when, for example, the most incompetent captain in a regiment has got his majority over the heads of his seniors, all better men than himself, or where the command of a battalion has fallen to a man who it was known beforehand would straightway destroy its efficiency. But purchase without supersession would have been free from almost all the objections that could be brought against purchase as it used to be worked. If every man, for example, as a condition of entering the army, were required to deposit say £1500 to £2000 as caution money, receiving the interest while serving, and getting back the principal on retirement, promotion would go on

merrily ; because whenever a man wanted the money he could realise it ; or if he got tired of the army, he was sure of some means of livelihood on leaving it, and this without any burden falling on the State such as has now become necessary. Of course it will be at once said that this would be creating a monopoly for a favoured class—the class which can command money ; but open competition equally creates a monopoly of the same kind. The framers of the first great scheme of open competition—that for the Indian Civil Service—fancied that they had opened a career to every clever young Englishman, of whatever class in life, the actual result being that the competition is practically limited to those who are able to pay for an extremely expensive education of a very special kind. The new system is therefore just as much a monopoly as the old ; and if the competition for the army continues to be as active as it is at present, which there is every reason to expect, there will equally be a monopoly for that also, based on the need for a large outlay in preliminary training. The craze, indeed, for gaining admission to the army just now manifested, is one of the most curious things about the new *régime*. Formerly the number of applicants for this branch of the public service used not to be much in excess of the available vacancies ; and practically every young man who saw his way to supporting himself if he entered it could be pretty sure, if otherwise eligible, of obtaining a commission. But now, forsooth, every lad whose friends can scrape together enough money to buy him a red coat must lay himself out for going into the army, till the applicants are sevenfold the available commissions. What is to become of him after he gets his commission, his friends

seem to take no thought about ; possibly misled by the nonsense which certain would-be army reformers have been writing, they imagine that the army is really to be made a "profession" like the law or medicine, in which every one who deserves to do so can earn a livelihood. This idea, that the army is going to be made a more comfortable and remunerative calling than heretofore, is a mischievous delusion which cannot be too plainly exposed. The fact is, that while the chances of exceptional success have greatly diminished, and the military career tends to become more and more of a humdrum routine affair than ever, with less possibility of brilliant chances, promotion governed by seniority, and the rate of advance constantly tending to a fixed limit regulated by superannuation rules, it is also yearly becoming more expensive. This may be matter for regret, but the army is not to blame ; and although, no doubt, the authorities have never attempted to put any real check on the rate of expenditure, it is very improbable that any efforts in this direction would be successful. It is not the fault of military men that life in the army is becoming more expensive : officers are after all citizens, and naturally reflect the habits of the class from which they are drawn ; the cost of living in the army is merely an index of the extravagant and luxurious habits of the present day. All sumptuary rules, therefore, applied to this body would prove inoperative. The evil goes far deeper ; the army cannot be reformed in this respect till English society is regenerated, and returns to a simpler and healthier and less snobbish mode of life ; but the facts being so, too strong a protest cannot be raised against the assumption now often advanced, and which unfor-

tunately finds encouragement from the military newspapers, that the rate of the officer's pay should be levelled up to some sort of proportion with the increased wants of the present day. We assert, on the contrary, that the tendency of recent changes points distinctly to the necessity for discouraging in the strongest way young men without independent means from entering the army. In former days the poor man could often eke out his slender purse by exchanges ; he had the advantage of being able to sell for a high price the commission which he had not bought ; and lastly, he could always hold on to the service for a lifetime. But under the new state of things every man will be liable to compulsory retirement in the prime of life on a pension which, even at the heavy charge to the country involved by the scheme, will be a very slender provision for old age. We say, then, that it will be a misfortune both for the country and the men themselves, if any large proportion of the officers of the future are dependent solely on their pay and pensions for a livelihood. If, indeed, there were a difficulty in obtaining a sufficiency of qualified candidates, then it might certainly be desirable to raise the emoluments of officers till that difficulty were overcome ; but, so long as the social and other advantages offered by the military profession suffice to create an abundant supply of well-qualified candidates who can supplement their pay by adequate private means, it would surely be going needlessly out of the way, and be altogether impolitic, to burden the State with additional charges on this account. It will be said, of course, that our view would render the army a monopoly for the wealthy ; and if the term be used in a somewhat wide sense this may

be admitted. But in every case, whatever rules you may lay down, and wherever you draw the line, there must be a monopoly of some sort; and if it be said that for such an important profession all the best talent of the country should be made available, that argument, if it be worth anything, would involve that every promising lad in the national schools should be taken up and educated at the public expense, and then provided with a commission on the chance of his turning out a valuable acquisition.

This argument, that the regulations ought to recognise the fact distinctly, that the majority of the officers serving in the army should not be intending to make it a permanent profession, in the sense that they need to gain their livelihood by it, has lately been advocated with much force in some letters to the 'Spectator,' with the well-known signature of A. C. R. The gallant writer—for so under his thin disguise we may venture to style him—goes indeed a good deal further than we have ventured to do. He raises the question whether it is politic to give even the moderate payments on retirement proposed by the Commission, and suggests that the temporary character which he recognises as an essential condition of service in the army should be still more plainly stamped on it by commissioning officers for only a limited term of years, at the end of which the commissions of only a selected few would be made permanent. There is precedent for this in the new regulations proposed by Mr Hardy for army surgeons, who are in future to be commissioned for ten years only, and at the end of that term are to be retired with a bonus, unless it be desired to retain their services. In this way the block which now occurs at the neck of the promotion-

bottle will be effectually avoided. But although the plan may work well in the case of the doctors, regarding whose proficiency it is as easy to form a judgment in peace as in war, the plan would fail for the combatant branch, from the impossibility of inferring from a man's performance of his duties in peace how far he be superior to his brother officers under the far more difficult conditions of active service. The evidence taken by the Commissioners is unanimous on this point; and any one who can realise anything of the meaning of war, must concur in the conclusion at which they arrived. For just as a man may be a very estimable father of a family or master of a household, who yet may lose his head if a fire bursts out suddenly at midnight, so it is one thing to maintain discipline in a regiment, or to have an intelligent appreciation of the theory of war, and another and a very different one to find yourself the one man on whose bearing in a critical moment the crisis of the battle turns. It may indeed be comparatively easy to stand your ground like your neighbours, although the crashing shell and the withering musketry-fire be making their gaps right and left; most men may be trusted to do their duty in this respect: but where one man differs from another is in the faculty of knowing when to act on his own responsibility; when, for example, to go forward into the unknown danger ahead, or to encounter some risk which the brave man knows to be the surest road to safety. These are the men who inspire the confidence in war which gives birth to victory; it is round such men as these that troops will rally in the supreme moments on which turns the fate of battle, and under their leading accomplish the impossible. But there is no way of finding out

these men in peace time; soldiers often come out in a new light on active service; war makes and mars reputations. All devices, then, for selecting officers in peace time, whether by educational or other tests, will certainly come short of attaining the desired object. The Commissioners, acting on this view, have wisely ruled that the only safe guide for promotion in peace time is seniority, tempered by rejection of the obviously incompetent; and the intelligent suggestions of A. C. R. on this head must, we think, be disregarded as impracticable; although the general idea enforced by him, that the aim of army legislation should be to encourage the non-professional soldier, and to frame your plans so that the man who intends to make a permanent profession of the army shall be the exception to the rule, is, we believe, the proper one to act upon.

The least satisfactory part of the proposals contained in the Report is, to our thinking, that part which deals with the officer after he leaves his regiment, and the arrangements for promotions on the list of generals. The Commissioners are strongly for maintaining the limit of five years for the command of a battalion; and the evidence they took generally confirms the recommendation. A lieutenant-colonel, therefore, after holding the command for five years—that is, in most cases, simultaneously with his promotion to brevet colonel—is to have the option of retiring on a pension of £420 a-year, or going on half-pay. In the latter case he will be eligible for any further employment that may come to him, and for promotion in due course in order of seniority to general officer. Now, if a large proportion of the superannuated lieutenant-colonels accept this liberal full-pay retirement, the succession to the higher grade of the remainder, who

elect to hold on to the service, will be comparatively rapid, more especially if, as the Commission propose, all general officers be transferred to a retired list on reaching the age of seventy, while the active list is maintained at the present strength. But all this is matter of uncertainty, and it seems very undesirable that an efficient officer should be placed on the shelf for a longer or shorter period, at a time when every year so spent makes a difference for the worse. Why, too, should a man after performing the duties of a general officer in the command of a brigade for several years revert again to the rank of colonel? Why, too, as Lord Sandhurst pertinently asked, should not a man who has held temporary rank as full general or lieutenant-general in India, be confirmed in the higher grade on the completion of his tour of service? Surely in such cases the step of rank is fairly earned. But, in fact, the whole system of dealing with the establishment of generals requires to be overhauled. There is surely no more reason why a large so-called active list of generals should be kept up, a very few only of the whole having any real prospect of ever being actively employed, than that we should maintain an establishment of three or four times as many lieutenant-colonels as there are battalions to be commanded by them. A radical change of system is needed in this respect, for efficiency is at least as necessary in generals as in any other class. The first thing required is a considerable increase of general officers' commands, as proposed by General Beauchamp Walker in his evidence, bringing up the active establishment into reasonable correspondence with the strength of the army, and the number needed for active service. This might form the basis of the fixed

establishment, to which no promotion should be made, except to fill a vacant command. Such promotion to be made by selection—using the term in the qualified sense employed by the Commissioners—from the list of colonels; the promotion to lieutenant-general and full general to be made in the same way. An officer, after serving for the fixed term of his command, to be eligible to remain on the active list for five years, after which, if still unemployed or not promoted, he should be removed to the retired list, no promotion being however made in such case in his room. Thus the active list at any time would be composed of those generals then holding commands, and those who had held commands or equivalent appointments within the last five years. Further, no one could obtain admission to this active list, except by being selected in the first instance for a command; while to obtain promotion from one grade of general officer to another, the qualification would be necessary of being selected for a second tour of active employment. Such a system would give us a list of men more really generals, if we may use the term, than we have now, and would, we believe, prove more effective in this respect than that proposed by the Commission. They claim for their plan, indeed, that it would at least improve the existing state of things. They say that “measures should be taken to diminish the period of thirteen years, and a half, or perhaps even more, which would, as matters now stand, intervene between the expiration of regimental command and accession to the general officers’ establishment.” In this probably every one will agree; the thing has only to be stated for the monstrous nature of the present arrangement to be seen. But they go on to add that “the extent to which

this diminution should be pushed is in some measure a question of expense; but, on the whole, we recommend that a brevet colonel should not on the average pass more than eight years after leaving his regiment before he becomes a general officer.” Most people will think that, if it be a matter of opinion, at any rate a maximum of eight years is much too long. In fact, the Commissioners, when they come to deal with generals, seem disposed to step tenderly. Several of the number having themselves passed through this period of probation, it may not seem inordinate to them. We are all of us, no doubt, slow to admit that we are not so efficient as we were when a few years younger. But those who are not general officers will probably be of opinion that the intermediate period, even as thus curtailed, would be still too long. Our plan would shorten it materially, while it would do away with the objectionable feature of the present system, that a man once made a general of the junior grade goes on henceforward through the different ranks without giving any value in the way of service in return. Under such a system as we have suggested, a colonel would never have to wait more than five years for promotion, and a general on the active list would never be more than five years unemployed; and with all deference to the argument of the Commissioners, “that the establishment of general officers is not intended to fulfil the sole purpose of providing officers capable of taking the field in high commands on active service, and that the advanced age which is eminently undesirable in the case of officers called to active commands in the field, is no disqualification for many commands in time of peace, still less so for a step conferred as a reward only for long

service," this last sentence surely begs the question. It is not at all desirable that this step should be given as a reward for long service only; nor can a man properly be said to be performing service when he is living at home on his unattached pay. The mere faculty for existence without rendering any equivalent should not be held to give any claim to further advancement. We submit, then, that some scheme of the kind here sketched out would be a decided improvement, so far as the efficiency of the upper ranks of the army is concerned. The plan would indeed involve a considerable reduction in the present establishment of generals, and so far there would be fewer vacancies to which to succeed; but, on the other hand, there would be created a large retired list of indefinite extent; and generally the effect of the plan would be to aid materially in bringing about that even and regular flow of promotion which is the object in view. It may be added, that the uncertainty of gaining any further promotion by going on half-pay as a brevet colonel, involved in this plan, would be a strong additional inducement to a man to accept the full-pay retirement, which it is proposed shall be available on reaching that rank; in this way the plan would sensibly stimulate promotion.

This discussion about the best way of advancing the brevet colonels naturally suggests whether the present mode of producing that description of officer is the most appropriate that could be adopted. At the outset it must strike an unprejudiced observer as a little singular that, except in the artillery and engineers, in which branches of the service the rank is now to be abolished, all colonels should hold that rank merely by brevet. Why should not all captains and lieutenants equally be

styled brevet captains and brevet lieutenants? The title would really be not a bit less appropriate in the one case than the other, being, in fact, equally unmeaning in either. The origin of the rank of lieutenant-colonel is of course well known. Time was when every regiment had a real colonel, who was not always a general officer as well, and the officer virtually commanding the battalion held, therefore, a lower grade, with a title signifying that he was merely the colonel's deputy. But in course of time the connection of the colonel with his regiment has become slighter and slighter, till at last it has ceased to be anything more than a purely nominal one, conveying an honorary distinction and carrying with it a good-service pension. The title of lieutenant-colonel, therefore, as designating the actual commander of the regiment, has now become a complete anachronism, and a very inconvenient one. For example, it is proposed, as we have said, that the rank of full colonel in the artillery shall be abolished; and further, that every lieutenant-colonel of that regiment, after five years' service in that grade, shall either retire or go on half-pay, as is provided for the line and cavalry. Those of the lieutenant-colonels who elect for the second alternative will, however, be eligible for such commands on the staff as are now held by the full colonels of the regiment. Thus the artillery officer commanding at Aldershot, for instance, will be a half-pay lieutenant-colonel unattached, brevet colonel, and colonel on the staff. Absurdity in naming could not well be carried further. Clearly the time has come for altering the rank of the officer commanding a regiment to that of colonel. The senior major might then be styled lieutenant-colonel, or, if it be thought preferable, the

actual commandant might still be commissioned as lieutenant-colonel in the first instance, and promoted to colonel after three years' service in the lower grade, as was the practice for some time subsequent to the Crimean war. The higher rank need not carry additional pay, or, if it be thought desirable to make a distinction in this respect, the difference might be so small as not to make any appreciable addition to the army estimates. The important point, however, for which we contend is, that the rank should be substantive and not brevet rank; that is, a man should not be a lieutenant-colonel and brevet-colonel, but colonel only, this substantial rank being henceforward intermediate between that of lieutenant-colonel and general, and held by the officers on half-pay who, after their five years' tour of regimental command, are either waiting for employment, or are already employed as commanding brigade-depots, colonels of artillery and engineers on the staff, and so forth.

It was of course to be expected that, while the general subject was under consideration, the Commission should direct their attention to the alternative mode of giving promotion which might be afforded by increasing the higher regimental ranks. Some of the witnesses examined, as Sir John Adye and Sir Lintorn Simmons, were in favour of an organisation of infantry and cavalry by double companies and squadrons, to be commanded by majors. This plan would certainly have the effect of bringing an officer up to that rank somewhat sooner than he gets there by the present system; but it would not insure the main object in view, of maintaining a sufficient flow of promotion to secure that all officers shall be young enough for their work. Calling a man a major does

not make him younger or fresher. If the majors thus created were to be exempt from the proposed rule of superannuation after twenty years' service, then the result would be to give an older class of men fulfilling the functions of captain than the standard of efficiency demands. If, on the other hand, the twenty-years' rule is to be made applicable to them, superannuation would be brought down a stage lower, and would press still harder than it is likely to do already under the proposed rule. It must be borne in mind, too, that after all the effect of rank is merely comparative, and it may easily be made too cheap. The tendency of things has been much in this way already: the profuse distribution of brevets; the abolition of the rank of ensign; the high relative rank bestowed on the non-combatant branches; the honorary promotions on retirement; the titles militia officers carry about with them into their peaceful avocations; the conversion of the artillery and engineer captains into majors,—all these things have had the effect of cheapening military rank in a very sensible degree, and it will certainly be desirable for the future rather to hold back than to make further concessions in the same direction. Already the field-officers of our army are out of all proportion in excess of those of Continental armies; if the levelling-up process is to go much further, everybody will soon be a major, and then the rank will be worthless. Happily, then, the general tendency of the evidence taken by the Commissioners is against the proposal in question. The opinion of the Duke of Cambridge is very decided on this point: "I have the strongest possible objection to it [an increase of majors], and I am very anxious to state that I think nothing would be so undesirable, and it would be deplorable

if so large an addition should be made to the field-officers of the army. I think we have very much too many field-officers now, and the consequences are very serious." It is perhaps to be regretted that the Commissioners did not also themselves add an opinion on this point, which, coming from such an authority, would have been conclusive. They content themselves with observing that they have not entered on the question, "as we conceive it not to be within our province to deal with it;" but inasmuch as they took a good deal of evidence on the subject, their opinion on the case would certainly have been of value.

It now remains to be seen how far the proposals of the Commissioners will be carried out in their integrity. Some opposition must of course be expected from the side of those who conceive their interests to be injuriously affected by the scheme: and in these days of general softness, when resistance is seldom made to clamour, and we seem to be drifting into that state of army

promotion when nobody shall ever supersede anybody else; when everybody expects to be always compensated by a general brevet for everybody else's promotion; and when every so-called grievance in this line is sure of redress if only the claimant be sufficiently persistent in pressing it forward—with such tendencies in operation, even this reasonable and moderate plan for securing a proper rule of army promotion and retirement, may be shorn of some of its best provisions before it be finally adopted. It is so much easier when in doubt to take the course of inaction, which gives least trouble and excites least opposition. We must hope, however, that the result of the labours undergone by this Commission may prove less abortive than those of so many of their predecessors have been, and that this most necessary supplement to the abolition of purchase, without which that measure was simply a rude and crude revolution, may pass unmutilated through the crucible of official and parliamentary criticism.

THE LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

THE outside world is always curious to look behind the scenes of the palace. Royalty, at least until these later days, has lived so much apart from ordinary life—its position, its habits, its duties, and its temptations, are of so special a kind, that they have seemed remote from common sympathies, and have not been judged by the common standard. More heroic qualities were looked for in the prince than in the subject, and were conventionally attributed even where they did not exist; and more allowance was made—and too often required—for his frailties than would have been accorded to a humble offender. We had retained in England much of the Eastern notion, that the monarch should not be too accessible to his subjects, or be brought into too familiar view. The glimpses which the public sometimes obtained into the inner life of courts had something of the attraction of a surreptitious pleasure. Vulgar curiosity has been always on the watch for such peeps at majesty deprived of its externals; and the revelations made from time to time, too often by disappointed courtiers and by valet-minds to whom nothing was sacred or heroic, were apt to be as unedifying as untrustworthy. But in other minds, also, there has always existed a curiosity of a nobler kind, to know something more of the character and life of the sovereign than can be gathered from the public exercise of the royal prerogative, or the parade of state ceremonial. The student of history knows well that in the internal life of courts there often lie the secrets of political changes; and for his purpose the revelation,

be it full or partial, must be authentic, and not the mere court gossip which delights the multitude.

To some, again, the mystery that shadows the throne is something on which they do not care to have the light thrown too rashly. They know that kings and queens are human; and as, to some devotional temperaments, the priest should always be nothing more and nothing less than the priest, and should seem, at least to the eyes of the faithful, above all ordinary affections and infirmities, so these would have the “divinity which doth hedge” the crown maintained as a sacred precinct, not lightly to be thrown open to the gaze of even the most loyal worshipper. When the ‘Leaves from Her Majesty’s Journal in the Highlands’ were first announced for publication, it was not all of her most devoted subjects who received that announcement with unmixed pleasure. It was a sort of *Ikon Basilike* for which nothing in their experience had prepared them. Even the enthusiastic reception which the public gave to those royal idylls scarcely reconciled such jealous spirits to this withdrawing of the veil.

But when it became known that a Life of the great Prince, whose early loss England had mourned as one man, was about to be written under her Majesty’s sanction, and from materials which she alone could supply, it was felt at once that such a record was what the country desired, and that only in such way could it be obtained. Detached passages in that life had lain open everywhere to the public view: acts done, and speeches made, and

opinions delivered in public ; but the whole consistent and harmonious character, from which sprang both deeds and words, had yet to be made known and appreciated. The personal details, almost startling in their frankness, which abounded in the first volume of Mr Theodore Martin's work, were felt to be a noble tribute of a royal wife to the memory of the husband in whose relations both with herself and with the country there was nothing to conceal. And her whole life had been so bound up with his—he had been so emphatically the "Consort" of the Queen in every sense, public and domestic—that his life could not be written without the introduction of the larger and more intimate portion of her own. Mr Martin touches this gracefully in his prefatory dedication of this second volume to her Majesty :—

"Nothing impressed or touched me more than the indications on which I everywhere came, of how the minds and hands of your Majesty and the Prince had worked together upon the multiform and difficult questions which were constantly presenting themselves for consideration. Only a faint idea can be given in any work like the present of the weighty character and the wide range of the topics which engaged the thoughts of your Majesty and the Prince during the eventful years of which this volume treats. Still, it cannot but be well that your Majesty's subjects should learn something of the noble activity which then reigned within the palace ; how not a day, scarcely an hour, passed which did not leave its record of some good work done, some sagacious counsel tendered, some worthy enterprise encouraged, some measure to make men wiser or better devised or helped forward, some problem of grave social or political moment meditated to its depths and advanced towards a solution. They have long looked with pride to the home of their Sovereign as a pattern of what a home and a Court should be in the warmth of the family affec-

tion, the refined simplicity of the tastes, the purity of the moral atmosphere, by which it was pervaded. They will be no less pleased to learn, as from the present volume they will, that while all the graces of life were cultivated there, and all 'the charities that soothe, and heal, and bless' diligently fostered, that home was also the seat of hard, anxious, unremitting work, which had for its one object the protection and promotion of the country's welfare."

Mr Martin has not been proof against the temptation to make his work, in point of actual scope and extent, a political history of the reign of Queen Victoria, as well as a biography of the Prince. It was perhaps impossible to separate the one from the other. The husband of the Queen was so identified in thought, word, and deed with the Queen herself, and her Majesty's personal interest in all that touched the political as well as domestic relations of her kingdom was so deep and earnest, that the life of the State was bound up with the lives of both. It would have been possible to write a life of the Prince which would have altogether avoided, or touched only lightly and by the way, upon foreign politics ; but this would have given a very imperfect view of his character and his influence.

But the author can well make his own apology :—

"In writing the Life of the Prince, I have felt that I must write what would be in some measure a history of the time. The duties of his position, as the Prince understood them, made it incumbent upon him to be ever on the watch where the welfare of your Majesty's kingdom was concerned. The interests of England, abroad as well as at home, were not more dear to your Majesty than they were to him. To help, so far as in him lay, to uphold these interests, and to keep England true to her great name and worthy of her great inheritance, was with the Prince, as with your Majesty,

the dearest object of his ambition. Seeking no personal triumph, he was content, and more than content, with strengthening the hands, while lightening the labours, of the Sovereign, in whose life his own was merged.

"The events which make history were thus the atmosphere in which the Prince lived. It was upon them his mind was most constantly at work, it was with them that his correspondence chiefly dealt. His story, therefore, could not be told without at the same time telling the story of these events. To show how they acted upon his mind, and how in turn his influence reacted upon them, has been my aim. This could not be done without at the same time affording glimpses of what each day brings to your Majesty in the way of active supervision of the business of the State. In going through the voluminous records of State and other papers compiled by the Prince for the use of your Majesty and himself, which it has been my duty and privilege to examine in the execution of my task, nothing has impressed or touched me more than the indications on which I everywhere came, of how the minds and hands of your Majesty and the Prince had worked together upon the multifarious and difficult questions which were constantly presenting themselves for consideration."

His German birth, education, and family connections gave him at once a natural interest in all Continental questions, and an appreciation of their various bearings which very few Englishmen could acquire; and though his loyalty to England never for an instant failed, he was able to bring to bear upon them a judgment not liable to be warped, as is so often the case, by our insular prejudices.

His intense interest in, and his keen and dispassionate criticism of the eventful troubles of 1848, which shook in turn nearly every throne in Europe, will be found to occupy some of the most interesting chapters in this volume. But in the brief space to which our present notice of it must be confined,

we may perhaps be pardoned if we regard the Prince solely in his relations to the English people. England was the home of his deliberate adoption; and whatever jealous calumny might assert or insinuate to the contrary from time to time, it continued to the last to be the home of his fixed and unalterable affection.

His insight into Continental politics, and the watchful interest with which he followed their every movement, only served to strengthen his appreciation of English character and his attachment to English institutions. At the close of the first volume of this exhaustive record, the Prince was left in the midst of a crisis which, while it threatened the general peace of Europe, and made English statesmen anxious for our own security, brought with it a special disappointment to the Queen and to himself. The *entente cordiale* which they had both striven so loyally to maintain between France and England, and which had taken in their eyes the character of a bond of personal affection between themselves and the whole family of Louis Philippe, had been broken by the French monarch's indefensible duplicity in the matter of the Spanish marriages. Retribution had followed quickly enough to make the words of Baron Stockmar, written to the Prince scarcely more than six months before, singularly prophetic: "If he live long enough, he can hardly fail to suffer some portion of the punishment which, according to the laws of nature, he has incurred." This was written in August 1847; and in February of the following year Louis Philippe was a victim to his own crooked policy, and a fugitive from France. How much this affected the Prince, coming as it did at the same time with disturbances at home and some family cares, may

be gathered from his own letter to the Baron at the time :—

“European war is at our doors ; France is ablaze in every quarter ; Louis Philippe is wandering about in disguise, so is the Queen ; Nemours and Clémentine have found their way to Dover ; of Augustus, Victoire,* Alexander Würtemberg, and the others, all we know is, that the Duchess of Montpensier is at Tréport under another name ; Guizot is a prisoner, the Republic declared, the army ordered to the frontier, the incorporation of Belgium and the Rhenish provinces proclaimed. Here they refuse to pay the income tax, and attack the Ministry ; Victoria will be confined in a few days ; our poor, good grand-mamma is taken from this world. I am not cast down ; still I have need of friends and of counsel in these heavy times.”—(i. 480.)

Prince Albert was but twenty-nine years old : wise and thoughtful beyond his years, as he always was, but yet not so confident as he afterwards became in the stability of English character and English institutions, and not yet feeling himself strong in the affections of the English people.

It was a time of anxiety for England, whether she looked at home or abroad. The well-known letter of the Duke of Wellington to Sir John Burgoyne had made men aware, as by a galvanic shock, that an invading force could be thrown upon our shores “in any wind or in any weather, and could easily make its way thence into the interior of the country.” The sudden vote of a large sum for national defences had to be taken in the face of a financial deficit of above three millions ; it was calculated that one-seventh of our whole population was in the receipt of parochial relief ; Ireland was in a state of more than normal disturbance ; and riotous mobs in Glasgow

and in Trafalgar Square, encouraged by the success of revolution in Paris and on the Continent, were making attempts to assert those principles which, in the words of Lord Beaconsfield (then Mr Disraeli), “begin with fraternity and universal charity, and end with bloodshed and spoliation.” Well might the Queen say, in a letter written to Baron Stockmar in the March of that stormy year—

“God knows we have had since the 25th [of February] enough for a whole life—anxiety, sorrow, excitement ; in short, I feel as if we had jumped over thirty years’ experience at once. The whole face of Europe is changed, and I feel as if I had lived in a dream.”

But the gloomy prospect which thus clouded the public life of the royal pair in the midst of their full domestic peace and happiness was soon to change. The great Chartist meeting on Kennington Common, which had threatened to besiege the Houses of Parliament, 150,000 strong, to present their “monster petition,” collapsed before the resolute attitude of the civil force, supported by no less than 170,000 volunteer constables ; and the great Duke—though he was known to have both infantry and artillery in readiness, and to have been fully prepared to use them in case of need—was loudly cheered by the populace as he rode quietly down to his duties at the Horse Guards next morning. The Queen had been persuaded to withdraw with the Prince to Osborne before this dreaded 10th of April, to avoid any possible risk (the young Princess Louise had been born but three weeks before) ; and on the 11th she wrote to the King of the Belgians, rejoicing that the anticipated danger was a thing of the past—

* Duchess of Nemours.

"Thank God ! The Chartist meeting and procession have turned out a complete failure. The loyalty of the people at large has been very striking, and their indignation at their peace being interfered with by such wanton and worthless men, immense."

But, as the Prince wrote on the same day, matters in Ireland still looked dangerous. It startles one even now to read in these pages the audacious language used against the Government by the "Young Ireland" party, as they were called, and printed in their political organs, 'The United Irishman,' and its successor, 'The Irish Felon.' Of the first paper John Mitchell was the editor—as able as he was unscrupulous. He did not hesitate, in his public speeches and in the columns of his journal, to recommend the patriot "who had no gun to sell his garment and buy one;" to point out how the soldiery of "an alien Government" might best be harassed by missiles hurled from "parapets and top storeys;" and to challenge the Earl of Clarendon, the Lord-Lieutenant—or, as he preferred to style him, "Her Majesty's Executioner-General and General Butcher of Ireland"—to meet him and his countrymen either in the law-courts or on the battle-field, with "whichever weapon, packed juries or whetted sabres," he might prefer. "You accuse me," he said, "of writing sedition; I will write more sedition—nay, I will go further; it is my intention to commit high treason:" and he went on to urge his countrymen to "rise at an early day or early night, march through that castle, and tear down that English flag."

Never was the patience of a constitutional Government so severely tried, and never were its executive powers more moderately exercised. Its long forbearance with what was rebellion in all but act was the

wonder of foreign statesmen, and was not received without strong remonstrance at home. It was with the cordial support of all parties, except a few fanatical impracticables, that the Government at last demanded of Parliament unusual but necessary measures of restriction for Ireland, and finally the suspension for a while of the Habeas Corpus Act. Mitchell was convicted under the new Act against seditious speaking, and transported for fourteen years; and four months afterwards, Mr Smith O'Brien, the "King of Munster," as his followers called him, and his rebel army, were defeated by a body of forty-seven policemen, in the memorable affair of the Widow Cormack's "cabbage-garden." The "king" and his confederates Meagher and M'Manus were convicted of high treason, and only escaped the fate which they so well deserved because the Government was unwilling to raise them to the dignity of national martyrs. So the long-threatened Irish rebellion came to an end which had in it far more of the ridiculous than the heroic, though the danger had at one time been very real. But in the midst of it all, Mr Martin is fully justified in saying that the minds of Queen and Prince "were not for a moment disquieted as to the national loyalty." "The loyalty of the country on the whole," writes the Prince to Stockmar, "is very great; and it is impossible, so far as the person of the Sovereign is concerned, that it should ever be greater." She, on her part, had good cause to say of her noble husband:—

"Albert is my constant pride and admiration, and his cheerfulness and courage are my great comfort and satisfaction; but, believe me, I am often very sad. . . . It is he who always makes dear Victoire (the Duchess of

Nemours) quite merry when she comes here. He has that happy gift of constant cheerfulness which is a treasure in these times." *

It will perhaps surprise many readers whose lines have not fallen in courts, to hear of "the admirable gift of humour" which, as his present biographer assures us, "never failed" the Prince, and made him, in his own immediate circle, one of the pleasantest and most amusing of companions. The public were under the impression that, with all his high qualities and abilities—perhaps even because of them—he was grave and self-contained, and looked upon the lighter play of society with but an imperfect sympathy. The peculiar nature of his position, and the care which he took, for no selfish ends, to maintain its dignity, led not unnaturally to this sterner side of his character coming more especially into public view. There were few with whom he could thoroughly unbend without the risk of incurring from some of those who watched him so jealously and with so little allowance—and such there were—the charge of undue levity or partial favouritism. But there is abundant evidence in these pages, and the evidence of those who knew him best, that he could amuse as well as instruct, and keep a royal guest in laughing good-humour amidst all the solemn formalities of a court dinner. Indeed, the prince who could make a large collection of caricatures, carefully including in them Leech's well-known cartoon, in 'Punch,' representing him as 'The Industrious Boy,' and who was accustomed to say that "if you want to know what public men are like, you must study the caricatures of their day," must have had at least that appreciation of humour without which, in

the opinion of most Englishmen, a man's character is incomplete, and which has not seldom been one element of popularity in their sovereigns and princes.

It was now, when affairs at home had settled into quiet, that the Prince began to address himself to those great measures of national improvement and progress, embracing much of what is now termed "social science," which afterwards became the great pleasure and business of his life, for which he grudged no expenditure of time or pains, and with which his name will ever remain associated in grateful recollection. He had felt, as all thoughtful minds must have felt, that at the bottom of all the discontent and lawlessness which had troubled the kingdom there lay some real grievances, though their soreness was perhaps exaggerated, arising from the severance of class from class, and their consequent want of sympathy with each other. He consented to preside, in this same troublous year of 1848, at a meeting of the "Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes;" and here he made what was his first really great speech. It is so noble and so eloquent, that portions of it can never be too often reproduced. It must be borne in mind that the sentiments it contains have since, happily for this country, become more familiar and more popular. They may seem now almost commonplace; they were by no means so when that speech was delivered. It can scarcely be estimated how far the fact of their now seeming so is due to the views then put forward by the Prince himself, and by the constant and earnest efforts, long too little appreciated, of Lord Shaftesbury. There were even fears expressed that Prince Albert's own

* Letters to King Leopold, p. 44.

appearance at such a meeting was dangerous, and might give occasion for insults to himself and the Queen from some of the virulent demagogues who still possessed much of the popular ear. But he overruled his timorous advisers. He was most anxious, as he declared in his speech, to show publicly "his sympathy and interest for that class of our community which has most of the toil and least of the enjoyments of this world."

"Depend upon it," said the Prince, 'the interests of classes too often contrasted are identical, and it is only ignorance which prevents their uniting for each other's advantage. To dispel that ignorance, to show how man can help man, notwithstanding the complicated state of civilised society, ought to be the aim of every philanthropic person; but it is more peculiarly the duty of those who, under the blessing of Divine Providence, enjoy station, wealth, and education.'

"Let them be careful, however, to avoid any dictatorial interference with labour and employment, which frightens away capital, destroys that freedom of thought and independence of action which must remain to every one if he is to work out his own happiness, and impairs that confidence under which alone engagements for mutual benefit are possible.

"God has created man imperfect, and left him with many wants, as it were to stimulate each to individual exertion, and to make all feel that it is only by united exertions and combined action that these imperfections can be supplied, and these wants ratified. This presupposes self-reliance and confidence in each other. To show the way how these individual exertions can be directed with the greatest benefit, and to foster that confidence upon which the readiness to assist each other depends, this Society deems its most sacred duty."

We find him soon after at a meeting of the "Servants' Provident Society," where, says his biographer, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of Oxford

and London, Lord John Russell, and Archdeacon Manning, "all spoke well, but none more to the point or with a more thoroughly felt mastery of the whole subject than the Prince."

"Whose heart would fail to sympathise with those who minister to us in all the wants of daily life, attend us in sickness, receive us upon our first appearance in this world, and even extend their cares to our mortal remains; who live under our roof, form our household, and are a part of our family?" He then adverted to the fact of the appalling pauperism of the class, and the duty it imposed on 'both masters and servants to endeavour to discover and to agree upon some means for carrying the servant through life, safe from the temptations of the prosperous, and from the sufferings of the evil day.' These means the Society had set itself to provide, and therefore it had his cordial support."

"It is founded," he went on to say, 'upon a right principle, because it endeavours to trace out a plan according to which, by providence, by present self-denial and perseverance, not only will the servant be raised in his physical and moral condition, but the master also will be taught how to direct his efforts in aiding the servant in his labour to secure to himself resources in cases of sickness, old age, and want of employment. It is founded on a right principle, because in its financial scheme there is no temptation held out to the servant by the prospect of possible extravagant advantages, which tend to transform his providence into a species of gambling; by convivial meetings, which lead him to ulterior expense; or by the privilege of balloting for the few prizes, which draws him into all the waste of time and excitement of an electioneering contest.'"

The public press of the day was unanimous in his praises; but probably nothing gratified him so much as a letter, carefully preserved among his papers, from "H.R.H.'s young humble servant, C.A., a servant of good character," begging

him to "deign to accept his most humble and heartfelt thanks."

It was said that he did not compose his own speeches—they were "too good for a prince." The sneer was quite unfounded. But we have it from the Queen's authority, in these pages, that his habit was that of many other good speakers, past and present; he always prepared them carefully and wrote them down before delivering them: and this last, says her Majesty, "he does so well, that no one ever believes that he is nervous—which he is."

The Prince did not confine his efforts to the moral and intellectual improvement of the lower classes. Highly trained and educated himself, and with a range of attainments the very idea of which would startle most young English noblemen, he was anxious to see introduced into the English universities a wider and more extended curriculum, in substitution for, or at least in completion of, what he considered the narrow and cramping system, which would recognise little besides classics and mathematics. We are conscious of here entering upon very debatable ground, and opening questions which it would take a volume to discuss—as, indeed, they have already taken many. Prince Albert had been elected in 1847—not, unfortunately, without a contested election, and only by a small majority—Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. That learned body had been thoroughly well-abused at the time for the "flunkeyism" (as some of the Oxonian rivals uncivilly termed it) which had sought to put itself under the patronage of Royalty. If any of those who promoted the election of the Prince fancied they had chosen an illustrious "King Log," they were soon grievously undeceived. Those, on the other

hand, who had really paid regard to "His Royal Highness's literary and scientific attainments" (as they declared in their requisition) in proffering him the honour, were not to be disappointed. The Prince could have said honestly and sincerely, as he did afterwards when he declined a similar position in the new University of Ireland, that he would never accept any office of which he could not hope to discharge the duties. He very soon turned his attention to University Reform. Changes in the Cambridge system had already been strongly advocated, though chiefly, as Mr Martin pointedly observes, "outside the universities themselves." That some such reforms were highly desirable, in order to bring the studies of the universities "into harmony with the requirements of the age," is what few real friends of education would at this time dispute. But when the biographer goes on to say that "the most valuable years for acquiring that general culture by which the level of society is most effectively raised and maintained were sacrificed to studies which took no strong hold on the attention of the general student, and consequently failed to beget those habits of industry and of thoughtful and independent study which, apart from the advantages of a well-ordered university as a school and discipline of manners, constitute the chief value of its training"—we must take leave to join issue with him on a proposition which will seem to many who know what were the results of the old university training, when fully carried out, to be quite unfounded. Habits of industry are not to be certainly secured by any course of study undertaken for a time, and for a certain definite object, either under the old or under the modern university system. Very much will

always depend upon the character of the student himself. But that the strict and severe mental training required in the successful student of the classical languages and of pure mathematics, with the hard work which it involves—even granting that these two subjects were studied alone—is not likely to lay the very best foundation for habits of industry in after-life, to create and invigorate accuracy both of thought and expression, and to make the man who has mastered these subjects in any degree, better fitted to carry out any line of special study afterwards, is surely against ordinary experience, as well as against all authority. There may possibly be a more valuable mental training for the young, but we venture to say it has yet to be discovered. But this is by the way. The Prince, and those who supported him, were undoubtedly right in their view that the university curriculum was too narrow; and without for a moment admitting that other lines of study—more popular, no doubt, more attractive, and more obviously practical—could afford the young student a better training-ground than the older and more unfashionable subjects, it may be fully granted that there were many minds naturally more or less unfitted for their successful culture, and for whom it was quite fair that other paths to honours, and other means of developing their several tastes and faculties, should be provided. Indeed, to open the “schools” of Oxford and Cambridge to such aspirants was but going back to the old principles of both universities, making such needful modifications in their curriculum as were required by the rapid advance of science. The Prince had many obstacles to overcome in carrying out the reforms which he desired. It is too true,

though it ought not to have been so, that, as Mr Martin observes, the late sharp contest for the Chancellorship had left some bitterness behind in the defeated party. He had also to contend with the *vis inertiae* common to all old establishments. The “heads of houses” were, as Dr Philpott of St Catherine’s caustically described his brethren (“whom he seemed,” says the Prince, “to know very well”), “a nervous and essentially conservative body;” and the very fact of such reforms being initiated under the auspices of one whom his opponents were fond of terming a “German Prince,” increased the risk of their being met with determined opposition. With his usual good sense and prudence, he was anxious not to seem to interfere too directly. But he had staunch and able allies. Dr Phelps, Master of Sidney College, who was the incoming Vice-Chancellor, Well of Trinity (though with some reservations), Professor Sedgwick, and a small but energetic phalanx of younger men, were all on the side of the new movement. The new Chancellor sought advice also from without. He took counsel with one of Cambridge’s most distinguished scholars—Musgrave, then Archbishop of York. Sir Robert Peel, whose advice had influenced him strongly in his acceptance of the Chancellorship, and before whom he at once laid the information which he had collected and his own views on the subject, wrote him a letter in which he gave it as his opinion that “the present system was defective in excluding many branches of knowledge which it was of the utmost importance to cultivate.” It does not appear that he consulted Lord John Russell. But—*vocatus atque non vocatus*—Lord John was sure to come to the front on such an occasion. He was eager to appoint at once that Royal

Commission which afterwards carried terror and dismay into the old establishments, and which, like the greater Reformation which three centuries before had taken place in the Church, swept away much of what was good together with the evil. "Should his Royal Highness approve," Lord John would himself at once "lay a formal proposal on the subject before her Majesty." His Royal Highness did not approve. He preferred that the University should itself take free action; and Lord John had to be content with offering his congratulations on the successful result. The Syndicate appointed by the University, on the 8th of April 1848, reported in favour of a new scheme of studies. Its main features are well described in a passage which Mr Martin quotes from Mr Fonblanque of the 'Examiner':—

"Of the five Graces offered to the Senate of Cambridge University last Tuesday, three will long be selected for remembrance. By the first it was made incumbent on all candidates for a degree, in addition to the modicum of Classics and Mathematics at present exacted, to attend at least one term of Lectures in Laws, or Physics, or Moral Philosophy, or Chemistry, or Anatomy, or Modern History, or Botany, or Geology, or Natural or Experimental Philosophy, or English Law, or Medicine, or Mineralogy, or Political Economy, and to show a certificate of examination satisfactory to that one of the professors whose lectures they may have chosen to attend. The choice of the particular science to be thus added to the book of Euclid, the chapter of Thucydides, and the pittance of Christian Evidences, is left wholly to the student himself; but without its cultivation to this moderate extent, he cannot go in for his degree. The second and third Graces are more important. One established a new Honour Tripos in the Moral Sciences, and the other a new Honour Tripos in the Natural Sciences. For the first, the places are to be determined by the examination in Moral Philosophy,

Political Economy, Modern History, General Jurisprudence, and the Laws of England; and for the second, by an examination in Anatomy, Comparative Anatomy, Physiology, Chemistry, Botany, and Geology."

'Punch' also sent his congratulations after his fashion, in the shape of a clever cartoon — "H.R.H. Field-Marshal Prince Albert taking the Pons Asinorum, after the manner of Napoleon taking the Bridge of Arcola."

If the Prince's views of the possibilities of education seem too comprehensive and multifarious to ordinary intellects, it must at least be admitted that none had a better right to insist on the value of hard work, or to take a large and many-sided view of human attainments. He remarks in his letter to Lord John Russell, that at that moment, in the Cambridge studies,

"Political Economy, Constitutional Law, Law of Nations, Metaphysics, Psychology, Comparative Physiology, Modern Languages, Oriental Languages, Old Languages (with the exception of Greek and Latin), Geography, Chemistry, Astronomy, Natural History (with the exception of Geology), History of Art, Æsthetics, and Counterpoint, are quite excluded."—(P. 122.)

If the writer meant to imply that an acquaintance with all these subjects, or the majority of them, was requisite to a complete university education, the Cambridge undergraduate may well shudder at the thought of a reform on such principles. Yet he had himself studied them all, with one or two exceptions. His acquirements must have been something extraordinary in so young a man. They were so various that in most men they would have been only superficial: such was very far from being the case with him. Assuredly no system of education, reformed or unreformed, Oxford, Cambridge, or Bonn, could have given him those

"habits of industry" or that power of assimilation of multifarious knowledge which he possessed in such a remarkable degree. It was the man who made himself, and not the system; though undoubtedly his early training had been careful and complete.

"The extent and accuracy of the Prince's information on every subject of political importance impressed all with whom he came in contact. Ministers of State found him as familiar as themselves with the facts immediately connected with the working of their own departments. Ambassadors returning from their legations were struck to find how completely he had at command every significant detail of what had happened within the sphere of their special observation. Diplomats proceeding for the first time to some foreign Court, learned, in an interview with the Prince, not merely the exact state of affairs which they would find awaiting them, but very frequently had the characters of the sovereigns and statesmen with whom they would have to deal sketched for them with a clearness and precision which they afterwards found of the utmost practical service.

"This mastery of details could only be gained by great and systematic labour, in itself quite sufficient to absorb the energies of a busy man. But to the claims of politics had to be added those which science and art, and questions of social improvement, were constantly forcing upon the Prince's attention. An extensive correspondence also took up much time, and thus a comparatively small portion of every day was left for that domestic and social intercourse for which the Prince was, by his quick observation and natural brightness of spirits, peculiarly fitted, and in which he delighted to throw off for the time the weight of graver cares. He was habitually an early riser. Even in winter he would be up by seven, and dispose of a great deal of work before breakfast, by the light of the green German lamp, the original of which he had brought over with him, and which has since become so familiar an object in our English homes. The Queen

shared his early habits; but before her Majesty joined him in the sitting-room, where their writing-tables stood always side by side, much had, as a rule, been prepared for her consideration—much done to lighten the pressure of those labours, both of head and hand, which are inseparable from the discharge of the sovereign's duties."

No wonder that from time to time he felt the strain too great. It is to be feared that even his naturally good constitution was not proof against such perpetual demands upon nerve and brain, and that his premature death was in some degree to be referred to the unsparing way in which his vital energies had been continually taxed. His actual bodily health seems to have been remarkably good, with the exception of those occasional derangements of the stomach from indigestion, which, after all, seldom have the effect of actually shortening life. Yet he had warnings which to a less conscientious and unselfish nature might have spoken of the imperative need of rest. There was at least one watchful eye which noted these things, though he himself made too light of them. "The Prince's sleep is again as bad as ever," writes the Queen in January 1850, "and he looks very ill of an evening. . . . For the sake of his health, which I assure you is the cause of my shaken nerves, I could well bear this sacrifice"—speaking of a projected trip to Brussels. "He *must* be set right before we go to London, or God knows how ill he may get." But public business pressed, and the Prince would not go. Again, in July, the wife writes to Stockmar—

"You do not answer my anxious letters. Pray, do listen to our entreaties to come. It will do you good to be with my beloved Prince. He longs for you. Since the night of your poor friend's death he again wakes so early, and this is a sad distress to me. Clark admits that it is

the mind. . . . Diet has been of no avail. He has likewise been so shamefully plagued about the Exhibition, that for the honour of the country (which would have been grievously injured, if a little knot of selfish people had succeeded in driving him out of the only place where the architects said it could be) he felt their conduct much, and thought so much about it, that this has also helped to make him wake early."

He admits himself, in a letter to the same old friend—"I am sorry to say I was again suffering from sleeplessness and exhaustion." When the cares connected with the International Exhibition of 1851 were happily over, Stockmar urged him strongly to spare himself for a while. In reply, he says that he had "made up his mind to retreat into his shell as quickly as possible;" but, save only the occasional rest at Osborne and the bracing of the mountain air of Balmoral, where, in 1853, he was busied in building the new castle, he allowed himself but little respite or repose.

It is not unworthy of remark, especially in one who was to die young, that he was, in a certain sense, content with his work. He was doing his best, and he knew it. "I can say that I am content with everything," he writes to Stockmar, "and would now only desire more energy and perseverance to work as much good as circumstances will allow. Sins of *omission* in abundance I can recognise in the course of my life; and yet, again, they seem to me only natural when I consider the fetters which prudence imposes on us to prevent our falling into sins of *commission*." To some, these words may savour of self-complacency; but, knowing the character of him who used them, they are only one more indication of the results of that calm and well-balanced nature, which even in this inward retrospect saw nothing through an ex-

aggerated medium, either in the way of self-reproach or of self-congratulation. There are natures which, like John Bunyan the Puritan, magnify every weakness of their own into almost the unpardonable sin; and there are many other excellent men who always have before their eyes, in the midst of the most conscientious work, an unattainable ideal, and are full of aspirations which they never hope to realise. Religious biography is full of such characters. We need not doubt but that in their published confessions they have written with an honest and sincere humility; but it may well be doubted whether such printed records of earnest strivings which brought no satisfaction to the wrestler with evil, of a life of righteousness (as it appears to us) which to the liver of it seemed always as "filthy rags," have any very wholesome effect on the everyday world of readers. A shrewd but cynical anonymous critic has gone further than we should fully endorse in saying, "If you wish to discover a writer's weak points of self-conceit, you must study his language of self-depreciation." But without admitting that this hard rule applies to the majority of such cases, it surely cannot be needful for the honest worker to feel or to express himself always dissatisfied with his work. The greatest of our Christian teachers has laid down the rule, that "if our own hearts condemn us not," then we may have some "confidence towards God," and could even venture to say of himself, looking forward to the close of his earthly career, that he had "fought a good fight." The world is not so lavish of gratitude to its conscientious toilers that we should grudge them the reward of an approving conscience; and it may be no want of true humility, but

rather the honesty of a mind free from any brooding self-consciousness, which leads a man to sit down and say, "I have done my best, and I am content." It will be remembered that such was the feeling expressed in the last entry made in his journal the night before his death—and he died at forty-seven—by a man of thorough earnestness and unwearying energy, Arnold of Rugby; "How nearly can I now say, 'Vixi!'"

There is abundant evidence in these pages of the deep religious principles which marked and elevated the Prince's character. His religion was not formalised altogether after the pattern of the Church of England; yet to that Church he ever showed the faithful respect of an adopted son. He took a sincere interest in its welfare, as the great bulwark of Christianity in the land. He presided, in June 1851, at the Third Jubilee Meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—a body which has the reputation, justly or otherwise, of being of the "High Church" school. But he made it a condition—and in his position he was quite right in doing so—that the commemoration should bear no party character; "that the Church generally should be represented at the meeting, and that consequently there should be full security that no expressions should be used that could give just cause of offence to any denomination of Christians;" and that moderate as well as "high" Churchmen should be among the speakers. As he knew no party in politics, so he would be of no party in the Church. He deplored, he said, as all sensible men deplore, "that the Church should be afflicted with internal dissensions and attacks from with-

out." During the ferment occasioned in the previous year by what is known as the "Papal Aggression," he had committed to writing a memorandum which, if somewhat too broad in its views to commend itself thoroughly to the ecclesiastical mind, contained at least some lines of Church government which are gradually being recognised by an increasing number both of clergy and lay Churchmen:

"That the Laity have an equal share of authority in the Church with the Clergy.

"That no alteration in the *form* of Divine Service shall therefore be made by the Clergy without the formal consent of the Laity.

"Nor any *interpretation** given of Articles of Faith without their concurrence."—(P. 343.)

But even should any Churchmen be disposed to question so strong an assertion of the rights of the laity, there are surely none of any party who can fail to admire the fine summary of the position and duties of the Bishops in the House of Lords, which the Prince drew up in 1848, in the form of a letter to Dean (afterwards Bishop) Wilberforce, at his special request:

"A bishop ought to abstain completely from mixing himself up with the politics of the day, and beyond giving a general support to the Queen's Government, and occasionally voting for it, should take no part in the discussion of State affairs (for instance, corn laws, game laws, trade or financial questions); but he should come forward whenever the interests of humanity are at stake, and give boldly and manfully his advice to the House and country (I mean questions like negro emancipation, education of the people, improvement of the health of towns, measures for the recreation of the poor, against cruelty to animals, for regulating factory labour, &c.)

* We have underlined these words, because we do not understand the Prince to refer to doctrines or Articles of Faith in themselves.

"As to religious affairs, he cannot but take an active part in them, but let that always be the part of a Christian, not of a mere Churchman; let him never forget the insufficiency of human knowledge and wisdom, and the impossibility for any man, or even Church, to say, 'I am right; I alone am right.' Let him therefore be meek, and liberal, and tolerant to other confessions, but let him never forget that he is a representative of the Church of the land, the maintenance of which is as important to the country as that of its constitution or its throne. Let him here always be conscious that the Church has duties to fulfil; that it does not exist for itself, but for the people, for the country; and that it ought to have no higher aim than to be the Church of the people. Let there be, therefore, no calling for new rights, privileges, grants, &c., but show the zeal and eagerness of the Church to stretch her powers and capabilities to the utmost for the fulfilment of her sacred duties to the people in ministering and teaching.

"A bishop ought to be uniformly a peacemaker, and, when he can, it is his duty to lessen political or other animosities, and remind the peers of their duties as Christians. He ought to be a guardian of public morality—not like the press, by tediously interfering with every man's private affairs, speaking for applause, or trampling on those that are fallen, but by watching over the morality of the State in acts which expediency or hope for profit may tempt it to commit, as well in home and colonial as in foreign affairs. He should likewise boldly admonish the public even against its predominant feeling, if this be contrary to the purest standard of morality (reproving, for instance, the recklessness and wickedness of the proprietors of railway schemes, who, having no funds themselves, acquire riches at the expense of others, their dupes). Here the nation is in the greatest danger, as every individual gets corrupted, and every sense of shame is lost.

"In this way the Bishops would become a powerful force in the Lords, and the country would feel that their

presence there supplies a great want, and is a great protection to the people." —(Pp. 133, 134.)

There is a certain degree of *naïveté* in requiring that the spiritual peer should "give a general support to the Queen's Government," which seems to ignore the fact that, under our system of government by party, it might be quite consistent in a loyal bishop to support "her Majesty's Opposition." But the principles laid down in this remarkable letter well deserve the thoughtful attention of every member of the right reverend bench.

The impress of his own personal religious views is probably to be found in the following passage from a memorandum of the Queen on the education of the Princess Royal:—

"... I am quite clear that she should be taught to have great reverence for God and for religion, but that she should have the feeling of devotion and love which our Heavenly Father encourages His earthly children to have for Him, and not one of fear and trembling; and that the thoughts of death and an after-life should not be represented in an alarming and forbidding view; and that she should be made to know as yet no difference of creeds, and not think that she can only pray on her knees, or that those who do not kneel are less fervent and devout in their prayers."

In one of his private letters to the Queen, a portion of which Mr Martin has been allowed to quote in his first volume, the Prince has described himself, not without expression of regret, as being "of a rather cold nature." * It would certainly not have appeared so from anything recorded in these pages. Reserved he certainly was, and he may have been conscious that this reserve would leave an impression of coldness upon those with whom he was brought into contact in the or-

* See vol. i. p. 51.

dinary intercourse of life. And his nature may not have been so emotional as that of his countrymen commonly appears to our English view. His letters to the Queen herself, and even to his old and confidential friend Stockmar, are full of a tender affection which is almost feminine, in the best sense of that word. But these, of course, may be held exceptional cases, and it would not be fair to judge from them how far his feelings were readily moved in the case of others. But when we look at the degree in which he seems to have been affected by the deaths of those he loved, and even of those with whom he was brought into close personal relations, we cannot but think that upon this point he judged himself somewhat hardly. The man who shed "floods of tears" at the sudden death of Anson, his private secretary and afterwards "privy purse," and whose face, four days after that event, the Queen notices as "still so sad and pale and grave that I cannot forget it,"—had surely little need to apologise for coldness of nature. Mr Martin remarks that he was well served. "A man so good and able as the Prince," he says, "will always draw good and able men around him, and, by infusing his own spirit into them, secure the frank devotion of their energies to his service." Shakspeare makes his favourite Brutus say, even in the hour of difficulty and danger—

"In all my life I never knew a man
But he was true to me."

Do all readers of those remarkable words sufficiently appreciate the noble witness which the writer intended them to bear to the character of Brutus himself?

The Royal visit to Ireland, in the summer of 1849, is one of the most interesting episodes in this volume. Knowing what the state of that

country had been but a year before, it might have been naturally supposed that such an expedition would have been a dangerous experiment. But whatever misgivings had been entertained by cautious minds were set at rest from the very first moment that the Royal squadron, rather earlier than it was looked for, steamed into the Cove of Cork—henceforth to be known as "Queens-town." The rebels of yesterday had become the devoted subjects of to-day.

"Showers of rockets streamed into the air, and the bonfires on the surrounding heights burned higher and fiercer, as the peasantry, wild with delight to know that their Queen was actually among them, piled turf, fagot, and tar-barrel higher and higher, to give earnest of their welcome. It was a fitting prelude to the enthusiastic loyalty which hailed the Royal visitors at every stage of their Irish progress."

Just as her Majesty set foot upon Irish soil, the heavy grey curtain of the morning rose, and "the sun broke out suddenly from the clouds with unusual splendour." It was the happy augury of the brightness which was to follow her presence everywhere through the island. At Waterford and at Cork the enthusiasm was the same: "noisy, excitable, but very good-humoured, running and pushing about, laughing and talking and shrieking" (it is the Queen's own description of Irish loyalty)—the same joyous crowds, under the same bright sunshine, awaited her. Ladies forgot the conventional flourish of their white handkerchiefs, and "cheered for their lives;" and Paddy waved hat and shillelah, and, with a truly national *abandon*, even his long coat. Of the reception at Dublin, Mr Martin remarks:—

"The feeling in her Majesty's mind at the moment must have been akin to that which drew the well-known exclamation from Charles II., as he passed

through the crowds that lined his passage across Blackheath on his way to London after the Restoration. 'How is it that they and I have been kept so long apart?' At such a time the reasons for the separation, cogent as they might be, were not likely to be remembered."—(P. 208.)

The parting from Kingstown is absolutely affecting in Mr Martin's graceful narrative:—

"As the yacht passed the extreme point of the pier which enclosed the harbour, such a storm of cheers rose from the crowd, who were clustered at their thickest on this point, that the Queen mounted the paddle-box, on which Prince Albert was already standing, and waved her handkerchief 'as a parting acknowledgment of their loyalty.' At the same time she gave orders to slacken speed. The paddles ceased to move, and the vessel floated on, with the impetus it had received, very slowly, and close to the pier. An occasional stroke of the paddles kept the vessel in motion, and in this way the Royal yacht glided along for a considerable way after it had cleared the pier, her Majesty retaining her place on the paddle-box, and acknowledging by her waving handkerchief how deeply she had been affected by the incidents of the last few days. 'The Royal standard,' says a contemporary chronicler, 'was lowered in courtesy to the cheering thousands on shore, and this stately obeisance was repeated three times.'"

"There is not an individual in Dublin," writes Lord Clarendon, "who does not take as a personal compliment the Queen's having gone upon the paddle-box, and ordered the Royal standard to be lowered three times." The little tour, which was an unalloyed pleasure and success, had been of the Prince's arrangement, and it was his thoughtful desire to avoid throwing expense upon an impoverished country which had led to its taking the character of a yachting excursion, and not of a State visit.

His good sense and moderation

were shown in his declining the appointment to the Command-in-chief of the army—a post which he was so unfairly accused of seeking. The real fact was, that such an appointment had been contemplated by Lord Aberdeen so early as 1842, but had been discountenanced by the wise judgment of Baron Stockmar. It was now almost pressed upon him by one who was at once a sound constitutional statesman and the greatest captain of his age, and who was no servile worshipper of princes. The Duke of Wellington, now entering upon his eighty-second year, proposed to Prince Albert that he should be prepared to succeed him. "He brought it forward," says the Prince, "as a plan that he had cherished for years." The Duke had always stood up for the principle of the army being commanded by the sovereign; and when the sovereign was a woman, such command would be properly delegated to her husband. The offer was, the Prince confesses, "so tempting for a young man, that he felt bound to look most closely to all the objections, in order to come to a right decision." The following extract from his final letter to the Duke upon the subject—the whole of which is most excellent—will show the grounds upon which this decision was founded. It shows, at the same time, his clear appreciation of his own true position in the State:

"The question whether it will be advisable that I should take the command of the army or not has been most anxiously weighed by me, and I have come to the conclusion that my decision ought entirely and solely to be guided by the consideration whether it would interfere with or assist my position of Consort of the Sovereign, and the performance of the duties which this position imposes upon me.

"This position is a most peculiar and delicate one. Whilst a female sovereign

has a great many disadvantages in comparison with a king, yet, if she is married, and her husband understands and does his duty, her position, on the other hand, has many compensating advantages, and, in the long-run, will be found even to be stronger than that of a male sovereign. But this requires that the husband should entirely sink his own individual existence in that of his wife—that he should aim at no power by himself or for himself—should shun all contention—assume no separate responsibility before the public, but make his position entirely a part of hers—fill up every gap which, as a woman, she would naturally leave in the exercise of her regal functions—continually and anxiously watch every part of the public business, in order to be able to advise and assist her at any moment in any of the multifarious and difficult questions or duties brought before her, sometimes international, sometimes political, or social, or personal. As the natural head of her family, superintendent of her household, manager of her private affairs, sole confidential adviser in politics, and only assistant in her communications with the officers of the Government, he is, besides, the husband of the queen, the tutor of the royal children, the private secretary of the sovereign, and her permanent minister.

“How far would it be consistent with this position to undertake the management and administration of a most important branch of the public service, and the individual responsibility attaching to it—becoming an executive officer of the Crown, receiving the Queen’s commands through her Secretaries of State, &c. &c.? I feel sure that, having undertaken the responsibility, I should not be satisfied to leave the business and real work in the hands of another (the Chief of the Staff), but should feel it my duty to look to them myself. But whilst I should in this manner perform duties which, I am sure, every able general officer, who has gained experience in the field, would be able to perform better than myself, who have not had the advantage of such experience, most important duties connected with the

welfare of the Sovereign would be left unperformed, which nobody could perform but myself. I am afraid, therefore, that I must discard the tempting idea of being placed in command of the British army.”

We regret that it is impossible, within the limits of this notice, to do more than draw our readers’ attention to the luminous and interesting *résumé* of contemporary politics which will be found in this volume. The six years of the Prince’s life which it includes were fertile in political changes. Amidst them all, the Queen and the Prince—it is impossible to separate them—worked together with a single eye to the maintenance of England’s honour abroad and the welfare of all classes at home. The public will never know to what precise extent her Majesty was guided by the counsels of her husband, or how much some of those admirable letters and memoranda from her pen, which are allowed to appear in these pages, owe to his suggestion in thought and word. But we know at least that all would pass under his careful eye, and that he would concur most heartily in such noble language as this—grander words never came from sovereign of England:—

“It is no question with the Queen whether she pleases the Emperor of Austria or not, but whether she gives him a just ground of complaint or not. And if she does so, she can never believe that this will add to her popularity with her own people.”*

His clear judgment lays down, in one of his letters to Stockmar, an admirable rule for diplomatists:—

“Aberdeen is quite right, and is to be honoured and applauded for maintaining, as he does, that we must deal with our enemies as *honourable* men, and deal honourably towards them;

* Letter to Lord J. Russell, Nov. 21, 1851.

but that is no reason why we should think *they are so in fact.*"

Some of his memoranda on that most troublesome and embarrassing question, the policy of England towards the Ottoman Porte, are well worth the attention of statesmen at this moment. Here is what the Prince says, in a "Memorandum for the Consideration of the Cabinet," in October 1853, the whole of which has well deserved republication in this biography : *—

"Throughout the transaction we have taken distinctly the part of Turkey as against Russia. The motives which have guided us have been mainly three :

"1. We considered Turkey in the right and Russia in the wrong, and could not see without indignation the unprovoked attempt of a strong Power to oppress a weak one.

"2. We felt the paramount importance of not allowing Russia to obtain in an underhand way, or by a legal form, a hold over Turkey, which she would not have ventured to seek by open conquest.

"3. We were most anxious for the preservation of the peace of Europe, which could not fail to be endangered by open hostilities between Turkey and Russia.

"These motives must be pronounced just and laudable, and ought still to guide our conduct. By the order to our fleet, however, to protect the Turkish territory, and by the declaration of war now issued by the Turks, the third and perhaps most important object of our policy has been decidedly placed in jeopardy. In acting as auxiliaries to the Turks, we ought to be quite sure that they have no object in view foreign to our duty and interests ; that they do not drive at war whilst we aim at peace ; that they do not, instead of merely resisting the attempt of Russia to obtain a protectorate over the Greek population incompatible with their own independence, seek to obtain themselves the power of imposing a more oppressive rule of two millions of fanatic Mussul-

mans over twelve millions of Christians ; that they do not try to turn the tables upon the weaker Power, now that, backed by England and France, they have themselves become the stronger."

"It will be said that England and Europe have a strong interest, setting all Turkish considerations aside, that Constantinople and the Turkish territory should not fall into the hands of Russia, and that they should in the last extremity even go to war to prevent such an overthrow of the balance of power. This must be admitted, and such a war may be right and wise. But this would be a war not for the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, but merely for the interests of the European powers of civilisation."

No man could have been more averse than the Prince to the subjugation of a Christian population to what he calls, in this same memorandum, "the ignorant, barbarian, and despotic yoke of the Mussulman ;" and Lord Palmerston actually professed to see in its language a design of "expelling from Europe the Sultan and his two millions of Mussulman subjects." But assuredly the writer felt that England had other duties than to join in a new crusade. "We cannot look on," he says subsequently in a letter to Stockmar, "and see the Porte destroyed by Russia."

It was at the very time that he was giving this wise and independent counsel that he was accused of being the mere agent of Russian ambition. This is the most painful story in Mr Martin's present volume ; and he has told it, as it seems to us, with perfect fairness to all parties, without bitterness, though not without a grave indignation. The jealous suspicion which from certain quarters had never ceased to pursue the Prince, rose, at the beginning of the Crimean war, into an open

* See pp. 525-527.

accusation that "our foreign policy was mainly directed by him." Of this monstrous charge Mr Martin says :—

"It was gravely put forward as a great political crime, that the Prince was occasionally present at the interviews between the Queen and her Ministers, that the Queen discussed political questions with him, that he ventured to have opinions on matters of policy foreign and domestic, and that these had weight in guiding and strengthening the opinions of her Majesty. As if the Sovereign must not by the very instincts of nature lean for counsel, in the continuous care of her kingdom, upon her nearest and surest friend, and that friend a Privy Councillor, subject to the same rules as her Ministers, and liable to the same penalties! An active correspondence with foreign Courts was alleged to be kept up by the Prince, with the view of defeating the policy of her Majesty's responsible advisers, and thus secrets of State, it was said, ceased to be secret, where it was most important they should not be known. No effort was spared by the class of politicians whose cue it was to injure the monarchy, or to resent upon the Prince their personal or political dislikes, to influence public opinion to his prejudice."

Even his dignified patience found the trial a sore one. "The Prince," writes the Queen to Stockmar, "treats it with contempt; but with his keen and very high feeling of honour, he is wounded, hurt, and outraged at the attack on his honour, and is looking very ill, though his spirits do not fail him." The Baron wrote him a long letter of encouragement, remarkable not only for its strong good sense, but for its intelligent view of that complicated growth of centuries, the English constitution, and the true place which the Consort of a Queen regnant ought to hold in it.* It is much too long to reproduce, and too com-

plete for fragmentary quotation; as Mr Martin justly says, "the deepest student of our political history will find in it much to learn and profit by." The writer showed clearly that the accusations, when sifted from the actual falsehoods contained in them, amounted after all to no more than this, "that the Prince has acted and now acts as the Queen's private secretary;" and this he maintained to be not only strictly constitutional, but in every way becoming and desirable. He quotes, in support of this view, an opinion given to himself by Lord Grey, before the Royal marriage: "The best thing that could be for the Princess would be to marry soon, and to marry a prince of ability. He, as her bosom friend, would then be her best and safest private secretary."

The Prince in his reply betrays, as he seldom does, an amount of wounded feeling which must have for some time existed :—

"A very considerable section of the nation had never given itself the trouble to consider what really is the position of the husband of the Queen regnant. When I first came over here, I was met by this want of knowledge and unwillingness to give a thought to the position of this luckless personage. Peel cut down my income, Wellington refused me my rank, the Royal Family cried out against the foreign interloper, the Whigs in office were only inclined to concede to me just as much space as I could stand upon. The constitution is silent as to the Consort of the Queen — even Blackstone ignores him; and yet there he was, and not to be done without. As I have kept quiet and caused no scandal, and all went well, no one has troubled himself about me and my doings; and any one who wished to pay me a compliment at a public dinner or meeting, extolled my 'wise abstinence from interfering in political matters.'

Now when the present journalistic controversies have brought to light the fact, that I have for years taken an active interest in all political matters, the public, instead of feeling surprise at my reserve, and the tact with which I have avoided thrusting myself forward, fancied itself betrayed, because it felt it had been self-deceived. It has also rushed all at once into a belief in secret correspondence with foreign Courts, intrigues, &c.; for all this is much more probable, than that thirty millions of men in the course of fourteen years should not have discovered that an important personage had during all that time taken a part in their government."

Further on he says:—

"Victoria has taken the whole affair greatly to heart, and was excessively indignant at the attacks. Finally, if our courage and cheerfulness have not suffered, our stomachs and digestions have, as they commonly do when the feelings are kept long upon the stretch. Since yesterday I have been quite miserable; to-day I have had to keep to the house, and this is why you get this long letter."

When Parliament met in the following January, Lord Aberdeen brought the whole matter forward in the Upper House, and Lord John Russell in the Commons. Their vindication of the Queen's husband was warmly supported by the leaders on the other side, Lord Derby and Mr Walpole; and Lord Chief-Justice Campbell added the weight of his judgment on the point of constitutional law. The defence was complete enough to satisfy the Queen herself, and all reasonable Englishmen; but disappointed jealousy still raised its voice here and there through the public press.

Few careful readers will rise from the study of these volumes without a higher estimate of English statesmen. The public reads from time to time, in the columns of the daily press, the strictures which are made

by party speakers upon the policy and sometimes even the motives of their opponents. It might appear to one who heard for the first time a parliamentary debate upon a hotly-contested question, or read for the first time the leading articles in which the debate was commented upon by even the higher class of political journals, that her Majesty's Ministers were doing all they could to ruin the country, and her Majesty's Opposition devoting all their brains and energies to save it,—or *vice versa*, as the case might be. The almost violent language of reproach and retort which are hurled at opponents from opposite benches in the heat of debate are merely the conventional weapons of earnest conviction. It is impossible, perhaps, to mould the iron solidity of English natures into energetic action unless you work them to a white-heat. But when we read this record of the confidential intercourse between the Crown and its advisers, here disclosed to us with such exceptional fulness, we find, somewhat to our surprise it may be, but surely to the intense satisfaction of all honest men of all opinions—how well the Crown is served. If it be true of England, as it was caustically said of the world in general, that it is sometimes governed with "infinitely little wisdom," it is at least true that it has been governed of late years with sufficient honesty. Place-hunting and patronage—the "loaves and fishes"—are not the ruling principles of English Ministers. Melbourne, Peel, Wellington, Derby, Aberdeen, all in turn command the respect and even the affection of the Queen and Prince, whose servants they are. The Minister who is at first received only with the graciousness of royalty is parted from with the regret of a friend. The conscientious unselfishness which hesitates at taking or retain-

ing office is far more conspicuous than eagerness to hold it at the price of self-respect. Party ties and party combinations are no doubt strong; but stronger than all is loyalty to the Crown and to England. Even Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, whose jealous political rivalry is shown to have caused much trouble and anxiety—obstinate and perverse as they sometimes appear—are unimpeachable as the rest in integrity of purpose.

We have somewhat unwillingly named Lord Palmerston at all, because there will be found in these pages some disclosures which the author could not avoid in setting down a faithful history of the times, but which leave a painful impression. We have no doubt but that Mr Martin has carefully weighed his evidence, and that even where he seems to bear hardest upon the mistakes of one of England's favourite statesmen he has done so not without reluctance, and only because he felt it needful in order to do justice to others. He has been partly compelled to it by the recent publication of some of Lord Palmerston's letters; and he had to dispose—and we trust he has done so finally—of the calumnies against the Prince.

But if these volumes of Mr Martin's do something to increase our respect for English Ministers, what shall we say of the noble example here placed on record of the duties of Royalty conscientiously discharged? We set aside, for the moment, that faultless pattern of a pure and happy domestic life, set forth to all classes in the Palace itself: this the nation has long admired, and even our wildest republican orators have, to their

credit, acknowledged and appreciated. But how complete an answer is here given to those who would represent the monarchy as a mere ornamental finish to the State! Men talk of the "working classes" and the "idle classes:" at least the dead Prince and the living Queen are here shown to have been—not in spite of, but because of their high position—amongst the hardest and the most unselfish workers of their time. And their work will surely last; this record of it should do more than all Acts of Parliament or assertions of prerogative to strengthen the hold of the monarchy upon the heart of England.

We have said but little of the manner in which the author has done his work. He has in fact done it so well as to attain what is perhaps the highest, as it is the most self-denying virtue of the biographer—he so fills us with his subject that we have little leisure, as we read, to trace in the picture the touches of the master. In having such materials placed unreservedly in his hands, he has enjoyed a most unusual confidence, and accepted what a man of delicate feeling and conscientious nature must have felt to be a grave responsibility—a responsibility to which the highest literary powers would surely have proved unequal, if not combined with the rarer qualifications of sound discretion and scrupulous good taste. It is enough to say that he has in all points fully justified the Queen's selection, and his own acceptance of the task. That he will worthily complete it there can be no doubt, and all readers will look eagerly for his concluding volume. They will not be disappointed if it maintains the high level of the two first.

THE RECENT HOME AGITATION AND THE EAST.

NEARLY three months have passed away since the prorogation of Parliament; and the sole topic of interest still continues to be the Eastern Question. Not that it has made any progress towards solution, for a civil war has been raging within the empire more particularly affected by it; nor has any clearer perception of its true character and bearings been attained by the public mind, for the "silly season" which invariably follows the rising of Parliament set in this year with unusual severity, and the country has been delivered over to the most pernicious agitation ever set afloat within the memory of its oldest inhabitants. That is the period in which, in ordinary times, politicians are content to discuss, in a more or less menacing style, some of the incidents of our own political institutions, life, and customs. This year, under the auspices of a great statesman, who ought to have learnt wisdom from experience—who in office plunged us into war over this very question—who, in America, nearly plunged us into another—who, on both sides of the globe, over the Black Sea and the Alabama treaties, has made his country drink the cup of humiliation to the dregs,—under his wise and experienced tuition, public speakers have been heard upon nearly five hundred platforms, arousing the warlike fury of the people, demanding the expulsion of a numerous race from the territory which they have inhabited for centuries; denouncing their own Government for moral and material, if not purposed, complicity with massacre, spoliation, and rape; crediting the Governments of Europe with wise and humane projects, only hindered by the fac-

tiousness and selfishness of England; inciting Russia to the accomplishment of purposes which the lives and treasure of Englishmen were only twenty years ago, at the bidding of this very statesman, lavishly expended to prevent.

Before we analyse the character and motives of Mr Gladstone's crusade against the Ministry, let us first recall in a few words what is this Eastern Question. From the commencement of the year we have insisted upon its twofold aspect. First, the maintenance of the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire; second, the improvement of the relations of the Porte to its subjects. In reference to the first, the phrase means something wholly different in the case of Turkey from what it would mean when applied to the other Powers of Europe. Nevertheless, all parties are agreed as to what is meant. Months ago, Lord Derby described it as meaning—"Here is an extensive territory which we all agree to respect, because, if not respected, it would lie open to a general scramble and become the theatre of war." Every one knows that the maintenance of the integrity of the Turkish Empire has been consistent with periodical changes in its internal arrangements, and that the maintenance of its independence has been deemed to be consistent with the perpetual interference by other States in its internal affairs, and with a large portion of its subjects being under the collective protection of the guaranteeing Powers. Then, as regards the duty of Great Britain in the whole question (in the present exalted mood of public sentiment, we will not venture to allude to her

interests), our treaty obligations are well known. The policy on which they are founded is directed mainly to exclude from within the territories of the Turkish Empire foreign armies, foreign aggression, and, if we could, foreign machinations and disturbers. The motive for that policy is—again setting aside all notion of English interests, as beneath the notice of an English politician—that, having regard to the competing ambitions and interests of powerful States in that quarter of the world, the exclusion of every intruder is a *sine quâ non* of European peace. As regards the relations of the Porte to the subject races, whether Christian or Mohammedan, there can be no security for peace if there is permanent disaffection. If the autonomy, administrative or political, of the disturbed districts would give satisfaction and insure peace, what possible objection could England have? The extent of Turkish authority, the extent of Rayah independence, whether Turkish provinces are tributary and self-governing, or directly subject, are matters which only indirectly affect Great Britain, and are of world-wide importance only so far as they involve the larger issue of peace or war. The maintenance of peace is the first consideration, not merely in the interests of England and of Europe, but of the inhabitants of Turkey. To establish a contented *modus vivendi* between the various races is and can be the only possible aim of English policy—the best of all guarantees of Ottoman independence; the one effective limitation upon all efforts in that direction being, in the interests of those races themselves, that they must be such as are compatible with the peace of Europe, with the exclusion of foreign war from Ottoman territory.

Meanwhile, and until that *modus vivendi* is discovered, what is the prospect open to us? There stands the Turk. It may have been a black day when he entered Europe; his government may be a curse to his provinces; we should all of us be very sorry to live under his rule. But his government stands between his subjects and all Europe on the one side, and a desolating, savage, and inhuman war on the other, of all the miseries of which his subject races in Europe and in Asia would inevitably be the victims. The hope in the future lies in the gradual decay of the Turkish power, the gradual rise of the subject populations in wealth, intelligence, and independence. In each fresh struggle our sympathies go with them and not with their oppressors; but in each fresh struggle the peril of a new and equally hateful subjection outweighs the chance of emancipation. In common prudence, for their sakes and for the sake of Europe, we deprecate premature interference, the introduction of schemes, autonomous or otherwise, which will not work, or which, if introduced, would be the signal for strife of a more extended character. If Turkish government admits of its subjects being as peaceful, industrious, and prosperous as Mr Gladstone in his pamphlet describes the Bulgarians, and as Lord Palmerston insisted that the inhabitants of Turkey generally were, there would be the less reason for putting the peace of Europe to hazard in the way that we have recently witnessed.

Now, in order to estimate Mr Gladstone's political game aright, it is necessary to call to mind that every statesman of the day, including himself, is in favour of maintaining the territorial integrity of Turkey. All, moreover, are in favour of it, not from love of the Turks, but from the desire of European peace. Take their words, one

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after the other. Lord Derby, in answer to the deputation of London citizens, pointed out, as he had frequently done before, that if we cut the Turkish Empire adrift—if we give up the principle of maintaining its integrity—"an internecine war, marked by every circumstance of cruelty and atrocity, would follow." We lay no stress on the circumstance that the last word in that war would be, Who is to have Constantinople? for we are dealing with the subject as one of humanity alone. Then take the language of Lord Granville. That is especially important, since Mr Gladstone declares that all who represent Lord Palmerston disapprove the Ministerial policy. Lord Granville was, of all men living, the most in Lord Palmerston's confidence. He was leader of the House of Lords during the whole course of both of Lord Palmerston's administrations, and if one man more than another is entitled to speak for Lord Palmerston, it is Lord Granville. "I approve," he said, "the taking no steps to destroy the Treaty of 1856, or to accelerate the fall of the Ottoman Empire. If all Europe were agreed, it would not be an easy task to settle the problem of what should take its place. With the different ambitions and interests that exist, to attempt to do so in anticipation of events would be full of danger." Mr Gladstone, moreover, subscribes to the same principle and on the same ground. In his pamphlet he says he would shut out from the present limits of the Turkish Empire any other sovereignty. The reason given is precisely the same—viz., to avoid "the wholesale scramble which is too likely to follow any premature abandonment of the principle of territorial integrity," and "a crisis of which at this time the discussions must be large and may be almost illimitable." It was

in vain for Mr Gladstone to attempt in a thoroughly characteristic manner to draw a broad distinction between territorial integrity and the *status quo*, on the ground that the one implies the retention of Turkish administrative authority in the three provinces and the other does not. So far as the extinction of that authority means, in the opinion of all the Governments of Europe, a general war of no slight duration, it is unimportant whether it is held to violate the integrity of the empire or the *status quo*. The two things are precisely the same in respect of the one single element which makes them sacred in the eyes of Englishmen—namely, that they are the barrier-line between peace and war.

Further, in order to estimate Mr Gladstone's political game aright, it is necessary to call to mind that every English statesman of the day is in favour of the utmost improvement in the condition of the Christian population of Turkey that can be effected by any means short of war; and that with every one that limitation is introduced quite as much on behalf of the Eastern Christians themselves as on behalf of Europe and the general interests of peace. One reason is, that the Christians would be the first and principal sufferers in a war which would be beyond all wars fierce, desolating, and sanguinary. The war of vengeance which Mr Gladstone practically invites would be a black war for the Eastern Christians both in Europe and Asia. Depend upon it, they do not re-echo the cries so glibly raised at a secure distance. That there may be no doubt upon the English attitude towards the Christians of Turkey, let us again quote the utterances of leading men. On the 27th July Lord Derby said: "No one supposes that the maintenance of the Ottoman

Empire in any form within Europe is possible if there is to be permanent disaffection or discontent among the Christian races. They are in European Turkey a majority too numerous and too powerful to be kept down by mere force. The problem to be solved is how to reconcile their reasonable wishes and claims with the maintenance of that general system to which all Europe is pledged, and which cannot be overthrown without a general convulsion extending far beyond European limits, and leading to many complications which we can hardly foresee." The improvement of the condition of the subject races, and the removal of their disaffection and discontent, are here represented in the opinion of the Cabinet as of such urgency as to form the only solution of a question which, unless solved, means the convulsion of Europe. Lord Granville, four days afterwards, trusted "that every care would be taken to secure the welfare and good government of our fellow-religionists in Turkey." Mr Gladstone himself must be credited with a like desire, and even with preferring that ultimate aim of all sound policy to securing a decisive party advantage to himself.

Thus the matter stood at the close of the session, the conduct and policy of the Government having been not merely unchallenged in Parliament, but formally approved both by Lord Granville and by Lord Hartington. It was impossible that it should be otherwise. The conduct had been successful; the policy had been the only possible one—viz., the upholding the inviolate character of the Ottoman territory—that policy which England has pursued for years. Europe thoroughly understood that Great Britain was in earnest; it respected the limits of Turkish empire; it withdrew the proposals of Berlin,

which apparently paved the way for active interference or even occupation; it accorded to England the primacy in restoring and maintaining that faith in public order and respect for treaties which of late years have been so rudely shaken. In the opinion of every one concerned, the next step was for England to come forward with its measures or suggestions or principles on which the pacification of the disturbed districts could be effected. But equally in the opinion of most, that step should not be taken hastily or prematurely. Mr Disraeli pointed out the objection to offering a counter-proposition at the moment of rejecting the Berlin Memorandum. "The self-love of the Powers, their just pride, their somewhat mortified feeling at the course which we had taken, all would have impelled them to reject our proposition." Afterwards, when the events at Constantinople led to the voluntary suppression of the Berlin Note, as no longer applicable to the circumstances, we learn from Lord Beaconsfield's speech at Aylesbury that the Government "communicated freely and frankly with the five other Powers." Lord Derby lost no time "in laying down the principles upon which he thought that the relations between the Porte and its Christian subjects ought to be established." He found "on the part of every one of the great Powers cordial attempts to act with us in every way which would bring out a satisfactory termination; but by no Power have we been met so cordially as by Russia." We need not stop to speculate upon what the terms may have been. Any terms that the Powers will agree to, and the parties themselves will accept as satisfactory, will be thankfully accepted by every rational Englishman, since the mere fact of their general adoption will imply the

success of the English policy of peace and territorial integrity of Turkey. Then came the declaration of war by Servia. We will not stop to consider whether that act sprang from noble and disinterested motives; whether it was wanton, wicked, and aggressive; whether it was voluntary or inspired by foreign intrigue and the machinations of secret societies. Take it whichever way you please, the practical thing was to decide on our course. Whether Servia was right or wrong, if her action in the end facilitates a wise solution of the question, so much the better. Her policy is one of the factors in the question; if in the end it clears the ground of difficulties, we need not scrutinise its motive; if it does not do so, or if it aggravates the situation, it is a waste of time hysterically to applaud it. Diplomacy was necessarily suspended during the war; but whether any occasion for a divergence of English public opinion had arisen may be judged from this circumstance.

On July 14th, a body of gentlemen headed by Mr Bright went to the Foreign Office to ask for a declaration that the Government "should observe a policy of strict neutrality, except when it may be able to interpose its friendly offices, to mitigate the horrors and hasten the close of the conflict." The Foreign Secretary replied to that expression of opinion and wish, "Your feeling is absolutely and entirely mine!" He added: "We undertook undoubtedly, twenty years ago, to guarantee the sick man against murder, but we never undertook to guarantee him against suicide or sudden death. That is our policy as regards this war. We shall not intervene. We shall do our utmost, if necessary, to discourage others from intervening. If an opportunity for mediation should offer itself,

we shall gladly avail ourselves of it." Mr Bright immediately expressed his own satisfaction and that of the deputation at a speech "so calculated to give satisfaction to the country." That policy of non-intervention was unanimously approved; Lord Hammond, whose long experience at the Foreign Office gives him a special right to be heard, remarking that any interference with a view to peace would at that time be probably worse than useless; "premature and ostentatious endeavours," he said, "to effect a reconciliation between contending interests, would in all probability only add fuel to the existing flame of insurrection." From the Aylesbury speech it subsequently appeared what was the kindly and considerate part which we played towards the Servians, not by any means in their interest (we have no more to do with their interests than with those of the Turks), but in the interests of peace.

Thus, down to the era of this remarkable agitation, the conduct and the policy of the Government were alike unquestioned. The policy was the only possible one, that of peace and the security of Turkish territory from aggression, of non-interference during civil war, of active efforts to find any basis of pacification which all could adopt. Meanwhile there had occurred, using Lord Beaconsfield's expressions, "terrible atrocities," "heart-rending statements," "scenes which must bring to every one feelings of the deepest regret"—the massacres in Bulgaria. They were incidents wholly outside the merits of the Eastern question. So far as they bear upon the English policy of peace at all, they only confirm its wisdom, since they throw a lurid light on the horrors of that war which is the only alternative. They stirred the English public with an

agony of horror and a remorseful desire to ascertain decisively if any portion of responsibility rested upon them. The people were determined to repair any complicity in the past, to shake off any complicity in the future. The whole movement was in its essence honourable to the country. Millions turned with eagerness and horror to their leaders to ascertain if any share of guilt or responsibility attached to the nation in consequence of our policy, in consequence of the blood spilt in Bulgaria. Parliament was up, the tide of excitement was rising fast; and it occurred to the astute gentlemen who compose one, not the most influential, section of the Opposition, that here was a fair opportunity to damage the Government, to repair the fallen fortunes of the Liberal party.

That nothing may be wanting for a clear understanding of the true character of this remarkable movement, we invite attention to the following circumstances.

On July 27th, a meeting was held at Willis's Rooms, presided over by Lord Shaftesbury, and attended by most of the gentlemen who have since made themselves conspicuous in the recent agitation. The chairman declared that the object was to elicit an expression of the general feeling of the country. He hailed with satisfaction Lord Derby's policy of non-intervention, and desired to call on the country to endorse that policy, and extend to the Government the aid of the whole nation in persevering in that most becoming career. Lord Shaftesbury worked himself up at last to declare that in view of the interests of the whole commonwealth of mankind, but venturing to speak only for himself, he would rather see the Russians on the Bosphorus than the Turks in Europe. He was immediately met by cries of "No,"

but this was the first symptom of hysterics. The material point to be observed is, that although the agitation had been thus formally commenced, four days afterwards Lord Granville, the representative of Lord Palmerston, and for upwards of twenty years the leader of the Liberal party, formally approved the whole conduct and policy of the Government. He thought the Ministry right in agreeing to the modified form of the Andrassy Note; and with regard to the Berlin Memorandum, "I stated in the House a month ago that I could give no opinion until I had seen the document. After reading the paper, I agree that it would not have been wise to accede to that document." And then he proceeded as has been quoted above. Mr Gladstone, on the same evening, declared himself in favour of maintaining the territorial integrity of the Turkish Empire. "Gentlemen," he said, "have spoken of the formation of a southern Slav State; but, depend upon it, that is more easily said than done."

A month afterwards, the accounts of the Bulgarian atrocities having taken a more definite shape, a crowded meeting was held on the 29th August at Hackney, to denounce the Ministry for the support which it had given to the Ottoman Government in its unholy attempt to exterminate the Christian population of Turkey in Europe. Mr Gladstone, when the object of the meeting was brought to his notice, immediately discovered that the subject appealed to his deepest feelings, and that Lord Beaconsfield's treatment of it had been inadequate and unsatisfactory. And then followed a pamphlet and a speech, the consequences of which it is too early yet to estimate. They may prove to be most disastrous. Their immediate effect

was to throw to excited and ill-informed public meetings the apparent decision of issues of peace and war—to commit to the reckless discussion of agitated numbers the Ministerial treatment of the most difficult and delicate questions of foreign policy. We do not intend to trouble our readers with even an infinitesimal part of what passed at these meetings. It was the well-known “silly season;” the carnival of political folly and extravagance which usually sets in at that time of year, and passes harmlessly away, but which this year, thanks to Mr Gladstone’s influence, has menaced the peace of Europe. The Russians on the Bosphorus, the Turks hunted down and exterminated like wild beasts, the complete reversal of English policy in the East, the abandonment at once of her most vital and permanent interests,—these were some of the marvellous flights of provincial oratory. It is inconceivable what good could come of such ignorance, folly, and presumption. If Mr Gladstone could recall the days of Samson, and restore the jawbone of an ass to its pristine military importance, there would be ample means at his disposal for dictating his own solution of the Eastern question: if he could sell up these orators at their own valuation, he might pay off the national debt. For a time the public had completely lost its head, and the only hope is that the very extravagance of the outburst may rob it of all significance in quarters where fruit may be expected. It cannot, however, have escaped notice, that since that time the prospects of peace have been more clouded. We no longer hear of the firm determination of Russia to act in concert with the other Powers; we hear, instead, of autograph letters and joint military occupation

—of the movement of troops—the more open appearance of the Russian element in the Servian force, the increased excitement amongst the Slavonic populations. If a sanguinary war comes, it is idle to suppose that Mr Gladstone, and the particular form that this unfortunate demonstration took, have nothing to answer for.

Now, in this excited and even dangerous state of public feeling, what was Mr Gladstone’s ‘proper course? He was weighted with all the responsibility of the Crimean war, which asserted and maintained the inviolate character of Ottoman territory. He knew that when that war was undertaken, the Turks, who exercised the supreme power within that territory, were the “one great anti-human specimen of humanity.” He knew, he now tells us, that “wherever they went, a broad line of blood marked the track behind them; and as far as their dominion reached, civilisation disappeared from view.” Yet as a British Minister he rejected the Emperor Nicholas’s offer to redistribute power in this territory; he went to war with Russia rather than allow that territory to be invaded, or the independence of Ottoman rule to be impaired; he was silent whilst his countrymen subscribed their millions to the support of the Turkish Government; he renewed in 1870 the engagements of the Treaty of Paris, which affirmed not merely the territorial integrity but the duty of non-interference, collective or separate, between the Sultan and his subjects. He still believes that that policy was just and right. Whatever the crimes and faults of the Turkish Government—even if, as Lord Beaconsfield says, they were ten thousand in number—there are, in Mr Gladstone’s judgment, overmastering considerations of public policy and public

safety which require that its territory should be respected; for otherwise, bad as Ottoman Government may be painted, the alternative is one which Europe regards with universal horror. Mr Gladstone knows this most thoroughly—no man better. It is not merely the alternative between the Russians on the Bosphorus or the Turks in Europe, but one of a far graver description; his own pamphlet shows that he is conscious of it. His duty as a British statesman and as a humanitarian politician was to explain to the country that the Bulgarian massacres were not the sole *ratio decidendi* in regard to British policy. Probably they were an incident of the temporary downfall of Government at Constantinople, and the administrative anarchy which inevitably resulted; a sample on a small scale of what might be expected from an upheaval of such order as is established. At all events, however horrible they were, the problem was far too complicated, other considerations far too important, to admit of public attention being concentrated upon one set of incidents, to the exclusion of all other considerations, however momentous, which had hitherto determined British policy. Justice required that he should separate the atrocities he rightly denounced on behalf of his country from the Sultan and Ministers of Constantinople. If he had reminded those who at the time were as mad as March hares that both the Sultan and Ministers of that day had themselves fallen victims to the hand of the assassin, he would not have violated historical accuracy; and if he had exonerated the English Ministers from all imputation of complicity, it would not have been superfluous in the then state of public feeling, and would not have unduly tasked the resolution of a generous intellect. Him-

self upholding the principle of territorial integrity and Turkish sovereignty, he ought not to have influenced the public mind by confounding that policy with official approval and support of Turkish administration, and openly declaring that it involved moral, material, if not purposed, complicity in the Bulgarian horrors.

The course, however, which he finally chose to take baffles description. He published a pamphlet marked by all that deplorable vanity of fine writing which can only jar upon the reader when he recollects the gravity of the subject. It began by arguing that discussion had been designedly stifled, and information designedly withheld, after every reason and every pretext for withholding it had been exhausted; the result being that, while the House of Commons was ousted from its legitimate share of influence, the country had been involved in some moral complicity with the Bulgarian horrors. Later on he used with apology the expression "purposed complicity;" and if he did not intend that that imputation should be made, it is much to be regretted that such an accusation, so villainous and so atrocious, should in the furious state of the public mind have been even suggested. To secure ourselves against a repetition, to take out of the way of a united Europe the sole efficient obstacle to the punishment of a gigantic wrong, Englishmen, and above all the working classes, must insist that our Government, which has been working in one direction, shall work in the other. The Turkish Government was broadly declared to be responsible, the whole Turkish race denounced. He charged Ministers with remissness in providing against the terrible Turkish misgovernment. Wholesale massacres he declared had been perpetrated by

the authority of the Turkish Government; a statement for which not a shadow of proof is given, and which ought not to be made by a responsible statesman against all the probabilities of the case, with the inevitable result of holding up to the horror and detestation of mankind a Sovereign and a Government allied to his own. In his anxiety to involve her Majesty's Ministers in a common ruin and a common odium with the Ministers of Turkey, he does not scruple to allege and argue their moral complicity by acts of omission and of commission. The task was one of some difficulty, and required some ingenuity. Tied hand and foot to the principle of territorial integrity, he seeks escape by means of a distinction in favour of abolishing the *status quo*; which we have already disposed of. So far as the *status quo* cannot be abolished without a dangerous war, it is, so long as our policy is one of peace, as sacred as the territory, and for the same reason. Then he was tied by his own and his colleagues' approval of every single step of importance which the Government had taken; as regards their adherence to the Andrassy Note he had publicly thanked them in the House of Commons. Insinuations that the newspapers, which, with reckless disregard of facts, had charged the Premier with joking over the Bulgarian atrocities, were justified in doing so, were followed by an inflammatory and mischievous statement that Ministers had designedly kept the country in the dark with respect to them. Can any accusation be more wilfully unjust? He knows perfectly well that the British embassy, whether from its fault or its misfortune, had not known of these doings; he knows perfectly well that for the Ministry to have acted

or spoken upon imperfect information would have been rash and wrong; out of his own mouth we can prove the duty of a wise forbearance. His excuse for not himself taking part in Mr Ashley's notice was that he "declined to speak strongly on those atrocities until there was both clear and responsible evidence before him." With that admission, the Ministers can scarcely be blamed if, with their greater responsibility, they observed a like caution, and forbore to make rash presumptions against our allies and in favour of such incredible information. Certain newspapers, however, had recklessly charged the Prime Minister with levity and indifference in his reception of the first and unauthentic intelligence of these horrors. If any one will refer to the speech of Mr Disraeli, he will see how grossly unfounded the charges are. We give some extracts from the speech of July 4th, which has been perpetually denounced for misplaced levity and indifference:

"With respect to the reports of these terrible atrocities, I would still express a hope for the sake of human nature itself that, when we come to be better informed of what has occurred, it will be found that the statements are scarcely warranted. Sir H. Elliot is not a man to be insensible to such terrible proceedings. On the contrary, he is a stern assertor of humanity. I know no man who would more firmly and energetically interfere if he were aware of such events." And further on, while deploring scenes which must bring to every one feelings of the deepest regret, he expressed a hope that some of the heartrending statements were incorrect. He added that "every effort will be made by the Government, and has been made, to impress on the Government of Constantinople that the utmost efforts should be made to soften and mitigate as much as possible the terrible scenes that are now inevitably occurring." That there should be no mistake about the attitude of the Government, he added: "I do not say that

atrocities have not been committed. I believe they are inevitable where wars are carried on in certain countries, and between certain races. My answer is, that we have received no such information."

Mr Gladstone did not venture to repeat the reckless accusations of the press; but he quoted the passage which referred to an historical people inflicting death in preference to torture, and indicated that laughter was the reception it experienced. Mr Disraeli has since written to say that the laughter, which on the face of the statement is inexplicable, proceeded from a solitary voice, probably one of those fanatical supporters, whose zeal is never tempered with discretion. The only motive for the quotation was to suggest the truth of those unfounded charges made by certain newspapers, which Mr Gladstone nevertheless shrank from openly repeating. It would task the whole science of casuistry to find a justification for this mischievous suggestion. Then, passing from words to acts, what are the past misdoings of the Cabinet? Stripped of all rhetoric, the substantial and only accusation is with reference to sending the fleet to Besika Bay; not that they were wrong in sending it, nor that they ought to recall it, or a single man or a ship it contains. But they "gave to a maritime measure of humane precaution the character of a military demonstration in support of the Turkish Government;" they were anxious "to consult and flatter the public opinion of the day in its narrow, selfish, epicurean humour." The whole of the attack is centred upon this question of the fleet, which the Ministry was quite right to send, and which it would be quite wrong to recall. They had lent Turkey moral and material support against all Europe.

Russia all the while—and not merely Russia, but all the Powers—had been "resisting tyranny," "befriending the oppressed," "labouring for the happiness of mankind." This after Russian doings in Poland and Turkestan! The right use to make of the fleet is to cut off communication between the European and Asiatic territories of the Turk; the right policy is to allow the Turk to extinguish his executive authority in the three provinces, which he would willingly do but for the factious influence of the British Government preventing him from yielding to the united voice of Europe. Whether the united voice of Europe was favourable to that extinction, or whether the English Government was opposed to it on principle, or for any other reason than its impracticability, he never stopped to inquire. He told his constituents, however, that any of the six Powers could mar this wise settlement, and England or Russia could singly do so with impunity. The whole gist of the indictment, the whole stimulus to the excitement of the hour, was found in the assumption that the Powers of Europe were united in support of a particular policy, and England with her fleet and factious influences alone prevented it. It is not to be wondered that public meetings thus stimulated traced the Bulgarian massacres themselves to the same origin, and even believed for a time that the policy of the Government was to exterminate the Christians.

Now let us ascertain what was the justification for Mr Gladstone's imputation of moral complicity in the Bulgarian massacres, by reason of the factious influences exercised at Constantinople, and supported by a naval demonstration. As regards the "factious influences," that is a vague expression

which is nowhere translated into anything more definite and precise. In the absence of anything tangible we can but resort to Ministerial declarations of policy. It has been constantly stated that that policy was one of absolute neutrality. "We would gladly reunite," said Lord Derby, "if we could, the Porte and its insurgent provinces; but we have no right or wish to take part with one against the other." At another time: "What we have endeavoured to do is to hold the scales as equally as possible. We shall endeavour as far as possible to act not in an isolated manner, but in co-operation with other Powers." The Blue-books show conclusively the *bonâ fides* and single-minded purpose of the English Government. It is the only explanation of the great authority which they exercise, of the fact that all the Powers have confidence in their impartiality and fairness. As respects their attitude to the Porte, Lord Hammond thus sums up the effect of the papers submitted to Parliament: "Her Majesty's Government appeared to have spared no pains to impress on the Government the necessity of repressing in the strongest manner the wanton and vindictive cruelties which had disgraced their Mussulman perpetrators. And it was but fair to say, that the Porte had shown no reluctance to control and chastise the infuriated Mussulmans of the northern provinces who have been connected with outrages on the Christian subjects of the Sultan." It is well known that Sir H. Elliot was constantly on the alert, warning the authorities against the probable excesses of the irregular troops, and the indignation which such excesses would produce.

Every clear and impartial mind must resent at once Mr Gladstone's

unfounded charges of England abandoning the principle of the concert of Europe, and encouraging the Sultan's Government in an unwarranted and factious resistance to the will of Europe and the sound administration of its provinces. No ground has been alleged, no ground exists, for such charges. There are no circumstances which suggest such suspicion to a fair and reasonable mind. They rescued the principle of the concert of Europe out of the hands of three emperors, who were fast destroying it in favour of a more restricted union. The topics urged in order to influence the public mind, whilst agitated and horror-stricken at what had occurred, were the very expressions which denoted the intention of Ministers to assume in the spirit of neutrality the equality of wrong-doing between the belligerents until the contrary were proved. The whole case, however, made by the pamphlet of wantonly supporting the Turks against the Christians, contrary to the pledges of Ministers, the interests of England, and the whole tone and tradition of our policy, rests upon unfounded accusations of levity and indifference to Bulgarian sufferings, the idle imputation of factious influences at Constantinople; the suggestion, which in the mouth of some of our autumnal orators ripened into the deliberate statement that the presence of the fleet was the cause of atrocities which had been perpetrated before its arrival.

We do not, in reviewing this unprecedented action of a party leader, in the midst of a great crisis in the history, not merely of his own country, but of Europe, charge Mr Gladstone with factious motives, or with the desire to revenge the defeat of 1874, and to place himself

at the head of what appeared to be a great popular movement directed against his hated rival. It is a wise rule which forbids the imputation of motives. Neither do we say that it was conduct designed to embarrass the Government, and to attract to himself the confidence and support which in a supreme moment ought to be given to the executive; that would be quite unnecessary. When a statesman of Mr Gladstone's eminence places himself at the head of a great popular agitation, and on the apparent strength of a position so obtained, publicly orders the Queen's Ministers to renounce the policy which he laboriously attributes to them, and adopt another, which he propounds himself, and further orders them at once to hold a Cabinet meeting for that purpose, that is obviously a bid for place, and was so understood by his supporters. It was, without exception, the most reckless and violent party move that has been made in our time. It carries with it its own destruction. The policy attributed to his rivals was a calumny; his own, whether it meant the expulsion of the Turks or of their Government, in the opinion of all constituted Governments, involved a war of no ordinary duration. What was the result? At a time when the Ministry had with great difficulty but with signal success procured the consent of all Europe in favour of non-intervention and the localisation of this unhappy struggle, the authority of this country was suddenly weakened by apparent vacillation of purpose—apparent hostility to its own Government. Though Mr Gladstone, in his pamphlet, clung to the principle of territorial integrity, public meetings did not. The whole drift of the agitation was in favour of inviting Russian intervention to do the

work of British humanity—to occupy or reduce the provinces—to drive the Turks out of Europe; a course which could only end, in Mr Gladstone's own language, in "illimitable" dangers. The whole drift of it, too, was in favour of pronounced hostility to Turkey, the degrees of expression varying from withdrawing our alliance up to a war of extermination—an hostility which, in its most restricted form, would be fatal to England's influence over the Eastern question, and to all chance of European peace. The ultimate success of Mr Gladstone's political game was never for a moment possible. But the result of the agitation which he promoted in weakening the authority of this country at a critical moment, when Cabinets and peoples alike looked to England as the source of public confidence and the assertor of public law and of the faith of treaties, was at once apparent.

Early in October we learned that Russia had placed before Austria the alternative of co-operating with her in preparing the practical dismemberment of Turkey or of opposing the will of the Czar. The Pesth newspapers declared that Austria would have allies in the conflict; the St Petersburg 'Golos' declared that a collision between England and Russia was improbable, for the English Cabinet was tottering under the blows inflicted by an English popular movement. "Instead of resisting Russia, the Austro-Hungarian Government had better allay the excitement of their own Slavonian subjects; while, as to the Cabinet of Lord Beaconsfield, it is paralysed by the anti-Turkish movement which pervades the entire nation." The Slavonic papers bade defiance to the Austrian Foreign Ministers on the same grounds. The 'Times' correspondent at Bel-

grade wrote that, in the opinion of the Servian war party, "things have turned out splendidly for Russia. She is to give no explanations at all. If she declare war against Turkey, she will only in the most disinterested manner possible be carrying out the policy of Mr Gladstone and of the English nation." "England's policy," he writes, "is a leading factor in the calculations of Servia, and ought not to be left in doubt." "The 'Golos,'" he adds, "has recently warned the Russian Government against tearing up the Treaty of Paris for fear of causing a complete reaction in English feeling. The general idea in Russia is, that England is favourable to the scheme of Russia taking the forcible settlement of the Eastern question into her own hands." He argues that it is incumbent on the English nation to undeceive the Pan-Slavonic societies, and all their aiders and abettors. At the present moment the rejection of the six months' armistice by Russia, and the uncompromising tone it has adopted, indicates the approach of that warlike resolve from which it will be difficult to recede. "The standing hobgoblin of Russia," however "out of repair and unavailable" to Mr Gladstone, is still a source of legitimate anxiety to responsible Ministries. Nor does it seem to us to increase the security of the country, when we find it stated by a 'Times' correspondent at St Petersburg that Mr Gladstone is supposed to have his accredited agent in that country, his pamphlets translated and sold, the Russian people inflamed by a like agitation to that which has prevailed here, assured of sympathy on behalf of the English people, who are represented as without confidence in their own Government. If this were true, we could only assume

that Mr Gladstone considers that recent events have absolved him from his allegiance. He has publicly dictated to her Majesty's Ministers the reversal of their policy, and unless he is speedily obeyed, he will rouse an agitation not merely in England, but in a country to whose designs English policy and interests are opposed, which will render peace impossible. It must be recollected that the agitation begun in Russia by Mr Alexander is based on Mr Gladstone's pamphlet, which is translated and circulated there with his free consent, and which is of such unsparing violence in its terms, that even in his own country he was obliged to disavow a policy of ejecting the Turks by main force from Europe.

We do not believe that Mr Gladstone's remarkable conduct will in the long-run influence British policy in the East, or determine the attitude of the British people towards their Government. All sensible men must see that, even assuming that the Government was a little slack in regard to the Bulgarian horrors (it is a question of dates on a matter in which it was important to act with deliberation and care), every step has been taken with the most anxious care, with the determination not to evade legitimate responsibility—to lend the whole weight of England in order to check aggression—to take an active, even the foremost part, in devising plans of pacification, and in urging them with our superior influence at Constantinople on the Porte. At such a time all sober-minded politicians will agree that the Government of the day must be supported. It is important that foreign countries should understand that Mr Gladstone and a few crazy newspapers do not represent the opinion of England. We would not, from any wish to trample on a de-

feated and distracted party, attribute to it any collective responsibility for the proceedings which we have witnessed. Those proceedings have been confined to the irregular forces of the party; they have displayed vociferous weakness, hysterical passion, reckless mischief, and sudden collapse. The representatives of Lord Palmerston have stood aloof from them. No word can be charged to either Lord Granville or Lord Hartington, that at a critical moment they have sought to make political capital out of such unpromising materials as the temporary and violent ebullitions of the moment. Mr Forster is entitled to the credit of a wise, sagacious, and patriotic speech; the Duke of Somerset, Lord Rosebery, and Mr Roebuck disapprove Mr Gladstone's conduct. The 'Edinburgh Review,' doubtless on behalf of the Whig party, has utterly disclaimed it. They know perfectly well that the crucial test of the whole question lies in the adequacy of the proposals which united Europe can be prevailed upon to adopt; that the only interest of England and her Government in the matter is that the proposals should be adequate, and that united Europe should adopt them. Public speakers may talk till they are hoarse upon principles of high morality, humanity, and the duties of England; the question must always come round to one of detail, about the merits of which most people are ignorant, and on the merits of which success does not ultimately depend. The schemes may be those of an angel; if the parties will not accept them they are useless. And on the other hand, if there is once a will and inclination in favour of peace, the details of the proposed reforms, we may be quite sure, will not stand in the way—most assuredly such obstacles will never be offered

by England. Mr Gladstone is probably the only statesman of importance who, while admitting his inacquaintance with the proposals of the Ministers, denounces them as at variance with public opinion, and declares that while "at the European Council table the desires of Great Britain are lying in one scale, her weight and influence are cast into the other."

But while, in common fairness, we acquit the great body of the Liberal party of all moral, material, or purposed complicity in these factious manœuvres, it is impossible to exaggerate their atrocity, impossible to find in the tremendous excitement of the hour any adequate excuse for those who took part in them. Every restraint of prudence and patriotism was thrown away by the so-called leaders of the people, the presumed aspirants to the responsibilities of office. Take, for instance, Mr Lowe's speech at Croydon. We know his antipathies to the Prime Minister, his lamentable want of judgment and disregard for decency, his indebtedness to Mr Gladstone for the first, last, and only occasion on which he will ever adorn the Cabinet of the country. He denounced the Crimean war, though he was one of the Queen's Ministers at the time it was waged. It was waged in pursuance of a "foolish and wicked dream," in favour of a race whose horrible tyranny had desolated whole countries and exterminated whole races, simply for the bare motive of self-preservation. He denounced the principle of the territorial integrity of the Turkish Empire; the extinction, he says, of the Turkish authority in only a few provinces is the doctrine of people who have read the newspapers to very little purpose. There is no mistake about Mr Lowe's utterance; it caricatures Mr Glad-

stone's demand that the Government should completely reverse their policy by putting that demand into a shape as precise as words can make it. Give up the "old abomination of the integrity of the Turkish Empire"—it is "an old worn-out and despised policy." He honoured "his noble friend" Lord Derby with emphatic dissent from most of his propositions. He remembered the massacre of Scio, the massacre of Lystra, the transactions in Syria. We know, he exclaimed, the infamous and detestable character of this race. For our own purposes we played it off against the Emperor of Russia, and in doing so shed torrents of our own and others' blood, and squandered a hundred millions of money. We league ourselves with abandoned miscreants; we keep alive the slave trade in its most odious form, the sale of women and children, and all this while our power in Europe, as lately exhibited, is enormous. We cancelled the Memorandum of three great military Powers with a stroke of our pen, and the Turks rely on our invincible support.

Mr Lowe wished to cut England loose from this unholy alliance, to break off all communication with Pandemonium, and no longer to fill the office and keep the door of sin and death. Mr Lowe envied Russia the moral position which we had made for her. It will be long before any one will envy the moral position he has made for himself. For one of the authors of the Crimean war to brand that policy with the infamy which attaches to it, on the principles set forth in the Croydon speech, and then demand that he may be carried back to office to reverse it, for no other reason than that he has since read the newspapers to advantage, is an exhibition of unparal-

leled audacity. The public know him well, and pay to his performances just the amount of respect they deserve. In office he was responsible for the Crimean war; at Croydon he denounced it. In 1859 he helped to overthrow Lord Derby's Government in order to lower the suffrage. In 1866 he declared that to do so would ruin the country; and when taxed by Mr Disraeli with the infamy of his tergiversation, he discreetly held his peace. As for his recent speech, he has but to stand up in the House of Commons, as he did after his Retford escapade, admit that he was entirely wrong, and retract everything that he has said; he will then be precisely where he was before, his integrity unimpaired, and his *status quo* successfully maintained.

In this unparalleled confusion it is necessary for the English public to make up their minds what course of action they will pursue. We cannot doubt that the general decision will be to support the Government. The working classes, upon whom much depends, take—if the deputation of the London trades-unionists which waited upon Lord Derby two days after Mr Gladstone's speech faithfully represent their thoughts—a calm and statesmanlike view of the position. They confined themselves to protesting against any complicity or equivocation with such awful wickedness as had been perpetrated. But they added, "We do not say that the Turks have been in any way encouraged by the past policy of the British Government." They did not question the past policy of the Government; they did not attempt to instruct it; for "you, the Government, stand in closer relation to the facts than we do, and, we presume, understand them better." They believed in the

Government's desire to assert the honour and interests of the country. Certainly the working classes have shown a deeper sense of political responsibility than their self-styled leaders, who are perpetually denying that these very men have any stake in the country that is the least worth conserving.

The attitude of the Government in the midst of all this hubbub soon restored the public mind to its usual sobriety of tone. Lord Beaconsfield's speech at Aylesbury showed that, however high public excitement, fanned by such influences, might rise, it could never, as M. Guizot once observed, rise to the height of his contempt. The 'Spectator' described it with crazy rhetoric as a blow to public opinion delivered straight between the eyes. All our contemporary's metaphors in his present exalted mood are drawn from battle and prize-fighting. Lord Beaconsfield, however, simply narrated his policy, showed conclusively that it was the only one which could possibly lead to peace, and that it would not be departed from in the smallest degree. It was terse, decided, and self-possessed. The speech was a model for all succeeding Ministers confronted by a similar panic; fearless, and perfectly frank. Its most bitter opponents admitted its nerve, resolution, and self-confidence; and these are the very qualities which the public needed. The tone in which Serbia was alluded to showed that the Ministry was alive to the dangers which unhappily menace Europe in that quarter. The policy of non-intervention, which all Europe admits in principle, is being evaded in practice; and the question which Englishmen sooner or later will have calmly and rationally to decide is, whether, and at

what point, they will resist its open violation. We venture to say that the Bulgarian massacres will have no more to do with that ultimate decision than the massacre at Scio or the sack at Lystra.

Lord Derby pointed out how the Ministry had struggled for neutrality and to see fair-play between the parties. They had succeeded hitherto in preventing a religious war. But the dangers of European strife would be considerably increased, if foreign politicians were induced by the language of leading statesmen in England to believe that this country had changed its mind as to the necessity of checking aggression. We are not responsible for Turkish maladministration or Turkish crimes; unhappy as the lot of the subject race is, no good can come of exaggerating it, no alleviation of it will be found in the horrors of war. Such a struggle, unless we succeed in averting it, "would excite feelings of fanaticism between the two races of the very highest pitch, and in all probability you would have massacres committed of a character compared to which what has been done already in Bulgaria has been nothing." And, even then, the Mohammedan problem would not be solved. Mutual animosities would run high wherever Mohammedans and Christians lived side by side. Moreover, said Lord Derby, with reference to Mr Gladstone's eager acquittal of other Powers, "Do not suppose that because we are looking at these questions from a friendly if not a purely philanthropical point of view — do not suppose that all foreign Powers and all foreign politicians are looking at it with the same view."

No word can be imputed to the Ministers that they are hostile in principle to any scheme which may improve the administration of these

provinces. Scheme after scheme is started only to fall through. With regard to the latest, it was that of Lord Derby himself, which he described as "introducing local self-government, and diminishing the central authority of the Turkish Government." If the sole object which the neighbouring Powers had in view were to improve the condition of the Sultan's subjects, this scheme might succeed. "I believe it can be done," said Lord Derby, "and I am sure it ought to be tried; but there are six Governments who must be united, or nothing can be done." Russia accepted the scheme. Turkey did not refuse it. Europe generally adopted it. And yet it bids fair to come to nothing. Peace seems impossible in the tumult of warlike passions. And at this critical moment the influence of England is far less than it was. Our dissent from the Berlin Memorandum appeared to dissolve the Triple Alliance, and to rally the Powers of Europe round the standard of peace and non-intervention which England was foremost to unfurl. But since that time the attitude of public opinion in this country has been wavering and uncertain. It has weakened its control over a fanatical Government already revolving desperate expedients. Its direct invitation and encouragement to Russia to intervene, have materially increased the enthusiasm and warlike ardour of the very peoples whom diplomacy was striving to win over to pacific resolutions. No wonder that we hear of the Triple Alliance again resuming its influence and its projects. The champion of European concert, peace, non-intervention, the faith of treaties, and the integrity of Turkish territory, has shown that its statesmanship cannot be depended upon, that it is liable to

fits of ungovernable passion, and that its party leaders are ready to avail themselves of any opportunity of paralysing the action of Ministers. We have seen in the course of this diplomacy—Mr Lowe himself has borne witness to it—the power which England can exercise when she takes a determined attitude. We saw in 1853 the havoc and confusion which result when she displays an uncertain attitude and a wavering policy; and we are doomed, we fear, to witness a repetition of the same bitter experience in 1876. In the one case we owed it to the divided counsels of a Ministry which could determine neither for peace nor war. In the other we owe it to the factious demonstration which "forced the hand of diplomacy," and for a time threw the whole weight of English public opinion, as it is understood abroad, into the scale in favour of a policy of violence.

According to present appearances, it is too late to discuss any plans of pacification, or the suggestions of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Mr Forster, and others who are entitled to speak with authority upon the subject. The hour may be approaching, though we still hope it may be averted, for that scramble, with its illimitable dangers, which all have foreseen, and which the Ministry has struggled to prevent. The next step will be to discuss and decide what course England is bound to pursue. Certainly, if the Powers more immediately concerned fall away from her leadership and alliance, if France is inactive, and Austria and Germany side with Russia, they must take the consequences. Our interests are less direct and immediate, and we may trust the Ministry to see that they are respected. Under these circum-

stances we stand free of all engagements to Europe; the Turks themselves have assuredly no claim to our protection. Sooner or later, however, if the war assume the character and dimensions we all anticipate, England may be drawn into it; and at any rate a watchful and armed neutrality is imposed upon us by prudence, or even necessity. And if public men have learnt more self-control and patriotism from the lessons of the recent agitation, even that explosion of fanaticism may have its public uses. Liberals must learn that it is an abuse of the privileges of the Opposition to thwart the policy of the Foreign Minister; to attempt, without official relation to the facts, to dictate the course to be taken; to paralyse the hand of the Administration by misrepresenting its aims, and fanning into a flame all the smouldering embers of strife which it is successfully seeking to extinguish. The course recently pursued is without precedent; we trust that it will never be repeated. In times of critical diplomacy, as well as in times of war, representative institutions are, as the Prince Consort observed during the Crimean expedition, on their trial. He is no friend to free institutions who strives to render them incompatible with the exercise of influence abroad, or uses them so as to paralyse the action of his country. Even if we are opposed to the policy of the Minister, still he is for the time being intrusted with the authority of the State; and only ill can come of impairing that authority in the moment of action, or of endeavouring to force him, contrary to his judgment and the results of his official and confidential information, to pursue a course which he knows to be full of peril and disaster. No

British Minister is likely to yield to dictation; he would be unfit for his post if he were. It follows that dictation of the grossly extravagant kind attempted by Mr Gladstone, is not a legitimate weapon of Opposition. The duty of Opposition is to criticise, to hold a Minister responsible in Parliament, but not to dictate to him the course which he should pursue, nor to endeavour to exercise over him an authority which the constitution denies to the sovereign, and never dreamt of confiding to a dismissed servant of the Crown, who has lost his office by the vote of the people. To attempt to do so not merely weakens the Administration, but impairs the usefulness of Opposition, by involving them in responsibility of a class from which they ought to be free. Mr Disraeli, when in Opposition, was so alive to the importance of supporting Government in its foreign administration, that he allowed one of his principal supporters to give official aid in the Alabama negotiations, and thereby paralysed Opposition. That was an error of exactly the opposite kind; it strengthened the Ministry at the expense of the critical authority of the House of Commons. It was not merely in that affair, but in the prolonged and serious struggle in America, out of which the Alabama negotiation arose, that Mr Disraeli's influence was uniformly exercised in support of the Government. Mr Gladstone, with his usual headlong rashness, although a Minister of the Crown, was raising public excitement upon that which we now know was the wrong side, and was only saved from its consequences by the united efforts of Sir George Lewis and Mr Disraeli. In 1872, when he was in the agonies of the Alabama arbitra-

tion, he did tardy justice to the patriotism of his rival. In the Franco-German war, it would have been easy to have aroused public animosity against Mr Gladstone,—first for the craven tone adopted at the outset, then during the excitement consequent on German successes, then during the Russian repudiation of the Black Sea clause of the Treaty of Paris, and Bismark's scornful treatment of his envoy, and the "order of ideas which had brought him to Versailles." But the conduct of foreign affairs is intrusted to the Ministry; if they cannot conduct them successfully, no one else can. We had far better support even an incompetent Minister than resort to a method, the wildest ever suggested in politics, of placing one man in office, and allowing another without office, and without responsibility, to dictate to him his policy. Mr Gladstone declares that only an infinitesimal share of responsibility now devolves upon him from any of his acts or words; but that at the same time the responsibility of silence is too great to be borne. This, doubtless, is an awkward position; but what reasonable man

who has ever reflected on the duties of Opposition would accept either half of this extraordinary statement? The double delusion no doubt explains his extraordinary conduct, and we have no doubt that its disastrous results upon his party will be the best guarantee against its repetition. It must be urged upon the promoters of the recent agitation, their worshippers and their admirers, that we are probably entering on a most serious and critical period; and that it is essential, if England is to retain its place among nations, that the Opposition as well as the Ministry should have clear ideas of its responsibilities, not only to its party, but to its sovereign and its country: and then, if ever the time should come when either party might reasonably call upon the country to forego its own vital and permanent interests in deference to an exalted standard of duty, the sublime precept will be strengthened if experience shows that those interests have not been previously forgotten in an eager and unscrupulous scramble for mere party advantage.

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A WOMAN-HATER.

PART VII.—CHAPTER XVII.

GOING home in the carriage Zoe was silent, but Severne talked nineteen to the dozen. Had his object been to hinder his companion's mind from dwelling too long on one thing, he could not have rattled the dice of small talk more industriously. His words would fill pages; his topics were that Miss Gale was an extraordinary woman, but too masculine for his taste, and had made her own troubles setting up doctress, when her true line was governess—for boys. He was also glib and satirical upon that favourite butt, a friend.

"Who but a *soi-disant* woman-hater would pick up a strange virago, and send his sister to her with twenty pounds? I'll tell you what it is, Miss Vizard——"

Here Miss Vizard, who had sat dead silent under a flow of words, which is merely indicated above, laid her hand on his arm to stop the flux for a moment, and said quietly—"Do you know her?—tell me."

"Know her!—how should I?"

"I thought you might have met her—abroad."

"Well, it is possible, of course, but very unlikely. If I did, I never spoke to her, or I should have remembered her. *Don't you think so?*"

"She seemed very positive; and I think she is an accurate person. She seemed quite surprised and mortified when you said 'No.'"

"Well, you know, of course it *is* a mortifying thing when a lady claims a gentleman's acquaintance, and the gentleman doesn't admit it. But what could I do? I couldn't tell a lie about it—could I?"

"Of course not."

"I was off my guard and rudish; but you were not. What tact!—what delicacy!—what high breeding and angelic benevolence!—and so clever too!"

"Oh, fie! you listened!"

"You left the door ajar, and I could not bear to lose a word that dropped from those lips so near

me. Yes, I listened, and got such a lesson as only a noble, gentle lady could give. I shall never forget your womanly art, and the way you contrived to make the benefaction sound nothing. 'We are all of us at low water in turns, and for a time, especially me, Zoe Vizard; so here's a trifling loan.' A loan!—you'll never see a shilling of it again! No matter. What do angels want of money?"

"Oh, pray," said Zoe, "you make me blush."

"Then I wish there was more light to see it—yes, an angel. Do you think I can't see you have done all this for a lady you do not really approve? Fancy! a she-doctor!"

"My dear friend," said Zoe, with a little juvenile pomposity, "one ought not to judge one's intellectual superiors hastily, and this lady is ours;" then gliding back to herself—"and it is my nature to approve what those I love approve; when it is not downright wrong, you know."

"Oh, of course, it is not wrong; but is it wise?"

Zoe did not answer: the question puzzled her.

"Come," said he, "I'll be frank, and speak out in time. I don't think you know your brother Harrington. He is very inflammable."

"Inflammable!—what! Harrington? Well, yes—for I've seen smoke issue from his mouth—ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha! I'll pass that off for mine, some day when you are not by. But, seriously, your brother is the very man to make a fool of himself with a certain kind of woman. He despises the whole sex—in theory; and he is very hard upon ordinary women, and does not appreciate their good qualities. But, when he meets a remarkable woman, he catches fire like tow. He fell in love with Mademoiselle Klosking."

"Oh! not in love."

"I beg your pardon. Now this is between you and me—he was in love with her—madly in love. He was only saved by our coming away. If those two had met, and made acquaintance, he would have been at her mercy. I don't say any harm would have come of it; but I do say that would have depended on the woman, and not on the man."

Zoe looked very serious, and said nothing. But her long silence showed him his words had told.

"And now," said he, after a judicious pause, "here is another remarkable woman; the last in the world I should fancy—or Vizard either, perhaps, if he met her in society. But the whole thing occurs in the way to catch him. He finds a lady fainting with hunger. He feeds her; and that softens his heart to her. Then she tells him the old story—victim of the world's injustice—and he is deeply interested in her. She can see that; she is as keen as a razor. If those two meet a few more times, he will be at her mercy: and then won't she throw physic to the dogs, and jump at a husband six feet high, and twelve thousand acres? I don't study women with a microscope, as our woman-hater does; but I notice a few things about them; and one is that their eccentricities all give way at the first offer of marriage. I believe they are only adopted in desperation, to get married. What beautiful woman is ever eccentric? catch her; she can get a husband without. That doctress will prescribe Harrington a wedding-ring; and, if he swallows it, it will be her last prescription; she will send out for the family doctor after that, like other wives."

"You alarm me," said Zoe. "Pray do not make me unjust. This is a lady with a fine mind; and not a designing woman."

"Oh, I don't say she has laid any plans; but these things are always extemporised the moment the chance comes. You can count beforehand on the instincts of every woman who is clever and needy, and on Vizard's peculiar weakness for women out of the common. He is hard upon the whole sex; but he is no match for individuals. He owned as much himself to me one day. You are not angry with me?"

"No, no. Angry with *you*?"

"It is you I think of in all this. He is a fine fellow, and you are proud of him. I wouldn't have him marry to mortify you. For myself, while the sister honours me with her regard I really don't much care who has the brother and the acres. I have the best of the bargain."

Zoe disputed this—in order to make him say it several times.

He did, and proved it in terms that made her cheeks red with modesty and gratified pride; and by the time they had got home, he had flattered everything but pride, love, and happiness, out of her heart, poor girl.

The world is like the Law, full of implied contracts; we give and take, without openly agreeing to: subtle Severne counted on this, and was not disappointed. Zoe rewarded him for his praises, and her happiness, by falling into his views about Rhoda Gale. Only she did it in her own ladylike way, and not plump.

She came up to Harrington, and kissed him, and said, "Thank you, dear, for sending me on a good errand. I found her in a very mean apartment, without fire or candle."

"I thought as much," said Vizard.

"Did she take the money?"

"Yes; as a loan."

"Make any difficulties?"

"A little, dear."

Severne put in his word. "Now,

if you want to know all the tact and delicacy with which it was done, you must come to me; for Miss Vizard is not going to give you any idea of it."

"Be quiet, sir, or I shall be very angry. I lent her the money, dear, and her troubles are at an end; for her mother will certainly join her before she has spent your twenty pounds. Oh, and she had not parted with her ring; that is a comfort, is it not?"

"You are a good-hearted girl, Zoe," said Vizard, approvingly; then, recovering himself, "but don't you be blinded by sentiment. She deserves a good hiding for not parting with her ring. Where is the sense of starving, with thirty pounds on your finger?"

Zoe smiled, and said his words were harder than his deeds.

"Because he doesn't mean a word he says," put in Fanny Dover, uneasy at the long cessation of her tongue, for all conversation with Don Cigar had proved impracticable.

"Are you there still, my Lady Disdain?" said Vizard. "I thought you were gone to bed."

"You might well think that. I had nothing to keep me up."

Said Zoe, rather smartly, "Oh yes, you had—Curiosity;" then, turning to her brother, "in short, you may make your mind quite easy. You have lent your money, or given it, to a worthy person, but a little wrong-headed. However"—with a telegraphic glance at Severne—"she is very accomplished; a linguist; she need never be in want; and she will soon have her mother to help her and advise her: perhaps Mrs Gale has an income; if not, Miss Gale, with her abilities, will easily find a place in some house of business, or else take to teaching. If I was them I would set up a school."

Unanimity is rare in this world ; but Zoe's good sense carried every vote. Her prompter, Severne, nodded approval. Fanny said, "Why, of course ;" and Vizard, who, it was feared, might prove refractory, assented even more warmly than the others. "Yes," said he, "that will be the end of it. You relieve me of a weight. Really, when she told me that fable of learning maltreated, honourable ambition punished, justice baffled by trickery, and virtue vilified, and did not cry like the rest of you, except at her father dying in New York the day she won her diploma at Montpelier, I forgave the poor girl her petticoats—indeed I lost sight of them : she seemed to me a very brave little fellow, damnably ill used ; and I said, 'This is not to be borne ; here is a fight, and justice down under dirty feet.' What, ho !"—(roaring at the top of his voice.)

Zoe and Fanny (screaming and pinching each other). "Ah ! ah !"

"Vizard to the rescue !"

"But, with the evening, cool reflection came. A sister, youthful,

but suddenly sagacious (with a gleam of suspicion), very suddenly, has stilled the waves of romance, and the lips of beauty have uttered common-sense. Shall they utter it in vain? Never ! It may be years before they do it again. We must not slight rare phenomena. *Zoe locuta est.* Eccentricity must be suppressed. Doctresses, warned by a little starvation, must take the world as it is, and teach little girls and boys languages, and physic them with arithmetic and the globes : these be drugs that do not kill ; they only make life a burden. I don't think we have laid out our twenty pounds badly, Zoe, and there is an end of it." The incident is emptied, as the French say, and (lighting bed candles) the ladies retire with the honours of war. "Zoe has uttered good sense, and Miss Dover has done the next best thing, she has said very little——"

Miss Dover shot in contemptuously, "I had no companion——"

"For want of a fool to speak her mind to."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Ingenious Mr Severne having done his best to detach the poor doctress from Vizard and his family, in which the reader probably discerns his true motive, now bent his mind on slipping back to Homburg and looking after his money. Not that he liked the job : to get hold of it he knew he must condense rascality ; he must play the penitent, the lover, and the scoundrel, over again, all in three days.

Now, though his egotism was brutal, he was human in this, that he had plenty of good-nature skin-deep, and superficial sensibilities, which made him shrink a little from this hot-pressed rascality and

barbarity. On the other hand, he was urged by poverty, and, laughable as it may appear, by jealousy. He had observed that the best of women, if they are not only abandoned by him they love, but also flattered and adored by scores, will sometimes yield to the joint attacks of desolation, pique, vanity, &c.

In this state of fluctuation he made up his mind so far as this : he would manage so as to be able to go.

Even this demanded caution. So he began by throwing out, in a seeming careless way, that he ought to go down into Huntingdonshire.

"Of course you ought," said Vizard.

No objection was taken, and they rather thought he would go next day. But that was not his game. It would never do to go whilst they were in London. So he kept postponing, and saying he would not tear himself away; and at last, the day before they were to go down to Barfordshire, he affected to yield to a remonstrance of Vizard, and said he would see them off, then run down to Huntingdonshire, look into his affairs, and cross the country to Barfordshire.

"You might take Homburg on the way," said Fanny, out of fun—*her* fun—not really meaning it.

Severne cast a piteous look at Zoe. "For shame, Fanny!" said she. "And why put Homburg into his head?"

"When I had forgotten there was such a place," said Mr Severne, taking his cue dexterously from Zoe, and feigning innocent amazement. Zoe coloured with pleasure. This was at breakfast. At afternoon tea something happened. The ladies were up-stairs packing, an operation on which they can bestow as many hours as the thing needs minutes. One servant brought in the tea; another came in soon after with a card, and said it was for Miss Vizard; but he brought it to Harrington. He read it:

"Miss Rhoda Gale, M.D."

"Send it up to Miss Vizard," said he. The man was going out: he stopped him, and said, "You can show the lady in here, all the same."

Rhoda Gale was ushered in. She had a new gown and bonnet, not showy, but very nice. She coloured faintly at sight of the two gentlemen; but Vizard soon put her at her ease. He shook hands with

her, and said—"Sit down, Miss Gale; my sister will soon be here. I have sent your card up to her."

"Shall I tell her?" said Severne, with the manner of one eager to be agreeable to the visitor.

"If you please, sir," said Miss Gale.

Severne went out zealously, darted up to Zoe's room, knocked, and said—"Pray come down: here is that doctress."

Meantime, Jack was giving Jill the card, and Jill was giving it Mary to give to the lady. It got to Zoe's room in a quarter of an hour.

"Any news from mamma?" asked Vizard, in his blunt way.

"Yes, sir."

"Good news?"

"No. My mother writes me that I must not expect her. She has to fight with a dishonest executor. Oh, money, money!"

At that moment Zoe entered the room, but Severne paced the landing. He did not care to face Miss Gale; and even in that short interval of time he had persuaded Zoe to protect her brother against this formidable young lady, and shorten the interview if she could.

So Zoe entered the room bristling with defence of her brother. At sight of her, Miss Gale rose, and her features literally shone with pleasure. This was rather disarming to one so amiable as Zoe, and she was surprised into smiling sweetly in return; but still her quick defensive eye drank Miss Gale on the spot, and saw, with alarm, the improvement in her appearance. She was very healthy, as indeed she deserved to be; for she was singularly temperate, drank nothing but water and weak tea without sugar, and never ate nor drank except at honest meals. Her

youth and pure constitution had shaken off all that pallor, and the pleasure of seeing Zoe lent her a lovely colour. Zoe microscoped her in one moment: not one beautiful feature in her whole face; eyes full of intellect, but not in the least love-darting; nose, an aquiline steadily reversed; mouth, vastly expressive, but large; teeth, even and white, but ivory, not pearl; chin, ordinary; head symmetrical, and set on with grace. I may add, to complete the picture, that she had a way of turning this head, clean, swift, and bird-like, without turning her body. That familiar action of hers was fine—so full of fire and intelligence.

Zoe settled in one moment that she was downright plain, but might probably be that mysterious and incomprehensible and dangerous creature, "a gentleman's beauty," which, to women, means no beauty at all, but a witch-like creature, that goes and hits foul, and eclipses real beauty, doll's to wit, by some mysterious magic.

"Pray sit down," said Zoe, formally. Rhoda sat down and hesitated a moment. She felt a frost.

Vizard helped her—"Miss Gale has heard from her mother."

"Yes, Miss Vizard," said Rhoda, timidly: "and very bad news. She cannot come at present; and I am so distressed at what I have done in borrowing that money of you; and see, I have spent nearly three pounds of it in dress; but I have brought the rest back."

Zoe looked at her brother, perplexed.

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Vizard; "you will not take it, Zoe."

"Oh yes; if you please, do," said Rhoda still to Zoe. "When I borrowed it, I felt sure I could repay it; but it is not so now. My mother says it may be months before she can come, and she forbids

me positively to go to her. Oh! but for that, I'd put on boy's clothes and go as a common sailor to get to her."

Vizard fidgeted on his chair.

"I suppose I mustn't go in a passion," said he, drily.

"Who cares?" said Miss Gale, turning her head sharply on him in the way I have tried to describe.

"I care," said Vizard. "I find wrath interfere with my digestion. Please go on, and tell us what your mother says. She has more common-sense than somebody else I won't name—politeness forbids."

"Well, who doubts that?" said the lady, with frank good-humour. "Of course, she has more sense than any of us. Well, my mother says—oh, Miss Vizard!"

"No, she doesn't, now. She never heard the name of Vizard."

Miss Gale was in no humour for feeble jokes. She turned half angrily away from him to Zoe. "She says I have been well educated, and know languages; and we are both under a cloud, and I had better give up all thought of Medicine, and take to teaching."

"Well, Miss Gale," said Zoe, "if you ask *me*, I must say I think it is good advice. With all your gifts, how can you fight the world? We are all interested in you here; and it is a curious thing, but do you know we agreed the other day you would have to give up Medicine, and fall into some occupation in which there are many ladies already to keep you in countenance. Teaching was mentioned, I think; was it not, Harrington?"

Rhoda Gale sighed deeply.

"I am not surprised," said she. "Most women of the world think with you. But oh, Miss Vizard, please take into account all that I have done and suffered for Medicine. Is all that to go for *nothing*? Think what a bitter thing it must

be to do, and then to undo—to labour and study, and then knock it all down; to cut a slice out of one's life—out of the very heart of it—and throw it clean away. I know it is hard for you to enter into the feelings of any one, who loves science, and is told to desert it. But suppose you had loved a *man* you were proud of—loved him for five years—and then they came to you and said, 'There are difficulties in the way; he is as worthy as ever, and he will never desert *you*; but you must give *him* up, and try and get a taste for human rubbish; it will only be five years of wasted life, wasted youth, wasted seed-time, wasted affection, and then a long vegetable life of unavailing regrets.' I love science as other women love men. If I am to give up science, why not die? Then I shall not feel my loss; and I know how to die without pain. Oh! the world is cruel. Ah! I am too unfortunate! Everybody else is rewarded for patience, prudence, temperance, industry, and a life with high and almost holy aims; but I am punished, afflicted, crushed under the injustice of the day. Do not make me a nursemaid. I *won't* be a governess; and I must not die, because that would grieve my mother. Have pity on me!—have pity!"

She trembled all over, and stretched out her hands to Zoe with truly touching supplication.

Zoe forgot her part, or lost the power to play it well. She turned her head away and would not assent: but two large tears rolled out of her beautiful eyes. Miss Gale, who had risen in the ardour of her appeal, saw that, and it set her off. She leaned her brow against the mantelpiece, not like a woman, but a brave boy, that does not want to be seen crying; and she faltered out, "In France I am a learned physician: and here to be a housemaid!

for I won't live on borrowed money. I am very unfortunate."

Severne, who had lost patience, came swiftly in, and found them in this position, and Vizard walking impatiently about the room in a state of emotion, which he was pleased to call anger.

Zoe, in a tearful voice, said, "I am unable to advise you. It is very hard that any one so deserving should be degraded."

Vizard burst out, "It is harder the world should be so full of conventional sneaks; and that I was very near making one of them. The last thing we ever think of, in this paltry world, is justice, and it ought to be the first. Well, for once I have got the power to be just, and just I'll be, by God! Come, leave off snivelling you two, and take a lesson in justice—from a beginner; converts are always the hottest, you know. Miss Gale, you shall not be driven out of science, and your life, and labour, wasted. You shall doctor Barfordshire, and teach it English, too, if any woman can. This is the programme. I farm two hundred acres—*vicariously*, of course. Nobody in England has brains to do anything *himself*. That weakness is confined to your late father's country, and they suffer for it by out-fighting, out-lying, out-manceuvring, out-bullying, and outwitting us whenever we encounter them. Well, the farmhouse is large. The bailiff has no children: there is a wing furnished, and not occupied. You shall live there, with the right of cutting vegetables, roasting chickens, sucking eggs, and riding a couple of horses off their legs."

"But what am I to do for all that?"

"Oh, only the work of two men. You must keep my house in perfect health. The servants have a trick of eating till they burst. You will have to sew them up again. There

are only seven hundred people in the village. You must cure them all; and, if you do, I promise you their lasting ingratitude. Outside the village, you must make them pay—if you can. We will find you patients of every degree. But whether you will ever get any fees out of them, this deponent sayeth not. However, I can answer for the *ladies* of our county, that they will all cheat you—if they can.”

Miss Gale’s colour came and went, and her eyes sparkled. “Oh, how good you are! Is there a hospital?”

“County hospital, and infirmary, within three miles. Fine country for disease. Intoxication prevalent, leading to a bountiful return of accidents. I promise you wounds, bruises, and putrifying sores, and everything to make you comfortable.”

“Oh, don’t laugh at me. I am so afraid I shall—no, I hope I shall not disgrace you. And then it is against the law: but I don’t mind that.”

“Of course not: what is the law to ladies with elevated views? By the by, what is the penalty?—six months?”

“Oh no. Twenty pounds. Oh dear! another twenty pounds!”

“Make your mind easy. Unjust laws are a dead letter, on a soil so primitive as ours. I shall talk to Uxmoor, and a few more, and no magistrate will ever summons you, nor jury convict you, in Barfordshire. You will be as safe there as in Upper Canada. Now then—attend. We leave for Barfordshire to-morrow. You will go down on the 1st of next month. By that time all will be ready: start for Taddington, eleven o’clock. You will be met at the Taddington station, and taken to your farmhouse. You will find a fire ten days old, and, for once in your life, young lady, you will find

an aired bed; because my man Harris will be housemaid, and not let one of your homicidal sex set foot in the crib.”

Miss Gale looked from Vizard to his sister, like a person in a dream. She was glowing with happiness: but it did not spoil her. She said, humbly and timidly, “I hope I may prove worthy.”

“That is *your* business,” said Vizard, with supreme indifference: “mine is to be just. Have a cup of tea?”

“Oh no, thank you: and it will be a part of my duty to object to afternoon tea. But I am afraid none of you will mind me.”

After a few more words, in which Severne, seeing Vizard was in one of his iron moods, and immovable as him of Rhodes, affected now to be a partisan of the new arrangement—Miss Gale rose to retire. Severne ran before her to the door, and opened it, as to a queen. She bowed formally to him, as she went out: when she was on the other side the door, she turned her head in her sharp fiery way, and pointed with her finger to the emerald ring on his little finger, a very fine one—“Changed hands,” said she; “it was on the third finger of your left hand when we met last;” and she passed down the stairs with a face half turned to him, and a cruel smile.

Severne stood fixed, looking after her; cold crept among his bones: he was roused by a voice above him saving very inquisitively, “What does she say?” He looked up, and it was Fanny Dover leaning over the balusters of the next landing. She had evidently seen all, and heard some: Severne had no means of knowing how much. His heart beat rapidly. Yet he told her, boldly, that the doctress had admired his emerald ring. As if to give greater force to this explana-

tion, he took it off, and showed it her, very amicably. He calculated that she could hardly, at that distance, have heard every syllable, and, at the same time, he was sure she had seen Miss Gale point at the ring.

"Hum!" said Fanny, and that was all she said.

Severne went to his own room to think. He was almost dizzy. He dreaded this Rhoda Gale. She was incomprehensible, and held a sword over his head. Tongues go fast in the country. At the idea of this keen girl and Zoe Vizard sitting under a tree for two hours, with nothing to do but talk, his blood ran cold. Surely Miss Gale must hate him. She would not always spare him. For once he could not see his way clear. Should he tell her half the truth, and throw himself on her mercy? Should he make love to her? or what should he do? One thing he saw clear enough: he must not quit the field. Sooner or later all would depend on his presence, his tact, and his ready wit.

He felt like a man who could not swim, and wades in deepening water. He must send somebody to Hom-burg, or abandon all thought of his money. Why abandon it? Why not return to Ina Klosking? His judgment, alarmed at the accumulating difficulties, began to intrude its voice. What was he turning his back on? A woman, lovely, loving, and celebrated, who was very likely pining for him, and would share not only her winnings at play with him, but the large income she would make by her talent. What was he following? A woman divinely lovely and good, but whom he could not possess, or, if he did, could not hold her long, and whose love must end in horror.

But nature is not so unfair to honest men, as to give wisdom to

the cunning. Rarely does reason prevail against passion in such a mind as Severne's. It ended, as might have been expected, in his going down to Vizard Court with Zoe.

An express train soon whirled them down to Taddington, in Barfordshire. There was Harris, with three servants, waiting for them—one with a light cart for their luggage, and two with an open carriage and two spanking bays, whose coats shone like satin. The servants—liveried, and top-booted, and buckskin-gloved, and spruce as if just out of a bandbox—were all smartness and respectful zeal. They got the luggage out in a trice, with Harris's assistance. Mr Harris then drove away like the wind in his dog-cart; the travelling party were soon in the barouche. It glided away, and they rolled on easy springs at the rate of twelve miles an hour till they came to the lodge-gate. It was opened at their approach, and they drove full half a mile over a broad gravel path, with rich grass on each side and grand old patriarchs, oak and beech, standing here and there, and dappled deer, grazing or lying, in mottled groups, till they came to a noble avenue of lofty lime-trees, with stems of rare size and smoothness, and towering piles on piles of translucent leaves, that glowed in the sun like flakes of gold.

At the end of this avenue was seen an old mansion, built of that beautiful clean red brick—which seems to have died out—and white stone-facings and mullions, with gables and oriel windows by the dozen; but between the avenue and the house was a very large oval plot of turf, with a broad gravel road running round it; and attached to the house, but thrown a little back, were the stables, which formed three sides of a good-sized quad-

range, with an enormous clock in the centre. The lawn, kitchen-garden, ice-houses, pineries, green-houses, revealed themselves only in peeps as the carriage swept round the spacious plot, and drew up at the hall-door.

No ringing of bells nor knocking. Even as the coachman tightened his reins, the great hall-door was swung open, and two footmen appeared; Harris brought up a rear-guard, and received the party in due state.

A double staircase, about ten feet broad, rose out of the hall, and up this Mr Harris conducted Severne, the only stranger, into a bedroom with a great oriel window looking west.

"This is your room, sir," said he. "Shall I unpack your things when they come?"

Severne assented, and that perfect major-domo informed him that luncheon was ready, and retired catlike, and closed the door so softly, no sound was heard.

Mr Severne looked about him, and admitted to himself that, with all his experiences of life, this was his first bedroom. It was of great size, to begin. The oriel window was twenty feet wide, and had half-a-dozen casements, each with rose-coloured blinds, though some of them needed no blinds, for green creepers, with flowers like clusters of grapes, curled round the mullions, and the sun shone mellowed through their leaves. Enormous curtains of purple cloth, with gold borders, hung at each side in mighty folds, to be drawn at night-time when the eye should need repose from feasting upon colour.

There were three brass bedsteads in a row, only four feet broad, with spring beds, hair mattresses a foot thick, and snowy sheets for coverlets, instead of counterpanes; so that, if you were hot, feverish, or sleepless

in one bed, you might try another, or two.

Thick carpets and rugs, satin-wood wardrobes, prodigious wash-hand stands, with china backs four feet high. Towel-horses nearly as big as a donkey, with short towels, long towels, thick towels, thin towels, bathing sheets, &c.; baths of every shape, and cans of every size; a large knee-hole table; paper and envelopes of every size. In short, a room to sleep in, study in, live in, and stick fast in, night and day.

But what is this? A Gothic arch, curtained with violet merino. He draws the curtain. It is an anteroom. One half of it is a bath-room, screened, and paved with encaustic tiles that run up the walls, so you may splash to your heart's content. The rest is a studio, and contains a choice little library of well-bound books in glass cases, a pianoforte, and a harmonium. Severne tried them, they were both in perfect tune. Two clocks, one in each room, were also in perfect time. Thereat he wondered. But the truth is, it was a house wherein precision reigned; a tuner and a clock-maker visited it by contract every month.

This, and two more guest-chambers, and the great dining-hall, were built under the Plantagenets, when all large land-owners entertained kings and princes with their retinues. As to that part of the house which was built under the Tudors, there are hundreds of country-houses as important, only Mr Severne had not been inside them, and was hardly aware to what perfection rational luxury is brought in the houses of our large landed gentry. He sat down in an antique chair of enormous size; the back went higher than his head, the seat ran out as far as his ankle, when seated; there was room

in it for two, and it was stuffed—ye gods, how it was stuffed! The sides, the back, and the seat were all hair mattresses, a foot thick at least. Here nestled our sybarite, with the sun shining through leaves, and splashing his beautiful head with golden tints and transparent shadows, and felt in the temple of comfort, and incapable of leaving it alive.

He went down to luncheon. It was distinguishable from dinner in this, that they all got up after it, and Zoe said, "Come with me, children."

Fanny and Severne rose at the word. Vizard said he felt excluded from that invitation, having cut his wise-teeth—so he would light a cigar instead; and he did. Zoe took the other two into the kitchen-garden; four acres, surrounded with a high wall, of orange-red brick, full of little holes where the nails had been. Zoe, being now at home, and queen, wore a new and pretty deportment. She was half maternal, and led her friend and lover about like two kids. She took them to this and that fruit-tree, set them to eat, and looked on superior: by way of climax, she led them to the south wall, crimson with ten thousand peaches and nectarines; she stepped over the border, took superb peaches and nectarines from the trees, and gave them with her own hand to Fanny and Severne. The head-gardener glared in dismay at the fair spoliator. Zoe observed him, and laughed. "Poor Lucas," said she; "he would like them all to hang on the tree till they fell off with a wasp inside. Eat as many as ever you can, young people—Lucas is amusing."

"I never had peaches enough off the tree before," said Fanny.

"No more have I," said Severne. "This must be the Elysian fields, and I shall spoil my dinner."

"Who cares?" said Fanny, recklessly. "Dinner comes every day, and always at the only time when one has no appetite. But this eating of peaches—oh what a beauty!"

"Children," said Zoe, gravely, "I advise you not to eat above a dozen. Do not enter on a fatal course, which in one brief year will reduce you to a hapless condition. There—I was let loose amongst them at sixteen, and ever since they pall. But I do like to see you eat them, and your eyes sparkle."

"That is too bad of you," said Fanny, driving her white teeth deep into a peach. "The idea! Now, Mr Severne, do my eyes sparkle?"

"Like diamonds. But that proves nothing; it is their normal condition."

"There—make him a curtsy," said Zoe, "and come along."

She took them into the village. It was one of the old sort; little detached houses with little gardens in front, in all of which were a few humble flowers, and often a dark rose of surpassing beauty. Behind each cottage was a large garden, with various vegetables, and sometimes a few square yards of wheat. There was one little row of new brick houses standing together; their number five, their name New Town. This town of five houses was tiled; the detached houses were thatched, and the walls plastered and whitewashed like snow. Such whitewash seems never to be made in towns, or to lose its whiteness in a day. This broad surface of vivid white was a background, against which the clinging roses, the clustering, creeping honeysuckles, and the deep young ivy with its tender green and polished leaves, shone lovely: wood-smoke mounted thin and silvery from a cottage or two,

that were cooking, and embroidered the air, not fouled it. The little windows had diamond panes, as in the middle ages, and every cottage-door was open, suggesting hospitality and dearth of thieves. There was also that old essential, a village green; a broad strip of sacred turf, that was everybody's by custom, though in strict law Vizard's. Here a village cow and a donkey went about grazing the edges, for the turf in general was smooth as a lawn. By the side of the green was the village ale-house. After the green other cottages; two of them

"Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine."

One of these was called Marks's cottage, and the other Allen's. The rustic church stood in the middle of a hill nearly half a mile from the village. They strolled up to it. It had a tower built of flint, and clad on two sides with ivy three feet deep, and the body of the church was as snowy as the cottages, and on the south side a dozen swallows and martins had lodged their mortar nests under the eaves; they looked, against the white, like rugged grey stone bosses. Swallows and martins innumerable wheeled, swift as arrows, round the tower, chirping, and in and out of the church through an open window, and added their music and their motion to the beauty of the place.

Returning from the church to the village, Miss Dover lagged behind, and then Severne infused into his voice those tender tones, which give amorous significance to the poorest prose.

"What an Arcadia!" said he.

"You would not like to be banished to it," said Zoe, demurely.

"That depends," said he, significantly.

Instead of meeting him half-way and demanding an explanation, Zoe turned coy and fell to wondering what Fanny was about.

"Oh, don't compel her to join us," said Severne. "She is meditating."

"On what? She is not much given that way."

"On her past sins: and preparing new ones."

"For shame! she is no worse than we are. Do you really admire Islip?"

"Indeed I do, if this is Islip?"

"It is then, and this cottage with the cluster rose tree all over the walls is Marks's cottage. We are rather proud of Marks's cottage," said she, timidly.

"It is a bower," said he, warmly.

This encouraged Zoe and she said, "Is there not a wonderful charm in cottages? I often think I should like to live in Marks's. Have you ever had that feeling?"

"Never; but I have it now. I should like to live in it—with you."

Zoe blushed like a rose, but turned it off. "You would soon wish yourself back at Vizard Court," said she. "Fanny! Fanny!" and she stood still.

Fanny came up. "Well, what is the matter now?" said she, with pert, yet thoroughly apathetic, indifference.

"The matter is—extravagancies. Here is a man of the world pretending he would like to end his days in Marks's cottage."

"Stop a bit. It was to be with somebody I loved. And wouldn't you, Miss Dover?"

"Oh dear, no. We should be sure to quarrel cooped up in such a mite of a place. No! give me Vizard Court, and plenty of money, and the man of my heart."

"You have not got one, I'm afraid," said Zoe, "or you would not put him last."

"Why not? when he is of the last importance," said Fanny, flip-pantly, and turned the laugh her way.

They strolled through the village together, but in the grounds of Vizard Court Fanny fairly gave them the slip. Severne saw his chance, and said tenderly—

"Did you hear what she said about a large house being best for lovers?"

"Yes, I heard her," said Zoe, defensively; "but very likely she did not mean it. That young lady's words are air. She will say one thing one day, and another the next."

"I don't know. There is one thing every young lady's mind is made up about, and that is, whether it is to be love or money."

"She was for both, if I remember," said Zoe, still coldly.

"Because she is not in love."

"Well, I really believe she is not—for once."

"There, you see. She is in an unnatural condition."

"For her, very."

"So she is no judge. No; I should prefer Marks's cottage. The smaller the better; because then the woman I love could not ever be far from me."

He lowered his voice and drove the insidious words into her tender bosom. She began to tremble and heave, and defend herself feebly.

"What have I to do with that? You mustn't."

"How can I help it? You know the woman I love—I adore; and would not the smallest cottage in England be a palace if I was blessed with her sweet love and her divine company? Oh Zoe, Zoe!"

Then she did defend herself after a fashion: "I won't listen to such—Edward!" Having uttered his name with divine tenderness, she put her hands to her blushing face and fled

from him. At the head of the stairs she encountered Fanny, looking satirical; she reprimanded her.

"Fanny," said she, "you really must not do *that*"—(pause)—"out of our own grounds. Kiss me, darling. I am a happy girl." And she curled round Fanny and panted on her shoulder.

Miss Artful, known unto men as Fanny Dover, had already traced out in her own mind a line of conduct, which the above reprimand, minus the above kisses, taken at their joint algebraical value, did not disturb. The fact is, Fanny hated home; and liked Vizard Court above all places. But she was due at home, and hanging on to the palace of comfort by a thread. Any day her mother, out of natural affection and good breeding, might write for her; and unless one of her hosts interfered, she should have to go. But Harrington went for nothing in this, unfortunately. His hospitality was unobtrusive, but infinite. It came to him from the Plantagenets through a long line of gentlemen, who shone in vices; but inhospitality was unknown to the whole chain, and every human link in it. He might very likely forget to invite Fanny Dover, unless reminded; but, when she was there, she was welcome to stay for ever if she chose. It was all one to him. He never bothered himself to amuse his guests, and so they never bored him. He never let them. He made them at home; put his people and his horses at their service; and preserved his even tenor. So then the question of Fanny's stay lay with Zoe: and Zoe would do one of two things; she would either say, with well-bred hypocrisy, she ought not to keep Fanny any longer from her mother—and so get rid of her; or would interpose and give some reason or other. What that reason

would be Fanny had no precise idea. She was sure it would not be the true one; but there her insight into futurity and females ceased. Now Zoe was thoroughly fascinated by Severne, and Fanny saw it; and yet Zoe was too high-bred a girl to parade the village and the neighbourhood with him alone—and so placard her attachment—before they were engaged, and the engagement sanctioned by the head of the house. This consideration enabled Miss Artful to make herself necessary to Zoe. Accordingly, she showed on the very first afternoon that she was prepared to play the convenient friend, and help Zoe to combine courtship with propriety.

This plan once conceived, she adhered to it with pertinacity and skill. She rode and walked with them, and in public put herself rather forward, and asserted the leader; but sooner or later, at a proper time and place, she lagged behind, or cantered ahead, and manipulated the wooing with tact and dexterity.

The consequence was that Zoe wrote of her own accord to Mrs Dover, asking leave to detain Fanny, because her brother had invited a college friend, and it was rather awkward for her without Fanny, there being no other lady in the house at present.

She showed this to Fanny, who said earnestly—

“As long as ever you like, dear. Mamma will not miss me a bit. Make your mind easy.”

Vizard, knowing his sister, and entirely deceived in Severne, exercised no vigilance; for, to do Zoe justice, none was necessary, if Severne had been the man he seemed.

There was no mother in the house to tremble for her daughter, to be jealous, to watch, to question,

to demand a clear explanation—in short, to guard her young as only the mothers of creation do.

The Elysian days rolled on; Zoe was in heaven, and Severne in a fool's paradise, enjoying everything, hoping everything, forgetting everything, and fearing nothing. He had come to this, with all his cunning; he was intoxicated and blinded with passion.

Now it was that the idea of marrying Zoe first entered his head. But he was not mad enough for that. He repelled it with terror, rage, and despair. He passed an hour or two of agony in his own room, and came down, looking pale and exhausted. But, indeed, the little Dumas, though he does not pass for a moralist, says truly and well, “*Les amours illégitimes portent toujours des fruits amers;*” and Ned Severne's turn was come to suffer a few of the pangs he had inflicted gaily on more than one woman and her lover.

One morning at breakfast Vizard made two announcements. “Here's news,” said he; “Doctor Gale writes to postpone her visit. She is ill, poor girl!”

“Oh dear! what is the matter?” inquired Zoe, always kind-hearted.

“Gastritis—so she says.”

“What is that?” inquired Fanny.

Mr Severne, who was much pleased at this opportune illness, could not restrain his humour, and said it was a disorder produced by the fumes of gas.

Zoe, accustomed to believe this gentleman's lies, and not giving herself time to think, said there was a great escape in the passage the night she went there.

Then there was a laugh at her simplicity. She joined in it, but shook her finger at Master Severne.

Vizard then informed Zoe that Lord Uxmoor had been staying

some time at Basildon Hall, about nine miles off; so he had asked him to come over for a week, and he had accepted. "He will be here to dinner," said Vizard. He then rang the bell, and sent for Harris, and ordered him to prepare the blue chamber for Lord Uxmoor, and see the things aired himself. Harris having retired cat-like, Vizard explained—"My womankind shall not kill Uxmoor. He is a good fellow, and his mania—we have all got a mania, my young friends—is a respectable one. He wants to improve the condition of the poor—against their will."

"His friend! that was so ill. I hope he has not lost him," said Zoe.

"He hasn't lost him in this letter, Miss Gush," said Vizard. "But you can ask him when he comes."

"Of course I shall ask him," said Zoe.

Half an hour before dinner there was a grating of wheels on the gravel. Severne looked out of his bedroom-window, and saw Uxmoor drive up. Dark-blue coach; silver harness, glittering in the sun; four chestnuts, glossy as velvet; two neat grooms, as quick as lightning. He was down in a moment, and his traps in the hall, and the grooms drove the trap round to the stables.

They were all in the drawing-room when Lord Uxmoor appeared; greeted Zoe with respectful warmth, Vizard with easy friendship, Severne and Miss Dover with well-bred civility. He took Zoe out, and sat at her right hand at dinner.

As the new guest, he had the first claim on her attention, and they had a topic ready—his sick friend. He told her all about him, and his happy recovery, with simple warmth. Zoe was interested and sympathetic; Fanny listened, and gave Severne short answers; Severne felt de-throned.

He was rather mortified, and a

little uneasy, but too brave to show it. He bided his time. In the drawing-room Lord Uxmoor singled out Zoe, and courted her openly with respectful admiration. Severne drew Fanny apart, and exerted himself to amuse her. Zoe began to cast uneasy glances. Severne made common cause with Fanny. "We have no chance against a lord, or a lady, you and I, Miss Dover."

"I haven't," said she; "but you need not complain. She wishes she was here."

"So do I. Will you help me?"

"No, I shall not. You can make love to me. I am tired of never being made love to."

"Well," said this ingenuous youth, "you certainly do not get your deserts in this house. Even I am so blinded by my passion for Zoe, that I forget she does not monopolise all the beauty, and grace, and wit in the house."

"Go on," said Fanny. "I can bear a good deal of it—after such a fast."

"I have no doubt you can bear a good deal. You are one of those that inspire feelings, but don't share them. Give me a chance; let me sing you a song."

"A love-song?"

"Of course."

"Can you sing it as well as you can talk it?"

"With a little encouragement. If you would kindly stand at the end of the piano, and let me see your beautiful eyes fixed on me."

"With disdain?"

"No, no."

"With just suspicion?"

"No; with unmerited pity." And he began to open the piano.

"What! do you accompany yourself?"

"Yes, after a fashion; by that means I don't get run over."

Then this accomplished person fixed his eyes on Fanny Dover, and

sang her an Italian love-song in the artificial, passionate style of that nation; and the English girl received it point-blank with complacent composure. But Zoe started and thrilled at the first note, and crept up to the piano as if drawn by an irresistible cord. She gazed on the singer with amazement and admiration. His voice was a low tenor, round, and sweet as honey. It was a real voice, a musical instrument.

"More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear

When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear."

And the Klosking had cured him of the fatal whine which stains the amateur, male or female, and had taught him climax, so that he articulated, and sang with perfect purity, and rang out his final notes instead of slurring them. In short, in plain passages he was a reflection, on a small scale, of that great singer. He knew this himself, and had kept clear of song; it was so full of reminiscence and stings. But now jealousy drove him to it.

It was Vizard's rule to leave the room whenever Zoe or Fanny opened the piano. So in the evening that instrument of torture was always mute.

But hearing a male voice, the squire, who doted on good music, as he abhorred bad, strolled in upon the chance; and he stared at the singer.

When the song ended, there was a little clamour of ladies' voices calling him to account for concealing his talent from them.

"I was afraid of Vizard," said he; "he hates bad music."

"None of your tricks," said the squire; "yours is not bad music; you speak your words articulately, and even eloquently. Your accompaniment is a little queer, especially in the bass; but you find

out your mistakes, and slip out of them heaven knows how. Zoe, you are tame, but accurate: correct his accompaniments some day—when I'm out of hearing. Practice drives me mad. Give us another."

Severne laughed good-humouredly. "Thus encouraged, who could resist?" said he. "It is so delightful to sing in a shower-bath of criticism."

He sang a sprightly French song, with prodigious spirit and dash.

They all applauded, and Vizard said, "I see how it is. We were not good enough. He would not come out for us. He wanted the public. Uxmoor, you are the public. It is to you we owe this pretty warbler. Have you any favourite song, Public? Say the word, and he shall sing it you."

Severne turned rather red at that, and was about to rise slowly, when Uxmoor, who was instinctively a gentleman, though not a courtier, said: "I don't presume to choose Mr Severne's songs; but if we are not tiring him, I own I should like to hear an English song; for I am no musician, and the words are everything with me."

Severne assented drily, and made him a shrewd return for his courtesy.

Zoe had a brave rose in her black hair. He gave her one rapid glance of significance, and sang a Scotch song, almost as finely as it could be sung in a room:—

"My love is like the red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
My love is like a melody
That's sweetly played in tune."

The dog did not slur the short notes and howl upon the long ones, as did a little fat Jew from London, with a sweet voice and no brains, whom I last heard howl it in the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. No; he retained the pure rhythm of the composition, and, above all, sang it with the

gentle earnestness and unquavering emotion of a Briton.

It struck Zoe's heart point-blank. She drew back, blushing like the rose in her hair and in the song, and hiding her happiness from all but the keen Fanny. Everybody but Zoe applauded the song. She spoke only with her cheeks and eyes.

Severne rose from the piano. He was asked to sing another, but declined laughingly. Indeed, soon afterwards he glided out of the room and was seen no more that night.

Consequently he became the topic of conversation; and the three, who thought they knew him, vied in his praises.

In the morning an expedition was planned, and Lord Uxmoor proffered his "four-in-hand." It was accepted. All young ladies like to sit behind four spanking trotters; and few object to be driven by a Viscount with a glorious beard and large estates.

Zoe sat by Uxmoor. Severne sat behind them with Fanny, a spectator of his open admiration. He could not defend himself so well as last night, and he felt humiliated by the position.

It was renewed day after day. Zoe often cast a glance back, and drew him into the conversation; yet, on the whole, Uxmoor thrust him aside by his advantages and his resolute wooing.

The same thing at dinner. It was only at night he could be number one. He tuned Zoe's guitar; and, one night, when there was a party, he walked about the room with this, and putting his left leg out, serenaded one lady after another. Barfordshire was amazed and delighted at him, but Uxmoor courted Zoe as if he did not exist. He began to feel that he was the man to amuse women in Barfordshire, but Uxmoor the man to marry

them. He began to sulk. Zoe's quick eye saw and pitied. She was puzzled what to do. Lord Uxmoor gave her no excuse for throwing cold water on him, because his adoration was implied, not expressed; and he followed her up so closely, she could hardly get a word with Severne. When she did, there was consolation in every tone; and she took care to let drop that Lord Uxmoor was going in a day or two. So he was, but he altered his mind and asked leave to stay.

Severne looked gloomy at this, and he became dejected. He was miserable, and showed it, to see what Zoe would do. What she did was to get rather bored by Uxmoor, and glance from Fanny to Severne. I believe Zoe only meant, "Do, pray, say things to comfort him;" but Fanny read these gentle glances à la Dover. She got hold of Severne one day, and said—

"What is the matter with you?"

"Of course you can't divine," said he, sarcastically.

"Oh yes, I can; and it is your own fault."

"My fault! that is a good joke. Did I invite this man with all his advantages? That was Vizard's doing, who calls himself my friend."

"If it was not this one, it would be some other. Can you hope to keep Zoe Vizard from being courted? Why, she is the beauty of the county! and her brother not married. It is no use your making love by halves to her. She will go to some man who is in earnest."

"And am I not in earnest?"

"Not so much as he is. You have known her four months, and never once asked her to marry you."

"So I am to be punished for my self-denial."

"Self-denial! nonsense. Men have no self-denial. It is your cowardice."

"Don't be cruel. You know it is my poverty."

"Your poverty of spirit. You gave up money for her, and that is as good as if you had it still, and better. If you love Zoe, scrape up an income somehow, and say the word. Why, Harrington is bewitched with you, and he is rolling in money. I wouldn't lose her by cowardice, if I was you. Uxmoor will offer marriage before he goes. He is staying on for that. Now, take my word for it, when one man offers marriage, and the other does not, there is always a good chance of the girl saying this one is in earnest, and the other is not. We don't expect self-denial in a man; we don't believe in it. We see you seizing upon everything else you care for; and, if you don't seize on us, it wounds our vanity, the strongest passion we have. Consider, Uxmoor has title, wealth, everything to bestow with the wedding-ring. If he offers all that, and you don't offer all you have, how much more generous he looks to her than you do!"

"In short, you think she will doubt my affection, if I don't ask her to share my poverty."

"If you don't, and a rich man asks her to share his all, I'm sure she will. And so should I. Words are only words."

"You torture me; I'd rather die than lose her."

"Then live and win her. I've told you the way."

"I will scrape an income together, and ask her."

"Upon your honour?"

"Upon my soul."

"Then, in my opinion, you will have her in spite of Lord Uxmoor."

Hot from this, Edward Severne sat down and wrote a moving letter to a certain cousin of his in Huntingdonshire.

"MY DEAR COUSIN,—I have often heard you say you were under obligations to my father, and had a regard for me. Indeed, you have shown the latter by letting the interest on my mortgage run out many years and not foreclosing. Having no other friend, I now write to you, and throw myself on your pity. I have formed a deep attachment to a young lady of infinite beauty and virtue. She is above me in everything, especially in fortune. Yet she deigns to love me. I can't ask her hand as a pauper; and by my own folly, now deeply repented, I am little more. Now, all depends on you, my happiness, my respectability. Sooner or later I shall be able to repay you all. For God's sake, come to the assistance of your affectionate cousin,

"EDWARD SEVERNE.

"The brother, a man of immense estates, is an old friend, and warmly attached to me. If I could only, through your temporary assistance or connivance, present my estate as clear, all would be well, and I could repay you afterwards."

To this letter he received an immediate reply.

"DEAR EDWARD,—I thought you had forgotten my very existence. Yes, I owe much to your father, and have always said so, and acted accordingly. Whilst you have been wandering abroad, deserting us all, I have improved your estate. I have bought all the other mortgages, and of late the rent has paid the interest, within a few pounds. I now make you an offer. Give me a long lease of the two farms at £300 a-year—they will soon be vacant—and £2000 out of hand, and I will cancel all the mortgages, and give you a receipt for them as paid in full. This will be like paying you several thousand pounds

for a beneficial lease. The £2000 I must insist on, in justice to my own family. — Your affectionate cousin,
 GEORGE SEVERNE."

This munificent offer surprised and delighted Severne; and, indeed, no other man but cousin George, who had a heart of gold, and was grateful to Ned's father, and also loved the scamp himself, as everybody did, would have made such an offer.

Our adventurer wrote and closed with it, and gushed gratitude. Then he asked himself how to get the money. Had he been married to Zoe, or not thinking of her, he would have gone at once to Vizard, for the security was ample. But in his present delicate situation this would not do. No; he must be able to come and say, "My estate is small, but it is clear. Here is a receipt for £6000 worth of mortgages I have paid off. I am poor in land, but rich in experience, regrets, and love. Be my friend, and trust me with Zoe."

He turned and twisted it in his mind, and resolved on a bold course. He would go to Homburg, and get that sum by hook or by crook out of Ina Klosking's winnings. He took Fanny into his confidence; only he substituted London for Homburg.

"And oh, Miss Dover," said he, "do not let me suffer by going away and leaving a rival behind."

"Suffer by it!" said she. "No. I mean to reward you for taking my advice. Don't you say a word to her. It will come better from me. I'll let her know what you are gone for: and she is just the girl to be

upon honour, and ever so much cooler to Lord Uxmoor, because you are unhappy, but have gone away trusting her."

And his artful ally kept her word. She went into Zoe's room before dinner to have it out with her.

In the evening Severne told Vizard he must go up to London for a day or two.

"All right," said Vizard. "Tell some of them to order the dog-cart for your train."

But Zoe took occasion to ask him for how long, and murmured, "Remember how we shall miss you," with such a look, that he was in Elysium that evening.

But at night he packed his bag for Homburg, and that chilled him. He lay slumbering all night, but not sleeping, and waking with starts and a sense of horror.

At breakfast, after reading his letters, Vizard asked him what train he would go by.

He said, the one o'clock.

"All right," said Vizard. Then he rang the bell, countermanded the dog-cart, and ordered the barouche.

"A barouche for me!" said Severne. "Why, I am not going to take the ladies to the station."

"No; it is to bring one here. She comes down from London five minutes before you take the up train."

There was a general exclamation—Who was it? Aunt Maitland?

"No," said Vizard, tossing a note to Zoe—"it is Doctress Gale."

Severne's countenance fell.

A GERMAN BATH.

THE bath-life that is so much in favour with our foreign friends is a thing that has almost gone out of date in England. We are quite aware that gouty and rheumatic patients gather into great hotels and lodging-houses round such springs as bubble up in the valleys of the Peak; that there are still pump-rooms at places like Bath and Harrowgate, Leamington and Cheltenham, with shady alleys of chestnut and lime, where visitors may take the gentle exercise that helps the healing virtues of the waters. While some of those once-famous resorts have been going down hill, others have been growing into fashion as residences; and crescents and terraces and semi-detached villas cover the crowded fields that used to be traversed by shady foot-paths, and fragrant with the fresh scents of the country. But the new frequenters of these showy and stuccoed towns are altogether of another class from the old ones. They are gone there to live all the year round, and to contrive on a moderate income to enjoy the pleasures of society. They look out for good air, ample house-room, economical gaiety, the advantages of schools and masters for children who have to make their way, and the chances of eligible marriages for girls who would be lost in London. Colonies of retired Indians have been drawn together by the ties of common interests; and there are whole quarters where the conversation is as thoroughly Anglo-Indian as in the club-rooms of "the Oriental" or the East Indian United Service. There are great gatherings of dowagers, whose families of accomplished beauties are generally larger than their jointures; and in summer or

winter, be it said with all respect, an eligible gentleman of captivating manner is welcomed as a godsend and a joy, so long as it pleases him to remain among them. But the days are long gone by when such scenes as Smollett depicted in his 'Humphrey Clinker,' or Thackeray in his 'Virginians,' are to be witnessed at Bath or at Tunbridge Wells; when the fascinations of the lively society that had left town for the Spa won men away from the pheasants or the partridges; when frivolity and flirtation, statesmanship and literature, met together in the crowds in the pump-rooms or on the Pantiles; and when the chariots of spendthrift gamblers like the Marches and the Selwyns were perpetually on the road between the clubs in St James's Street and the ordinaries and play-tables of some *urbs in rure*. Nay, we fancy that even at the "Bath," *par excellence*, there is no such characteristic institution now as that grandly insinuating master of the ceremonies who did the honours of the rooms to Mr Pickwick and his friends; while he modestly merged his personal glories before the splendour of such fugitive luminaries as his Lordship of Mutinhead and his Achates, Mr Crushington. English people have been learning to take their pleasures in other ways. Those who can afford it come to London for the season, travelling townwards comfortably along the network of railways that has spread itself to John O'Groat's and the Land's End. Having had their fill of the pleasures of the town, and seen the complexions that used to dazzle them in the Row changing colour with the flowers in the parterres, they scatter over the length and

breadth of the land among the thousands of pleasant country homes that throw open their hospitable doors. Or they go cruising in yachts that show the colours of the clubs on every accessible sea, from the Norwegian Fjords to the Mediterranean Archipelagoes ; or if they have a fancy for bath-life, they cross to the Continent, where the veritable bath-life is still to be enjoyed.

But even abroad it is not of course what it used to be, looking at it from the popular English aspect. United Germany has been growing disagreeably respectable ; and the principalities that have not been confiscated have been following the lead of the Kaiser, who refuses to sully his fingers with those immoral gains that used to figure so handsomely in the State budgets. As Electors, Grand-Dukes, and Serene Highnesses had ceased to sell their subjects to the service of foreign Powers, so we have seen the reform of those agreeable Vanity Fairs, in which every tourist made a point of lingering. As even Christian and the companion of his pilgrimage had no help for it but to pass by their prototype, following the shortest road to the Celestial City, so everybody's way seemed to lie through them to everywhere. A very superficial study of human nature was sufficient to teach their promoters how to conciliate prejudices and even principles. Except publicans and sinners who made slight profession of decency, nobody stopped at Homburg or Baden for the play. There was the fresh air of the Taunus hills, the magnificent scenery of the Black Forest, the meeting with many friends who, like yourself, might have been attracted by the fame of the waters. And once there, even while you wrapped yourself in your virtue—while you stopped your ears to the rattle of the coin and the seductive

rustle of the bank-notes,—there was no denying that the scene was exceedingly lively. The place was like a grander Cremorne or Mabilles thrown open for a day *fête* under aristocratic patronage, although it preserved its loosely Bohemian charm by the mixed character of its mob of *habitués*. Nature had been pressed into the service of the management, and her simple fascinations were tricked out with striking stage effects. The balconies of the straggling villas that lined the road by which you entered were gay with clusters of clematis and passion-flower, and draped in roses and Virginian creepers. The hotels were embosomed in masses of deciduous trees, and surrounded with blooming flower-beds and enamelled lawns of emerald velvet. There were green alleys that screened you from the glare, long lines of flowering oleander, mazes of artistically-arranged shrubbery with meandering paths ; limpid brooks that murmured in miniature cascades over beds of dazzling gravel. Artificial showers of spray fell perpetually on the well-kept grass plots and the dusty roads ; while a dreamy languor, faintly scented by fragrant blossoms, hung over the coquettish houses that smiled in the noonday sun. The strains of pianos, touched by the hands of a master or a mistress, chimed in with the more distant melody of the band that was playing in the *kiosque* before the Kur-saal ; the clear notes of tenor or mellow contralto came floating out through the open casements, for the professional musical element was sure to muster strong.

In fact, if you were familiar with the *carte du pays*, or rather *des personnes*, or were happy in providing yourself with a competent cicerone, you found you were living and breathing among celebrities. A couple or so of crowned heads might

be seen any morning unobtrusively sauntering about the skirts of the little crowd that had gathered to listen to the morning music. As for the Emperors and those grander potentates whose breath made the war or peace of the world, they had each of them their pet places of resort, and you knew precisely where to seek them—from Ems to Vichy. But in all the leading play resorts, the list of the cure-guests furnished sufficiently sensational reading. Daily you noted the arrival or departure of Arch-Dukes and Grand-Dukes and sovereign princes who exercised something like autocratic authority over territories more or less important. Cadets of reigning houses, princes more or less impecunious, there were by the score, many of them figuring with a plurality of names in the pages of the Almanac of Gotha. Thither came the great English peer, like my Lord of Steyne, either travelling in state with his wife and daughters and half a score of a suite, or quietly *en garçon* attended by his valet. There were Bans and Hospodars and Waywodes, dignitaries and ex-dignitaries bearing all manner of semi-barbaric styles, but most of them lackered over with French polish, and provided for the occasion with well-filled purses. There were Russians, of course, in plenty, male and female, smoking cigarettes and quaffing champagne, making serious play the business of their lives, and suspected of keeping their hands in at political intrigue by way of intellectual distraction. For there were ambassadors, ministers, or *chargés d'affaires*, who might possibly be as serenely indifferent as they seemed to anything but the trifles of their everyday existence; but who might, on the other hand, as it was popularly believed, be intriguing over a recon-

struction of the map of Europe. There were sets and cliques; and the *morque* and phlegm of aristocrats like our own of course fenced their dignity behind impalpable but impassable barriers. As a rule, however, there was a free and easy *abandon*, which might make everybody for the moment the acquaintance of anybody else, if he showed the vouchers of a well-cut coat and a passable manner. An interchange of passing civilities committed one to nothing, it being understood that every one was at liberty to cut and come again when it pleased him. For example, the agreeable gentleman who dropped in unpretendingly of a Sunday to take his seat near the top of the *table d'hôte* in the Kursaal might be the prince of the country in person; and his Highness did not come there, you may be sure, to keep his fellow-diners at arm's length. But because you exchanged remarks with him on the weather, or ideas on some question of the day, it did not follow that you were to have the *entrée* of the Court or a general invitation to the shooting-lodge on the Platte.

Literature and the fine arts were freely represented, as well as aristocracy, politics, and plutocracy. The silent female who sat opposite you at dinner, devoting herself to the dishes in morose abstraction, and making fearful play among the potato salads and the pickles, might be the light and graceful lyrist of the South, who had sent a thrill through all the hearts in Fatherland. The lively little man who strove in vain to engage her broad red ear, and win a thought from the business of the moment, was the dramatist who had left his countrymen leagues behind in the chase after the sombre and the terrible. Mademoiselle Rossignol, of the Italian Opera, Paris, is warbling

half the morning in the room below your own, and the notes come vibrating delightfully up to you from under the variegated awnings of her balconies; while the gentleman who was so seldom out of that same balcony when its mistress was *chez elle* was the famous M. Molière, of the Théâtre Français. So one might go circling through a season in that lively society, perpetually stumbling upon new sensations and awakening to fresh surprises.

But it was in the evening, or rather when the evening was drawing on towards the night, that you saw the Bath in its blaze of lurid glory. The play grew fast and furious with the rivalry. There was an intoxication in the sense of excited spectators looking on; in the swift fluctuations of fortune around you, when the *rouleaux* rose in piles or kept melting away, and the billows of bank-notes swelled or sank to nothing. Even when the player did not lose his head, the game became heavier and bolder, and the administration was greatly indebted for its gains to the gaiety and glitter of the scene and the contagious excitement of the company. How many of the motley party would have cared to set themselves to a cool trial of strength with the bank, knowing the inevitable odds against them in a dimly-lighted cabinet with locked doors? Possibly some of those business-like Jew dealers who came over so punctually by the same train from the neighbouring great mercantile city; or perhaps that wrinkled and wizened old princess who made her game almost mechanically with her parchment-covered hand, and whose half-closed, lack-lustre eyes scarcely strayed from the fingers of the dealers.

It was the minnows rather than the tritons who showed painful signs of agitation when they were

floundering in the meshes of the net. The tourist travelling on a few circular notes shrank back from the sudden shadow of unwelcome retrenchment as his double florins made themselves wings. Ladies pottering over some paltry five-franc pieces, in their agitation and by way of mending matters, would break the fans and rend the gloves which had cost them nearly as much money as they had lost. Once, indeed, we did see anguish and despair in a human face, if ever these passions were depicted there. The victim was a young Dutchman, and he had dropped but a handful of florins, which probably half-a-dozen men in the room would have been generous enough to have restored to him could they have foreseen the impending *dénouement*. As it appeared, he had come prepared for either fortune, and had deliberately staked his life against the chances of winning a little silver. He rushed madly from the room; a pistol-shot was heard from the lake, below the windows; and all was irretrievably over before the crowd had hurried to the spot. It seemed he was a young Dutch officer, and scandal averred with some plausibility that he had embezzled the trifling sum he hazarded. The administration were revolted at his deplorable want of what was literally *savoir vivre*, and naturally incensed, besides, at the unseemly interruption to business. However, they did their best in the circumstances; the corpse was promptly hustled out of sight, and in something more than a quarter of an hour the play was going forward as merrily as ever.

Many respectable people will regret those disreputable times from old and blamable associations; yet it must be confessed that, from a moral point of view, the tendencies of those gaming haunts were far

from beneficial. There was a laxity of tone which insensibly affected any one who lingered there more than a few days, and who mixed at all in their promiscuous society. If you were a poor man, you had to choose between the life of a misanthrope and being betrayed into an embarrassing expenditure. The fashion of extravagance was set by the most objectionable class of non-*beaux riches*—the men who had made themselves millionaires in a week or so, and who were envied and worshipped for their godlike astuteness. For a Garcia who went the round of gambling Europe, breaking banks to the right and left, regulated his expenditure on capital in place of revenue. He had £10,000, £20,000, £50,000 in his strong-box, or at call; and until he had drained his resources to the last florin, he regarded them as practically inexhaustible. So, in fact, they were. If his wonderful luck stood by him, he would indefinitely renew the supplies; and should his luck turn, he was ruined irredeemably, for he had been bitten by the tarantula of gaming, and could never resolve to leave off. The worship of the golden calf was never so hideously grotesque as in these places, for the worshippers looked at their idol through a halo of delusion which turned its deformities into beauties.

Where individuals in a horde of loose-principled adventurers were accumulating from hand to mouth so much easily-won wealth, of course there were flights of harpies to prey upon them. To Baden-Baden especially, in the days before the war, there was always a grand summer migration of the Cytheræan votaries of our Lady of Loretta. Many a connection was formed there which might last a longer or a shorter time, but was pretty certain to end in a catastrophe; and those who

escaped plucking by the croupiers were pillaged by the *demi-monde*. To those pleasantly-mannered Delilahs the croupiers were of a charming gallantry, for they had common sympathies and a common interest. Though they might prefer to dine in cabinets apart or sup at the side-tables in the *salons* of the Kursaal, these ladies had free entry to the hotels, and shouldered your wives and your sisters at the *table d'hôte*. And, indeed, among the oddest things in that giddy bath-life were the blending of the Pharisees of the straightest sect with the publicans and sinners, and the complacency with which the Pharisees submitted to it. They were welcome guests to M. Blanc or M. Benezet, though they never staked a florin nor passed the tables without a scowl. It was their presence that advertised the intense respectability of the place, and they were the decoy birds to the flights of innocents who were plucked to their pinion-feathers. Perhaps the worthy dignitaries of the Anglican communion, in shovel hats and aprons and gaiters; and their unimpeachable churchwardens, the fathers of pious families who never neglected family prayers,—scarcely realised the mischievous rôle they played. For, in fact, they stood in with the promoters of the dissipation in a sleeping partnership, though their indirect share of the profits was infinitesimal. But they read the journals provided out of the winnings; they burned the wax-lights gratis that were set out on the chess-table; and were supplied with the cards for their decorous rubbers. Nay, they sat or preached in an English church that was largely subsidised from the wages of iniquity. In any case, with their wives and families they listened to the strains of the Kursaal band, and disported themselves in the walks and drives that were

so beautifully kept up by the administration. It might have come hard on them, had they felt constrained by their principles to abstain from some of the most charming spots in Europe simply because the Enemy of their Master had anticipated them. But, at all events, being really reduced to that dilemma, they decided that they might hold a candle to the devil, and gave their respectable sanction to his most insidious devices.

All these temptations, however, have been ruthlessly swept away. Hushed is the hum of voices and the chink of coin. What is become of the *roulette* and *rouge-et-noir* tables, heaven only knows. Have they been broken up for firewood and turned into green-baize aprons at an alarming sacrifice? or are they prudently laid aside in local lumber-rooms, with an eye to the possible dissolution of the Empire and the difficulties of embarrassed potentates who may fall heirs to its shattered fragments? The croupiers, like the tables, were good for little but the original purpose that had become second nature with them. Possibly most of them may have devoted themselves exclusively to the alternative calling they were wont to exercise, patriotically sacrificing themselves to the service of their country in the ranks of its secret police. The *élite* of the Homburg contingent have withdrawn with M. Blanc to the sunny southern Eden, whither he has "winged his dusky flight." So far as we know, save for some hole-and-corner nooks that the wandering stranger only stumbles into by accident, there are but two establishments left in Europe where you may ruin yourself above-board at a public table. And these two are as opposite as well may be; and the measure of their respective attractions gives the ratio of their respec-

tive popularity. The one is that most enchanting nook on the Cornice, where hotels and casino nestle among the orange-groves that emblazon in tints of gold and green the shores of the sunny bay that lies beneath the cliff of Monaco; the other that heaven-forsaken slip of weather-washed moraine, where the baths of Saxon look down from their dreary solitude on the siltings and gravel-banks of the unbridled Rhone.

At easily-accessible baths like Homburg or Wiesbaden, where the grand rush of gamblers was attracted by *roulette* played with a single zero, and *rouge-et-noir* with a *demi-réfait*, we daresay that there were people who used to go thither for their health. But it scarcely suggested itself to the casual visitor who objected to early hours, and was slow to fall into methodical habits, that he was passing his days in a popular health resort. Nowadays all that is entirely changed. Dissipation has come to an end with the play, and a deadly blow has been struck at frivolity. Compelled perforce to purge and live cleanly, the municipalities have to do their best to parade the attractions which used to be advertised and put forward chiefly as a blind; and now the life-giving virtues of the air and the water have to submit themselves to the test of a sharp competition. The result has been very different in different cases. Thus the baths of Nassau and the Taunus are said to have suffered but little, though the character of their frequenters has altered, and altered very much for the better. At Homburg and Wiesbaden, building speculations had been rampant for years before the dreaded edict went forth. On the announcement of its imminent promulgation, there was naturally a heavy drop in house property; and some of the most enterprising hotel-keepers apprehended they might

put up their shutters. But certain capitalists, notably shrewd citizens of Frankfort and Mayence, came forward to the rescue, investing quietly at the reduced rates. They argued that summer visitors must still go somewhere; that Homburg and Wiesbaden were likely to retain their popularity; and the event is said to have proved them to be right. It is at least certain that there is little appreciable reduction in the price of apartments at the latter place, while at the former they have been tending upwards if anything. The municipalities had pledged themselves in spirited advertisements to keep up everything on the former footing, notwithstanding the withdrawal of the gaming subsidies. Few people gave them credit for being in a position to fulfil these promises, and yet their promises have been fairly fulfilled. They have adopted the simple plan of making everybody contribute in moderation to expenses that used to come out of the pockets of the reckless; and an involuntary bath-tax of eight to twelve shillings per head brings them in a very handsome revenue. So you may still converse, dance, and read the journals in handsome *salons*; lose yourself in labyrinths of trimly-kept walks; and listen to Wagner and Offenbach executed in excellent taste.

Baden, on the other hand, has fallen, we fear, upon evil days; and we are very sorry to think so. Of course there is no more charming scenery anywhere than in its environs; but the air is rather relaxing than bracing, while of the merits of the waters we profess to know nothing. And not even Bazeilles suffered more severely by the Franco-German war. Baden had become a sort of *succursale* of the Boulevards, and it eclipsed Biarritz or Trouville in the affection of the *demi-monde* and their dangles. In their banishment from it during the war they seem to

have forgotten the way thither, and there must have been a marked falling away in the summer receipts of the lines of the Eastern of France. How the hotel-keepers of Baden contrive to show so smiling a face to their sinking fortunes is a mystery we do not pretend to solve. Possibly the old local superstitions still assert their sway; and they believe that the longest run of ill-luck must come to the changing point sooner or later.

But it is time we turned from those reminiscences of vanished society to the German bath-cure pure and simple, as it used to be in scores of retreats that were but little visited by flying tourists—as it is to be found almost universally now, in the greater baths as in the smaller ones. Dull it may be in the actual life, but it need not be altogether uninteresting in the narration. For reasons that can have no interest for the reader, we were condemned to spend the last summer at Schwalbach, where, at all events, we had the most ample opportunities for observation and calm reflection. Remembering the ‘Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau,’ we deluded ourselves with subdued but still agreeable anticipations. It is true that our personal recollections were less favourable than those of Sir Francis Head. We had once changed horses at Langen Schwalbach some score of years before, and we had lingering visions of an interminable village of a single rough-paved street, lying in the depths of a cleft in a bleak table-land. But we knew that the traveller in a German *eilwagen* who has set out with the dawn on a slow journey is apt to carry away jaundiced impressions; and so we were willing to be soothed into a sanguine frame of mind by the chatty and genial eloquence of “the old man.”

But our stay at Schwalbach con-

firmed us in our former experience, that to make so monotonous and uneventful an existence endurable one ought to be either approaching the years of Sir Francis, or be an invalid, or else a confirmed valetudinarian. In other words, you should be able to conform to the tastes of the natives, who regulate their existence there after the habits that are familiar to them. No one can venture to sneer at German effeminacy, since the soldiers who marched from Spicheren to Paris, and did the winter campaigning in Picardy and the Orleannois, have "made their proofs." But it is certain that a German can make himself placidly happy in a simple and indolent fashion that excites the astonishment or envy of an Englishman when it does not provoke his contempt. A series of short, purposeless saunters in the same shady valleys, suffice him in the way of exercise. He has no objection to a quiet flirtation; but he does not care to ride, or to drive, or to dance, and it is quite the exception when he goes fishing or shooting, although there may be game in the surrounding forests and abundance of fish in the streams. He will smoke for hours on the roughest sylvan benches, in meditations that may possibly be philosophic, but can hardly turn upon literature. For you never see him reading by any chance, unless when he drops into the *lesezimmer* for a glance at the journals. He is always excellent company for himself, and is independent of those adventitious attractions that may make even a hotel homelike; for he will smoke as serenely on the hard cane-chair in a bleak *speisesaal* as on the rude rustic seats we have referred to. On the other hand, he has one grand resource that never fails him. He is an omnivorous and often a voracious feeder; and although his

appetite is incessantly in violent exercise, it very rarely shows signs of giving out. He may be sent to the waters for indigestion — very probably he is; but putting himself under even temporary restraint is no part of his regimen. Nay, the treatment, and the tempting *tables d'hôte*, tend to become snares to him, for his complaint acts upon the cure, and the cure reacts on the complaint. Stimulated by the appetising properties of the waters, he sits down in excellent heart to an interminable dinner; the meal is necessarily succeeded by a sense of satiety which induces the smoking of innumerable pipes; while the smoking is followed in due course by gentle cravings for the stimulating springs. It is greatly to the credit of the waters that they keep him grinding out this severe round of routine in such very tolerable condition; but the fact of his feelings being so frequently boaconstrictorish explains his repugnance to sustained exertion. So he fills up his day agreeably enough by eating and drinking, smoking and thinking, with an occasional dip in a bath by way of gently lubricating the machinery.

Now, *mutatis mutandis*, an English lady, an elderly English gentleman, or an invalid, may fall in with those foreign practices with no great change in their own. The later our ladies dine at home, the more heavily they lunch; and they may find it far from disagreeable, being encouraged to launch out at mid-day in a variety of dishes under sanction of the name of dinner. They can walk as much as they care for, in promenades enlivened by music, where they meet everybody else; there are donkeys for short rides, and carriages for more distant expeditions — riding-horses are unhappily wanting; there are pianos to be hired, and circulating libraries;

and as every one moves and breathes in the full light of publicity, there is a good deal of speculation in the motley little world, and a fair amount of gossip. As for an elderly gentleman of infirm health or retiring habits, most probably, like the author of the 'Bubbles,' he will shrink from the ravenous and clamorous crowd at the great public dinner-tables. At all events, it is no hardship to him to devote himself quietly to the restoration of his health, dispensing with efforts that may overtask his strength, and excitements that are likely to defeat his purpose.

But if you are a man in the vigour of your powers, you find yourself like a fish out of water. You may have gone to the bath on duty, and with no idea of taking the waters; yet you are reduced to that in the end by way of giving an object to your existence, and of establishing some bonds of sympathy with those you regard as your fellow-prisoners. For an oppressive sense of imprisonment begins to weigh upon you, and you find yourself breathing with difficulty in air that is confined. Unfortunately, it is in the nature of springs to break out in the bottom of valleys; and the more romantic the country, the deeper the valleys are. Schwalbach is not so unfortunately situated in that respect as Ems, beloved of the Russians, with whom the vapour bath is a natural institution; but it is bad enough. With the never-ending street that has given it its name strangers need have little or no concern, although the humbler class of the German visitors find economical lodgings there. It is simply the high street of an old-fashioned German village, where patches of execrable paving alternate with stretches of dirty causeway; where the inhabitants at the close of the summer day inhale the

foulest stench from the open gutters; where some of the houses that may date from the times of the Thirty Years' War show strange symbols in quaint emblazonings, sculptured doors with fantastic metal-work, and curiously carved timber beams that are generally buried under coats of whitewash. The fashionable quarter at the western end, which has grown greatly out of small beginnings since the time of Sir Francis's visit, branches off from the corner of the marketplace. When he was there, he likened it to a kitchen fork. Since then the fork has been turned into a trident with a couple of the prongs twisted away to one side. Most of the detached villas stand comparatively high; some of those that are the first to greet you on your arrival, as you descend the road from Eltville with locked wheels, are absolutely Alpine in their situation, as short-winded inmates discover to their cost; but wherever you may have taken up your abode, you must be always dipping into the bath-kettle. There are the springs and the gardens; the ornamental water, the shrubberies, and the arcade. Immediately in the vicinity are the best hotels, and thence lead all the roads and walks that take you ultimately into the surrounding country. It was all very well for the cavalier poet to sing that "stone walls do not a prison make;" possibly because you want his innocent and quiet mind, you cannot make chorus to his sentiment with respect to these banks and woods of the Schwalbach valley. Wherever you go, alleys of trees interlacing overhead, or hanging covers that threaten to fall across into each other's arms, are stifling you in their enervating caresses. Here and there your spirits rise as you emerge on a winding stretch of open meadow, that invites the breeze and

some gleams of the sunshine. Delusion and mockery : at the next corner the sides of the little strath close in again ; or the paths that envelop it diverge, to bury themselves under the boughs of the skirting forests. Had it not been for a lucky fire that cleared a hill, which has since been replanted, your eyes, when you raise them, would be condemned to rest as absolutely on wood as those of the Ancient Mariner on water. The walks are endless, and admirably kept. But wherever they go they are carefully carried along under cover, as if the commanding plateaux were in occupation of an enemy, ready to open fire from his encircling batteries on any one who showed a sunshade or wideawake. It is altogether a different thing, of course, if you explore the attractions of these great woodlands in longer expeditions ; but that is not what we are talking of at present.

For the question of arranging more distant expeditions lands us as a preliminary on the subject of the commissariat. Now, considering that in the rich strip of the Rheingau that interposes itself between Schlangenbad and Mayence, Sir Francis Head gives a list of some fifty different species of grains, vegetables, and fruits which he saw growing ; considering that there is an abundance of pasture-land and of irrigated meadows in its immediate neighbourhood,—it might be imagined that Schwalbach would be provisioned in profusion and ample variety. As a matter of fact, it is not so. True, there are at least three hotels—the old Alée Saal, the Herzog von Nassau, and the Post—where you may count on a very comfortable *cuisine*. But as a rule, a party who are water-bound for weeks will prefer the quiet and freedom of apartments, even at the cost of serious culinary sacrifices.

So, when you enter into negotiations for your rooms, you naturally inquire about the arrangements for dinner. To your surprise and disgust, you learn that your hosts take up the position of the charwoman in 'David Copperfield.' Everything has to be sent in from the hotel or the restaurant ; nor will they even consent, like Mrs Crupps, to give their minds to the potatoes ; otherwise you may go out and forage for yourself, as most people elect to do. Now, even if you choose to dine abroad, you can only dine in public at 1 or 1.30 ; and it is clear that a more diabolical arrangement for cutting up your day could hardly be hit upon. The dinner drags, of course ; coffee and pipes in German or Turkish fashion become an imperative necessity afterwards ; and by the time nature is rallying from the untimely strain, your inclination for violent exercise has vanished.

Consequently, after one or two experiences of those early *tables d'hôte*, it is probable that, like Sir Francis Head, you will decide to be catered for independently. We may remark, however, *en passant*, in common justice, that either he was much too hard on the Schwalbach hotel cookery, or else that it must have changed as greatly for the better since his visit as the charges have changed for the worse. Then he tells us the tariff of the public dinner was 1s. 8d. ; now it is 3s. 6d. or 4s. But then, according to him, there was but a choice between the sour and the greasy ; while now there is no greater preponderance of these attributes than you may always expect in the best hotels of the Fatherland. What we complain of is, not so much the style of the *cuisine* as the limited range of the *menus*, and the conditions under which the dishes must be served to you, if you de-

cine to dine with the world at mid-day. Among the first objects that strike the intelligent visitor who has taken up his quarters in one of the villas are sundry mysterious edifices of homely porcelain, the successive stages secured together by black leather straps, which end in a loop for the insertion of the hand. You learn, to your astonishment, that they are destined to fetch your dinner from a distance. It seems to you that you are to be doomed to suffer from chronic nightmare—unless, indeed, you are saved by enforced abstinence, as you have visions of half-sodden flesh and congealing sauces. However, seeing it is the way of the house, and that your apartments are taken for a week certain, you decide to do like the Romans, and sally forth to order your repast. At the nearest restaurant of any reputation you walk in with a certain air, to come out again quickly “with a flea in your ear.” The *wirth* smiles in your face when you begin ordering offhand a dinner for the evening; and the cook, who has been listening over his shoulder, scowls at you as if you were guilty of a gratuitous outrage. Sobered in your expectations, although anxious and irritated, you sue humbly at an inferior house next door, with similar result. Descending to a yet lower stage, perhaps you do make your bargain, and the fixed price proposed to you sounds moderate enough. But a single meal suffices as a sample. Sir Francis Head’s sourness and grease are unmistakably in the ascendant; and the manner of serving is so slovenly that we prefer to avoid details.

Next day, renewing your researches, you begin with the most accessible of the hotels. You had declined to go there before, in spite of the recommendations of your landlord, because you questioned the

possibility of transporting an eatable dinner to the distance of half a mile from the kitchen-range. But now you are driven to try, and, to tell the truth, are agreeably astonished. If your *hausfrau* knows her business and does not spare her trouble, each dish is served up piping hot, and showing but little signs of the period of probation it has been subjected to. Even *omelettes* and *soufflés* only collapse into a form that is still superior to ordinary English cookery. How it is managed we can hardly tell, the chafing dish that forms the foundation of the cooking superstructure being scarcely sufficient to explain the mystery. But when you have received your first agreeable surprise, you remark that the *plats* are open to criticism; for the most that can be said is, that they are much better than might have been expected. But what is worse is the intolerable monotony of the *carte* to which you must have daily recourse. Day after day you have to ring the changes on the same *filets* and cutlets, and curious preparations of calf’s flesh. The chickens are smaller than partridges, without the partridge flavour; while the partridges themselves, which are invariably over-cooked, cannot compare with the produce of our English stubbles. As for the hares, they are so disguised in the *civet* of thick brown sauce that they might be anything; while the soles, which are the only fish from the sea, have borne the journey far worse than might be expected. The vegetables, such as they are, are fetched from the garden-grounds that lie round Mayence, and it would appear that the transport arrangements are precarious.

If you must dine indifferently so far as solids are concerned, it might be supposed that you would have nothing to complain of in the way of wines, considering that the sunny

slopes of the Rheingau are little more than a long league from you. Will it be believed that there is not a wine-merchant in the place, notwithstanding that the system of lodging-house living is so universal? If you take the lodging-house keeper's advice as to how you should supply yourself, he is sure to reply that he has a cellar of his own—the cellar generally consisting of a dozen or so of bottles, which are stowed away among the pails and the blacking-brushes in a closet below the staircase, and whose labels are far more attractive than the contents. If you seek counsel with any inhabitant you may presume to be disinterested, he marches you off straightway to some special friend of his own, who vends wine among a variety of other articles. For ourselves, we were lucky enough at last to establish relations with the master of an ordinary eating-house and brewery, who sold us excellent Rauenthaler, Rudesheimer, and Ober Ingelheimer, at a trifle under the tariff of the grand hotels on the Rhine. The Rauenthaler vineyards, be it remembered, are the first you come to on the post-road when it begins to descend towards the Rhine, after mounting out of the Schlangenbad valley, and we should have imagined that their more ordinary growths would be reasonable enough in the neighbourhood.

We doubt, however, whether any professed wine-merchant would not find that the place was made too hot to hold him. For the inhabitants of all classes hang together most honourably in a general conspiracy against the strangers within their doors. In all of the apartments, however long may be your stay, it is the custom to charge each separate meal they do supply you with—breakfast, tea, &c.—separately and at hotel prices. It is in vain to appeal to precedents

elsewhere, and propose that you should be taken *en pension*, consenting to make the price a secondary consideration. The invariable answer is, that it is not the custom; nor is there any getting over the *non possumus*, although you may threaten to move with bag and baggage. The harpy who hopes to fleece you will rather see you slip through her claws than prove false to her order, so that it is impossible not to feel your resentment tempered with respect for her perverted notions of honour. But it sounds somewhat strange to be charged daily for "service," as if you were patronising the Engländer Hof at Mayence or the Hôtel de Russie at Frankfort, when the service is performed by a newly-caught maid-of-all-work, who stumps over the carpetless floors in her hob-nailed shoes, and pitches your plates at you across the table as if she were going in for a game at quoits. The system is almost universal, and it is barely possible to escape it. The only exceptions we know are one or two English-speaking landladies, who, at least, give you value for your money in the way of comfort and cleanliness, and who, in special cases, will consent to cook for you. All the world contrives to make the most of a short season; and even the official tariffs are regulated with a most paternal regard to the well-doing of native capitalists and the remuneration of native labour. Thus the carriage-drivers have small inducement to overcharge, being entitled by law to such ample payment; the porter who carries your portmanteau up-stairs, which the coachman or the landlord will decline to touch, receives about as much for the job as for half a day's winter work in the forest; and while in Sir Francis Head's time the charge for a sedan-chair to take an invalid to the baths and back again was three-

pence English, now it is exactly six times as much for a bath-chair with a single man.

It need hardly be said that this tariff of charges is regulated mainly with an eye to the foreigners. The secret of a double scale is scrupulously kept, but it is clear that the generality of the German visitors must fare very differently. For next to the favour in which they are held with the townsfolk, and with the villagers who flock in on market-days, nothing establishes more conclusively the reputation of the waters than the number of people in the humbler ranks of life who gather to them from Nassau and the surrounding States. The throng round the *brunnen* in the height of the season has anything but a fashionable appearance; and it is plain that many of the company are come for no imaginary ailments. To say nothing of ghastly complexions speaking of complicated stomach and liver complaints, there is an unusual preponderance of the lame and the limping. Many of these poor people, shabbily though decently dressed, must be making serious pecuniary sacrifices to persuade nature to rally for another effort. Even those who are evidently substantial shopkeepers and well-to-do professionals are not at all the sort of persons to throw their money out of the windows. To be sure, they give but little trouble, and are not likely to be over-fastidious about the quality of their food, however they may feel about quantity. At early morn you may see them sitting before their doors, in the shade and dust, over their rolls and their coffee on a tray without a napkin. At the stroke of noon, an hour before the more fashionable hotels are thinking of throwing open the *salles-à-manger*, they go trooping along the pavements in Indian-file, by individuals, pairs, and families.

They climb the *al fresco* staircases that land them on the first floors of antiquated "hofs" (guest-houses); they dive down dark alleys, and turn up under low-browed entrances, on their way to the modest dining-rooms they frequent. About an hour and half later they may be seen emerging again, labouring over the rough paving in the glaring sun or the dripping rain, on their return to their rooms, or on their way to the seats in the gardens, where they lounge away the afternoon. Or after long bargaining with the driver or the donkey-man, who is beaten slowly down from his tariff, the heavily-ballasted ladies are hoisted by the half-dozen into carriages or singly on to side-saddles, and away they start for some *bier brauerei* in some picturesque spot in the environs, whence they come back to a light supper of roast veal and gherkins, or something else that is equally digestible.

As we have remarked already, it is much to the credit of the waters that people can lead such a life with impunity, and yet go away rather better than worse. And as to the invigorating effects of the baths on those with whom they agree, we fancy there can be no difference of opinion. When time is hanging heavy with you, and you are passing into the possession of the blue-devils, the sure prescription is to take a bath. We cannot say that we consider bathing a lively occupation as a rule, for a man of an active habit of mind and body. We do not, of course, allude to the morning tub, or to a header in the sea or a rush of fresh water. And it was only when we were sore driven for occupation one dripping day, that it occurred to us to purchase a bath-ticket at Schwalbach. The entrance to the bath-cabinet was less than cheerful, while the cabinet itself was hermetically sealed, as the windows opened full

on a promenade. The water was all that it is described in 'The Bubbles.' So far as we could see it through a steam-laden twilight, it was filthily ferruginous. But we had not gone so far to back out, and so we took heart of grace and immersed ourself.

We hung our watch on the hook opposite, lit a cigar, opened a newspaper, and resigned ourself to pass the twenty minutes of our self-imposed sentence of confinement. When time was up, we felt by no means so eager to be out and about as we had felt fifteen minutes before; and, indeed, it was with no little reluctance that at last we decided to dress. When we came out of the bath-house, the weather was as dull and damp as before, but we had a sense of buoyancy within that could dispense with external sunshine. We had been disposed to growl as we went in; we felt inclined to sing as we came out. And when there is sunshine without as well as within; and when nature is laughing to a fresh breeze,—the effect of your dip is positively intoxicating. We ceased to wonder that "the old man" felt the sunbeams glance from him when thus fortified, as from a polished cuirass, and that he had set himself to breast the hills as if his bath had made him twenty years younger. Nor is the water applied internally by any means to be despised when you are treating yourself for one of those threatenings of the blue-devils. Chilly as it is, *il va sans dire* that it is delightfully refreshing when the heat is oppressive; and in the raw, damp weather that was so common in the last summer, the glow after swallowing it was comforting in the extreme. As for the proportion of carbonates, chlorides, and sulphates, are they not written in a dozen of scientific treatises to which we could refer the reader were it worth while?

Our own analysis was popular and practical, and we were satisfied when we found that there was no excess of those salts or sulphurs whose objectionably obtrusive properties poison so many of the Taunus springs.

Naturally the enjoyment of German bath-life must always depend in great measure on the weather; and we have alluded already to the extremes of heat and cold that one may experience in a season at Schwalbach, or places similarly situated. It lies in the bottom of a valley, but the valley itself is a depression in a lofty tableland. In the height of the season—which is, of course, a short one, beginning with July and ending in September—the sun beats down with extraordinary power, and its rays are reflected from the white façades of the houses till you might fancy that the baked pavements were cracking. Most people must go out of doors for their meals, of course; but for the rest of the day, they either blink like owls in the darkness behind closed shutters and jalousies, or, at all events, seek refuge in the gardens, under the thickest shade that is to be found. The long day becomes the longer, that you are driven to rise so early in self-defence. Nothing can be more delicious than the first freshness of the morning, when all the active world begins to assemble round the *brunnen* between five and six o'clock. Except for some light puffs of fleecy haze, not a cloud is to be seen against the clear sky. The wonderfully limpid air is pleasantly biting, and you feel that it is paradise simply to breathe it, and only wish that the pleasure could last. But there goes the sun stealing up above the hill tops, and gradually drawing out the latent heat that you might fancy had been lurking through the

night in the vegetation about you. You get pleasantly warm, then disagreeably so, and soon you are by no means sorry to beat a retreat to the breakfast-table. After that it is an arduous effort to keep cool, till you venture out again on the eve of the short twilight, a little before the owls and the night-hawks.

They tell you that for English people who are supposed to be of energetic habits, September is the most agreeable month of the season. It may be so in ordinary years; but in 1876, after the extraordinary spell of unparalleled heat, the weather went with a crash, and never showed signs of mending. Then, as you shuddered under the dripping foliage in the walks, and petitioned for blanket after blanket in your bedroom, you began unpleasantly to realise your elevation over the sea. The worst of it was that the houses are constructed for the summer, and the only decent fireplaces in the apartments are those in the kitchens, where the dishes are *réchauffé*. When you asked for a stove in your room, workmen who are by no means cunning went to work on a quaint construction of rusty plates and metal piping; and the fuel they supplied you was coal dust, which is caked by being continually wetted. The consequence was that you had to sit shivering over your fireplace in a rug or a great-coat, with a bellows between your feet, a box of lucifers in one pocket, and a bundle of old newspapers in the other, having to apply yourself to each in turn when your attention had been distracted for a moment. It must be remarked that the construction of most of those Nassau houses is a miracle of flimsiness, considering the climate: it is natural enough that the shutterless windows should not shut—that you see all over this continent and the next, from Calais to Grand Cairo. But at Schwalbach

there are spaces of a full inch in width between the unbaked bricks and the unpainted rafters, through which the snow may drift in the winter till it gathers in wreaths on the floors within. That architecture of the kind should serve its purpose for generations is conclusive as to the dryness of the air. And, indeed, in the intervals of the heaviest rain, and deep down in the valleys between the hanging woods, you have no sort of consciousness of the clinging damp that lays the seeds of rheumatism and chest complaints in England.

How it may fare with the natives in their winter is a point on which one is selfishly indifferent; and if they did suffer from aches and pains, one might incline to regard it as retribution for their sharp practices. But it is certain that when unfortunate strangers are caught in a continuance of wet weather in the season, all enjoyment is gone for them. There are no means then of indulging in those distant expeditions which they had deferred before on account either of the heat or the dinner-hour. And it is a pity; for the forests of Nassau are delightful—when you break away from these trimly-kept paths of the administration that always incline to descend, and keep leading you unconsciously homewards. Nothing can be more dismal than a forest in rain, when the pattering of the drops on the dripping leaves sounds like dirges by a whole cemetery-full of dead watches; and when the sighing and sobbing of the winds is like the moaning of troubled spirits. Nothing more joyous than the forest when the lights are streaming through the swaying foliage, and the shadows are dancing on the grass in the glades. And the forests of Nassau are more varied in their character than is common in Germany. Here and there, of course, are great plantations of close-set poles, all run-

ning to seed, that seem as if they had been sown by a nurseryman and never thinned. But often the firs have had space enough to expand into stately trees; and there are grand woods of oak and birch: occasionally you get a cheerful glimpse at the silvery stems of feathering birches; and, above all, there is an abundance of the mountain-ash, bending under its load of reddening berries, which fringes the road more picturesquely than the poplar, and attracts the starlings and the fieldfares in flights. Should you go astray and get benighted, as is possible enough, if you commit yourself to the forest rides and dray tracks without a guide and a compass, you may hear the most magnificently melancholy serenades you ever listened to; for these vast sombre woods are swarming with screech-owls. There is a pleasant bird, by the way, with a piercing and most lugubrious cry, which is believed by the people of the country to be an infallible warning of your death—as no doubt it is, sooner or later.

The country is extraordinarily broken; and when you fancy you are looking across a level table-land, half-a-dozen of hills and wooded valleys may be hidden out of sight between you and your destination. The purity of the air is highly deceptive; but it makes the views the more extensive and enchanting. You come out from the black shadows of the forest on the bright crest of a down; and lo! before you there extends a panorama from the Eifel to the Haardt, and from the Haardt to the Odenwald. Beyond the lake-like expanse beneath you, that is dammed back to the westward by the rapids of the Binger loch, the winding Rhine loses itself dimly in the distance behind the dome and the outlying fortifications of Mayence. Or you see the back of those square summits of the Taunus

range, which were objects so familiar from Frankfort and Homburg. And look which way you will, there are the rolling masses of black firs, which are cast loosely like a gloomy mantle over many a cheerful scene. For though the country lies high and the summers are short, yet the sun brings things to rapid maturity, and the heavy night dews nourish them into luxuriance. The agriculture is equally picturesque and primitive. The peasant proprietors grow their crops in little patches on alternate strips of infinitesimal proportions. The single-stilted plough, with a simple ploughshare, is formed for scraping rather than furrowing the light soil: the narrow waggons are on a slight framework of wood, but excellently fitted to stand jolting across country. Of a fine day, when harvesting or any other operation is going generally forward, you may see the whole population in the field; for the people herd together in villages, and solitary farm-steadings are unknown. The children are basking or playing in the sun, or sleeping under the carts; the little cows, that do duty as draught animals in waggon or plough, are amusing themselves patiently with the scanty contents of their nose-bags; and when you come to the village itself you find it almost deserted, though the doors and windows are seldom secured. It may be supposed that the people can trust each other's honesty; and as the side roads that come down from the forests through the fields lead to nowhere in particular, so tramps and sturdy vagabonds are unknown.

The Nassau peasant, though seldom wealthy, must generally be well off. The houses have all a comfortable look, and the general aspect of the villages is picturesque and almost coquettish. Take Bärstadt, for example, which is between Schwalbach and Schlangenbad,

though lying quite away from the ordinary promenades and carriage-drives, and rarely intruded on by the Kur-guests. Its name—the town of the bears—must have been appropriate enough in the olden time, from its solitary situation among sylvan surroundings; but now the hills that immediately encircle it are cleared and covered with crops. The various approaches from the fields are shaded with apple and plum trees, loaded with their russet and purple fruits. Each house, without exception, stands apart from its neighbour at every variety of angle. There are quaint roofs of shingle, or of shell-shaped wooden tiles. The walls, as in the more pretentious buildings of Schwalbach, are of rough beams and unbaked bricks. There are hanging eaves, and lozenged casements, and doors divided in flaps of unequal width, often with handles of curious metal work. Sometimes there are tiny flower-gardens in full bloom hanging from the windows, with creepers running up to the roof, and streaming back in showers of blossoms. The fruit-laden plum-trees draw rich sustenance from the pools that drain from the stables and cowhouses. There is a pleasant odour of dairy pervading the place, for in Nassau all the cattle are stall-fed, and instead of cows being turned out into the pastures, the precious herbage is cut and brought to them. There are vast barns, and a village *wirthhaus* or two, and a church with a steeple which, though irregular and ungainly, is not ineffective from a distance, and with windows that have been modernised by no means to their advantage. But you may assume that otherwise there has been little change in the village architecture for seven centuries or more. And look which way you will along the pretty side lanes, you

look on rich cultivation through leafy vistas, formed by the gnarled boughs of venerable horse-chestnuts. Pauperism seems to be unknown, as mendicancy certainly is; but even the wealthiest of the peasants live frugally, though they eat often. The day is begun with black bread and coffee; and coffee and black bread, with soup and farinaceous foods, are their staple diet. Meat is a luxury that the most fortunate of them seldom taste more than once in the week, with the exception perhaps of bacon, which is somewhat more common.

Talking of bacon leads us naturally to think of pigs, and a pig is almost invariably attached to every Nassau household. Sir Francis Head devotes an amusing chapter to the story of the “Schwein General,” who, attended by his aide-de-camp, used night and morning to lead out his charge to the neighbouring hills. The same sight is to be witnessed still, and a similar system prevails in every one of the villages, although in most cases the general is a lady, and the members of her staff are of the gentler sex. Holding on our way from Bärstadt to Schlangenberg, we come among the stubbles under the apple-trees upon the Bärstadt drove, and a most ungainly and unlevel lot they look. Long-legged, wall-sided, and exaggeratedly hog-backed, they give you no idea of laying on flesh, and certainly their habits of life do not tend to encourage obesity. We do not know how they may fare in their homes; but the best part of their lives is passed out of doors, and then they may be seen grubbing along the banks of the dusty lanes, or grunting about wistfully among the flinty stubbles. We should fancy it is but seldom that they have the run of their teeth among the beech-mast; for when the woods used to be ducal property

they were carefully protected against trespass, and though many of them have passed since into the hands of the municipalities and communes, we have never remarked that the practice has changed.

Nothing in the way of foreign woodlands can be more charming than those that embrace Schlangenbad, and far the most picturesque approach is from Bärstadt. The road that has been rising steeply through the unenclosed corn-land dips sharply down from the crest among noble beech-trees. But again you are landed among the conspicuous signs of bath life that you had left behind when you cleared the environs of Schwalbach. Inscriptions on finger-posts indicate the way to the innumerable points of attraction that have been sanctified by Cockney custom as objects for a lazy stroll. To the "Cross" or the "Candle," or to the "Boar-stone," the "Owl's hollow," or the "Schöne Aussicht." But as the weather happens to have been showery, you do not meet a soul, till you descend on the little irrigated meadow, where the hay-cutters are busy, the rain notwithstanding, and it leads you down to the spring of the Serpent bath. Schlangenbad is but a smaller Schwalbach, *minus* the aboriginal village. There are a couple of huge bathing establishments, and a row or two of spruce villas, interspersed with gay hotels. The *coup d'œil* over the flowers and trees and fountains and winding drive in front of the principal bath-house is more brilliantly effective than anything in Schwalbach, backed up as it is by an amphitheatre of lofty hills which are densely wooded to their very summits. But beautiful as these grand enclosures are, they must make the place even more of a prison; and any one but a resolute and vigorous pedestrian must

find it hard to force his way through the folds of the forest to the light and the air that lie beyond. The waters, independently of their action in certain maladies, have been celebrated far and wide for their beautifying properties. You may see them bottled, in the form of essences, on the counters of the German perfumers, who sell them as sovereign for the complexion. And doubtless, were one to persevere in a course of them, you might be sure, for a time at least, to undergo a smoothing change. But we must say that the solitary experiment we made was disappointing; and we left the gloomy bathing vault into which we had been shown with no sense of the exhilaration of a dip at Schwalbach.

Indeed, when one has looked on at bath life for some six or eight monotonous weeks, you are more certainly confirmed in your original impression that the virtues of any particular waters are far from being the sole consideration. Yet, in nineteen cases out of twenty, that is the only point on which an English physician has information, or to which he pays any regard. A patient consults him for gout or rheumatism, — for the head, the heart, or the stomach, as the case maybe, and above all for the nerves; and he prescribes Gastein, Carlsbad, Schwalbach, or Spa, as it happens. And it is probable that the waters the nervous patient goes to drink and to bathe in may medically be the most useful for his particular complaint. But depressing circumstances may more than outweigh the extra grains of the carbonates of soda or the oxides of iron that these springs hold in solution. You may be condemned to a bath-chair, and settled in a hole, out of which there is no emerging. As the season goes on, and the sun shoots

swiftly over some narrow valley, the days are unnecessarily shortened, while the mornings and evenings grow cloudier and more chilly. You are dependent on sunning yourself in the open air; and should the weather turn out to be wet, which is far more likely in some localities than others, you are shut up a close prisoner in a house built for the sunshine, with your own melancholy thoughts for companions. And in the smaller baths, there are not the same spacious saloons and light and airy arcades in which you can take refuge from the rain; while necessarily it is much more of a chance that you find yourself there in cheerful company. Of course you must take care that you make no awkward mistake in the waters; for they say, for example, that those of Schwalbach are carboniferous apoplexy for full-blooded gentlemen. But after guarding against accidents so easily avoided, we believe that the first thing one should look for at a bath is liveliness, and the next, invigorating and exhilarating air. If a patient can pull round at the gloomy gorge of Peffers, it speaks worlds for his intense vitality and the inherent vigour of his constitution; while the fresh breezes from the Taunus, and the sunny open landscape about Homburg, must be highly stimulating in themselves, although in actual charms of scenery the place might easily be improved upon.

After all, belated invalids at these upland Brunnen of Nassau may carry themselves cheerfully to the end of what they feel to be a trying dispensation by reflecting on the lot of the natives they leave behind. Already, in the last days of September, the signs of the coming winter are setting in. The venetian shutters have been fast closing everywhere. The bath establish-

ment cuts down its strength, and inconveniently circumscribes the bathing hours. The band packs up and retires with bag and baggage. The hair-dresser follows. The *menus* at the hotels become more meagre, and the vegetables threaten to give out altogether. The vendors of fancy goods set still higher prices on the remainder of their dwindled stocks, in a last desperate effort at realisation. The administration stops its duplicate copy of the 'Times.' The bath-chairmen and carriage-drivers lock away their vehicles, and betake themselves to their sylvan avocations. The communications are being cut on all sides; diligences and omnibuses are being run off the roads, with the solitary exception of the Wiesbaden *postwagen*, which carries travellers in the wrong direction for Englishmen. Next the administration stops the penny London papers, the evening journals, and the illustrated weeklies; and finally you see rough-boarded shutters being nailed up everywhere against the verandahs and windows of the houses in the more exposed situations. There is a general stampede of the servants, those of the greater hotels not excepted, where the landlord withdraws with the family to hibernate in his smallest rooms on the ground-floor. And then your mind's eye begins to lose itself in a vision of snow-storms; of wreaths heaped high in each cutting and each corner of the bleak roads, raising impassable barriers between the little imprisoned community and the outer world; of a wind that can be bitter even in August, howling down from the hills, shivering the festoons of icicles, and whistling in through the crevices in the walls and woodwork; and we let the curtain fall behind us in blinding snow-drift on Schwalbach snow-shrouded for its winter's sleep.

PREJEVALSKY'S MONGOLIA AND SOLITUDES OF NORTHERN THIBET.

It is now more than a quarter of a century since the reading public were amused and puzzled by the appearance of a book,* purporting to be an account of the travels of two Roman Catholic priests, named Huc and Gabet, in Tartary, Thibet, and China. It was difficult to know whether the work was a record of truth, or a romance based on certain geographical data, but dressed up by the fertile imagination of a clever Frenchman. Such strange stories were told in it of people and countries almost wholly unknown to Europeans—and the writer, even if he had performed the journey with his companion, seemed to be a man of such childish credulity, that it was difficult to put faith in what he said. In fact, it was almost impossible to separate the wheat from the chaff; and the result was, that the book, notwithstanding its lively and gossiping style, fell generally into discredit and neglect.

Even his own countrymen were disposed to look upon Huc's work as half a fiction; and in one of the letters sent to Russia by Colonel Prejevalsky during his journey, of which we intend in this article to give an account, he seems to imply a doubt of the genuine character of the book. But Colonel Yule (so well known by his admirable edition of Marco Polo, and his numerous contributions to our knowledge of the East) says, in the introductory remarks with which he has enriched the Russian narrative, "Prejevalsky's own plain tale is the

best refutation of such suspicions. For it is wonderful, to the extent of the coincidence of their routes, how the representations of the glib French priest and the Russian soldier agree." Since Huc wrote, our geographical knowledge of Central and Eastern Asia has been largely extended. The journey of Schlagintweit to Kashgar, where he was murdered in 1857, was the first achieved from the Indian side. Colonel Montgomerie organised expeditions into the unknown region by trained Pundits, whom Colonel Yule calls a kind of scientific light-horse. "Shaw and Hayward and Johnson were the pioneers of British exploration in Eastern Turkistan, and these have been followed by the less perilous journeys of Sir D. Forsyth and his companions; by the ride of the latter across Pamir, and by their success in connecting, at least by preliminary survey, our own scientific frontier with that of Russia." Colonel Yule adds: "Of all Russian incursions on the tracts that we have designated as the unknown, Lieut. - Col. Prejevalsky's has been the boldest, the most persevering, and the most extensive."

He was, and, we believe, still is, a member of the Russian Staff Corps, and had been already known as an able explorer. In 1870 he was deputed by the Imperial Geographical Society of St Petersburg, under the sanction of the War Department, to conduct an exploration into Southern Mongo-

Mongolia and the Solitudes of Northern Thibet; being a Narrative of Three Years' Travel in Eastern High Asia: by Lieut.-Col. N. Prejevalsky (of the Russian Staff Corps). Translated by E. Delman Morgan, F.R.G.S. Two volumes. London: Sampson Low & Co.: 1876.

* Huc's *Souvenirs d'un Voyage dans la Tartarie, le Thibet, et la Chine*. Paris: 1850.

lia; and performed the journey—or rather, series of journeys—with a young companion, Michail Alexandrovitch Pyltseff. The result is a most interesting work in two volumes, which have been ably translated by Mr Delman Morgan, and from which we obtain the best and most authentic account of a region which may be almost described as the hitherto UNKNOWN.

Early in November 1870, the two Russian officers posted through Siberia until they arrived at Kiakhta, on the south-east frontier. Here the inhabitants are a mixture of Mongols and Chinese—the one known by their high cheek-bones, and the other by their pigtails. Their first object was to obtain a passport from the Chinese Government at Peking, in order to enable them to visit the remoter regions of the Celestial Empire. There are two modes of conveyance across the desert of Gobi, from Kiakhta to Peking—either by post-horses or caravan-camels. The Mongols contract to carry the post as far as Kalgan, on the eastern edge of the desert; and the Chinese the rest of the way. The entire distance is 1000 miles. Our travellers chose the camel-caravan, which means a cart like a great square wooden box, set on two wheels, and closed on all sides. Colonel Prejevalsky says: "The shaking in this kind of car baffles description. The smallest stone or lump of earth over which one of the wheels may chance to roll, produces a violent jolting of the whole vehicle, and consequently of its unfortunate occupant." They made a bargain with their conductor that the journey to Kalgan was not to exceed forty days; and set out accompanied by a Cossack, who was to act as interpreter of the Mongolian language, and by a favourite setter-dog called "Faust," who was the faithful companion of their

journeys for many thousand miles, until he fell a victim to the drought of the desert of Gobi, as we shall afterwards have occasion to relate. From Kiakhta to Urga, on the north-western margin of the desert, the country is hilly, with abundance of trees and water, and luxuriant pasturage on the gentler slopes of the hills. The soil is mostly black earth or loam, well adapted for tillage; but there is no agriculture, and only a few acres, about 100 miles from Kiakhta, have been cultivated by Chinese settlers. Urga is divided into two halves, the one Mongolian, and the other Chinese. They are nearly three miles apart; and midway between the two, on rising ground, near the bank of the river Tola, is the two-storey house of the Russian consul, with its wings and out-buildings. Outwardly, the Mongol part of Urga is disgustingly dirty; but, indeed, this description applies to Mongolians everywhere, both in their *yurtas*, or tents, and persons—and Prejevalsky truly says, "the habits of the people are loathsome." At Urga the Siberian character of Northern Mongolia ceases. On crossing the Tola the traveller leaves behind him the last remaining stream, and southwards as far as the borders of China proper lies the terrible desert of Gobi. Into this wilderness the Russian travellers now plunged.

"Our days dragged on with tedious monotony. Following the central caravan route, we generally started at mid-day, and marched till midnight, averaging twenty-seven to thirty-three miles *per diem*. During the day-time, my companion and I generally went ahead of the caravan, and shot any birds we saw."

Notwithstanding the barren and desolate appearance of the Gobi, the road to Kalgan was kept alive by the tea-caravans which passed by the dozen daily. In early

autumn long strings of camels are seen emerging on Kalgan from all quarters, saddled and ready to carry a load of four chests of tea on their backs across the desert. The tea is transported in this manner as far as Urga; but as the camels cannot face the mountains and deep snows which are frequent towards Kiakhta, it is conveyed the rest of the way in two-wheeled bullock-carts.

Kalgan commands one of the passes through the Great Wall of China. It is there built of large stones cemented together with mortar. It tapers towards the top, being 21 feet high and 28 feet wide at the foundation. At the most important points, less than a mile apart, square towers are erected, built of bricks. It winds over the crest of the mountains, crossing the valleys at right angles, and blocking them with fortifications. The Chinese estimate its length to be about 3300 miles; but in parts more remote from Peking, the wall is of very inferior construction. There it is nothing but a dilapidated mud-rampart, as Colonel Prejevalsky saw it on the borders of Ala-shan and Kansu. It is said to have been built upwards of two centuries before Christ to protect the Empire against the inroads of the neighbouring nomads; but the periodical irruptions of the barbarians were never checked by this artificial barrier.

Going forward to Peking—

“On leaving Kalgan, and turning his back on the border range, a wide, thickly-populated, and highly-cultivated plain lies before the traveller. The cleanly appearance of the villages affords a striking contrast to the towns. The road is very animated; strings of asses laden with coal, mule-carts, litter-bearers, and scavengers, pass along. In all the villages and towns, full-grown men may be seen all day long on the roads, with a basket in one hand and a spade in the other, collect-

ing animal dung, which is used for manuring the fields and for fuel.”

Along the crest of a second range of mountains beyond Kalgan, runs an inner Great Wall, far more massively built than that of Kalgan. It is composed of huge slabs of granite, with thick battlements on the summit, and the loftiest points are crowned with watch-towers. Beyond it are three other walls about two miles apart, two of which have double gates; but the third, nearest Peking, has triple gates. After passing the defile guarded by those walls, the traveller arrives at the town of Nankau, situated on the edge of the broad plain which surrounds Peking, distant from Nankau about thirty-five miles, or one day's journey.

“The frequent villages, groves of cypress, tree-juniper, pine, poplars, and other trees, marking the burial-places, lend variety and beauty to the landscape. . . . Nearer to Peking the population is so dense that villages grow into towns, through which the traveller is unconsciously approaching the wall of the city, until at last he finds himself to have entered the far-famed capital of the East.”

Peh-king, which means in Chinese, “northern capital,” is divided into two parts—an inner or Tartar, and an outer or Chinese town—each surrounded by a battle-mented mud-wall with towers at intervals. But these walls lie close together, and the one does not include the other. A good idea of the shape of the city may be formed by placing a small brick beside a larger one. The smaller brick represents the Tartar, and the larger the Chinese quarter. The Imperial Palace occupies the centre of the inner town; and the circumference of the whole city, exclusive of the suburbs, is about twenty miles. We believe that the number given of the population is much

exaggerated, for the houses are often wide apart, and there are numbers of ruins scattered about the town. In fact, Peking may be described in the words which an American applied to Rome, as "a city pretty considerably gone to decay." The stench of the streets is almost intolerable: "collectors of manure are continually moving about plying their trade with baskets on their arms; the smells are beyond description; and the water used for laying the dust is taken from the sewers." When a relative of our own visited Peking last year, he found his curiosity overcome by his disgust, and shut himself up in the house of the British Embassy to protect his nose from the offensive effluvia.

The object of Colonel Prejevalsky and his companions in visiting Peking was, as we have already said, to obtain a passport, and also the means of outfit for their long and hazardous journey. Their plan was "to strike the northern head of the Yellow River, visit the country of Ordos and Lake Koko-nor, and, in fact, explore regions almost entirely unknown to Europeans." But their chief difficulty was the meagre state of their finances. Including Prejevalsky's salary, they received from St Petersburg for the first year of their travels £350, and on the second and third the amount was increased to £500. But in addition to this, if we understand the narrative aright, M. Pyltseff received the first year £40, and the two following £80. They engaged two Cossacks to accompany them, and paid each of them £28 a-year. They could not afford to hire a good interpreter of the Mongol language, and were obliged to content themselves for this purpose with the services of one of these Cossacks, who was by turns labourer, herdsman, and cook. When they had completed all the

necessary purchases, they started from Peking with only £65 in silver cash.

Having obtained the requisite passports, but being obliged to wait for the arrival of the two Cossacks who were to go with them into the heart of Mongolia, they determined to occupy the interval in exploring that part of it which lies to the north of Peking, in the direction of the town of Dolon-nor, which lies in the hilly region to the north of Kalgan, on the eastern edge of the desert. They left Peking early in March 1870, and proceeded across the level plain to the northern range of mountains which, in the direction of Dolon-nor, forms a belt 100 miles in width, running east and west in parallel chains. The valleys are covered with villages or detached farmhouses, surrounded by cultivated fields; and the road is traversed by numerous trains of carts, asses, and camels, carrying rice and millet to Peking, with large droves of swine driven to the capital to supply the wants of the pork-loving Celestials. Dolon-nor lies on an elevated plain, and means in the Mongolian language "seven lakes," which formerly existed near the town, but are now covered with sand-drift. The Chinese name is Lama-mian, or "Lama monastery." The place is remarkable for its foundry of idols in cast-iron and bronze, which are sent thence all over Mongolia and Thibet. Colonel Prejevalsky says that they are wonderfully executed, considering that they are all made by artificers working in separate houses. From Dolon-nor they proceeded to the lake of Dalai-nor, 100 miles to the north. The road 27 miles beyond Dolon-nor passes over a succession of sandy hillocks, in some places quite bare, but more frequently covered with grass or willow-bushes, interspersed here and there with oak, lime, and

birch trees. The lake is almost 40 miles in circumference, and abounds in fish, to catch which it is visited in spring by several hundred Chinese, "mostly houseless vagrants." On the north and east it is bordered by saline plains (the water is salt), and on the west by rolling steppes. It is the favourite haunt of immense flocks of aquatic birds, which "hasten their flight across the deserts of Mongolia: for on cold, stormy days the lake was crammed with ducks and geese; but no sooner did the weather improve than it proceeded rapidly to empty, until a fresh flight took place."

From Lake Dalai-nor the Russian travellers retraced their steps to Dolon-nor, in order to proceed thence to Kalgan by a south-westerly route. The road is good, and the traffic upon it large. There are caravanseras by the wayside, but they never made use of them, "preferring a clean tent and pure air to the dirt and smells of Chinese inns." Topographically the region may be described as a series of vast uneven plains, with a sandy, and in some places saline soil, but covered everywhere with rich, excellent grass.

At Kalgan they re-formed their caravan. They found there the two Cossacks who were to join the expedition, one of whom was a Buriat and the other a Russian. They took with them eight camels and two horses, not forgetting "Faust," and set off in a westerly direction on the 15th of May, having the desert of Gobi at some distance on their right or north. At the Chinese village of Sujinza they found a missionary station established by the Roman Catholics. There are five of these stations in South-eastern Mongolia occupied by Jesuits, and they complain that Christianity makes very slow progress among the Mongols, who are fanatical Buddhists;

but the attempts at conversion are more successful with the Chinese, who, however, seem to be mainly attracted by material advantages which they suppose will attend their profession of the new faith. "The corruption and immorality of the people exceeded all description." At El-shi-siang-fu they met our old friend Samdad-Chiemba, so well known to the readers of Huc's travels. They found him a hale, hearty man of fifty-five; but he declined the invitation to accompany them, excusing himself on the plea of old age.

Prejevalsky says that they kept aloof as much as possible from the inhabitants, whether Mongols or Chinese. Both were churlish, but especially the Chinese, who wished, if possible, to starve them out of the country, and would sell them nothing. From the Urute Mongols, a striking trait of whose character is an extraordinary thirst for money, they were able now and then to purchase a sheep after tedious bargaining, which required "the patience of an angel;" but they subsisted chiefly on the produce of their guns, game being generally very abundant.

"We now took the direction of the Yellow River, and having no guide, trusted to our inquiries to direct us. We met with great difficulties from our ignorance of the language, and from the suspicion and hostility of the inhabitants—of the Chinese in particular, who would often refuse to show us the road, or purposely mislead us. We lost our way nearly every march, and sometimes went a dozen miles or more before discovering our mistake."

The elevation of the country through which they travelled was considerable, both before and after they had crossed the Sumahada belt of mountains, and continued until they reached the range known to geographers as In-shan, — which

name, however, in a wider sense, applies to all the mountains extending from the northern bend of the Yellow River to the confines of Mantchooria, on the north of China. It forms a lofty, precipitous barrier along the northern bend of that river, and our travellers entered it by that part called by the Mongols *Serun-bulek*. Prejevalsky says:—

“I cannot describe the pleasure we felt, after marching so long a time over bleak, cheerless places, to see wooded mountains, and to rest under the shade of green trees. We started that day for the chase, and climbing to the summit of a high peak, we caught our first glimpse of the Yellow River wending through the great plains of Ordos.”

This noble river, called by the Chinese *Hoang-ho*, rises in the confines of Thibet, flows through an alpine country south of Lake Kokonor, wends for a long way between gigantic chains of mountains, and at last, at *Ho-chau*, enters the confines of China Proper, and empties itself into the *Pe-chi-li* Gulf, to the south-east of *Tientsin*.

A few miles from this stands the gorgeous shrine of *Bathar Sheilun*, regarded as one of the most important temples in South-eastern Mongolia. It is surrounded by a cluster of houses inhabited by 2000 Lamas, and is visited every summer by many thousand pilgrims, who come from great distances. The Lamas manufacture clay idols which are sold to pilgrims; and there is a school for boys training up to the religious profession.

From *Bathar Sheilun* they marched towards the mountains of *Munni-ula*, which form the western termination of the *In-shan* range, and extend for nearly seventy miles between the valleys, one on the north and the other on the south (towards the Yellow River). They spent three days in endeavouring to find a pass over these mountains,

for neither Chinese nor Mongols would show them the road; but at last they found their way by ascending the course of a stream, and pitched their tents in a clearing of the forest. While staying in the mountains, they hired the services of a Mongol to guide them to the Chinese town of *Bantu*, and took an easterly direction along the valley between the river and the *In-shan* range. The Chinese population here is very dense, and their villages are nestled at the foot of the mountains. *Bantu* is a large town surrounded by a square wall, two miles each side; and its streets, as in all Chinese towns, are disgustingly dirty. Here the Chinese governor endeavoured to frighten the Russians from proceeding by stories about robbers, who, he said, invaded the country which they wished to visit; but he was propitiated by the present of a watch, and offered to give them a safe-conduct through Ordos, a wide extent of territory which lies south of the Yellow River. Here, as elsewhere, they were pestered by the impertinent curiosity of the people, who broke open doors and windows to get a sight of the travellers; and they were obliged to administer a few kicks to soldiers who were particularly troublesome.

“The policemen, incited by the offer of a liberal reward, exerted their utmost to keep the crowd back, and several fights ensued; at last they succeeded in closing the gates, but the inquisitive rascals climbed on the roof, and let themselves down into the yard. This continued till evening, when they dispersed; and we lay down to rest, worn out with the fatigues of the day.”

In the streets the policemen tried to clear a way for them by plying their long pigtailed whips; and they were glad to turn their backs on *Bantu*, and cross the river in a flat-bottomed barge and enter Or-

dos.* In its physical aspect this territory is a level steppe partly bordered by low hills, and it forms an intermediate step in the descent to China from the Gobi desert, from which it is separated by the mountain-ranges lying on the north and east of the Yellow River. Huc and Gabet on their travels crossed Ordos diagonally; but the Russian officers determined to follow the valley of the river, and marching along its banks for 290 miles, reached the town of Ding-hu. On their journey they passed Lake Tsaideming—now a marshy swamp, which swarms with ducks and geese, and where the camels pastured unmolested on the neighbouring meadows. They also procured as much butter and milk as they wanted from the Mongols encamped near the lake; and, “in fact,” says Colonel Prejevalsky, “never before or afterwards were we so well off in Mongolia.”

Leaving Ding-hu, the travellers crossed to the left bank of the Yellow River, and found themselves in the province of Ala-shan. It is separated from the Chinese province of Kansu by the river and a high range of mountains; and we owe to Prejevalsky the first distinct account we have of the region. It is governed by a tributary “Amban,” or prince (in Chinese “Wang”), whose residence is at a town called Din-yuan-ing. To this place they proceeded, and arrived there on the 26th of September. The town is 10 miles north or north-west from the mountains, and 53 miles to the north-west of the large Chinese city of Ning-hia-fu,

called by the Mongols Irgai, which Colonel Yule thinks can be identified with the Egrigaya or Ergui-ul of Marco Polo. Din-yuan-ing consists of a fortress with a mud-wall, a mile in circumference.

The Prince of Ala-shan received the Russian travellers courteously. He has three sons, the second of whom has become a Gigen or Lama, but gets confused with the silly stuff which the Lamas are constantly talking to him about his transmigration, miracles, and sanctity, and he greatly prefers the excitement of the chase.

“But his numerous devotees will not allow the poor Gigen to enjoy even this sport in peace. Once, while on a shooting excursion with my companion, he requested the latter to drive these suppliants away, because they crowded round him and frightened the birds.”

The chief minister of the Prince is a Lama, named Baldin-Sordji, who proved very friendly and useful to the travellers. He had to explain to his master that they were really Russians and no other kind of foreigners—for *Russian* is the general name applied to all Europeans by the Mongols, with the affix *French* or *English*, according as they wish to designate Frenchmen or Englishmen; the nomads believing that the two last-named nations are vassals of the Tsagan-Khan—i.e., White Tsar.” This is significant. We may add that there is a Mongolian prophecy that at some future time all the followers of the Buddhist religion will migrate from Thibet to Shambaling, an island lying far away in the

* Colonel Yule says, in one of his valuable notes, that Ordos has received that name only in modern times. Anciently it was called Ho-nan—i.e., the land *south* of the *Ho* or (Yellow) River. In the middle ages it formed part of the kingdom of Pangut, the capital of which was at Ninghia, on the Yellow River; and when Chinghiz Khan conquered that kingdom, it became a part of the Mongol Empire. The word *ordus* in Mongol signifies “encampments.” The southern boundary of Ordos is the Great Wall.

northern sea, where gold abounds, and poverty is unknown. Sordji asked the Russians if they knew where Shambaling was. In that country, he said, there is an enormous city wherein lives a Queen who, since the death of her husband, has ruled her people. Col. Prejevalsky suggested England. "Well, that must be Shambaling," exclaimed Sordji; and he begged the Colonel to show him the country on the map. At an interview with the Amban, or Prince, he asked how likenesses were taken by photography. "Is it true," he inquired, "that the liquid matters from human eyes is used in photography?" And he added that the report was that the missionaries at Tientsin forced out the eyes of the children whom they had taken to educate for that purpose, and that the people were so enraged that they put all the missionaries to death. He then asked what tribute the French and English paid as vassals of Russia, and whether they made war in China with the counsel of the Czar or of their own free-will. He added that it was only the exceeding kindness of the Emperor of China that allowed the barbarians to depart from beneath the wall of his capital without being destroyed to a man. Colonel Prejevalsky says that the opinion that, during the last Anglo-French war with China, the Europeans, and not the Chinese, were the vanquished, is universal throughout the whole of inner Asia, wherever he travelled; and he gives as a reason, that to the Asiatic mind an enemy who appears before the wall of a city and does not destroy it is not the victor, but rather the conquered party. Upon this Colonel Yule observes with some truth, that such an idea forms a new justification for the destruction of the Emperor's summer palace by the English and

French troops, an act which, as we well remember, was much cavilled at in England.

After a fortnight's shooting in the Ala-shan mountains, the Russians returned to Din-yuan-ing, and thence retraced their steps to Peking, in order to obtain fresh supplies of money and other necessities for a new journey. The distance from Din-yuan-ing to Kalgan is 800 miles, and the travellers chose as their route the left bank of the Yellow River, crossing the country of the Urutes, which is conterminous with the Ala-shan. They had to cross the Kara-narin-ula chain of mountains, which forms a girdling rampart of the elevated plateau of the Gobi, separating it from the lower valley of the Yellow River; and then took the western side, over the highlands of the country of the Urutes. Here they encountered very unfavourable weather, and were nearly blinded by the snow-flakes, driven by the force of the wind into the finest particles, and mingled with clouds of sand. They saw no inhabitants on this side of the mountains; for all the Mongols had fled into the valley of the Yellow River, alarmed at the appearance of a small band of brigands who came from the neighbourhood of Lake Koko-nor. These Mongols—and the Chinese also—are arrant cowards; and when the Russians were at Din-yuan-ing the Prince begged for the loan of their military caps to frighten the enemy; "for," he said, "if the brigands saw the caps they would think the Russians were there, and would run away directly!" After advancing for 100 miles on the western side, they turned to the right and descended into the valley, where they found a most agreeable change in temperature and climate. But when they left the valley and ascended to the more elevated border of the pla-

teau, they again experienced severe cold. M. Pyltseff was ill, and unable to walk. Wrapped in a sheep-skin cloak, he was obliged to sit on horseback, exposed to the bitter wind; and it was difficult even to purchase *argols*—lumps of camel-manure, the fuel of the desert—for the inhabitants often refused to sell them.

“Once, at our wits’ end for fuel, we were obliged to cut up a saddle in order to boil a little tea, and had to content ourselves with this frugal supper after a march of twenty-three miles in severe cold and snowstorms.”

To add to their misfortunes, they lost all their camels, which strayed away in search of food; and they were left with only one horse, until, with great difficulty, they succeeded in buying some fresh camels of a very inferior kind. They then hurried on to Kalgan by forced marches, where they arrived on the 12th of January 1872.

A few days afterwards, Colonel Prejevalsky started for Peking to make preparations for a new journey. He changed his Cossacks, whom he had found untrustworthy, for two others, and returned to Kalgan with a good supply of breech-loaders and revolvers. Besides the trusty “Faust,” he now took with him a savage Mongolian dog called “Kanza,” who followed the travelers through the whole of their new expedition, and was of great service as a watch-dog. But Faust was jealous of Kanza; and the two were bitter enemies to the last. “It is remarkable,” says Prejevalsky, “how seldom European dogs fraternise with their Chinese or Mongolian brethren, however long they may live in company with them.” They left Kalgan on the 17th of March, taking the same route by which they had returned the year before from Ala-shan—the only difference being that, instead of

crossing the Kara-narin-ula range, they kept the whole way at the foot of these mountains. Their object now was to reach Lake Koko-nor, which lies considerably to the west of Ala-shan. They were cordially received at Din-yuan-ing; and Colonel Prejevalsky made a great impression by appearing in the brilliant uniform of an officer of the staff. Here they overtook a caravan of Tangutans and Mongols, who had lately arrived from Peking, and were on their way to the temple of Chobsen, in the province of Kansu. They proposed to join the party, but had first to obtain the consent of the Prince, who raised unexpected difficulties, and did all he could to hinder their departure. “What his motives may have been,” adds Prejevalsky, “I cannot say: most probably he obeyed instructions from Peking, and had perhaps received a rebuke from headquarters for his civility to the Russians last year.” After a tedious delay, however, they were able to start in company with the caravan, which formed a motley assemblage. Ten of the men were Lama warriors, sent as an escort by the Gigen of Ala-shan. They rode on camels, and carried English smooth-bore guns. “As for their fighting capacities, they were no better than their fellows.” Their route lay at first south from Din-yuan-ing, and afterwards almost due west to the town of Taging, which is situated within the province of Kansu. To reach this they had to traverse the southern part of Ala-shan, the sandy desert of which is called by the Mongols *Tingeri*—i.e., sky. It consists of innumerable hillocks lying close together without any regularity, and the only living creatures are the kites and small black marmot. “You generally steer by the sun. It is terrible to be caught in such places in a whirlwind. The sum-

mits of the sandy hillocks at first appear as though enveloped in smoke; the air becomes darkened with clouds of sand, which obscure the sun." After crossing the Tingeri the magnificent mountains of Kansu appeared in front, towering over the adjacent plains like a huge rampart, "in all the majesty of matchless beauty." The desert suddenly terminated; and instead of its dreary wastes, cultivated fields, flowery meadows, and Chinese farm-houses gladdened the sight. Here the Russian travellers again met with the Great Wall, but very different from the gigantic structure near Peking. On the border of Kansu it is only a mud-wall, greatly dilapidated by time. The caravan did not enter the town of Taging, but halted outside its wall. The Chinese, however, were as troublesome as ever; and not even the fierce Kanza could keep them out of the tent. One treat they had here—the first and last in all their wanderings—namely, excellent leavened bread baked with yeast. To avoid the importunities of the Chinese population, the caravan now took a westerly course, and followed the mountain-paths leading to Chobsen, instead of choosing the more easterly and better road.

Prejevalsky speaks in raptures of the climate and scenery of Kansu, the fertility of its soil, and the beauty of its forests in summer. When they reached the bank of the Patung-gol, they encamped near the temple of Chertinton, which is situated in a picturesque valley, sheltered by enormous cliffs. Here, owing to the illness of one of their Cossacks, they were detained five days, and were left by the caravan, which proceeded to Chobsen, only forty-seven miles distant. The temple there stands on the northern border of the hills, and comprises a principal shrine, sur-

rounded by a mud-wall, and a number of smaller buildings—at the time of their visit, 150 houses; and one Gigen resided at Chobsen. Their late companions welcomed their arrival, and placed at their disposal a large empty house, formerly used as a warehouse for idols.

Leaving Chobsen, they made an excursion amongst the mountains, and Prejevalsky ascended Sodi-Soruksum, the highest of the mountains in the neighbourhood. He says—

"I had never been so high before. At my feet were great mountains, covered with wild crags and clothed with forests, through which wound rivers like silver threads. For a long while I could not tear myself away from the spot, but remained as one entranced, and shall remember that day as one of the happiest of my life."

After passing July in the mountains on the southern side of Patung-gol, they crossed to the northern range, and pitched their tent at an elevation of 12,000 feet, at the foot of the gigantic peak of Gadjur. On the summit, embosomed by cliffs, there is a small lake, called Demchuk, held sacred by the Tangutans, in whose country it is situated. "The narrowness of the gorge; the tranquil, gleaming waters; the gigantic rocks towering up all round, only admitting one small streak of sky; and lastly, the solemn silence, almost unbroken save by an occasional falling stone,—move the inmost soul of man."

Returning to Chobsen, they found that their friends there had been much alarmed by an attack of the insurgent Dungans, of whom we shall speak hereafter, but the result was only a little harmless firing at a convenient distance. They secured three Mongol guides, and then set off for Lake Koko-nor, the steppes of which they entered on the 24th of October 1872, and on the

following day pitched their tent on the shore of the lake. "The dream of my life," says Prejevalsky, "was accomplished, and the object of the expedition gained!"

Lake Koko-nor, called Tsing-hai by the Chinese, is about 1100 miles to the south-west of Peking, and lies at a height of 10,500 feet above the level of the sea. In shape it is an ellipse, with its major axis running from east to west. It is from 200 to 230 miles in circumference, and the natives said that it took a fortnight to go round on foot, and seven or eight days on horseback. The water is salt and undrinkable. It is of an exquisitely blue colour, and the Mongols compare it to blue silk. There is said to be only one island on the lake, on which stands a small temple, inhabited by Lamas, who have no boat, and therefore are cut off from all communication with the shore until the winter, when the pilgrims cross over the ice, and bring presents of butter and barley-meal to the inmates of the temple. It is closely hemmed in by mountains on the north and south, but on the east and west the mountains are at some distance. The inhabitants of Koko-nor and the adjacent country of Tsaidam are Mongols and Kara-Tangutans. Prejevalsky says that the Mongols here are the worst of their race, with a sort of brute apathy to everything except food. Their ruler spoke of them to him in the following complimentary terms: "Knock out a few of their upper teeth, set them on four legs, and you have regular cows."

Leaving their camp, which had been pitched on the north-west of the lake, they crossed one of its affluents, the Pouhain-gol, the size of which seems to have been frequently exaggerated by Huc, and soon after entered the saline desert

of Tsaidam. It once formed the bed of a vast lake, and is now covered with morasses, encrusted with a thick layer of salt. The inhabitants are Mongols and Kara (*i.e.*, Black) Tangutans. They assured the travellers that the mysterious lake of Lob-nor in the Gobi Desert, which has never yet been visited by a European, was only a month's journey, or 500 to 600 miles distant to the west. We believe that Colonel Prejevalsky has already organised an expedition for the purpose of reaching the lake, and we look forward with much interest to the result.

From Tsaidam the travellers proceeded on their way to Northern Thibet, and crossed an expanse of salt-marshes for 40 miles. This marshy plain is bounded on the south by the Barkhan Budda range of mountains, the extent of which, from the foot to the chief axis of the range, is about twenty miles. It is extremely barren; and owing to the enormous elevation, and the rarefaction of the atmosphere, the journey over it was painful in the extreme. One of the camels expired on the spot, and the others were only just able to surmount the pass. The descent from the top was more gradual than the ascent; but soon they had to encounter another range called the Thuga, which is parallel with the Barkhan Budda, and terminates abruptly on the west, where it abuts on the Tsaidam plains. It forms the political boundary between Mongolia and Thibet; and some idea of the nature of the region may be formed from the Mongol name for it—namely, *guressu gadzir*, or "country of wild beasts." Between the Thugas and the Basan-kara-ula range, still further to the west, which the Russians had to pass, lies a terrible desert, 14,500 feet above the level of the sea, and "the climate and

natural character of this region is simply awful.”

“These two months and a half in Northern Thibet were the most arduous of the whole expedition. Winter had set in with severe frost and storms, and the want of even the bare necessities of life, with other privations, reduced our strength, so that it became a hard struggle for life; and nothing but a consciousness of the scientific importance of our labours inspired us with strength and energy to carry out the task we had undertaken.”

Their sole protection against the weather was a small *yurta*, or tent, such as the Mongols use; and their clothes were worn to tatters. Instead of boots or shoes, they were reduced to sewing bits of yak-hides to old baggage as a covering for their feet.

“Then followed the most tedious time of all, the long winter's night! One would have supposed that after the day's work we should have passed it quietly, and slept soundly; but this was far from being the case. Our fatigue was of a more than ordinary kind, and we felt a prostration of the whole system, which seemed to render sound sleep impossible. The dry rarefied air produced a choking sensation like a heavy nightmare, and our lips and mouth became parched. Our beds consisted of pieces of dusty felt of a single fold, laid on the frozen ground.”

After crossing the Barkhan Bud-da, the Russians proceeded in a south-westerly direction until they passed the Basan-kara-ula range; and they reached the banks of the Yang-tse-kiang or Blue River (called by the Mongols the Murui-ussu) on the 22d January 1873. The river rises in the Tang-la mountains, and after flowing through the highlands of Northern Thibet, pursues its course to the boundaries of China Proper, where it soon swells into a mighty stream.

They were now within 500 miles of Lhassa; but their pecuniary re-

sources were exhausted, and the frightful difficulties of the Thibetan desert had so exhausted their camels that out of eleven three had died, and the rest could scarcely move. They therefore sorrowfully bade farewell to the banks of the Blue River, and turned their steps backward towards Kansu, well-knowing, as Prejevalsky says, that “neither nature nor man stood in their way, and that the want of funds was the only obstacle to our reaching the capital of Thibet.” We reckon that in the course of their journey to the Blue River from Peking they had travelled at least 1700 miles.

We pass over so much of the homeward journey as lay across the highlands of Kansu, in order to describe that part of it in which they marched straight to Urga from Dinyuan-ing by way of the Central Gobi, a route which had never before been travelled by any European, and which, judging by the experience of the Russian officers, is enough to terrify the boldest explorer. They started on the 25th July 1872, their course being due north through the wildest part of the Great Desert. They were able to obtain guides, without whose aid the attempt would have been impossible. The heat was terrific, and yet the wind was incessant; no dew fell, and rain-clouds dispersed without sending more than a few drops to the ground. It took forty-four marches to reach Urga, in the mid-day heat of the desert; and their sufferings were dreadful. On one occasion, when fainting with thirst, they missed a well, and this cost their dog Faust, the faithful companion of all their wanderings, his life.

“After nearly seven miles more, no well was to be seen, and the guide announced that he had gone out of the road. So he proceeded to the top of a hillock in the immediate neighbour-

hood to obtain a better view over the surrounding country, and soon afterwards beckoned to us to follow. On reaching him he assured us that although we had missed the second well, a third, where he purposed passing the night, was scarcely four miles further. We took the direction indicated. In the meanwhile it was mid-day, and the heat intolerable. A strong wind stirred the hot lower atmosphere, enveloping us in sand and saline dust. Our animals suffered frightfully; especially the dogs, obliged to walk over the burning sand. We stopped several times to give them drink, and to moisten their heads, as well as our own. But the supply of water now failed! Less than a gallon remained, and this we reserved for the last extremity. 'How much further is it?' was the question we constantly put to our guide, who invariably answered that it was near, that we should see it from the next sand-hill or the one after; and so we passed over upwards of seven miles without having seen a sign of the promised well. In the meanwhile the unfortunate Faust lay down and moaned, giving us to understand that he was quite unable to walk. I then told my companion to ride on, charging the latter to take Faust on his camel, as he was completely exhausted. After they had ridden a mile in advance of the caravan, the guide pointed out the spot where the well should be, apparently about three miles off. Poor Faust's doom was sealed; he was seized with fits, and Mr Pyltseff, finding it was impossible to hurry on, and too far to ride back to the caravan for a glass of water, waited till we came up, laying Faust under a clump of *saxaul*, and covering him with saddle felt. The poor dog became less conscious every minute, gasped two or three times, and expired. Placing his body on one of the packs, we moved on again, sorely doubting whether there were really any well in the place pointed out to us by the guide; for he had already deceived us more than once. Our situation at this moment was desperate. Only a few glasses of water were left, of which we took into our mouths just enough to moisten our parched tongues; our bodies seemed on fire, our heads

swam, and we were close upon fainting. In this last extremity, I desired a Cossack to take a small vessel and to ride as hard as he could to the well, accompanied by the guide, ordering him to fire at the latter if he attempted to run away. They were soon hidden in a cloud of dust which filled the air, and we toiled onwards in their tracks in the most anxious suspense. At length, after half an hour, the Cossack appeared. What news does he bring? and spurring our jaded horses, which could hardly move their legs, to meet him, we learned, with the joy of a man who has been snatched from the jaws of death, that the well had been found! After a draught of fresh water from the vessel that he brought, and having wet our heads, we rode in the direction pointed out, and soon reached the well of Boro-Soudji. It was now two o'clock in the afternoon; we had therefore been exposed for nine consecutive hours to frightful heat, and had ridden upwards of twenty miles."

They wept over the grave of Faust, who had followed them so faithfully "through the frost and storms of Thibet, the rain and snow of Kansu, and the wearisome marches of many thousand miles, and at last had fallen a victim to the burning heat of the desert; this, too, within two months of the termination of the expedition!" After crossing some spurs of the Kara-narin-ula range they entered the country of the Urutes, which lies wedge-shaped between Ala-shan and the Khalka country. They were now in that part of the desert called Galpin Gobi, a wild and barren wilderness consisting of small pebbles or saline clay, almost devoid of vegetation. But wherever there are wells or springs Mongols are to be found, with a few camels and large numbers of sheep and goats. Colonel Prejevalsky says that the desert, like that of Ala-shan, is so terrible, that, in comparison with it, the deserts of Northern Thibet may be called fruitful. There was every-

where the silence of the valley of death. They next crossed the Hurka range of hills, which extend from the south-east to the north-north-west; and far to the west they join distant mountains, which possibly form part of the lofty Tian Shan range that forms the northern boundary of Eastern Turkestan or Kashgaria, of which the ruler is the Atalik Ghazee, whose dominions were twice visited by Sir Douglas Forsyth when he went there on missions from the Indian Government in 1870 and 1873. South of the Hurku mountains lies the great trade-route from Peking across the desert to Hami, Urumchi, and Kuldja. The whole region between the Hurku range and Urga is a lofty plateau with only a few scattered wells, and yet the nomad population is numerous, and enormous flocks of sheep roam near their encampments, with horses, camels, and horned animals in small numbers. In winter they depend on snow to satisfy their thirst, and in summer on the wells or the temporary ponds formed by heavy rains. Northwards, approaching Urga, the character of the Gobi improves, and the desert becomes an undulating steppe as far as the Hangin-daban range of rocky hills, beyond which lie the well-watered districts of Northern Mongolia. The Russians at last reached the banks of the Tola, having for 870 miles between Kansu and that river not seen a single stream or lake, only stagnant pools of brackish rain-water; and on the 8th of September 1873 they entered Urga, where they received a warm welcome from the consul. Prejevalsky says, "I will not undertake to describe the moment when we heard again our mother-tongue, when we again met our own countrymen, and experienced once more European comforts."

We have mentioned the Dun-

gans, as they are called by Prejevalsky in his narrative, but they are properly Tungans or Tungáni, which is the name given to all the Chinese Mahommedans. Colonel Yule says that the most probable derivation of the name is that assigned by Professor Vambéry, who attributes it to a Turki word signifying "a convert." There is a tradition, however, that they are descended from a colony of soldiers left by Alexander the Great when he marched into Asia; and in his 'Travels to Bokhara' (1834), Lieut. Burnes says—"These soldiers [of the Chinese garrisons, in Kashgar] are drawn from the tribe of Toonganee, who claim relationship to the army of Alexander; they are Mahommedans from the adjacent provinces, but dress as Chinese." This, it must be remembered, was written before the successful revolt of the Tungans in Eastern Turkistan, when the Chinese Government there was overthrown, and the Atalik Ghazee became the independent ruler of Kashgar. The Chinese name for Mahommedans is Hwei-Hwei; and in 1862 an insurrection of these broke out in the north-west, which spread to the province of Kansu, and at first some important successes were gained by them. Three large towns fell into their hands, and the Chinese garrisons were either put to the sword or compelled to adopt the Mahomedan religion and enter the ranks of the rebels. They overran Ordos and Ala-shan, and at one time seemed to threaten the stability of the empire; but they were driven back by the imperial troops on the eastern side of the upper course of the Yellow River, and since then they have confined themselves to acts of roving brigandage, inspiring terror all along the region that borders on the desert. We must not confound this insurrection with that of the Taepings and the Yunnan Ma-

hommedans on the south, which, however, raged at the same time, and taxed the utmost energies of the Chinese Government. Prejevalsky says that an "important element of success was entirely disregarded by the insurgents, and that was to gain the goodwill of the Mongols, who so bitterly detest the Chinese."

We have spoken of the hostility of the Chinese, and this, added to the suspicious fears of the Mongols, rendered the task of surveying extremely difficult. Prejevalsky says that if it had been discovered that he was mapping the country, it would have been almost impossible to pass through the populous districts. He gives an amusing account of the tricks to which he was obliged to resort in order to "throw dust in their eyes;" and he deserves great credit for producing so admirable a route-survey of his journey as accompanies his book, which renders it easy to follow and understand his narrative.

Sloth and cowardice are striking traits in the character of the Mongolians. Two centuries of Chinese dominion have extinguished the martial spirit and energy which they showed in ancient times; and during the Dungan insurrection the very name of Hwei-Hwei, or Musulmans, created a panic among them, and caused them to fly ignominiously without offering the least resistance to the enemy. Prejevalsky had many opportunities of witnessing their craven spirit. They are excellent horsemen, and the wildest steppe horse cannot unseat them. Their contempt for pedestrianism is so great that they consider it beneath their dignity to walk even so far as the next *yurta*. Their most disagreeable habit is their excessive dirtiness. They never wash their bodies, and very seldom their faces and hands. We need not say that their clothes swarm with vermin;

and the mode in which they prepare and eat their food is simply disgusting. Altogether, they are not a people whom one would wish familiarly to visit.

There is in the two volumes much curious information about the Lamas, although Colonel Yule says in his introductory notes that "Prejevalsky's allusions to the subject are somewhat crude and loose." The points of similarity between Lamaism and Roman Catholicism have been often noticed. Koeppen, in his '*Lamaische Hierarchie und Kirche*,' says, "Lamaism is the Romanism of the Buddhist Church." Its analogy chiefly consists in the development of the priestly powers, and the erecting an outward visible and ecclesiastical state, exercising rule over people and provinces. Another point of similarity is the enforced celibacy of the priesthood. We know not how it arose, but, according to Colonel Yule, Lamaism was originally a kind of Buddhism corrupted. Its great reformer was a man named Tsongkaba, born in the fourteenth century, on the spot where now stands the famous monastery of Kun-bum, twenty miles south of Si-Ning, to the south-east of Lake Koko-nor. Here may be seen, if we are to believe Huc, the sacred tree, bearing leaves marked with the Thibetan alphabet! Tsongkaba instituted or restored the profession of celibacy, and substituted the yellow cap and robe for the red which had characterised the older Lamas. He also did his best to check the practice of magic which had extensively prevailed. There are *two* supreme pontiffs of the Lama Church; the one at Lhassa, called the Dalai ("Ocean") Lama—and the other at Tashi Lunpo or Digarchi, styled in Thibetan the Panchan Rinbochhi, or "Most Excellent Jewel." "In rank, sanctity, and spiritual dignity, these may be

considered as equal; but in extent of temporal dominion the Lhasa pontiff vastly surpasses his colleague." This kind of dual dignity, distinguished, however, more sharply by secular and religious attributes, was not uncommon in the East. It exists in Siam, and until a very recent period it existed in Japan. The difficulty, however, was, under a system of celibacy, to provide for a successor. "*Le Roi est mort—vive le Roi,*" is all very well where the deceased king leaves natural heirs, but not so easy when he is *nullius filius*, and dies unmarried. To remedy this the Buddhists invented the doctrine of supernatural reincarnation, which they extended to the second order of the hierarchy.

We will not attempt to go into the *arcana* of the question, and trace the history of the Yellows and the Reds. It will be enough to say that the Yellow or Reformed Church has finally triumphed over the Red, chiefly, perhaps, owing to the fact that the Mongol chief, Gushi Khan, who invaded Thibet in 1643, established the Dalai Lama as temporal sovereign over the greater part of the country. The second order in the Buddhist hierarchy are the Kutukhtus, whom Huc, struck by its resemblance to the organisation of the Roman Catholic Church, calls "cardinals." The most influential of them has his residence at Urga, and he is always a reincarnate saint. He is very wealthy, and besides the offerings of devotees, owns 150,000 slaves. His successor is generally sought for in the person of some newly-born infant; and a thank-offering for his discovery, in the shape of a very considerable sum of money, is presented to the Dalai Lama. Prejevalsky says:—

"During our stay at Urga, the throne of the Kutukhtu remained unoccupied, the holy potentate having died a year

or two before; and although his successor has been discovered in Thibet, the Mongol embassy could not make their way thither owing to the Mahomedan (Dungan) insurrection."

Another name for these Kutukhtus is Gigen, and they live at the different temples scattered throughout Mongolia or in Peking. They are supposed never really to die, but to pass from one body to another. Their influence is unlimited. "A prayer offered to one of them, the touch of his garments, his benediction, are regarded in the light of the greatest blessing humanity can enjoy; but they are not to be had gratis."

The ordinary Lamas or clergy are very numerous, and, according to Prejevalsky, compose a third, if not more, of the male population. They are dedicated to the profession from infancy, and when they have grown up and completed their studies, they are attached to some temple or practise as physicians. All Lamas must be celibates, and we need not say that this gives rise to every kind of immorality. Prejevalsky emphatically declares:—

"Lamaism is the most frightful curse of the country, because it attracts the best part of the male population, preys like a parasite on the remainder, and by its unbounded influence deprives the people of the power of rising from the depths of ignorance into which they are plunged."

Colonel Prejevalsky is not only an adventurous traveller, but a keen sportsman and an enthusiastic naturalist. The skill of himself and his companion as marksmen contributed not a little to their safety, by the respect it inspired in the Mongols and the Chinese; and they had often to depend upon their guns for a supply of food. Game of all kinds was sometimes abundant, and they had no reason to complain so long as they had yaks, antelopes, hares,

and winged game within the range of their rifles.

We will say a few words of the animals. And first of the wild yak. He says this handsome beast is of extraordinary size and beauty, measuring when full grown eleven feet in length, exclusive of its bushy tail, which is three feet long. Its height at the hump is six feet, and the head is adorned with ponderous horns. The body is covered with thick black hair, which in the old males assumes a chestnut colour on the back and upper parts of the sides. It roams in unrestricted freedom amongst the inhospitable wastes of Northern Thibet; but is found also further north. Although endowed with an acute sense of smell, its sight and hearing are defective, and even on a clear day, and on level ground, it cannot distinguish a man at any great distance; but it will scent him half a mile to windward. Wild-yak shooting is a dangerous pastime, for when wounded the animal will often attack its pursuers. Such is the toughness of its hide and strength of its bone, that a bullet aimed at the body very seldom wounds mortally; and one fired from a first-rate rifle fails to penetrate the skull unless it hits the brain-pan. If it were not for its stupidity and indecision, Prejevalsky says that it would be a more formidable foe than a tiger. He describes his slaughter of one, at which he and M. Pyltseff and one of his Cossacks fired volley after volley with their rifles, and although he frequently fell, he rose and charged them until he stopped, and it was then too dark to continue the fire. Next morning they found him dead, with thirteen bullets in his body and three in his head—one having fractured the skull. On examining the body of another yak which he killed, he found that

seven bullets had lodged in his chest, and stuck there like a row of buttons. And yet the brute kept charging until he fell dead! The Mongols are terribly afraid of the wild yak; but their gluttony sometimes overcomes their fears, and for the sake of its beef they go out in parties of ten and deliver a volley from their matchlocks while safely hidden in some ambush. We need not dwell upon the extreme usefulness of the yak when domesticated. Next to the camel, it is the "ship of the desert;" and, indeed, surpasses that animal as a beast of burden in high latitudes, for the camel cannot climb precipitous passes where the yak is quite at home.

Another animal characteristic of the desert, in its eastern or less barren part, is the *dzeren*, a species of antelope, about the size of a goat, which, however, is not found south of Lake Koko-nor. The antelopes are gregarious, and are generally seen in herds of from fifteen to forty head, keeping carefully to the plains and avoiding the hilly country. They are difficult to shoot, being exceedingly shy, and even with a leg broken will run faster than a horse can gallop. The Mongol hunters dig small pits, in which they conceal themselves; and when the herd is driven towards this ambush by others who make a wide circuit to windward, they bring them down with their matchlocks. Sometimes they are *stalked* in a novel manner. The hunter rides a well-trained camel, and when he sees an antelope at a distance he dismounts, and carefully concealing himself by keeping step with the camel, approaches within shot. But the great enemy of the antelope is not man, but the wolf. There is, however, another kind of antelope with a long black tail, which haunts the wildest and most

inaccessible crags of the Alpine zones, and which, when pressed by danger, takes the most astonishing leaps down the rocks. Another, called by the Mongols *kara-sulta*, is met with in Ala-shan and Ordos, and selects for its habitation the wildest and most unfrequented parts of the desert. It is generally found single, in pairs, or in small bodies of three to seven. In the highlands of Thibet there is also an antelope, called by the Mongols *orongo*, which is held sacred by them, and the Lamas will not touch the meat. There is a curious belief amongst some of them that the orongo has only one horn growing vertically from the centre of the head, and is in fact a unicorn; and, if we remember right, Huc assumes the truth of this in his narrative, as he does of many things for which he had only hearsay evidence.

The wolves in Northern Thibet are very numerous and exceedingly troublesome, not so much from their fierceness as their impudence.

"At one place in the valley of the Thuga we made a *cache* among some loose rocks, hiding our butter there; but these horrid brutes scented it, turned up the heavy stones, and devoured the store we had prepared for our return journey, actually swallowing the woollen cloth in which it was wrapped! On another occasion I left my fowling-piece on the mountains with some prepared tin cartridge-cases. The following day, on going to fetch it, I could find neither gun nor cartridges, which had been dragged away by these wolves. The gun was lying a little distance off with one barrel exploded, the trigger having evidently struck against a rock as they hauled it along. The cartridges were completely gone."

"We must not omit to mention the wild ass, or *kalan*, which inhabits the steppes of Koko-nor, and ranges over Tsaidam and Northern Thibet. Large herds of several hundred are

met with in the vicinity of the lake, but they generally keep in troops of from ten to fifty, and are exceedingly shy. They completely realise the description in the book of Job: *Who hath sent out the wild ass free? or who hath loosed the bands of the wild ass? whose house I have made the wilderness, and the barren land his dwellings. He scorneth the multitude of the city, neither regardeth he the crying of the driver. The range of the mountains is his pasture, and he searcheth after every green thing.* It is difficult to kill them on level ground, and the best time to stalk them is when they are drinking. The natives kill them for the sake of their meat, which is esteemed a great delicacy; and we have been assured by those who, by way of experiment, have eaten the tame ass in Europe, that the flesh is very good, and tastes like veal.

Is there such a thing as the wild camel? In the region of Tsaidam, which is a vast salt-marsh, covered with reeds, the natives assured the Russians that it was to be found in the north-west; and the Mongols hunt it for the sake of its flesh. Mr Shaw heard of it in his journey from India to Yarkand; and in a letter from Sir Douglas Forsyth to Colonel Yule, written during the last mission to Kashgar,* he quotes a native informant, who says: "The wild animals of Lob are the wild camel. . . . I have seen one which was killed. . . . It is a small animal, not much bigger than a horse, and has two humps. It is not like the tame camel; its limbs are very thin, and it is altogether slim built. I have seen them in the desert together with herds of wild horses." This seems to set the matter at rest; and Colonel Yule, in his introductory remarks, has collected the evidence on the sub-

* Report on Mission to Yarkand, p. 53.

ject, beginning with a statement as old as the fifteenth century. Notwithstanding, therefore, the doubts that have been expressed, we think it is fully established that the wild camel is not a myth.

Colonel Prejevalsky seems to have paid much attention to ornithology, and to have watched the birds of Eastern Asia with great and intelligent interest. In the desert itself the only birds he saw were the sand-grouse (*Syrnhaptes paradoxus* or *Pallasis*) and lark. The sand-grouse was discovered and described by Pallas at the end of the last century, and is distributed over the whole of Central Asia, as far as the Caspian Sea. The lark is the best songster of the Central Asian desert, and in its music it rivals its European congener. It has also a remarkable power of imitating the notes of other birds, and mixes them with its own melody. But notwithstanding the distance and difference of climate, it is curious to notice that almost all the birds met with by the Russian travellers were of the same species as those familiarly known in Europe—such as the redstart, the nut-hatch, the wren, the titmouse, the woodpecker, the wheat-ear, the thrush, the pheasant, the partridge, the bullfinch, the jackdaw, the cuckoo, and those cosmopolitan creatures the sparrow and the crow. Captain Basil Hall says that in all his voyages he never was in a country where he did not meet with them. Prejevalsky mentions that one of the most remarkable birds he saw was the *kolodjoro* (*Podoces Hendersoni*), about the size of our starling, and resembling the hoopoe in its flight. This was in Ala-shan. But it is met with also in the far west of the desert, and was seen by Sir Douglas Forsyth's Expedition in 1870, on their way from Leh to Yarkand. One new species of fish was discovered in

Lake Koko-nor, to which the name *Schizopygopsis* is given.

We will, in conclusion, say something of the political aspect of Mongolia. The Great Desert of Gobi lies between China Proper and Eastern Turkistan or Kashgaria, which revolted against the Chinese Government and established its independence about fourteen years ago. Its inhabitants are Mussulmans of the strictest faith, and there are in China Proper between three or four millions of the same religion. The word Mongolia comprises the Gobi Desert, and over the whole of it the Chinese Government claims dominion. Their troops can only reach Kashgaria by marching across that terrible wilderness, through which there are two caravan routes. The one to the north leads from Kalgan to Uliassutai, which is considerably to the north of the Tian Shan mountains, which form the northern boundary of Kashgaria; and the other, a more southerly route, leads from Bantu almost due west to Hami, which is situated in the Tian Shan range to the north-east of Kashgaria. The Chinese have never abandoned the idea of reconquering Kashgaria: it is only very recently that Russia has ceased to treat it as a revolted province of the Celestial Empire, and has made a commercial treaty with the Atalik Ghazee, who is its politic and energetic ruler. But it must be a work of immense difficulty and danger to transport an army across the sands of the Gobi; and we are told that the Chinese troops which are now approaching Kuldja to the north of the Tian Shan range, wait from time to time until they have sown crops to support them in their march. To approach Kashgaria from the south, an army would have to advance from Thibet and cross the range of Kuen-lun mountains, which the Mongols say extend to the east as far as the head-waters of the Blue

River. But that is an almost impracticable country, if we may judge from the description which Prejevalsky gives of the deserts of Northern Thibet, so far as he explored them. He says :—

“The climate and natural character of this region are simply awful. . . . The exhaustion consequent on the enormous elevation affects the strongest man. A short march, or even the ascent of a slight eminence, produces languor, giddiness, trembling of the hands and feet, and vomiting. . . . The climate, too, is in complete harmony with the sterility of these wilds. The winter is bitterly cold and tempestuous ; the gales in spring are accompanied by hailstorms ; the summer rains are also mingled with large hailstones ; and it is in autumn alone that the weather becomes clear, still, and warm. . . . There is no regular road anywhere in the Thibetan deserts ; nothing but the tracks of wild animals in all directions.”

And what shall we say of Russia ? If we may use a homely illustration, her lines of advance on Asia may be compared to the two prongs of a fork, of which the point of bifurcation is on the western side of the Pamir, and the longer prong on the north extends to the banks of the Amoor on the northern confines of China, while the shorter and southern one is being pushed to the southern border of Kashgaria. The handle of this fork stretches back to the Caspian Sea and the Ural Mountains. But the whole of the north, including the vast district of Siberia, belongs to Russia, unless we exclude Kuldja, which, though conquered by her, she professes to be ready to give back to China. Between these two prongs lies the kingdom of Kash-

garia and the Desert of Gobi, a howling wilderness. Our interest is wholly as to what will be the development of the southern fork, for below it lies India. There are those in this country who watch the Russian advance with jealousy and dread ; and their fears would perhaps be not unreasonable if nature had not placed almost impracticable barriers between access to India and the march of Russia on the East of Asia. Arid deserts and stupendous mountains may be ignored on paper, but they are stern realities when invasion is seriously thought of. We ourselves do not believe it to be possible for a hostile army, with its artillery and commissariat stores, to cross the eleven frightful ranges of mountains that intervene between Kashgaria and India, each of which is several thousand feet higher than Mont Blanc ; or if it did so, it would arrive there in such a crippled and dilapidated state that European troops, even in moderate numbers, would make short work of it. But we do not believe that so mad a scheme would ever be attempted. The only danger of a Russian attack on India is from the west, through Afghanistan, and it is to that quarter that the vigilant eye of British statesmanship should be directed, to protect effectually and for ever our possessions in the East.* But this is a subject foreign to our present purpose ; and we will conclude by expressing our thanks to Colonel Prejevalsky for his two interesting volumes, and offering the tribute of our admiration to him for the courage, fortitude, and intelligence he displayed in his adventurous journey.

* Since we wrote the above, we are glad to find our view confirmed by Mr Schuyler in his recent book on Turkistan, which is full of interesting and useful information. He says (vol. ii. p. 265), “The only danger to India from Russia lies through Persia. Experience has proved that all invasions of India have come through Afghanistan, and Afghanistan can only be approached by Russia through Persia.” And he speaks of the intervening deserts and mountains between Turkistan and India, which would render a hostile movement in that direction “exceedingly difficult, if not impossible.”

THE SECRET CHAMBER. *by Mrs. Anthon*

[Dedicated to the inquirers in the Norman Tower.]

CHAPTER I.

Glamis

CASTLE GOWRIE is one of the most famous and interesting in all Scotland. It is a beautiful old house, to start with,—perfect in old feudal grandeur, with its clustered turrets and walls that could withstand an army,—its labyrinths, its hidden stairs, its long mysterious passages—passages that seem in many cases to lead to nothing, but of which no one can be too sure what they lead to. The front, with its fine gateway and flanking towers, is approached now by velvet lawns, and a peaceful, beautiful old avenue, with double rows of trees, like a cathedral; and the woods out of which these grey towers rise, look as soft and rich in foliage, if not so lofty in growth, as the groves of the South. But this softness of aspect is all new to the place,—that is, new within the century or two which count for but little in the history of a dwelling-place, some part of which, at least, has been standing since the days when the Saxon Athelings brought such share of the arts as belonged to them to solidify and regulate the original Celtic art which reared incised stones upon rude burial-places, and twined mystic knots on its crosses, before historic days. Even of this primitive decoration there are relics at Gowrie, where the twistings and twinings of Runic cords appear still on some bits of ancient wall, solid as rocks, and almost as everlasting. From these to the graceful French turrets, which recall many a grey chateau, what a long interval of years! But these are filled with stirring chronicles enough, besides the dim,

not always decipherable records, which different developments of architecture have left on the old house. The Earls of Gowrie had *st* been in the heat of every commotion that took place on or about the Highland line for more generations than any but a Celtic pen could record. Rebellions, revenges, insurrections, conspiracies, nothing in which blood was shed and lands lost, took place in Scotland, in which they had not had a share; and the annals of the house are very full, and not without many a stain. They had been a bold and vigorous race—with much evil in them, and some good; never insignificant; whatever else they might be. It could not be said, however, that they are remarkable nowadays. Since the first Stuart rising, known in Scotland as “the Fifteen,” they have not done much that has been worth recording; but yet their family history has always been of an unusual kind. The Randolphins could not be called eccentric in themselves: on the contrary, when you knew them, they were at bottom a respectable race, full of all the country-gentleman virtues; and yet their public career, such as it was, had been marked by the strangest leaps and jerks of vicissitude. You would have said an impulsive, fanciful family—now making a grasp at some visionary advantage, now rushing into some wild speculation, now making a sudden sally into public life—but soon falling back into mediocrity, not able apparently, even when the impulse was purely selfish and

mercenary, to keep it up. But this would not have been at all a true conception of the family character; their actual virtues were not of the imaginative order, and their freaks were a mystery to their friends. Nevertheless these freaks were what the general world was most aware of in the Randolph race. The late Earl had been a representative peer of Scotland (they had no English title), and had made quite a wonderful start, and for a year or two had seemed about to attain a very eminent place in Scotch affairs; but his ambition was found to have made use of some very equivocal modes of gaining influence, and he dropped accordingly at once and for ever from the political firmament. This was quite a common circumstance in the family. An apparently brilliant beginning, a discovery of evil means adopted for ambitious ends, a sudden subsidence, and the curious conclusion at the end of everything that this schemer, this unscrupulous speculator or politician, was a dull, good man after all—unambitious, contented, full of domestic kindness and benevolence. This family peculiarity made the history of the Randolphs a very strange one, broken by the oddest interruptions, and with no consistency in it. There was another circumstance, however, which attracted still more the wonder and observation of the public. For one who can appreciate such a recondite matter as family character, there are hundreds who are interested in a family secret, and this the house of Randolph possessed in perfection. It was a mystery which piqued the imagination and excited the interest of the entire country. The story went, that somewhere hid amid the massive walls and tortuous passages there was a secret chamber in Gowrie Castle. Everybody knew of its

existence; but save the earl, his heir, and one other person, not of the family, but filling a confidential post in their service, no mortal knew where this mysterious hiding-place was. There had been countless guesses made at it, and expedients of all kinds invented to find it out. Every visitor who ever entered the old gateway, nay, even passing travellers who saw the turrets from the road, searched keenly for some trace of this mysterious chamber. But all guesses and researches were equally in vain.

I was about to say that no ghost-story I ever heard of has been so steadily and long believed. But this would be a mistake, for nobody knew even with any certainty that there was a ghost connected with it. A secret chamber was nothing wonderful in so old a house. No doubt they exist in many such old houses, and are always curious and interesting—strange relics, more moving than any history, of the time when a man was not safe in his own house, and when it might be necessary to secure a refuge beyond the reach of spies or traitors at a moment's notice. Such a refuge was a necessity of life to a great medieval noble. The peculiarity about this secret chamber, however, was, that some secret connected with the very existence of the family was always understood to be involved in it. It was not only the secret hiding-place for an emergency, a kind of historical possession presupposing the importance of his race, of which a man might be honestly proud; but there was something hidden in it of which assuredly the race could not be proud. It is wonderful how easily a family learns to pique itself upon any distinctive possession. A ghost is a sign of importance not to be despised; a haunted room is worth as much as a small farm to the complacency of

the family that owns it. And no doubt the younger branches of the Gowrie family—the light-minded portion of the race—felt this, and were proud of their unfathomable secret, and felt a thrill of agreeable awe and piquant suggestion go through them, when they remembered the mysterious something which they did not know in their familiar home. That thrill ran through the entire circle of visitors, and children, and servants, when the Earl peremptorily forbade a projected improvement, or stopped a reckless exploration. They looked at each other with a pleasurable shiver. “Did you hear?” they said. “He will not let Lady Gowrie have that closet she wants so much in that bit of wall. He sent the workmen about their business before they could touch it, though the wall is twenty feet thick if it is an inch; ah!” said the visitors, looking at each other; and this lively suggestion sent tinglings of excitement to their very finger-points; but even to his wife, mourning the commodious closet she had intended, the Earl made no explanations. For anything she knew, it might be there, next to her room, this mysterious lurking-place; and it may be supposed that this suggestion conveyed to Lady Gowrie’s veins a thrill more keen and strange, perhaps too vivid to be pleasant. But she was not in the favoured or unfortunate number of those to whom the truth could be revealed.

I need not say what the different theories on the subject were. Some thought there had been a treacherous massacre there, and that the secret chamber was blocked by the skeletons of murdered guests,—a treachery no doubt covering the family with shame in its day, but so con-
doned by long softening of years as to have all the shame taken out of it. The Randolphs could not have

felt their character affected by any such interesting historical record. They were not so morbidly sensitive. Some said, on the other hand, that Earl Robert, the wicked Earl, was shut up there in everlasting penance, playing cards with the devil for his soul. But it would have been too great a feather in the family cap to have thus got the devil, or even one of his angels, bottled up, as it were, and safely in hand, to make it possible that any lasting stigma could be connected with such a fact as this. What a thing it would be to know where to lay one’s hand upon the Prince of Darkness, and prove him once for all, cloven foot and everything else, to the confusion of gainsayers!

So this was not to be received as a satisfactory solution, nor could any other be suggested which was more to the purpose. The popular mind gave it up, and yet never gave it up; and still everybody who visits Gowrie, be it as a guest, be it as a tourist, be it only as a gazer from a passing carriage, or from the flying railway train which just glimpses its turrets in the distance, daily and yearly spends a certain amount of curiosity, wonderment, and conjecture about the Secret Chamber—the most piquant and undiscoverable wonder which has endured unguessed and undeciphered to modern times.

This was how the matter stood when young John Randolph, Lord Lindores, came of age. He was a young man of great character and energy, not like the usual Randolph strain—for, as we have said, the type of character common in this romantically-situated family, notwithstanding the erratic incidents common to them, was that of dullness and honesty, especially in their early days. But young Lindores was not so. He was honest and honourable, but not dull.

He had gone through almost a remarkable course at school and at the university—not perhaps in quite the ordinary way of scholarship, but enough to attract men's eyes to him. He had made more than one great speech at the Union. He was full of ambition, and force, and life, intending all sorts of great things, and meaning to make his position a stepping-stone to all that was excellent in public life. Not for him the country-gentleman existence which was congenial to his father. The idea of succeeding to the family honours and becoming a Scotch peer, either represented or representative, filled him with horror; and filial piety in his case was made warm by all the energy of personal hopes when he prayed that his father might live, if not for ever, yet longer than any Lord Gowrie had lived for the last century or two. He was as sure of his election for the county the next time there was a chance, as anybody can be certain of anything; and in the meantime he meant to travel, to go to America, to go no one could tell where, seeking for instruction and experience, as is the manner of high-spirited young men with parliamentary tendencies in the present day. In former times he would have gone "to the wars in the Hie Germanie," or on a crusade to the Holy Land; but the days of the crusaders and of the soldiers of fortune being over, Lindores followed the fashion of his time. He had made all his arrangements for his tour, which his father did not oppose. On the contrary, Lord Gowrie encouraged all those plans, though with an air of melancholy indulgence which his son could not understand. "It will do you good," he said, with a sigh. "Yes, yes, my boy; the best thing for you." This, no doubt, was true enough; but there was an implied feeling

that the young man would require something to do him good—that he would want the soothing of change and the gratification of his wishes, as one might speak of a convalescent or the victim of some calamity. This tone puzzled Lindores, who, though he thought it a fine thing to travel and acquire information, was as scornful of the idea of being done good to as is natural to any fine young fellow fresh from Oxford and the triumphs of the Union. But he reflected that the old school had its own way of treating things, and was satisfied. All was settled accordingly for this journey, before he came home to go through the ceremonial performances of the coming of age, the dinner of the tenantry, the speeches, the congratulations, his father's banquet, his mother's ball. It was in summer, and the country was as gay as all the entertainments that were to be given in his honour. His friend who was going to accompany him on his tour, as he had accompanied him through a considerable portion of his life—Almeric Ffarrington, a young man of the same aspirations—came up to Scotland with him for these festivities. And as they rushed through the night on the Great Northern Railway, in the intervals of two naps, they had a scrap of conversation as to these birthday glories. "It will be a bore, but it will not last long," said Lindores. They were both of the opinion that anything that did not produce information or promote culture was a bore.

"But is there not a revelation to be made to you, among all the other things you have to go through?" said Ffarrington. "Have not you to be introduced to the secret chamber, and all that sort of thing? I should like to be of the party there, Lindores."

"Ah," said the heir, "I had forgot-

ten that part of it," which, however, was not the case. "Indeed I don't know if I am to be told. Even family dogmas are shaken nowadays."

"Oh, I should insist on that," said Ffarrington, lightly. "It is not many who have the chance of paying such a visit—better than Home and all the mediums. I should insist upon that."

"I have no reason to suppose that it has any connection with Home or the mediums," said Lindores, slightly nettled. He was himself an *esprit fort*; but a mystery in one's own family is not like vulgar mysteries. He liked it to be respected.

"Oh, no offence," said his companion. "I have always thought that a railway train would be a great chance for the spirits. If one was to show suddenly in that vacant seat beside you, what a triumphant proof of their existence that would be! but they don't take advantage of their opportunities."

Lindores could not tell what it was that made him think at that moment of a portrait he had seen in a back room at the castle of old Earl Robert, the wicked Earl. It was a bad portrait—a daub—a copy made by an amateur of the genuine portrait, which, out of horror of Earl Robert and his wicked ways, had been removed by some intermediate lord from its place in the gallery. Lindores had never seen the original—nothing but this daub of a copy. Yet somehow this face occurred to him by some strange link of association—seemed to come into his eyes as his friend spoke. A slight shiver ran over him. It was strange. He made no reply to Ffarrington, but set himself to think how it could be that the latent presence in his mind of some anticipation of this approaching disclosure, touched into life by his friend's suggestion, should have called out of his

memory a momentary realisation of the acknowledged magician of the family. This sentence is full of long words; but unfortunately long words are required in such a case. And the process was very simple when you traced it out. It was the clearest case of unconscious cerebration. He shut his eyes by way of securing privacy while he thought it out; and being tired, and not at all alarmed by his unconscious cerebration, before he opened them again fell fast asleep.

And his birthday, which was the day following his arrival at Glenlyon, was a very busy day. He had not time to think of anything but the immediate occupations of the moment. Public and private greetings, congratulations, offerings, poured upon him. The Gowries were popular in this generation, which was far from being usual in the family. Lady Gowrie was kind and generous, with that kindness which comes from the heart, and which is the only kindness likely to impress the keen-sighted popular judgment; and Lord Gowrie had but little of the equivocal reputation of his predecessors. They could be splendid now and then on great occasions, though in general they were homely enough; all which the public likes. It was a bore, Lindores said; but yet the young man did not dislike the honours, and the adulation, and all the hearty speeches and good wishes. It is sweet to a young man to feel himself the centre of all hopes. It seemed very reasonable to him—very natural—that he should be so, and that the farmers should feel a pride of anticipation in thinking of his future speeches in Parliament. He promised to them with the sincerest good faith that he would not disappoint their expectations—that he would feel their interest in him an additional

spur. What so natural as that interest and these expectations? He was almost solemnised by his own position—so young, looked up to by so many people—so many hopes depending on him; and yet it was quite natural. His father, however, was still more solemnised than Lindores—and this was strange, to say the least. His face grew graver and graver as the day went on, till it almost seemed as if he were dissatisfied with his son's popularity, or had some painful thought weighing on his mind. He was restless and eager for the termination of the dinner, and to get rid of his guests; and as soon as they were gone, showed an equal anxiety that his

son should retire too. "Go to bed at once, as a favour to me," Lord Gowrie said. "You will have a great deal of fatigue—to-morrow." "You need not be afraid for me, sir," said Lindores, half affronted; but he obeyed, being tired. He had not once thought of the secret to be disclosed to him, through all that long day. But when he woke suddenly with a start in the middle of the night, to find the candles all lighted in his room, and his father standing by his bedside, Lindores instantly thought of it, and in a moment felt that the leading event—the chief incident of all that had happened—was going to take place now.

CHAPTER II.

Lord Gowrie was very grave, and very pale. He was standing with his hand on his son's shoulder to wake him; his dress was unchanged from the moment they had parted. And the sight of this formal costume was very bewildering to the young man as he started up in his bed. But next moment he seemed to know exactly how it was, and, more than that, to have known it all his life. Explanation seemed unnecessary. At any other moment, in any other place, a man would be startled to be suddenly woke up in the middle of the night. But Lindores had no such feeling; he did not even ask a question, but sprang up, and fixed his eyes, taking in all the strange circumstances, on his father's face.

"Get up, my boy," said Lord Gowrie, "and dress as quickly as you can; it is full time. I have lighted your candles, and your things are all ready. You have had a good long sleep."

Even now he did not ask, What is it? as under any other circumstances

he would have done. He got up without a word, with an impulse of nervous speed and rapidity of movement such as only excitement can give, and dressed himself, his father helping him silently. It was a curious scene: the room gleaming with lights, the silence, the hurried toilet, the stillness of deep night all around. The house, though so full, and with the echoes of festivity but just over, was quiet as if there was not a creature within it—more quiet, indeed, for the stillness of vacancy is not half so impressive as the stillness of hushed and slumbering life.

Lord Gowrie went to the table when this first step was over, and poured out a glass of wine from a bottle which stood there,—a rich, golden-coloured, perfumy wine, which sent its scent through the room. "You will want all your strength," he said; "take this before you go. It is the famous Imperial Tokay; there is only a little left, and you will want all your strength."

Lindores took the wine; he had

never drunk any like it before, and the peculiar fragrance remained in his mind, as perfumes so often do, with a whole world of association in them. His father's eyes dwelt upon him with a melancholy sympathy. "You are going to encounter the greatest trial of your life," he said; and taking the young man's hand into his, felt his pulse. "It is quick, but it is quite firm, and you have had a good long sleep." Then he did what it needs a great deal of pressure to induce an Englishman to do,—he kissed his son on the cheek. "God bless you!" he said, faltering. "Come, now, everything is ready, Lindores."

He took up in his hand a small lamp, which he had apparently brought with him, and led the way. By this time Lindores began to feel himself again, and to wake to the consciousness of all his own superiorities and enlightenments. The simple sense that he was one of the members of a family with a mystery, and that the moment of his personal encounter with this special power of darkness had come, had been the first thrilling, overwhelming thought. But now as he followed his father, Lindores began to remember that he himself was not altogether like other men; that there was that in him which would make it natural that he should throw some light, hitherto unthought of, upon this carefully-preserved darkness. What secret even there might be in it—secret of hereditary tendency, of psychic force, of mental conformation, or of some curious combination of circumstances at once more and less potent than these—it was for him to find out. He gathered all his forces about him, reminded himself of modern enlightenment, and bade his nerves be steel to all vulgar horrors. He, too, felt his own pulse as he followed

his father. To spend the night perhaps amongst the skeletons of that old-world massacre, and to repent the sins of his ancestors—to be brought within the range of some optical illusion believed in hitherto by all the generations, and which, no doubt, was of a startling kind, or his father would not look so serious,—any of these he felt himself quite strong to encounter. His heart and spirit rose. A young man has but seldom the opportunity of distinguishing himself so early in his career; and his was such a chance as occurs to very few. No doubt it was something that would be extremely trying to the nerves and imagination. He called up all his powers to vanquish both. And along with this call upon himself to exertion, there was the less serious impulse of curiosity: he would see at last what the Secret Chamber was, where it was, how it fitted into the labyrinths of the old house. This he tried to put in its due place as a most interesting object. He said to himself that he would willingly have gone a long journey at any time to be present at such an exploration; and there is no doubt that in other circumstances a secret chamber, with probably some unthought-of historical interest in it, would have been a very fascinating discovery. He tried very hard to excite himself about this; but it was curious how fictitious he felt the interest, and how conscious he was that it was an effort to feel any curiosity at all on the subject. The fact was, that the Secret Chamber was entirely secondary—thrown back, as all accessories are, by a more pressing interest. The overpowering thought of what was in it drove aside all healthy, natural curiosity about itself.

It must not be supposed, how-

ever, that the father and son had a long way to go to have time for all these thoughts. Thoughts travel at lightning speed, and there was abundant leisure for this between the time they had left the door of Lindores' room and gone down the corridor, no further off than to Lord Gowrie's own chamber, naturally one of the chief rooms of the house. Nearly opposite this, a few steps further on, was a little neglected room devoted to lumber, with which Lindores had been familiar all his life. Why this nest of old rubbish, dust, and cobwebs should be so near the bedroom of the head of the house had been a matter of surprise to many people—to the guests who saw it while exploring, and to each new servant in succession who planned an attack upon its ancient stores, scandalised by finding it to have been neglected by their predecessors. All their attempts to clear it out had, however, been resisted, nobody could tell how, or indeed thought it worth while to inquire. As for Lindores, he had been used to the place from his childhood, and therefore accepted it as the most natural thing in the world. He had been in and out a hundred times in his play. And it was here, he remembered suddenly, that he had seen the bad picture of Earl Robert which had so curiously come into his eyes on his journeying here, by a mental movement which he had identified at once as unconscious cerebration. The first feeling in his mind, as his father went to the open door of this lumber-room, was a mixture of amusement and surprise. What was he going to pick up there? some old pentacle, some amulet or scrap of antiquated magic to act as armour against the evil one? But Lord Gowrie, going on and setting down the lamp on the table, turned round upon his son with a face of agitation

and pain which barred all further amusement: he grasped him by the hand, crushing it between his own. "Now my boy, my dear son," he said, in tones that were scarcely audible. His countenance was full of the dreary pain of a looker-on—one who has no share in the excitement of personal danger, but has the more terrible part of watching those who are in deadliest peril. He was a powerful man, and his large form shook with emotion; great beads of moisture stood upon his forehead. An old sword with a cross handle lay upon a dusty chair among other dusty and battered relics. "Take this with you," he said, in the same inaudible, breathless way—whether as a weapon, whether as a religious symbol, Lindores could not guess. The young man took it mechanically. His father pushed open a door which it seemed to him he had never seen before, and led him into another vaulted chamber. Here even the limited powers of speech Lord Gowrie had retained seemed to forsake him, and his voice became a mere hoarse murmur in his throat. For want of speech he pointed to another door in the further corner of this small vacant room, gave him to understand by a gesture that he was to knock there, and then went back into the lumber-room. The door into this was left open, and a faint glimmer of the lamp shed light into this little intermediate place—this debatable land between the seen and the unseen. In spite of himself, Lindores' heart began to beat. He made a breathless pause, feeling his head go round. He held the old sword in his hand, not knowing what it was. Then, summoning all his courage, he went forward and knocked at the closed door. His knock was not loud, but it seemed to echo all over the silent house. Would everybody hear and wake,

and rush to see what had happened? This caprice of imagination seized upon him, ousting all the firmer thoughts, the steadfast calm of mind with which he ought to have encountered the mystery. Would they all rush in, in wild *déshabille*, in terror and dismay, before the door opened? How long it was of opening! He touched the panel with his hand again.—This time there was no delay. In a moment, as if thrown suddenly open by some one within, the door moved. It opened just wide enough to let him enter, stopping half-way as if some one invisible held it, wide enough for welcome, but no more. Lindores stepped across the threshold with a beating heart. What was he about to see? the skeletons of the murdered victims? a ghostly charnel-house full of bloody traces of crime? He seemed to be hurried and pushed in as he made that step. What was this world of mystery into which he was plunged—what was it he saw?

He saw—nothing—except what was agreeable enough to behold,—an antiquated room hung with tapestry, very old tapestry of rude design, its colours faded into softness and harmony; between its folds here and there a panel of carved wood, rude too in design, with traces of half-worn gilding; a table covered with strange instruments, parchments, chemical tubes, and curious machinery, all with a quaintness of form and dimness of material that spoke of age. A heavy old velvet cover, thick with embroidery faded almost out of all colour, was on the table; on the wall above it, something that looked like a very old Venetian mirror, the glass so dim and crusted that it scarcely reflected at all; on the floor an old soft Persian carpet, worn into a vague blending of all colours. This was

all that he thought he saw. His heart, which had been thumping so loud as almost to choke him, stopped that tremendous upward and downward motion like a steam piston; and he grew calm. Perfectly still, dim, unoccupied: yet not so dim either; there was no apparent source of light, no windows, curtains of tapestry drawn everywhere—no lamp visible, no fire—and yet a kind of strange light which made everything quite clear. He looked round, trying to smile at his terrors, trying to say to himself that it was the most curious place he had ever seen—that he must show Ffarington some of that tapestry—that he must really bring away a panel of that carving,—when he suddenly saw that the door was shut by which he had entered—nay, more than shut, undiscernible, covered like all the rest of the walls by that strange tapestry. At this his heart began to beat again in spite of him. He looked round once more, and woke up to more vivid being with a sudden start. Had his eyes been incapable of vision on his first entrance? Unoccupied? Who was that in the great chair?

It seemed to Lindores that he had seen neither the chair nor the man when he came in. There they were, however, solid and unmistakable; the chair carved like the panels, the man seated in front of the table. He looked at Lindores with a calm and open gaze, inspecting him. The young man's heart seemed in his throat fluttering like a bird, but he was brave, and his mind made one final effort to break this spell. He tried to speak, labouring with a voice that would not sound, and with lips too parched to form a word. "I see how it is," was what he wanted to say. It was Earl Robert's face that was looking at him; and startled as he was, he

dragged forth his philosophy to support him. What could it be but optical delusions, unconscious cerebration, occult seizure by the impressed and struggling mind of this one countenance? But he could not hear himself speak any word as he stood convulsed, struggling with dry lips and choking voice.

The Appearance smiled, as if knowing his thoughts—not unkindly, not malignly—with a certain amusement mingled with scorn. Then he spoke, and the sound seemed to breathe through the room not like any voice that Lindores had ever heard, a kind of utterance of the place, like the rustle of the air or the ripple of the sea. “You will learn better to-night: this is no phantom of your brain; it is I.”

“In God’s name,” cried the young man in his soul; he did not know whether the words ever got into the air or not, if there was any air;—“in God’s name, who are you?”

The figure rose as if coming to him to reply; and Lindores, overcome by the apparent approach, struggled into utterance. A cry came from him—he heard it this time—and even in his extremity felt a pang the more to hear the terror in his own voice. But he did not flinch, he stood desperate, all his strength concentrated in the act; he neither turned nor recoiled. Vaguely gleaming through his mind came the thought that to be thus brought in contact with the unseen was the experiment to be most desired on earth, the final settlement of a hundred questions; but his faculties were not sufficiently under command to entertain it. He only stood firm, that was all.

And the figure did not approach him; after a moment it subsided back again into the chair—subsided,

for no sound, not the faintest, accompanied its movements. It was the form of a man of middle age, the hair white, but the beard only crisped with grey, the features those of the picture—a familiar face, more or less like all the Randolphys, but with an air of domination and power altogether unlike that of the race. He was dressed in a long robe of dark colour, embroidered with strange lines and angles. There was nothing repellent or terrible in his air—nothing except the noiselessness, the calm, the absolute stillness, which was as much in the place as in him, to keep up the involuntary trembling of the beholder. His expression was full of dignity and thoughtfulness, and not malignant or unkind. He might have been the kindly patriarch of the house, watching over its fortunes in a seclusion he had chosen. The pulses that had been beating in Lindores were stilled. What was his panic for? a gleam even of self-ridicule took possession of him, to be standing there like an absurd hero of antiquated romance with the rusty, dusty sword—good for nothing, surely not adapted for use against this noble old magician—in his hand—

“You are right,” said the voice, once more answering his thoughts; “what could you do with that sword against me, young Lindores? Put it by. Why should my children meet me like an enemy? You are my flesh and blood. Give me your hand.”

A shiver ran through the young man’s frame. The hand that was held out to him was large and shapely and white, with a straight line across the palm—a family token upon which the Randolphys prided themselves—a friendly hand; and the face smiled upon him, fixing

him with those calm, profound, blue eyes. "Come," said the voice. The word seemed to fill the place, melting upon him from every corner, whispering round him with softest persuasion. He was lulled and calmed in spite of himself. Spirit or no spirit, why should not he accept this proffered courtesy? What harm could come of it? The chief thing that retained him was the dragging of the old sword, heavy and useless, which he held mechanically, but which some internal feeling—he could not tell what—prevented him from putting down. Superstition, was it?

"Yes, that is superstition," said his ancestor, serenely; "put it down and come."

"You know my thoughts," said Lindores; "I did not speak."

"Your mind spoke, and spoke justly. Put down that emblem of brute force and superstition together. Here it is the intelligence that is supreme. Come."

Lindores stood doubtful. He was calm; the power of thought was restored to him. If this benevolent venerable patriarch was all he seemed, why his father's terror? why the secrecy in which his being was involved? His own mind, though calm, did not seem to act in the usual way. Thoughts seemed to be driven across it as by a wind. One of these came to him suddenly now—

"How there looked him in the face,
An angel beautiful and bright,
And how he knew it was a fiend."

The words were not ended, when Earl Robert replied suddenly with impatience in his voice, "Fiends are of the fancy of men; like angels and other follies. I am your father. You know me; and you are mine, Lindores. I have power beyond what you can understand;

but I want flesh and blood to reign and to enjoy. Come, Lindores!"

He put out his other hand. The action, the look, were those of kindness, almost of longing, and the face was familiar, the voice was that of the race. Supernatural! was it supernatural that this man should live here shut up for ages? and why? and how? Was there any explanation of it? The young man's brain began to reel. He could not tell which was real—the life he had left half an hour ago, or this. He tried to look round him, but could not; his eyes were caught by those other kindred eyes, which seemed to dilate and deepen as he looked at them, and drew him with a strange compulsion. He felt himself yielding, swaying towards the strange being who thus invited him. What might happen if he yielded? And he could not turn away, he could not tear himself from the fascination of those eyes. With a sudden strange impulse which was half despair and half a bewildering half-conscious desire to try one potency against another, he thrust forward the cross of the old sword between him and those appealing hands. "In the name of God!" he said.

Lindores never could tell whether it was that he himself grew faint, and that the dimness of swooning came into his eyes after this violence and strain of emotion, or if it was his spell that worked. But there was an instantaneous change. Everything swam around him for the moment, a giddiness and blindness seized him, and he saw nothing but the vague outlines of the room, empty as when he entered it. But gradually his consciousness came back, and he found himself standing on the same spot as before, clutching the old sword, and gradually, as though a dream, recognised the same figure emerging out of the mist which

—was it solely in his own eyes?—had enveloped everything. But it was no longer in the same attitude. The hands which had been stretched out to him were busy now with some of the strange instruments on the table, moving about, now in the action of writing, now as if managing the keys of a telegraph. Lindores felt that his brain was all atwist and set wrong; but he was still a human being of his century. He thought of the telegraph with a keen thrill of curiosity in the midst of his reviving sensations. What communication was this which was going on before his eyes? The magician worked on. He had his face turned towards his victim, but his hands moved with unceasing activity. And Lindores, as he grew accustomed to the position, began to weary—to feel like a neglected suitor waiting for an audience. To be wound up to such a strain of feeling, then left to wait, was intolerable; impatience seized upon him. What circumstances can exist, however horrible, in which a human being will not feel impatience? He made a great many efforts to speak before he could succeed. It seemed to him that his body felt more fear than he did—that his muscles were contracted, his throat parched, his tongue refusing its office, although his mind was unaffected and undismayed. At last he found an utterance in spite of all resistance of his flesh and blood.

“Who are you?” he said hoarsely. “You that live here and oppress this house?”

The vision raised its eyes full upon him, with again that strange shadow of a smile, mocking yet not unkind. “Do you remember me,” he said, “on your journey here?”

“That was—a delusion.” The young man gasped for breath.

“More like that you are a delusion. You have lasted but one-and-twenty years, and I—for centuries.”

“How? For centuries—and why? Answer me—are you man or demon?” cried Lindores, tearing the words, as he felt, out of his own throat. “Are you living or dead?”

The magician looked at him with the same intense gaze as before. “Be on my side, and you shall know everything, Lindores. I want one of my own race. Others I could have in plenty; but I want *you*. A Randolph, a Randolph! and *you*. Dead! do I seem dead? You shall have everything—more than dreams can give—if you will be on my side.”

Can he give what he has not? was the thought that ran through the mind of Lindores. But he could not speak it. Something—that choked and stifled him was in his throat.

“Can I give what I have not? I have everything—power, the one thing worth having; and you shall have more than power, for you are young—my son! Lindores!”

To argue was natural, and gave the young man strength. “Is this life,” he said, “here? What is all your power worth—here? To sit for ages, and make a race unhappy?”

A momentary convulsion came across the still face. “You scorn me,” he cried, with an appearance of emotion, “because you do not understand how I move the world. Power! ’Tis more than fancy can grasp. And you shall have it!” said the wizard, with what looked like a show of enthusiasm. He seemed to come nearer, to grow larger. He put forth his hand again, this time so close that it seemed impossible to escape. And a crowd of wishes seemed to rush upon the mind of Lindores. What harm to try if this might be true? To try what it meant—perhaps no-

thing, delusions, vain show, and then there could be no harm; or perhaps there was knowledge to be had, which was power. Try, try, try! the air buzzed about him. The room seemed full of voices urging him. His bodily frame rose into a tremendous whirl of excitement, his veins seemed to swell to bursting, his lips seemed to force a yes, in spite of him, quivering as they came apart. The hiss of the *s* seemed in his ears. He changed it into the name which was a spell too, and cried "Help me, God!" not knowing why.

Then there came another pause—he felt as if he had been dropped from something that had held him, and had fallen, and was faint. The excitement had been more than he could bear. Once more everything swam around him, and he did not know where he was. Had he escaped altogether? was the first waking wonder of consciousness in his mind. But when he could think and see again, he was still in the same spot, surrounded by the old curtains and the carved panels—but alone. He felt, too, that he was able to move, but the strangest dual consciousness was in him throughout all the rest of his trial. His body felt to him as a frightened horse feels to a traveller at night—a thing separate from him, more frightened than he was—starting aside at every step, seeing more than its master. His limbs shook with fear and weakness, almost refusing to obey the action of his will, trembling under him with jerks aside when he compelled himself to move. The hair stood upright on his head—every finger trembled as with palsy—his lips, his eyelids, quivered with nervous agitation. But his mind was strong, stimulated to a desperate calm. He dragged himself round the room, he

crossed the very spot where the magician had been—all was vacant, silent, clear. Had he vanquished the enemy? This thought came into his mind with an involuntary triumph. The old strain of feeling came back. Such efforts might be produced, perhaps, only by imagination, by excitement, by delusion——

Lindores looked up, by a sudden attraction he could not tell what: and the blood suddenly froze in his veins that had been so boiling and fermenting. Some one was looking at him from the old mirror on the wall. A face not human and life-like, like that of the inhabitant of this place, but ghostly and terrible, like one of the dead; and while he looked, a crowd of other faces came behind, all looking at him, some mournfully, some with a menace in their terrible eyes. The mirror did not change, but within its small dim space seemed to contain an innumerable company, crowded above and below, all with one gaze at him. His lips dropped apart with a gasp of horror. More and more and more! He was standing close by the table when this crowd came. Then all at once there was laid upon him a cold hand. He turned; close to his side, brushing him with his robe, holding him fast by the arm, sat Earl Robert in his great chair. A shriek came from the young man's lips. He seemed to hear it echoing away into unfathomable distance. The cold touch penetrated to his very soul.

"Do you try spells upon me, Lindores? That is a tool of the past. You shall have something better to work with. And are you so sure of whom you call upon? If there is such a one, why should He help you who never called on Him before?"

Lindores could not tell if these words were spoken; it was a com-

munication rapid as the thoughts in the mind. And he felt as if something answered that was not all himself. He seemed to stand passive and hear the argument. "Does God reckon with a man in trouble, whether he has ever called to Him before? I call now" (now he felt it was himself that said): "go, evil spirit!—go, dead and cursed!—go, in the name of God!"

He felt himself flung violently against the wall. A faint laugh, stifled in the throat, and followed by a groan, rolled round the room; the old curtains seemed to open here and there, and flutter, as if with comings and goings. Lindores leaned with his back against the wall, and all his senses restored to him. He felt blood trickle down his neck; and in this contact once more with the physical, his body, in its madness of fright, grew manageable. For the first time he felt wholly master of himself. Though the magician was standing in his place, a great, majestic, appalling figure, he did not shrink. "Liar!" he cried, in a voice that rang and echoed as in natural air—"clinging to miserable life like a worm—like a reptile;

promising all things, having nothing, but this den, unvisited by the light of day. Is this your power—your superiority to men who die? is it for this that you oppress a race, and make a house unhappy? I vow, in God's name, your reign is over! You and your secret shall last no more."

There was no reply. But Lindores felt his terrible ancestor's eyes getting once more that mesmerism mastery over him which had already almost overcome his powers. He must withdraw his own, or perish. He had a human horror of turning his back upon that watchful adversary: to face him seemed the only safety; but to face him was to be conquered. Slowly, with a pang indescribable, he tore himself from that gaze: it seemed to drag his eyes out of their sockets, his heart out of his bosom. Resolutely, with the daring of desperation, he turned round to the spot where he entered—the spot where no door was,—hearing already in anticipation the step after him—feeling the grip that would crush and smother his exhausted life—but too desperate to care.

CHAPTER III.

How wonderful is the blue dawning of the new day before the sun! not rosy-fingered, like that Aurora of the Greeks who comes later with all her wealth; but still, dreamy, wonderful, stealing out of the unseen, abashed by the solemnity of the new birth. When anxious watchers see that first brightness come stealing upon the waiting skies, what mingled relief and renewal of misery is in it! another long day to toil through—yet another sad night over! Lord Gowrie sat among the dust and cobwebs,

his lamp flaring idly into the blue morning. He had heard his son's human voice, though nothing more; and he expected to have him brought out by invisible hands, as had happened to himself, and left lying in long deathly swoon outside that mystic door. This was how it had happened to heir after heir, as told from father to son, one after another, as the secret came down. One or two bearers of the name of Lindores had never recovered; most of them had been saddened and subdued for life. He remembered sadly the fresh-

ness of existence which had never come back to himself; the hopes that had never blossomed again; the assurance with which never more he had been able to go about the world. And now his son would be as himself—the glory gone out of his living—his ambitions, his aspirations wrecked. He had not been endowed as his boy was—he had been a plain, honest man, and nothing more; but experience and life had given him wisdom enough to smile by times at the coquetries of mind in which Lindores indulged. Were they all over now, those freaks of young intelligence, those enthusiasms of the soul? The curse of the house had come upon him—the magnetism of that strange presence, ever living, ever watchful, present in all the family history. His heart was sore for his son; and yet along with this there was a certain consolation to him in having henceforward a partner in the secret—some one to whom he could talk of it as he had not been able to talk since his own father died. Almost all the mental struggles which Gowrie had known had been connected with this mystery; and he had been obliged to hide them in his bosom—to conceal them even when they rent him in two. Now he had a partner in his trouble. This was what he was thinking as he sat through the night. How slowly the moments passed! He was not aware of the daylight coming in. After a while even thought got suspended in listening. Was not the time nearly over? He rose and began to pace about the encumbered space, which was but a step or two in extent. There was an old cupboard in the wall, in which there were restoratives—pungent essences and cordials, and fresh water which he had himself brought—everything was ready; presently the ghastly

body of his boy, half dead, would be thrust forth into his care.

But this was not how it happened. While he waited, so intent that his whole frame seemed to be capable of hearing, he heard the closing of the door, boldly shut with a sound that rose in muffled echoes through the house, and Lindores himself appeared, ghastly indeed as a dead man, but walking upright and firmly, the lines of his face drawn, and his eyes staring. Lord Gowrie uttered a cry. He was more alarmed by this unexpected return than by the helpless prostration of the swoon which he had expected. He recoiled from his son as if he too had been a spirit. “Lindores!” he cried; was it Lindores, or some one else in his place? The boy seemed as if he did not see him. He went straight forward to where the water stood on the dusty table, and took a great draught, then turned to the door. “Lindores!” said his father, in miserable anxiety; “don’t you know me?” Even then the young man only half looked at him, and put out a hand almost as cold as the hand that had clutched himself in the Secret Chamber; a faint smile came upon his face. “Don’t stay here,” he whispered; “come! come!”

Lord Gowrie drew his son’s arm within his own, and felt the thrill through and through him of nerves strained beyond mortal strength. He could scarcely keep up with him as he stalked along the corridor to his room, stumbling as if he could not see, yet swift as an arrow. When they reached his room he turned and closed and locked the door, then laughed as he staggered to the bed. “That will not keep him out, will it?” he said.

“Lindores,” said his father, “I expected to find you unconscious. I am almost more frightened to find

you like this. I need not ask if you have seen him——”

“Oh, I have seen him. The old liar! Father, promise to expose him, to turn him out—promise to clear out that accursed old nest! It is our own fault. Why have we left such a place shut out from the eye of day? Isn’t there something in the Bible about those who do evil hating the light?”

“Lindores! you don’t often quote the Bible.”

“No, I suppose not; but there is more truth in—many things than we thought.”

“Lie down,” said the anxious father. “Take some of this wine—try to sleep.”

“Take it away; give me no more of that devil’s drink. Talk to me—that’s better. Did you go through it all the same, poor papa?—and hold me fast. You are warm—you are honest!” he cried. He put forth his hands over his father’s, warming them with the contact. He put his cheek like a child against his father’s arm. He gave a faint laugh, with the tears in his eyes. “Warm and honest,” he repeated. “Kind flesh and blood! and did you go through it all the same?”

“My boy!” cried the father, feeling his heart glow and swell over the son who had been parted from him for years by that development of young manhood and ripening intellect which so often severs and loosens the ties of home. Lord Gowrie had felt that Lindores half despised his simple mind and duller imagination; but this childlike clinging overcame him, and tears stood in his eyes. “I fainted, I suppose. I never knew how it ended. They made what they liked of me. But you, my brave boy, you came out of your own will.”

Lindores shivered. “I fled!” he said. “No honour in that. I had not courage to face him longer. I will tell you by-and-by. But I want to know about you.”

What an ease it was to the father to speak! For years and years this had been shut up in his breast. It had made him lonely in the midst of his friends.

“Thank God,” he said, “that I can speak to you, Lindores. Often and often I have been tempted to tell your mother. But why should I make her miserable? She knows there is something; she knows when I see him, but she knows no more.”

“When you see him?” Lindores raised himself, with a return of his first ghastly look, in his bed. Then he raised his clenched fist wildly, and shook it in the air. “Vile devil, coward, deceiver!”

“Oh hush, hush, hush, Lindores! God help us! what troubles you may bring!”

“And God help me, whatever troubles I bring,” said the young man. “I defy him, father. An accursed being like that must be less, not more powerful, than we are—with God to back us. Only stand by me: stand by me——”

“Hush, Lindores! You don’t feel it yet—never to get out of hearing of him all your life! He will make you pay for it—if not now, after; when you remember he is there, whatever happens, knowing everything! But I hope it will not be so bad with you as with me, my poor boy. God help you indeed if it is, for you have more imagination and more mind. I am able to forget him sometimes when I am occupied—when in the hunting-field, going across country. But you are not a hunting man, my poor boy,” said Lord Gowrie, with a curious mixture of a regret, which was less serious than the other. Then he

lowered his voice. "Lindores, this is what has happened to me since the moment I gave him my hand."

"I did not give him my hand."

"You did not give him your hand? God bless you, my boy! You stood out?" he cried, with tears again rushing to his eyes; "and they say—they say—but I don't know if there is any truth in it." Lord Gowrie got up from his son's side, and walked up and down with excited steps. "If there should be truth in it! Many people think the whole thing is a fancy. If there should be truth in it, Lindores!"

"In what, father?"

"They say, if he is once resisted his power is broken—once refused. *You* could stand against him—you! Forgive me, my boy, as I hope God will forgive me, to have thought so little of His best gifts," cried Lord Gowrie, coming back with wet eyes; and stooping, he kissed his son's hand. "I thought you would be more shaken by being more mind than body," he said, humbly. "I thought if I could but have saved you from the trial; and *you* are the conqueror!"

"Am I the conqueror? I think all my bones are broken, father—out of their sockets," said the young man, in a low voice. "I think I shall go to sleep."

"Yes, rest, my boy. It is the best thing for you," said the father, though with a pang of momentary disappointment. Lindores fell back upon the pillow. He was so pale that there were moments when the anxious watcher thought him not sleeping but dead. He put his hand out feebly, and grasped his father's hand. "Warm—honest," he said, with a feeble smile about his lips, and fell asleep.

The daylight was full in the room, breaking through shutters and curtains, and mocking at the lamp that still flared on the table. It seemed an emblem of the disorders, mental and material, of this strange night; and, as such, it affected the plain imagination of Lord Gowrie, who would have fain got up to extinguish it, and whose mind returned again and again, in spite of him, to this symptom of disturbance. By-and-by, when Lindores' grasp relaxed, and he got his hand free, he got up from his son's bedside, and put out the lamp, putting it carefully out of the way. With equal care he put away the wine from the table, and gave the room its ordinary aspect, softly opening a window to let in the fresh air of the morning. The park lay fresh in the early sunshine, still, except for the twittering of the birds, refreshed with dews, and shining in that soft radiance of the morning which is over before mortal cares are stirring. Never, perhaps, had Gowrie looked out upon the beautiful world around his house without a thought of the weird existence which was going on so near to him, which had gone on for centuries, shut up out of sight of the sunshine. The Secret Chamber had been present with him since ever he saw it. He had never been able to get free of the spell of it. He had felt himself watched, surrounded, spied upon, day after day, since he was of the age of Lindores, and that was thirty years ago. He turned it all over in his mind, as he stood there and his son slept. It had been on his lips to tell it all to his boy, who had now come to inherit the enlightenment of his race. And it was a disappointment to him to have it all forced back again, and silence imposed upon him once more. Would he care to hear it

when he woke? would he not rather, as Lord Gowrie remembered to have done himself, thrust the thought as far as he could away from him, and endeavour to forget for the moment—until the time came when he would not be permitted to forget? He had been like that himself, he recollected now. He had not wished to hear his own father's tale. "I remember," he said to himself; "I remember"—turning over everything in his mind—if Lindores might only be willing to hear the story when he woke! But then he himself had not been willing when he was Lindores, and he could understand his son, and could not blame him; but it would be a disappointment. He was thinking this when he heard Lindores' voice calling him. He went back hastily to his bedside. It was strange to see him in his evening dress with his worn face, in the fresh light of the morning, which poured in at every crevice. "Does my mother know?" said Lindores; "what will she think?"

"She knows something; she knows you have some trial to go through. Most likely she will be praying for us both; that's the way of women," said Lord Gowrie, with the tremulous tenderness which comes into a man's voice sometimes when he speaks of a good wife. "I'll go and ease her mind, and tell her all is well over——"

"Not yet. Tell me first," said the young man, putting his hand upon his father's arm.

What an ease it was! "I was not so good to my father," he thought to himself, with sudden penitence for the long-past, long-forgotten fault, which, indeed, he had never realised as a fault before. And then he told his son what had been the story of his life—how he had scarcely ever sat alone without

feeling, from some corner of the room, from behind some curtain, those eyes upon him; and how, in the difficulties of his life, that secret inhabitant of the house had been present, sitting by him and advising him. "Whenever there has been anything to do: when there has been a question between two ways, all in a moment I have seen him by me: I feel when he is coming. It does not matter where I am—here or anywhere—as soon as ever there is a question of family business; and always he persuades me to the wrong way, Lindores. Sometimes I yield to him, how can I help it? He makes everything so clear; he makes wrong seem right. If I have done unjust things in my day——"

"You have not, father."

"I have: there were these Highland people I turned out. I did not mean to do it, Lindores; but he showed me that it would be better for the family. And my poor sister that married Tweedside and was wretched all her life. It was his doing, that marriage; he said she would be rich, and so she was, poor thing, poor thing! and died of it. And old Macalister's lease—— Lindores, Lindores! when there is any business it makes my heart sick. I know he will come, and advise wrong, and tell me—something I will repent after."

"The thing to do is to decide beforehand, that, good or bad, you will not take his advice."

Lord Gowrie shivered. "I am not strong like you, or clever; I cannot resist. Sometimes I repent in time and don't do it; and then! But for your mother and you children, there is many a day I would not have given a farthing for my life."

"Father," said Lindores, springing from his bed, "two of us together can do many things. Give

me your word to clear out this cursed den of darkness this very day."

"Lindores, hush, hush, for the sake of heaven!"

"I will not, for the sake of heaven! Throw it open—let everybody who likes see it—make an end of the secret—pull down everything, curtains, walls. What do you say?—sprinkle holy water? Are you laughing at me?"

"I did not speak," said Earl Gowrie, growing very pale, and grasping his son's arm with both his hands. "Hush, boy; do you think he does not hear?"

And then there was a low laugh close to them—so close that both shrank; a laugh no louder than a breath.

"Did you laugh—father?"

"No, Lindores." Lord Gowrie had his eyes fixed. He was as pale as the dead. He held his son tight for a moment; then his gaze and his grasp relaxed, and he fell back feebly in a chair.

"You see!" he said; "whatever we do it will be the same; we are under his power."

And then there ensued the blank pause with which baffled men confront a hopeless situation. But at that moment the first faint stirrings of the house—a window being opened, a bar undone, a movement of feet, and subdued voices—became audible in the stillness of the morning. Lord Gowrie roused himself at once. "We must not be found like this," he said; "we must not show how we have spent the night. It is over, thank God! and oh, my boy, forgive me! I am thankful there are two of us to bear it; it makes the burden lighter—though I ask your pardon humbly for saying so. I would have saved you if I could, Lindores."

"I don't wish to have been saved; but I will not bear it. I will end

it," the young man said, with an oath out of which his emotion took all profanity. His father said, "Hush, hush." With a look of terror and pain, he left him; and yet there was a thrill of tender pride in his mind. How brave the boy was! even after he had been *there*. Could it be that this would all come to nothing, as every other attempt to resist had done before?

"I suppose you know all about it now, Lindores," said his friend Ffarrington, after breakfast; "luckily for us who are going over the house. What a glorious old place it is!"

"I don't think that Lindores enjoys the glorious old place to-day," said another of the guests under his breath. "How pale he is! He doesn't look as if he had slept."

"I will take you over every nook where I have ever been," said Lindores. He looked at his father with almost command in his eyes. "Come with me, all of you. We shall have no more secrets here."

"Are you mad?" said his father in his ear.

"Never mind," cried the young man. "Oh, trust me; I will do it with judgment. Is everybody ready?" There was an excitement about him that half frightened, half roused the party. They all rose, eager, yet doubtful. His mother came to him and took his arm.

"Lindores! you will do nothing to vex your father; don't make him unhappy. I don't know your secrets, you two; but look, he has enough to bear."

"I want you to know our secrets, mother. Why should we have secrets from you?"

"Why, indeed?" she said, with tears in her eyes. "But, Lindores, my dearest boy, don't make it worse for *him*."

"I give you my word, I will be wary," he said; and she left him to go to his father, who followed the party, with an anxious look upon his face.

"Are you coming, too?" he asked.

"I? No; I will not go: but trust him—trust the boy, John."

"He can do nothing; he will not be able to do anything," he said.

And thus the guests set out on their round—the son in advance, excited and tremulous, the father anxious and watchful behind. They began in the usual way, with the old state-rooms and picture-gallery; and in a short time the party had half forgotten that there was anything unusual in the inspection. When, however, they were half-way down the gallery, Lindores stopped short with an air of wonder. "You have had it put back then?" he said. He was standing in front of the vacant space where Earl Robert's portrait ought to have been. "What is it?" they all cried, crowding upon him, ready for any marvel. But as there was nothing to be seen, the strangers smiled among themselves. "Yes, to be sure, there is nothing so suggestive as a vacant place," said a lady who was of the party. "Whose portrait ought to be there, Lord Lindores?"

He looked at his father, who made a slight assenting gesture, then shook his head drearily.

"Who put it there?" Lindores said, in a whisper.

"It is not there; but you and I see it," said Lord Gowrie, with a sigh.

Then the strangers perceived that something had moved the father and the son, and, notwithstanding their eager curiosity, obeyed the dictates of politeness, and dispersed into groups looking at the other pictures. Lindores set his teeth

and clenched his hands. Fury was growing upon him—not the awe that filled his father's mind. "We will leave the rest of this to another time," he cried, turning to the others, almost fiercely. "Come, I will show you something more striking now." He made no further pretence of going systematically over the house. He turned and went straight up-stairs, and along the corridor. "Are we going over the bed-rooms?" some one said. Lindores led the way straight to the old lumber-room, a strange place for such a gay party. The ladies drew their dresses about them. There was not room for half of them. Those who could get in began to handle the strange things that lay about, touching them with dainty fingers, exclaiming how dusty they were. The window was half blocked up by old armour and rusty weapons; but this did not hinder the full summer daylight from penetrating in a flood of light. Lindores went in with fiery determination on his face. He went straight to the wall, as if he would go through, then paused with a blank gaze. "Where is the door?" he said.

"You are forgetting yourself," said Lord Gowrie, speaking over the heads of the others. "Lindores! you know very well there never was any door there; the wall is very thick; you can see by the depth of the window. There is no door there."

The young man felt it over with his hand. The wall was smooth, and covered with the dust of ages. With a groan he turned away. At this moment a suppressed laugh, low, yet distinct, sounded close by him. "You laughed?" he said, fiercely, to Ffarrington, striking his hand upon his shoulder.

"I—laughed! Nothing was farther from my thoughts," said his friend,

who was curiously examining something that lay upon an old carved chair. "Look here! what a wonderful sword, cross-hilted! Is it an Andrea? What's the matter, Lindores?"

Lindores had seized it from his hands; he dashed it against the wall with a suppressed oath. The two or three people in the room stood aghast.

"Lindores!" his father said, in a tone of warning. The young man dropped the useless weapon with a groan. "Then God help us!" he said; "but I will find another way."

"There is a very interesting room close by," said Lord Gowrie, hastily—"this way! Lindores has been put out by—some changes that have been made without his knowledge," he said, calmly. "You must not mind him. He is disappointed. He is perhaps too much accustomed to have his own way."

But Lord Gowrie knew that no one believed him. He took them to the adjoining room, and told them some easy story of an apparition that was supposed to haunt it. "Have you ever seen it?" the guests said, pretending interest. "Not I; but we don't mind ghosts in this house," he answered, with a smile. And then they resumed their round of the old noble mystic house.

I cannot tell the reader what young Lindores has done to carry out his pledged word and redeem his family. It may not be known, perhaps, for another generation, and it will not be for me to write that concluding chapter: but when, in the ripeness of time, it can be narrated, no one will say that the mystery of Gowrie Castle has been a vulgar horror, though there are some who are disposed to think so now.

DEVIOUS RAMBLES WITH A DEFINITE OBJECT.

NO. III.

IF any true-born Briton, who, from the beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria onwards, has had opportunities at intervals of taking unrestrained rambles on the other side of the Channel, were to examine his thoughts faithfully, and find out what significant fact had most powerfully impressed itself on his mind, I think it likely that he would find it in the vast and unremitting material growth of his own country—of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with the provinces thereto belonging. The growth being a great, unquestionable fact, it may be of interest to examine its physiology, that those who please may estimate its value, and judge how far it is rank, profitless vegetation, or prolific of corn and fruit and flowers. Being no philosopher, I pretend not to solve this question in the present; and being no prophet, I venture not to foretell what the whole is to come to. I think there was a nice subtle touch of sarcasm in the expression of Horace Walpole about a certain ministerial project of his day, when he said he could no more foretell the result than a prophet could. Here was he, master of all the secrets; but this afforded to his practical and political mind no distinct clue to results, and therefore he felt his materials and resources for induction to be no more available than those of the conceited pundits who, no better informed than the rest of their race, can show you the future that is to come out of the resources of their own wisdom and individuality. I desire to be counted, in what I have got to say, as a mere casual observer of obvious

phenomena, and not a reader of the signs of the times.

Looking to the merely external phenomena of our expansion, the most prominent among them is surely the gradual extinction of individual will and action, with the transference of so much of the moral and social dynamics so released to representative communities exercising collective action. "There goes the feudal system," was the observation of a sagacious scholar when he saw the railway in its infancy. That has now established itself in our habits, natures, and thoughts. Its sudden stoppage would be like a disturbance in the solar system. But not the least manifestation of its latent power was its contest with and its victory over resisting prejudices and interests.

I remember what befell an obstinate, self-willed potentate, who resolved to wage war for the feudal system against the new power. He was one of the strong-minded persons ever proclaiming to the world that they are never beaten, and he tested the invincibility of his character by a resolution to continue posting up to his parliamentary duties from Scotland to "Town." In some places he found the old road not merely neglected or obliterated, but enclosed, ploughed up, and cropped. His perfectly-equipped posting-chaise soon sank in fragments under hardships and vicissitudes. Occasionally it was an alternative to our potentate either to accept of hospitality in some labourer's cottage, or be conveyed to the nearest place of public entertainment in the cart that conveyed

the manure to the fields. The great hotels, with their well-stored cellars and army of obsequious attendants, had disappeared. If an inn sufficiently maintained for the members of the farmers' club remained, it was well; but it happened on occasion that the inheritor of the wealth and honours of an ancient line had to herd under the same roof with pedlars, showmen, and vagrants. On the whole, perhaps, none of the members of the class thus thrown in his way had ever endured as much hardship and humiliation in their tramping career as their meteoric visitor had on the occasion that brought them together. He resented the whole affair as something like a personal insult, and freely communicated his griefs among his friends. One of these was Francis Jeffrey, who was not sympathetic, but moralised on the adventure as one of the curious and instructive phenomena that attend on uncompleted social evolutions. It happened that when I last beheld the son of the unfortunate potentate, and the inheritor of his honours, estate, and temper, his amiable face appeared at the window of a first-class carriage, of which he was the sole occupant. So far was he enabled by his wealth to purchase exclusiveness, but so far also was the affluent cotton-spinner or distiller enabled by his wealth to purchase the same commodity. But even this costly bargain was obtained subject to the wants and even the convenience of the community at large. The hours, and other conditions of general public traffic and travelling, must be observed; for it has been proved that the remedy of a special train is dangerous as well as costly. And then it is questionable how far the privilege of hiring unoccupied space can be invidiously carried; and how far, in case of a pressure by *bonâ fide* travellers, a

railway company might be entitled to refuse them the use of the empty space, with no better vindication than that they had been bribed so to do.

But there is another institution more beloved in its life and lamented in its loss than the autonomic travelling organisation of the great man—the “English stage-coach” is virtually gone too. So strong was its hold on the popular mind—and especially on the various classes whose duty and enjoyment lie in the developing of the powers and virtues of horse-flesh—that there are still efforts by a kind of social galvanism to renew its life. In Pall Mall and Regent Street you may still hear the “horn hailing the morn”—larger than its old proverbial dimensions of “a yard of tin.” The official costumes are after the old fashion, only in more perfect taste, and bearing ampler testimony to abundant capital at the command of the projector. The vehicle itself is in the old form made perfect, and enlivened by ever-shining varnish, as if to tell the world

“So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs its drooping head
And tricks his beams, and with new-fangled eye
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.”

The casual public, too, has done its duty in showing that “the ancient spirit is not dead,” and old times are living yet. The whip has his learned and sympathising companions, who note with proper approval or admiration the successful tooling at critical points. In the rumble there are fresh-cheeked country girls, village matrons, and sturdy bucolical gaffers. And yet somehow the whole reminds one of one's foggy contemporaries making spasmodic efforts to renew their youth. I think there was on the whole better taste in Coleridge, when in

those exquisite lines on youth he looked forward to the poetic elements in the locomotive powers of steam :—

“When I was young ! ah, woeful when !
Ah, for the change ’twixt now and then !
This breathing house not built with
hands,

This body that does me grievous wrong,
O’er airy cliffs and glittering sands
How lightly then it flashed along ;—
Like those trim skiffs unknown of yore
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That task no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide !
Naught cared this body for wind or
weather

When youth and I lived in’t together.”

Here he who gave us the weird tale of the murderer of the albatross was the first to see the grandeur of the new force that gave wings to mankind, and to welcome it in song. The full power of originality in these beautiful lines can perhaps be hardly appreciated, save by those who remember the time when they were written. Both to art and sentiment there may be a pleasing union in the distant black hull, with a fiery star in its centre, and a stream of smoke like a sable plume over all, in a calm sea under the influence of unclouded sunset or moonlight. But when the poem of “Youth and Age” was written, there was much trouble in spirit about what was to come of this new invention. It was not met exactly by the denunciation issued by the Chinese Government when a steam-boat was first beheld in Celestial waters—a denunciation to the effect that a smoke-ship with chariot-wheels had appeared, as a climax of the diabolical inventions of the barbarians, and all fortresses were to discharge their guns against the said fire-ship. But throughout the respectable classes of the community there were grave doubts about the future in store for us when such strange phenomena were beheld.

And then the denunciations of the whole affair by the old sea-dogs of navy captains, who were in their full vigour at the epoch of the battle of Trafalgar, was something to be remembered until the end of life by every one who had the privilege of hearing them. No doubt Coleridge, lamenting the coming of old age, heard the growlings against the innovation ; and there seems to be in what he has written a fine touch of sympathy with the visions that in his old age he is not to see the fulfilment of, though a sympathetic glow touches him in the contemplation of the great future of material progress for those who are young and sanguine, as he once was.

I am old enough to remember pious lamentations over the departure of an institution so far from the period of the steam-ship and the railway as to be older than the stage-coach itself—the post-waggon, creeping through the green glades of Old England at the average rate of three miles an hour. And here, again, I recall Jeffrey, who had a vivid recollection of the institution. It is, indeed, a great casual boon to society when men gifted with his power of criticism and description live so long as to carry the impression of departed fashions into a generation too young to have seen them. Suffering in youth from over-study, a medical adviser, surely endowed with unusual gifts both of sagacity and good taste (I believe it was Baillie), recommended to him a ramble over country, with no particular object save the being subjected to the enforced idleness of the lazy, clumsy vehicle, with the imbibing of fresh air and an easy change of scene. He described it as a very enjoyable episode in life ; and his recollections of the affair contrasted pleasantly with the well-known picture of waggon-life by Smollett. But Smol-

lett was a bitter caricaturist in search of the vicious and the odious. Jeffrey's recollections were of cleanliness, ample room, and comfort, both for sleeping and for reading or looking round. The travellers could step out when they pleased, and trudge along the wayside stretch of velvet-green. They could walk on before and ascend the hill, commanding some fine pastoral or woodland panorama, the lazy vehicle at their service making in itself a picturesque element in the scene. The listener, of a later, now an intermediate generation, was reminded of a travelling machine that has now followed its English elder brother to the grave—the old German *eilwagen*, with its *schwager*, your brother-in-law for the day, who placidly at twelve o'clock noon sat down to dinner for an hour at least, unconscious of the question whether the time suited the appetite of his fare or not.

As it is my present purpose to note some features in which our expansiveness and energy contrast with the supineness of our neighbours—or where, if you like the expression better, their sedate equanimity is a pleasing relief to our troublesome restlessness—it is necessary, that I may not incur culpability for what a little metaphysical friend of ours used to call “illogi-
cality in the conditions,” to remember that the railway is known in other places as well as Britain—that it has now even penetrated into far Cathay, where it will probably require to be governed by some new constitution of mandarine force with a new order of buttons. But the railway is essentially a child of British invention and enterprise. British people had to go abroad after as well as before they had railways at home, and it was of necessity that they should take that part of their travelling appointments

with them. I may perhaps note some particulars in which I have found arrangements in railway management in other lands such as we might do well in imitating here; but had not the system been born and reared on this side of the Channel, the old *diligence* and *eilwagen* might still have been, for all we can see to the contrary, the standard travelling organisation over the great highroads of Europe.

We are evidently now in the infancy of vast enlargements of the physical powers at our command. It is not merely that we seek nature to assist us in the winds and waves, that still go for something in steam navigation, and in the force of mill-races; but we are storing up the latent powers of nature in our rival forces of hydraulic and pneumatic pressure. Steam, our active and aggressive slave, catches these as the crimp of old used to catch the negro, and stores them up in bulk for continuous and unlimited service. Steam-driven machinery having been applied to the cutting and smoothing of stone for ashler-work, set in motion certain saws, slicers, and scrapers, for making all smooth. Up starts some mechanical economist, and says, What a waste of power! Why not take possession of the latent powers of resistance in the protrusions and asperities of the stones, and convert them into active powers of mutual destruction? So two stones are rubbed against each other until both are brought by mutual antagonism to a dead level and smooth surface.

The new economised forces are in some respects far more manageable than that powerful, but turbulent and sometimes capricious demon, steam, which has less title than they have to the antithetic encomium that it may be applied alike to rend a rock and to thread a needle. If the economised powers happen to

be stored up in excess, they may break bounds, doing mischief close at hand; but they do not explode like a steam-boiler, and carry destruction afar. The new forces, not created like steam directly by a fiery power, are not, like it, possessed of a demoniac restlessness, requiring a constant mastery and keeping down. Unaltered in their nature, they are taken out of their old limbo of torpor, have a little life thrown into them by the impetuous fiend born of the antipathies of fire and water, and do their spiriting gently but firmly.

We must look through all this expansion of mechanical powers to see corresponding aggrandisement of a kind of despotic control over the free agency of man in the conditions of his daily needs and enjoyments. Individuality in all our ordinary possessions and surroundings disappears as productive machinery expands. The boy of the present day who owns a twenty-bladed knife, and breaks it, is told to be content with his treasure in a fragmentary state until he is in a position to renew it—mending it is an impossibility. He is not in the position of his father and grandfather, who would have found a cutler or a blacksmith skilled enough in job-work to replace the broken blade after a fashion. The boy, therefore, is happy, in ignorance of the privileges enjoyed by the previous generation.

But the whole affair is more serious to his respectable mamma. The poker is broken, there is a hole knocked in the brass pan, the tongs have got a twitch or sprain at the knee-joint, and the flukes are at angles with each other like the crossbill. But there has been no successor to the blacksmith who could do everything. All domestic hardware comes from the great marts, supplied by machinery, and

there is nothing for it but the cruel process of replacement by purchase at the glittering shop where Sheffield and Birmingham goods in the hardware line abound. On the "village blacksmith" there is still a rather tenacious hold by the exigencies requiring wayside horse-shoeing. In old days this was so important an auxiliary to the traveller that the smith's shop was notified in the maps and road-books along with the church and the jail. But this glowing and sonorous feature of village-life seems doomed to annihilation. We shall no longer have its master practically teaching us the moral of the blessing that is to be found in the curse of labour:—

"Thanks—thanks to thee, my worthy friend,

For the lesson thou hast taught!

Thus at the flaming forge of life

Our fortunes must be wrought;

Thus on its sounding anvil shaped

Each burning deed and thought."

Let us be content to retain "The Village Blacksmith" as a sort of fossil embodied in brilliant amber. The world will get on without him.

One might dwell on other departing specialties of past life, whether in Auburn or Pall Mall, which it is hard for some of us fogies to lose; but there are greater sorrows to be endured in almost every life. Goldsmith, in his beautiful sentimentalism, dropped out of the situation the reproductive powers of an expanding community like ours. It was a favourite maxim with him, that the burdensome superfluities of the rich would suffice for the comfortable maintenance of the poor. He did not live in an age when blue-books, trumpeted by newspapers, told of poses containing thirty millions of the savings of our working men, who indulge in a far greater proportion of noxious superfluities than the rich. Let us hope

that somewhere, though it may not be in Auburn, it may ever be the fact that "wealth and plenty cheer the labouring swain"—provided he will keep himself sober.

And now that I have said a cheerful word, let me again fall in, *il penseroso*, in reflecting on the changes in our habits caused by the expansion of manufacturing productiveness. We have to give up the weakness of taking fancies for any of the useful and ornamental, but impermanent, articles that come to our hands in daily life; for they are doomed to an ephemeral existence, like Byrón's gazelles, every one of which, when it fully made his acquaintance and charmed him with its full black eye, was sure to die. Take a fancy to a warm, comfortable make of winter glove, or mitten, or sock, or neckerchief, or fireside slipper. Ask for it next winter, and you get the answer, "It is not in stock now," or, "It is not made this season." The same fate, I doubt not, attends on loves of bonnets and other bright acquisitions of the fair gladness of existence; but they have compensation and consolation in that to have a change is to be fashionable, for fashion is a monster that doth make the meat it feeds on.

Is it, then, in the despotic power of the cotton lords and the other capitalists who wield the manufacturing system, to dictate at every turn of the season wherewithal we are to be clothed? If any class of our community is endowed with a power so far transcendent, I would be inclined to expand towards them Charles Lamb's notion of the cause of the melancholy of tailors—that in a class whose function it is to rescue man from the primeval curse, it is natural that they should be serious, or, if you prefer the expression, melancholy. Surely in the cloth halls there

ought to be a grave sense of responsibility beyond even what is incumbent on Cabinet Ministers, save on occasions of a European crisis.

I have been told that there is some such sense of responsibility, and a desire to exercise the despotic power of fashion by taking the sense of the country. A great house, I am told, will have its patterns for a coming season adjusted for advice before they go to the machine. The traveller takes samples with him, affording confidential inspections of them to all those of the retail dealers with the house whose co-operation is desirable in the successful disposal of the new style of goods, and an epitome of the general opinion is carefully studied at headquarters. The final judgment is thus given with the influence of something like a *plebiscitum* annually. All troublesome vicissitudes in the affairs that touch everyday life of course afflict us more keenly at home than when they meet us abroad, when we are on the tramp and prepared for vicissitudes. But it is impossible to evade the palpable evidence that our neighbours are not subject as we are to ceaseless variation in the small affairs of life, not being, as we are, under the dominion of the demon of mechanical enterprise that has arisen among us, whether it be counted as a curse or a blessing. Paris and its immediate influence are an exception to all other influence where fashion is concerned. On this point I may have a word to say presently; but in the meantime, in the French provinces—in the Netherlands generally—in Germany, north and south—and in Scandinavia,—thirty or forty years seem to make little change in the incidental arrangements of daily life. A vagabond, as I am, is more conscious of this than the conventional tourist,* who

has made, as it were, his own highway for himself; and of course everything in or alongside of it, whether permanent or mutable, is as thoroughly a lateral ramification from Middlesex and Lancaster as unlimited expenditure in obdurate adherence to home customs can make it.

Let me give an instance in the small matter of tobacco-pouches—for Hermann is both thoughtful and practical in all affairs that concern the comfort and enjoyment of *der Tabaksraucher*. With us it will be an occurrence unusually fortunate if, having lost such a form of pouch as you had carefully trained yourself to the use of in 1875, you can replace it in 1876. There is one prevailing feature, however, recurring with more or less offensiveness in each successive annual sample. However ample and commodious the bag may be, the neck is narrow; and when you endeavour to pull out in bulk a sufficiency of the weed for the occasion, the greater part is scattered over your clothing and your books. Occasionally there is some newly-patented improvement for facilitating the exodus of the contents by the contractive force of india-rubber, or some powerful elastic; and the result is, that the bird's-eye, varinas, or cut caven-dish, instead of merely scattering hither and thither, is pitched, by an explosive force, into your eyes, nostrils, and mouth.

The fundamental fabric of Hermann's *raucher-tash*—fundamental in as far as everything else is auxiliary or decorative—is a piece of leather cut in a strict circle. I have just measured my own sample, and it is precisely twelve inches in diameter. Here, then, is ample room for Hermann's performance of the business of the pipe. The tobacco lies in a convenient heap in the middle, and can be handled at ease

without danger of dispersal. Having charged the pipe to his satisfaction, a string is pulled, and the bag, with its contents securely inclosed, is transposed into a globular body, compact, easily pocketable, and, in the language of the commercial traveller, as good "a get up" as the most ambitious of the new and improved makes he travels in. In fact, the simple form, with its absolute utility, gives ample opportunity for decoration; and there is no limit to the incrustations that can be laid over it in buttons, tassels, strings, needlework, and decoration generally. The prevalent decorations of these articles have the aspect of being some century and a half back in time, and perhaps are coeval with the origin of the great institution of smoking in the country where that institution most prevails. Now here, without questioning the advantages—the blessings, if you prefer calling them so—conferred on us by mechanical invention and enterprise, there is something in the old expression "the wisdom of our ancestors," in the regulation of those "common things" of life which affect our daily comforts and enjoyments. The usual appeals to the "wisdom of our ancestors" received a logical stab from the plea that, if it means a reference to the teaching of years of practice, it falls to the share of the generation in existence. Where our grandfathers were novices, it is with us that old experience has attained "to something of prophetic strain." But laws, political institutions, current opinions, and all the forces that affect man gregariously, are continually shifting; while the human being, in his physical structure at all events, remains the same. We drink the same glass of wine and smoke the same tobacco with the same influence that they exercised in the days of the civil wars, but our politics

and institutions have meanwhile gone through changes. And although the Turk has, from gregarious influences, dropped his wine, and the English gentleman is not so fond of his pipe as Squire Western was, let a child of either race be trained up from youth to maturity in the indulgence forbidden by forces political or social, we shall see him take as kindly to it as if his parents and grandparents had loved it. That great practical philosopher, Shylock, gives us the whole theory in a climax: "Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh?" &c.

I recall here the sage remark made to me by one of the greatest physicians of our age. We were lamenting the lack of scholarship in his profession—of a knowledge of its past history and fluctuations—in those even who were most efficiently trained in the modern science which ruled its practice. He said it was to be regretted that the scorn of fallacious or imperfect science should have cut off the student from much practical wisdom as to the features of disease. We must take symptoms even in the present day from the ignorant and stupid family of the sufferer. Why reject the vast mass of clinical observation in the writings of physicians of all nations and ages?

The susceptibilities to pains and pleasures being, as Shylock judiciously remarks, common to all, with casual variations of intensity, the common comforts and enjoyments of life are sanctioned by the

experience of the ordinary human being through successive generations, not by the wisdom or skill of the philosopher. No wine, spirit, or liquor of any kind for the table, comes to us as having been discovered by an eminent chemist—and it is a token of good sense accompanying scientific skill that there is no known instance on record of a chemist having made such an attempt. No doubt liquors have been improved from time to time, and a certain skill has been shown in these improvements; but they have all been developed, not by the inspiration of genius aided by science, but through plodding observation cautiously suggesting improvements, and retaining them if the vulgar herd of human beings ratifies them as good. There has been much sport with the ambition of illustrious cooks, such as Eugene Oude and Soyer, and their aspirations to be grouped with intellectual magnates according to their eminence in their own class. Theodore Hook has left us an amusing sketch of a gifted *chef*, who, having fallen among barbarians unconscious of his accomplishments, communicates his griefs to a brother of the steward, who shares in his sympathies and aspirations. In all material elements he is well off,—good official salary, comfortable accommodation, attendance to the extent of his desires, and little—alas! only too little—to do. It is the old strain so often uttered by the poetic trill, of how many a soul sublime has felt the influence of malignant star, and the wasting of intellectual perfume in the desert air. Existence is for the time enlivened to him by the presence as a guest in the house, of an alderman of the type handed down to posterity in the many anecdotes about Sir William Curtis. This grave and reverend seignior has invented a new *menu*, and it is

communicated to the correspondent with the remark that it is a bold flight of original genius, but it is pervaded throughout by the weakness of the mere amateur. Precisely so. The experience possessed by the practical cook, of the compositions that give satisfaction to the common sensual appetites of the commoners of mankind, will better endow him with the secrets of his art, and prepare him to meet its exigencies, than the highest efforts of the most gifted intellects can achieve. Let the professional in his daily intercourse with smoke and grease take comfort from this, and know that he possesses resources not to be superseded at a touch by the highest intellect in existence. He may rest assured that no commanding spirit shall arise to wrest from him the triumphs of experience, as Scott and Byron superseded the accepted romance and poetry that was in triumphant possession of the public intellect when they first spoke to the world. I hear of lecturers on cookery starting up. I would not have any one attempt to suppress them, or even laugh too much at them. But I don't believe they will create a great revolution in the domestic habits of the inhabitants of Britain. The word just casually used—the word domestic—imports the school for learning as well as the arena for the exhibition of the accomplishments that minister to the physical wants of mankind. Having said that no great chemist ever invented a liquor or a dish, proving his success by coming into use, is equivalent to saying that the inventors of the best specimens of both are unknown; and thus the time and conditions of such inventions are equally unknown, because they are hidden in domestic obscurity, where their evolution is promoted by the slow experience of generations. And the whole of my

pottering goes back to the type of the German's habits as exemplified in his tobacco-pouch, that if we are supreme in the restless developments of science that bestride the globe, and scatter over it our people and their handiwork, in Germany there is to be found among the common people more of the conservative spirit that modifies and improves common things by the influence of generations handing down to their successors the results of their practical experience.

Let us pass from the mere nature and substance of these common things to the decorations that taste and genius can bestow on them. Let us enter into the relations between the materialism and the æsthetics of a dinner-party, where there is to be a meeting of choice spirits around the social board. Of the viands and wines, it may be said that the lapse of a couple of centuries has produced few revolutions likely to change their fundamental character. At all events, there are no revolutionary blessings gained by the abolition of old abuses and enormities. What one learned in gastronomic literature would probably detect is, a lapse from innovation into old-fashioned simplicity, since the cookery-books of the luxurious reign of Charles II. have a superfluity of variations, as people say about music, which would give lively alarm to the student of seventeenth-century social habits had he any reason to apprehend their actual embodiment in the flesh, the vegetables, and other elements of the feast. These are substantially what they were ever so long ago; and neither Liebig's essence nor Australian tins add new elements to the material of the feast—they are only like a new triumph in cookery. But the character of the people assembled, their language, their method of conversation, the topics

discussed by them, all their manners and habits—what countless and indescribable revolutions have they passed through since Mæcenæas spread the table for his reclining guests!

So, too, of drapery. When we have followed up civilisation to the acquisition of comfortable clothing, suitable to the climate of the wearer, we have reached the end of all great revolutions. The method of production may have been changed from time to time, reaping advantage from new inventions tending rather to rapidity than to perfection. But the mere clothing adapted to make either a man or a woman comfortable—apart from decoration or any homage to fashion—consisted of the same fundamental elements two centuries ago as now, though probably they were then more durable than now, and less frequently demanding renewal.

But then the fashions superadded to comfort. Who shall attempt to chronicle their infinite variety, taking the same short period of two centuries, and going no farther than the boundaries of Europe? Those who have given attention to the literature of this department of human nature know how extensive and elaborate it is, and yet how far it is from exhausting the endless shiftings in the phenomena it has to explain.

This is perhaps a rather clumsy approach to the announcement that we are at present in a great vestimentary crisis. There is an interregnum. A great empire is without a sovereign, even the great and absolute empire of feminine fashion. The day of Sedan extinguished it along with the material empire which gave it support, somewhat as the old Roman empire supported the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Bishop of Rome.

For at least a century and a half,

whoever was the feminine head of the French Court—Empress, Queen, or Dauphiness—was by that title the supreme monarch of costume. There seems little immediate chance of this great office being filled. That sad lady whose reverses and sorrows have touched the great heart of the civilised world, will not be likely to seek restoration to the position, were it desirable or even possible to concede it to her. In our own great Court, with its solemn responsibilities and conscientious devotion to the high duties of concentrating the forces of our old and powerful constitutional system, the office, with all its influence, is of too tawdry a kind to be sought; and somehow it would be difficult to imagine the unspoken *ukases* of fashion coming from the Spree or the Neva.

In fact there is anarchy in this empire, and we can see its phenomena varying according to the nature of the different populations. In any of the Continental States where I have recently been, I have failed to observe emphatic change. There seemed to me to be a tacit adherence to the past, any difference tending rather to fading or toning down than to revolutionary reconstruction. With us, however, the effects of the sudden collapse of arbitrary authority are palpable in the fantastic varieties of feminine attire. The variations are so infinite and erratic that they have invaded the domain of male costume for precedents, drawing thence and from other quarters variations sufficient to supply the demand not only for infinite variety but for emphatic contrasts. Patterns have been taken from the costume of the sailor, the jockey, the policeman, the bishop, the university man, the hussar, and the mendicant friar. One form of covering for winter clothing seems as if it were accomplished by fore-

ing the bust into a gigantic worsted stocking, while the next pattern is as heavily decorated with gold and silver trimmings and many-coloured decorations as a herald's tabard.

In one great feature only is fashion true to its old instincts—the accomplishment of the uncomfortable, the troublesome, and in some respects the difficult. We all remember the days of the expanded circumference, when two ladies sufficed to fill a broad pavement—when balloon-looking excrescences of satin and muslin were seen projecting from cab-windows or over the tops of church-pews, and there was serious talk of widening the streets of cities, and revolutionising domestic architecture to make room for inflated womanhood.

Expansion now predominates in the longitudinal direction. The dynamic power of trade generally, supported by the eloquent pleadings of the mercer or the *modiste*, is ever urging superfluous enlargement; and if it be forbidden in lateral expansion, it must dispose itself wherever it can find room, and that must needs be in the rear. So the train, or the tail, as John Knox irreverently calls it, is in a manner created by a conjunction of moral, physical, and economic forces. And yet it is surely the most illogical of ornaments or decorations when mixed up with the sordid conditions of humble or even middle-class life. The philosophy of the train, you see, is, that it shall designate a personage not liable to set foot on any spot not covered with clean soft carpet; or if the serene wearer has to set her foot on ground less accommodating, then it is to be attended by a worshipful corporation of train-bearers, who are as ornamental as they are serviceable. It is a sad antithesis to meet a body of nymphs who have dragged the appendage in a rainy forenoon over the streets of

a crowded town where the scavengers have been on strike for a month. A few years ago, when the responsibility of the expanded circumference was superimposed on that of the train, a tackling of cords and blocks, copied evidently from the gearing for reefing and unreefing of sails, was invented for the relief of the sufferer; now that it is a lighter duty, the hand seems to suffice for it. But besides the inconvenience of being, for all ordinary purposes, one-handed, the holding up of drapery, as if to prevent it from escaping, is an attitude neither dignified nor graceful, and it suggests irreverent ideas about ridiculous calamities.

The train, however, is not absolutely master of the situation. At due intervals it is followed up by a force of beauties in jockey-hats, pilot-coats, or knickerbockers. At the morning call in the drawing-room, when their conveyance has been vehicular, or the streets are abnormally clean, it is easy to predict on which side the preponderance of good taste and fascination will be conceded. But suppose we change the scene to a central railway station—say, when there is a general exodus before Christmas or the Twelfth. The station is already monstrously overcrowded, and the holding of the train by the hand has become a very troublesome and perilous task, when in tumble the additional thousands from an excursion train. I do assure you, that to see these slender, charming creatures, each endeavouring frantically to hold her own in the midst of that swaying sea of troubles, touches one almost to tears.

Then there are people so heartless as to say that this is all along of "the pomps and vanities of this wicked world." Instead of vanity, I see in it solemn, unselfish martyrdom to a cause to which the fair

sufferer is devoted. There are differences of opinion, you know, about the causes that mankind become devoted to; and it is not a liberal way of treating mankind in general to depreciate the causes—religious, political, or social—to which our brethren or our sisters are devoted. Devotion itself is, to all worthy and liberal minds, an object of respectful admiration, and the annals of fashion reveal to us an abundant martyrology. In one of the most amusing books of instruction ever written—the ‘*Tableau de Paris*’ of Louis Sebastian Mercier—we have minute descriptions of social as well as political conditions in France, when all was to be turned topsy-turvy by the great Revolution. He sat cynically watching the whole as it passed before him; and by going backward a little way on the authority of others, he left for us sketches touching, to use his own words, “*tous les changements possibles depuis la destruction des parlements jusqu’à l’adoption des chapeaux rond.*” He differs from most of the annalists of that period—indeed, of those dealing with any period in France—in that he is not a mere Court painter, but relieves his pictures by groups from the workshop, the humble tavern, and the kennel. Hence we are told not only the fashion of great people’s equipages, feasts, and toilets, but in what manner and with what means humble folks imitated them.

Before the great levelling downwards began, there were people who tried the process of levelling upwards—in other words, they mimicked their betters, and desired to pass themselves off as people of higher condition than they were either born to or had achieved. It is an ancient weakness of the human race, and likely yet to have a long existence. The great impediment

to its exercise then, as ever since, was its cost; and this, invention was set at work to mitigate. For instance, a *coiffure* of soaring genius had invented a covering for the head by a judicious use of certain plasters, unguents, and mineral powders, so as to produce a good model of the snowy mountain that the natural hair could be converted into by pomatuming and powdering; and the advantage of the new invention was its being of a permanent fabric. It would last, and was consequently economical. But there were disastrous impediments to the duration of this happy substitute. The wearer became sensible of irritations aggravating into tortures, with a general sense of some unknown horror pervading the imprisoned head, and the physician had to interpose. It was found that between the hard surface of the plaster drum or helmet and the skull, a certain politic community of worms had found for themselves a comfortable place of abode. There they fed, reared their offspring, transacted the ordinary business of life, and buried their dead.

But even those who could legitimately enjoy the glories of powder and pomatum had their trials. I remember being told, by a venerated kinswoman, of the scene when it was announced to her, in common with the other members of a small feminine community, that the crisis had come when they had to pass between the conditions of girl and lady. They discussed the many torturing devices in steel, whalebone, and timber for expanding the farthingale and attaching it to the victim. Then there was the vision of the pomatum, and the white dust injected by the torturing powder-bellows. I remember, in my very early days, this formidable missive machine being found by boys in old lumber-rooms, and put to wicked

use in the playground or anywhere else where petty torture might be inflicted with safety. The conclusion of the little history detailed to me was, that the damsels referred to, when they had fully discussed the whole affair and seen the full significance of the announcement, finished their sitting with a general fit of weeping and wailing.

But they got over it, and then comes the other side of the picture. The same informant was fond of dwelling on the horrors of the times when last century was drawing to an end, and among these horrors was the unnatural change in the aspect of ladies and gentlemen. There is something in fashion that educates the eye, and gradually absorbs the whole senses of its owner into a condition of helpless subservience. I think the philosophy of the causes and phenomena of this influence on the intellect has not been sufficiently expounded; but I am no philosopher, and must let it alone. My informant told me that when she first saw unpomatumed and unpowdered heads on the shoulders of certain grandees—none but leaders in rank and fashion could have ventured on so audacious an innovation—there was a sentiment through all others present as if a great indecorum had been committed. There were rash things done in that day by people in high place, who had been swept off their feet in the sympathetic current, that in some measure, even in sedate Britain, became auxiliary to the wild storm of the first French Revolution; and so the untidied female heads were an offensive symptom of it. It was difficult to decide—it was scarcely worth while deciding—which form of barbarism was most or least offensive: colour—black, golden, or auburn; condition—curls or braid: any way, there was offence. And then the eyes were lost: whatever their col-

our—blue, hazel, grey, or black—they were dependent on the grand framework of white, and were lost without it. Never more was dustman to exclaim to duchess, "Let me light my pipe at your eyes." Such sensations of distaste and aversion deepened as the innovations spread, and in their spreading kept company with all the bloody horrors of the Revolution in France and the terrors inspired by sympathetic symptoms in this country. Whatever was associated with the elegant ease of patrician life—the grand sweep of the garments, the perfumes, the prevalence of pure white as accompanying the lustre of gems and rich-coloured satins and velvets—was gone, all gone, and with it all, whatever of chivalrous and divinely loyal existed among mankind. We have got over all this; but the retrospect is instructive, and the lesson it teaches may be strengthened and improved by more recent experiences. Whatever had been set up to be admired, revered, worshipped by men, must be torn down and annihilated. The artificial had predominated in fashion; so the artificial must be pulled down, and the natural put in its place—the natural in costume being that which sufficeth for shelter and decorum. But neither the Declaration of Rights nor the *chapeau rond* was permitted to remain as a type of perfection attained by the exercise of pure reason. We have had aspirations after the sublime and beautiful in the several shapes of the macaroni, the dandy, the buck, the blood, and the swell; and we have had kings, priests, and prophets of fashion, as in George Brummel and Count d'Orsay.

Though we owe the present state of the æsthetics of female costume, as the great revulsion of eighty years ago, to the same cause—a French revolution—there is a mighty dif-

ference between the two effects. There is at present no sense expressive of hatred or revulsion against anything. No one begrudged the beautiful imperial votaress her supremacy in costume or in anything else, and most of us would rather see her back again than see many other things that we are obliged to see. There is anarchy without turbulence, for there are no chiefs or leaders of the several forms in use, and therefore no spirit of rivalry and subjection. But old experience teaches us that a despotism in fashion will some day resume its sway, and we may amuse ourselves by guessing where it is to be found.

Some people are seeking a religion in science—something self-assertive of its own omnipotence, that will put down all the creeds, so that the whole motley world of priestcrafts, intolerances, polemics, religious contests, and religious rivalries shall be “lapped in universal law.” Suppose, for the mere amusement to be afforded by the idea, we should seek the coming empire over fashion at the same source. We are not to suppose that a new, exact science is to spring up, finding by pure induction the correct æsthetic in the matter of bonnets, cloaks, and shawls. We must search in a humbler region—the extension of the mechanical powers: let us, in the language of the market, look at the prospects of machine-made clothing. Gradually we see a process from that abstract creation of the textile fabrics accomplished in the steam-engine, the spinning-jenny, and the power-loom, to an invasion and appropriation of the human frame, so as to dictate wherewithal we shall be clothed. The dictation comes to be of that absolute kind that affords no alternative. I have suggested it already in the absolute removal at the end of each season of the secondary adjuncts of our cloth-

ing, and that without consideration for our tastes and habits. However much they may have suited us and gained our esteem, they are gone like the dishes of Sancho Panza at Barataria. Hats and shoes have recently been added to gloves and stockings among the machine-made commodities of commerce. Where I write there is a strike among the working shoemakers; and with the admirable tact that distinguishes all the strategy of the leaders of combinations and trades-unions, it is announced alongside with the establishment of a wareroom for the sale of steam-made shoes.

Look at the progress of button-making. It was natural, while the button was homogeneous—made entirely out of wood or metal, whalebone, horn, or mother-of-pearl—that it should be struck by a die, and that machinery should gradually engross the several processes of preparation for the final stroke. But what a marvel of mechanical growth we find in the composite machine-made button! There passes slowly in at one end a stream, as it were, of sheet-iron, wire, silk, cotton, and pasteboard; and from the other end there falls a dazzling shower of resplendent buttons, the several elements adjusted to each other with perfect symmetry, and fastened into each other with a firmness not to be achieved by any human hand, though armed with hammer, chisel, and forceps. A reflective mind can find poetic associations and solemn lessons in the button. Lear cries out, at the crisis of his agony, “Pray you, undo this button;” and there is among the grand Shakespearian tropes “one whose hard heart is buttoned o’er with steel.” To find the highest social influence achievable by the Button we must of course go to Celestial China. But it has had its influence among us. The revolution that swept

away the powder and pomatum was also instrumental in abolishing the soldier's buttoned gaiter—an institution requiring a special industry and many curious mechanical devices; and the relief thus afforded was considered as something to be balanced against the mischiefs of revolutionary principles. Speaking about buttons—a mysterious awe is inspired when we find that the authors of the '*Dictionnaire de Trevoux*,' who get credit for explaining everything that is unexplained elsewhere, tell us: "*Des boutons de diamans*," says the member of the community to whom the elucidation of this topic was committed; "*des boutons d'orfèvrerie; des boutons d'étain, de jeton, de jay. Des boutons d'or, d'argent, de fil, de soye, de crin. Des boutons à queue. On trouve, dans la mauvaïse Latinité du xii. ou xiii. siècle, 'Bottones' pour la même chose, et 'manicæ aliquid botonate;*" mais je ne trouve nulle part l'origine de ce mot." He thinks it fair to say, however, that the mighty master of all curious lore, Giles Menage, "*dérive ce mot de 'pulsare,' parce que les boutons viennent aux arbres quand ils poussent;*" and "*Les boutons des habits n'ont été dits que par ressemblance à ceux des arbres.*" The button, like everything valuable, has its contemners, and we have the significant figure of speech, "*not worth a button.*" Our great lexicographer does not condescend to furnish us with any elucidations of this expressive use of the small commodity, nor is it likely that any of his successors in the lexicographical chair have made up for this deficiency. It is therefore characteristic of the different kind of spirit influencing the compilers of the '*Trevoux*' to read, "*On dit d'une chose qu'on méprise, qu'on n'en donneroit pas un bouton;*" and here is another usage picked up from French life—

"On dit proverbialement, qu'une chose ne tient qu'à un bouton, pour dire, qu'elle tient à peu de chose." I think I have come across this metaphor in some old English book; but the nearest thing that I can recall to it is in one of Galt's novels, where a drunken laird died of apoplexy in the middle of a hard drinking-bout, and the revellers carried his mortal remains to his bereaved family, "*wi' his heed hangin' like an ill-sewed-on button.*" Still another expressive use of the word among the French. It is applied to the decorations of the countenance from imperfect action of the blood—"et souvent pour avoir fait excès de vin;" hence a saying, "*Son pourpoint n'a plus qu'un bouton, et son nez en a plus de trente*"—very expressive; but so is this, for a more pleasing kind of expressiveness—"On appelle figurément et poétiquement une bouche petite et vermeille, '*un bouton de rose.*'"

But to return to our buttons in their legitimate daily use. There can be no question that they are to be attached to our clothing by machinery, if that achievement has not been already accomplished. And here comes the next question, Shall we be able to do our buttoning and unbuttoning by machinery? Shall our clothing not only be made for us, but put on and taken off by the practical ministry of the new religion born of science? Though one shudders a little at the first conception, yet on its negative side—looking not at that which it gives, but that which it takes away—the prospect is not unpleasant. Calculate on the quantity of labour that a civilised man, who has reached the age of eighty years, and is still hale and healthy, has performed in this duty of life, or has endured the performance of by others—and all, as the witty Osborne remarks, on account of the eating of that fatal apple.

I have heard of a man who had health, wealth, the enjoyment of an attached family, and all that is supposed to render one's way of life desirable, abandoning all, crossing the Atlantic, and setting up his wigwam in some remote tribe of Red Indians—and all because, as he expressed it, life at home was nothing but “an unintermitting succession of buttonings and unbuttonings.” I wonder if something of the same kind drove Byron abroad among the Greeks and Turks? I have a special reason for suggesting that question, because I know that he exhibited in early life a decided malignity towards buttons—it was long remembered by one who had been his school-fellow, and was incidentally a victim of the evil spirit so set at work. It happened in that old burgh school of Aberdeen, where, among the boys who did not invariably wear shoes and stockings, and paid—or, at least, those among them who could afford paid—seven shillings and sixpence each quarter of a year, the discovery one morning that a lord had dropped among them produced a sensation well remembered by the readers of Moore's Life. Beside this so gorgeously-plumaged bird was perched one of the ordinary kind natural to the institution, who yet became a man of mark in his day—Dr William Knight, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Marischal College of Aberdeen. He was not one of those who filled the ear of fame, yet he was a man of curious and uncommon knowledge, with a faculty for using his resources eloquently, and, all in all, one of the men that those who come across them never entirely forget. When Byron and he were at school together, boys whose parents could afford finery for their sons sprouted out in buttons; and Knight was, it seems, especially buttony. One

day, on looking downwards, he was conscious of a dimness in his clothing—the buttons were all gone. Byron had cut them off. Surely there was something in this characteristic of the sort of father of the man that the boy of eight years old developed. The means of retaliation for such tricks were only too abundant. Byron's mother, who was not celebrated for good taste, distinguished him by dressing him in a red jacket, and he distinguished himself by domineering manners, varied by occasional bursts of rage.

But let us return to the probable extension of the dominion of science as exhibited in machinery over the human being. It is where the necessity of something that will get over difficulties both rapidly and effectively is most keenly felt that the intervention of machinery comes in aid. There is one sphere where rapid change of raiment is eminently desirable—the stage; and there it may be expected that if dressing and undressing by steam-power or hydraulic pressure is to be accomplished, it shall make its first entrance. The shifting of scenery is now accomplished by machinery moved by hydraulic pressure. Among the novelties achieved by this new method, we have heard of an actual cataract of water descending into a gulf. On the other hand, one is told that the most serious calamity attending the employment of the new force was in this, that a Saxon having to perform a part in the garb of old Gaul, was not sufficiently aware of the expansiveness of his robes to keep clear of the roller that carried up the mountain-scene he had been performing in, with the result of presenting a spectacle of limbs dangling at a perilous elevation. A signal was sent to the dark recesses under the stage to let down slowly, and by the touching of a handle the unspon-

taneous acrobat was safely placed on the stage.

Perhaps, before the machinery extends to dressing and undressing, it will accomplish the entrance and removal of the performers. Already in the great hotels the traveller is handed by a polite steam-engine from the entrance-hall to the bedrooms and back again. And among the theatrical improvements I have referred to we may see a rather suspicious-looking cylinder or spout, by which the hydraulic machinery that shifts the scenery can spit into the clouds a sprite, an angel, or a devil, according to the exigencies of the piece performed.

If there is anything alarming in the prospect of further advances in the establishment of the supremacy of natural laws as expressed in the practical application of science to machinery, it is comfortable to reflect that the almost undisputed sway of the new empire will be with us. In other departments of the struggle of life our supremacy may be matter of dispute. There are people—and highly-educated people, too—who deny our claims to political wisdom, and blaspheme against the article of creed that our constitution is “the envy of surrounding nations and the glory of the universe.” In metaphysics, the mathematics, poetry, music, painting, sculpture—all the æsthetics—we make no claim of excellence likely to remain unassailed. But in machinery we are supreme. It is the one field in which we can meet and beat all the world. It was a favourite maxim of Napoleon the Great that France being strongest on land, and Britain strongest at sea, the great problem was to get at us on the element of our weakness; but fortunately, that where our strength lay was strong enough to protect us from such a critical ordeal. Perhaps we made a narrow escape then,

in keeping the element where we were supreme; but our supremacy in mechanical development incurs no such risk. It will be curious to watch the conflict of social and commercial dynamics that will attend the assertion of such a supremacy. It would be perhaps deemed a ludicrous conclusion that the British manufacturer is to supersede the Empress of the French in the throne of fashion. Whatever supremacy is obtained will be modified as it is in this country by the kind of plebiscite I have attempted to describe—the method of obtaining the judgment of the local dealers on each novelty. What a district likes, is the article that will sell in it. But still the practice at home leads to the conclusion that a considerable amount of dictation will come from the manufacturing authorities. Numberless articles, peculiarly English in their origin and nature, are already accepted in the ordinary Continental markets, especially those of the Teutonic countries. Nay, in that very institution where Hermann is most absolute—the organisation of his smoking apparatus—his home has been invaded. There are not only pipes of English manufacture; but that commodious form of the tobacco-pouch to which I have offered my respects as a model of perfection, finds a successful rival in the inconvenient British substitute, through the powerful influence of underselling. Somewhat to my surprise, I have in Norway bought tobacco with the names of London firms, as a testimony to its excellence, but retailed in packages and canisters of a pattern I never saw in the British dominions. Norway is a country that does not, of course, grow its own tobacco. There is much manipulating to suit the tobacco-leaf to the tastes of smokers—so much, that we hear of tobacco manufacturers,

as if the character of the treatment it passes through were of more moment than the nature of the original vegetable ; and although we all know that the duty on tobacco in this country is far higher than that exacted in Norway or any Continental State, yet we also know that the duty is remitted on exportation ; and thus the British manufacture may compete with the foreign, and in some instances successfully, as I can testify to the extent of my own investments in the commodity. In Norway I have also seen wine that ought to be pure from the grapes of Portugal commended to the purchaser as genuine London port : however it may be in matter of fact, this can scarcely be intended as a homage to British manufacturing skill and enterprise. It happened to me last summer to buy a packet of letter-paper in Bonn. I desired thin German paper ; and I thought I must have purchased a native commodity, since the dealer proclaimed it to be the finest paper made anywhere. It turned out to be thick and creamy—of a quality, I daresay, made nowhere out of Britain ; and by an odd coincidence it brought up, in a crowd of reminiscences of a well-remembered spot, an old house, with high old trees round it, on the banks of a brawling river north of the Grampians. Certain forebears of mine owned and lived in that house before it became a paper-mill, and there the packet of paper bought by me under the shadow of the grand old Norman church of Bonn boasted that it had been made.

A little more knowledge than we possess of the British-made commodities that have found their way into foreign markets would be interesting instruction, especially if we could distinguish those candidly professing to be of British make

and fashion, and claiming acceptance accordingly, from those that disguise their origin and modestly mix themselves up with the native produce of the place where they are sold, pretending to no higher merit. It is often put as a formula of the manufacturing potency of our United Kingdom that cotton is brought to it over ten thousand miles of transit to be manufactured into cloth, and is sent back in that shape to be worn by the humble children of the soil who rear the cotton-plant. One would like to know whether, in the early stages of such a market, the native fabric was faithfully imitated in the British substitute ; and if so, what has been the subsequent history of the substitution. Is it still like the native article ? and if not, how and by what gradations did it change ? Old people remember well the heaps of Nankin trousers that used to be brought over as relics of the wardrobes of retiring servants of the East India Company. The fabric was in great esteem. It was not so regular in warp and woof as the machine-made samples at home ; and it was maintained that to imitate it by machinery was impossible ; but machinery has overcome many impossibilities since that day. It happened to me once to be shown through the warerooms of a silk manufactory. From what I heard and saw there, I inferred that had the owners of the establishment not known that I had no connection with the silk trade—indeed with any trade—I would never have found admission to the secret deposit of their gorgeous treasures. Astonished by the softness, richness, and deep warm colours of the fabrics, I asked where such articles could be purchased, for surely I had never seen the like in any dealer's shop. They hoped that I was quite correct in that belief.

It was the endeavour of the firm that no British dealer should touch a single yard of these samples—they were all for the Levant market.

Take another instance, where the subtlety of manufacturing and trading influence had been exemplified by an article at the other extremity in the scale of beauty and costliness. Several years ago—before the cotton famine—persons who took a theoretical interest in the quotations of the markets noticed that the commerce in “domestics” was enlarging, and argued from it an increase in our capacity for home or domestic consumption. Now the history of domestics was this: In the struggle to keep up in the Northern States of America a conquering rivalry with British manufactures, certain cotton fabrics were called “domestics.” They were heavy fabrics—strong and lasting, as it was said, but certainly of a character of structure far from the finish of the Manchester school of manufactures. The patriotism of the citizen was appealed to for the support of this manufacture, and it was understood that the clumsiness of the fabric would aid the patriotic spirit in enabling it infallibly to recognise its own child. Well, the British “domestics” were made in imitation of this article with a due amount of factitious clumsiness; and the manufacture prospered in Lancashire, because the fabric could be carried to America at a rate underselling the local commodity. Now, in such instances as these—especially in that of the oriental silks—it would be curious to know, as I have already hinted, how long the commodity maintained that absolute identity with the native produce that had gained its admission to the market; and whether, perhaps by some subtle and almost imper-

ceptible transformation, it gradually emerged from its oriental characteristics, creeping towards those of common fashionable textures, and accordingly corrupting the taste of the weavers into that of the pushing, commercial gent who travels in a crack article for a first-class house in the soft line.

Has it ever happened to you, after a long and interesting conversation with a casual inmate of the commercial room, whose intelligence and politeness have recommended him to your distinguished favour,—that, suddenly changing his bland aspect of gentlemanly politeness, he has lapsed into a different order of politeness sacred to certain classes of commercial transactions, and producing an open box, introduces its contents to your notice with something like this: “Charming article, sir. First appearance, sir, of the great novelty of the season! Observe what a perfect combination of chasteness with richness! pattern strictly geometrical, yet luxuriously free; colours alike contrasted and harmonious. Now, sir, I can let your good lady and her amiable daughters have that article a day before the retail trade, and so your family would be the first to display it in Poppleton Magna. I know I ought not to do this. It is a risk; but then I stand well with my firm, and can serve a friend, and was so charmed with your sound opinion on a currency at once expansive and secure.”?

I put the question to you, because I have been speaking so much about trade, and so practically as I hope, that as I get on in the same strain, I think it not impossible that a suspicion may arise in the reader's mind that I am insinuating into his notice something like a long advertisement. I therefore take the opportunity of assuring you and him, that if I admitted

myself to have anything to do with trade, I would be a gross impostor. No one who knows me would trust me with a transaction or a commission. I cannot expect the reader to remember my announcement that I have had a deal of wandering in my day—wandering after a definite purpose—and that I have thus been carried, as it were, through the strata which retain the tourist. But this definite object of mine is

as far apart from commerce as the differential calculus is from the quantification of the predicate. I have been capable of preserving the most placid equanimity when I have seen the whole population of the commercial room thrown into wild excitement by an announcement that pigs have suddenly become lively in the Black Country, and hence many of the damped furnaces have been blasted.

A WINTER REVERIE.

I LOOK with some covetousness on the indefatigable energy of that man who is always working his muscles when he is not asleep. It is to be suspected that he in his turn regards with contempt one at all given to musing and the encouragement of fancy. Meditation seems to him but an excuse for idleness: for, saith he, only be doing something in earnest, and your mind will be employed as well as your body; but when your body is idle you simply dream. I have known a man go forth into the snow-drift or the storm because he could not bear to be left to his own thoughts; and I have known a man go round his whole fraternity, begging votes for the advancement of dinner by a couple of hours or so, because the circumstances of the day forbade exercise or amusement. With all deference to my active friends, I think that a book or the indulgence of fancy for an hour or two would be a less evil than being impelled by one's vigour to encounter tempests or to vex the cook. That musing may be enjoyed too often and too much, is certain; but not to possess the faculty of musing must be a defect of incalculable magnitude. Imagi-

nation will gratify when nothing else can; when the elements are not to be braved or the cook inexorable, or haply when sickness or other durance may cruelly deny bodily exercise, and throw the sufferer back upon the resources of his own mind. I desire, I say, to have ready for the occasion that may require it, some of the energy of my active friends; but I would not purchase it at the price of my imagination, such as that is. Even when the sky is blue and the air soft, I must sometimes loiter in the shade; but in the frowning days and long uneventful nights of a Northern winter, life would be intolerable if the brain did not hold a world which can be adventurous and full of moving accidents—while the actual world, its sights and noises, its struggles and changes, are shut out and as though they were not. The winter's day may attract one abroad, and have its short-lived enjoyments in perfection; but the winter's night—then it is that one draws upon the fund within, and delights to have the call answered.

“Come, ev’ning, once again, season of peace;
Return, sweet ev’ning, and continue long!

Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
 With matron step slow moving, while
 the night
 Treads on thy sweeping train ; one hand
 employed
 In letting fall the curtain of repose
 On bird and beast, the other charged for
 man
 With sweet oblivion of the cares of day."

But gentle and delightful as is Cowper's song about the long evening, conceived in the plenitude of the enjoyment of home, his heart seems to have been altogether with the busy world beyond him, though he was absent from that world in the body. The parliamentary debate, the news from the seat of war, the advertisements, the theatres and other shows, are what amuse him at second-hand, while he sits at his tea-table and his fireside. He finds considerable pleasure, too, in condemning the ways in which people less appreciative than he of domestic joys choose to pass their evenings—is, in fact, very intolerant of all the agents who have contributed to his entertainment, their chief offence appearing to be that they don't prefer a dish of tea to a bowl of punch, and can find some faster way of passing their time than sitting in an easy-chair by the fire in a nightcap and slippers. The man who cannot on occasion enjoy his *otium* by the fireside is much to be pitied ; but his neighbour who does appreciate that enjoyment has no right to sneer down every other. Cowper, however, though he has helped me to express my welcome of the evening-tide, does not help me at all as to description of the manner of enjoying an evening (or any other quiet) hour which I had in view when I just now began to write. I was not then thinking of newspapers or denunciations of harmless recreations or of tea-cups, but of the pleasure of reverie—of the joy of looking into a world which I

people myself for my own gratification. No care of what the outer world may be doing now, nor of printed accounts of what it did yesterday, but a commerce with airy nothings and boundless excursions of fancy, while

"Glowing embers through the room,
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom ;
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth."

That last scrap has guided me to the poet who has expressed my present feeling. I am thinking of old legends, old experiences, old imaginations which were never facts, scenes which were never acted in the flesh, dreams that will never be fulfilled, adventures, passions, virtues, such as great bards

"In sage and solemn tunes have sung
 Of turneys and of trophies hung ;
 Of forests and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear."

Milton calls contemplation a cherub, proving by that expression alone, if he had not spread out his gorgeous thoughts on the subject, how he regarded this power. While pretending to no more than catalogue the principal fields in which imagination disports herself, he has, by his choice of words and images, raised up a marvellous tribute to her excellences. How ready is every reader when he reaches the concluding lines of "*Il Penseroso*" to subscribe the same sentiment which they contain ! how entirely has his mind been charmed into the confession which the poet has expressed for him—

"These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
 And I with thee will choose to live!"

What I am writing now under the rays of my lamp, I dreamt this winter in a chamber without a lamp or any other light save the "glowing embers," amid lurid shadows, in silent, legendary hours. Some-

times I have awaked to notice the ticking of the clock or the beating of the hail—a pleasant interval, followed, haply, by a dream more absorbing than before; generally I have been companionless, except when my cat (never exhibited, but safe to take a prize at any show) may have stolen in, noiseless as a ghost, and a rotatory mist has seemed to settle itself opposite me on a footstool after emitting two rather dull flashes in each revolution. But the hours so spent have not been dull: contrariwise, I have generally returned from my solitude to the work-a-day world “creeping like a snail, unwillingly.” Just now I came with an effort into the lamplight, with blinking eyes that did not glisten at the sight of pen and ink. I had been trying (not quite successfully) to remember Milton’s piece from which I had been quoting, and my halting memory forced me to a consideration of each particular word as I picked it up. One can hardly make this scrutiny of one of Milton’s poems without being convinced of that power of mere words, aptly used, to stir up emotions of which Burke speaks in his essay on the “Sublime and Beautiful.” It came home to me with such new force when I thus slowly joined the lines, that I had written a page or two on the suggestive properties of the phrases in “*Il Penseroso*,” when, by great good luck, I bethought me of turning to Macaulay’s celebrated essay on the poet. There I found all that I had been trying to express, and a great deal more that I had not thought of at all, set forth with a master-critic’s skill; so thereupon the sponge was applied to my fine observations, for which act of self-mutilation the reader, I hope, will give me thanks. In case, however, it may have happened to the said reader, as it did to me, to have let

slip Macaulay’s exposition (owing, probably, to having read and admired it generally, but without testing it by a study of some particular passages of Milton), he cannot, I think, do better than turn to that page (near the beginning) of the essay where “the most striking characteristic of the poetry of Milton” is described and illustrated, at the same time placing a volume of Milton, open at the “*Penseroso*,” on his desk. I am much mistaken if, without turning a leaf of either book, he will not find amusement for a good part of an evening. I recollect reading how Dr Johnson, in speaking of his self-culture, said that he had always, from very early times, studied how to deliver what he had to say in the most forcible terms he could invent. And surely the great Samuel is forcible enough; but his is the force of the lexicographer or the pedagogue, who does not leave you a chance of misunderstanding him, and whose *ferula* seems to be upraised for the benefit of any dunce who may not imbibe the proffered instruction. Very different is the force, the charm rather, with which Milton’s words operate. They are not addressed to the understanding, but to the heart; every one has affinity with some profound feeling of our natures—every one can make us see visions and dream dreams.

What Macaulay has explained concerning Milton’s power in phrases helps to settle another question which, I perceive, has exercised critics and biographers not a little. It is the question whether Milton, with all his learning and majesty and sublimity, possessed that tenderness of feeling, that sensibility of the ordinary passions, which in most cases are chief ingredients of the poetic temperament. Now, if he knew how, by the merest hint, to excite these ordinary passions, he

must have understood them; and, if he understood, he must have experienced them. He had not the softer feelings of humanity, say some; he had them, but the grander subjects of poetry were more congenial to him, and he would not stoop to the minor passions, say others; he could be as pathetic as Philomel, maintain a third party, but he was master of so many modes of the lyre that he could not be for ever inditing stories or strains of passion. The two first-mentioned classes of critics say much the same thing, because it matters little whether the poet was destitute of sensibility, or whether his sensibility was overpowered and extinguished by his grandeur of conception—in either case it was not his congenial vein. These, of course, go to his epics for support of their opinions. But the third class will point to the lyrical pieces in proof of what Milton could do with the affections when he chose. His biography shows how from his youth he educated himself to be not only a heroic poet but a superior man—how all his life long he was gaining the mastery over his earthly feelings and endeavouring to fix his mind on things eternal. In his spring-time he not only felt acutely, but he discovered the very sources of feeling. As he ripened, he turned from this to him exhausted field, and aspired, at last exclusively, to those walks wherein only the most excellent poets have made good their footing. He went into a higher form, and left the subjects and the language of the lower, in which he had shown himself a proficient while he followed them. He had no defect; but when he found that he could scale heaven and sound hell, he did not care to occupy himself longer with the accidents of terrestrial life.

I have one more observation to make about Milton, and that is in answer to those who say that, although he could imagine and describe the volcanic passions of demons, he had never taken the pains to investigate the intricacies of the human mind. That he did not occupy himself with the portraiture of character as his great contemporary did, is sufficiently patent; but that he understood something of the art, may easily be proved from his works. What, for instance, can be more profound than the workings of Eve's mind, which at last decide her to involve Adam in the punishment which she had incurred? At first she inclines to keep secret from her husband the knowledge she has acquired, pleased with the idea that she may now become his equal—possibly his superior in some things; at any rate, that she may always know how to retain his love. Then it occurs to her that the threatened punishment of death may yet be carried into effect; and the horrible thought rises, that if she should suffer alone, after she is no more another Eve may be created to take her place in Adam's affections—"a death to think," as she says. After this she hesitates no longer, but resolves that Adam shall die with her. Adam's voluntary sacrifice for her sake is also worth studying when the poet's power to probe the springs of human actions is being investigated.

To descend a little from Milton's level, but not to leave yet the subject of poetry, are we not again and again told, by the lawgivers in that province, that contrasts are necessary in the characters of the story, for without variety of dispositions it will be tedious and insipid? I ask the question because my eye has lighted on a volume of poetry (seldom very distant from me), en-

closing a story which has had some success in the world, and which I—and, I fancy, many beside me—look upon as one of the most delightful that ever were written; yet which is remarkable for the similarity of the dispositions of its chief actors—which wants even the accustomed evil mind to complicate the plot and to divert the reader's attention from the combined contemplation of those whom he must needs admire. It is Scott's 'Lady of the Lake' that I am alluding to. Its reputation has been acquired in spite of its want of a villain, and in spite of the natural likeness of its heroes—for they are all heroes. Roderick, Douglas, Fitzjames, Malcolm, possess all of them nearly the same qualities; the difference is in the circumstances which surround them. All are alike brave, chivalrous, and generous according to their lights. Roderick's outlawry has raised in him a ferocity which is evidently foreign to his nature; but, putting this aside, there is scarce anything to distinguish their characters, though their fortunes are very various. Out of their conflicting positions the poet has wrought variety enough to make his tale charming. Again, there is not an unamiable person in the whole piece (for Red Murdoch is hardly worthy to rank as one of the characters). Even the rugged John of Brent is more like a knight than a trooper. I don't think I would recommend poets in general to come before the public with such a meagre *troupe*; but it is pleasant, after the feat has been achieved, to see how genius can triumph over rules.

By the way, it is worthy of remark (if I am saying what has been said before, I do so in ignorance that the observation is old)—it is worthy of remark, I say, that two of Scott's characters may be said to

be one and the same person: Lord Marmion and the Templar. Each is haughty, brave, distinguished, a capable leader; each is privately a free-thinker; each has disgraced his knighthood by an act of duplicity, entailing the greatest consequences on another; each has been tempted to dishonour by the power of love; each is vanquished in fight, not by the superior prowess of his adversary, but by the stress of his own consciousness, for

“Sinful heart makes feeble hand.”

Brian, under the Tudors, would have been Marmion; and Marmion bearing the red cross would have been Guilbert.

Out of the above reverie, I fell away into another, led by some guiding web whose course I can by no means remember. Certain it is that I was taken in the spirit far enough away from Sir Walter's works, for I found myself imagining a hard case in philosophy. From his historical tales, and the many and great changes which they indicate, I was led to think of the fixed and unchangeable working of the earth itself, on which all these transitions occur, and of the system of which the earth is a part. It is impossible to make a true picture of the world, or of any part of it, as it was in a bygone time; but astronomers can map out the heavens as they were at any period since the creation. *They* have been ordered according to the same immutable laws which we see in operation this day. At least, so philosophers tell us. But then it is a fair question to ask, How do philosophers know? There has been no appreciable change within their recollection, or within the period of which we possess authentic records; but how long is that? We have pretty sure proof that, ever since men were capable of recording any-

thing, the sun has risen and set, and that there have been a moon and stars in the sky; but we have not proof of much more until we come down to comparatively modern times. The assumption that the mechanism of the heavens has gone on equally and unchangeably since the Creator's impetus was first given to it, is but an assumption. It is extremely probable that the heavenly bodies obey a law given to them once for all, and that they are not forced and guided in their courses from day to day and from hour to hour. But a fixed law may include some acceleration or retardation (like the rate of a chronometer); and this rate, although it might not lead to much change in a generation, might nevertheless in the course of centuries alter the state of things. Again, it has been shown by Babbage, in his 'Bridgewater Treatise,' that it is possible for human beings so to construct a machine that it shall go on through a very great number of preordained motions (say a million), working evenly and giving uniform results; that, at the next motion after the preordained number has been accomplished (say at the million and first), it shall change its motion and its results in some respect; and that, after this change, it may go on working equally, for a longer or shorter period, according to the design of the constructor, until another change, in accordance with original intention, shall take place, and run its prescribed course. It is not, then, an absurd supposition that the law which governs the motions of the heavenly bodies may include in it constant and equable variation; or it may include sudden disturbances, to take effect at prescribed times. The supposed constant and equable variation is illustrated by that gradual and almost imperceptible approach of the orbit of the earth

to the globe of the sun, which, philosophers sometimes tell us, is taking place. We have no instance, that I know of, of a sudden change of any importance in the period during which we have observed astronomical phenomena, and that perhaps is the reason why we assume the universe to go on as it began at the creation. But undoubtedly such changes may have occurred and may occur again. For instance, if a planet, after approaching the sun gradually for a period, should at last be drawn into the globe of the sun: there would then be a great disturbance, which would probably settle itself in some preordained way. Now, if changes such as I have suggested do occur among the heavenly bodies, and if we know not how those changes are regulated, we have a very inaccurate knowledge of the state of the universe in past time. Suppose it to have been ordained that the earth's motion should for centuries be gradually accelerated or retarded; or suppose that the same motion should through a given number of years or ages be accelerated, and then for another given number of years or ages be retarded,—the alteration of rate would in course of time be productive of results that might affect us very seriously. Ay, but if any such continual change be going on in the motion of the earth, we must discover it sooner or later, however slowly it may proceed; because we have the means of measuring our progress by the motions of the other heavenly bodies. We shall find that we begin to outrun the rest of our system, while the parts of that system other than our world keep at their old pace. But the hard case which, as I said above, presented itself to my imagination, involved more than a change in the pace of our earth. I supposed—

what is easy enough to suppose—that not the earth only, but the whole of our system, should work at a quickened (or retarded) rate, each orb being proportionately acted upon. How should we find out that we were going faster (or slower)? If the change were very gradual, indeed, we should hardly take the evidence of our clocks against the heavenly bodies, and there would be nothing but the clocks to tell us of the changed pace; for all that we see would change its rate of going in the same proportion as ourselves. A revolution of the earth on its axis would still be a day, but every day would occupy a little less (or more) time than the day preceding: a revolution of the earth round the sun would still be a year, yet every year would in reality be shorter (or longer) than the year preceding. And we should have no means whatever of detecting the difference. In the course of a century or two, a difference in the duration of animal life might be discovered (supposing life not to be affected by the change of pace), and then men would busy themselves with inquiries as to the causes of the increased or decreased duration. Suppose, now, that the pace of the universe should be decreasing; and suppose that since some given epoch of time—say the time of Noah—the pace had so diminished that nine months of our present year should be equal to a whole year of Noah's time,—then, although the average duration of human life might be exactly the same now as then, yet, reckoned in years, it would be one-third longer in Noah's time than in ours. Going back still further in time, we should have men living twice as long (apparently) as they do at present; and we could not in any way find out that it was the pace of the universe, and not the

duration of life, that had altered. Now, if the planets have been for tens of centuries losing something of their initial velocity, just as the earth is thought to have been for tens of centuries losing something of its initial heat, one sees how the ages of the earliest patriarchs might in some degree be accounted for. There is no end to the speculation that might arise out of this hypothesis of the inconsistency of the pace of the heavenly bodies. This pace gives us our standard of time; but if the standard itself be variable, how shall we ever measure time correctly? Fancy will not stop here. If the early patriarchs owed their longevity to the comparatively rapid pace of the earth, their day could not have been longer than three or four of our hours, and they could not have enjoyed more than a couple of our hours of daylight at a time. One meal would have sufficed for every revolution of the earth; their sleep would have been taken by snatches; their labour can never have been severe. Then it must be remembered that perception of the flight of time is only relative, and what seems to us a small portion of it may have seemed far greater to men of remote ages. Shakespeare tells us that "Time travels in divers paces with divers persons;" and he tells us whom Time ambles withal, whom he trots withal, whom he gallops withal, and whom he stands still withal. A day in childhood, a day in manhood, and a day in old age, although it may be always the same space of time, is very differently estimated by the mind. There is a story in the 'Spectator' illustrative of the enormous expansibility of time, according to the perception of him who regards it. A man is desired to plunge his head into a vessel of water, and does so. Immediately he begins a series of

adventures extending over many years, during which he marries and brings up a family. Suddenly he finds himself standing once more amid the same surroundings as when he plunged his head into the vessel, and is assured that he has simply dipped it in and taken it out again. What to the people round him had seemed a minute at most, had to him seemed a good fraction of a century. The shortness of the day, therefore—to go back to my idea that the patriarch's day may have been shorter than ours—is no argument against the sufficiency of the short day for the people who had to make the most of it.

If it be admitted that the heavenly bodies may not in all times have revolved at the same pace, it will be perceived, at the same time, how the speculations of philosophy, which rest on the presumption of equal paces having been always traversed in equal times, may be altogether fallacious.

Going back now to what was written a little above concerning the measure of time in our minds being a very different thing from the measure of it by a standard, I am led to the thought of that miraculous day when the sun stood still upon Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon. "Nonsense," says the unbeliever; "there is no record in any other part of the world of this having happened; moreover, it could not have happened without interfering with the equilibrium of the universe." But suppose that without the earth slackening her pace the army of Joshua were, on that day, of those whom time stands still withal. Then the host might have conceived that retardation to have been wrought on the sun and moon which was only wrought on their minds—a miracle all the same, but,

in this view, not to be easily rejected.

Mew! Well, what knowest thou, grimalkin, of the matter, that thou interjectest thy voice unappealed to and unmannerly? Dost thou penetrate my thought, and does thine instinct prompt thee to approve? Or art thou banded with the scoffer; hast thou dared to distrust the reasoning of thy friend and protector; and was thine utterance but a cry of scornful dissent? I should know something of thy tongue by this time, and I protest to thee thou hast filled me with a grave suspicion. I do fear me that thy voice was evoked not in assent or contradiction to what was in my mind, but as a wail in *misericordiam*—an outburst of conscience, a prayer for the remission of penalties and pains. Of what heinous offence shall I hear in the morning? Of what plunder, breakage, slaughter art thou seeking condonation? Thy tranquillity, I perceive, is affected. Thou art in reality neither drowsy nor inert. Thine eye follows mine restlessly, and bewrays detected crime and affrighted apprehension. What is thy last transgression, hah? What blood-guiltiness, or rapine, or destruction calls for my just and too oft defrauded vengeance? How many times already has thy worthless life been forfeit, and by how many crafty subterfuges and oblique devices hast thou evaded thy righteous doom and shunned the "edge of penny cord"?

When the new aquarium lay a wreck of weeds and slime, and broken glass, and dead and dying fish and reptiles, how didst thou save thy skin? That flooded floor, that ruined carpet, rekindle my wrath even now. Ill-omened parasite! what tiny service thou mayst have rendered in the dispersion of rats and mice would, even if multiplied by seventy times seven, cancel

thine evil deeds or the cost of them. Why wert thou not left to perish when, fleeing from the avenging noose, thou ascendedst the highest tree on the ground, and, in thy terror, stretching out upon a branch so feeble that it bent beneath thy weight, thou durst not return, but clungst there, oscillating, between earth and heaven? The third day it was after thy disappearance when a miserable squall advertised us of thy flight. Why, I say, was the stable-boy allowed to ascend the tree after thee, and attempt to shake thee down like ripe fruit? and why, when he had failed by that means to loosen the desperate grip of thy claws, was he instructed to break off with a crook the slight twig from which thou didst depend? I saw thee received on a strained sheet coated with down, from the which thou didst rebound as if thy mischievous carcase had been made of Indian gum. The household had come abroad to witness thy rescue, and, instead of the expiation which should have been uppermost in their thoughts, all were intent on thy shrunken frame and thy quailing eye, and thou receivedst the meed of patient well-doing, not the punishment due to flagrant crime.

In the matter of the piping bullfinch, when thy doom was pronounced irrevocable as the decrees of fate, what happy instinct guided thee to the sole device that could have compassed thy deliverance? Many days and nights it was that thou slunkst on tiles, and in gutters, and in foul hiding-places. The history of thy sufferings during those wanderings might reveal some satisfaction for thy crying offence, could one but know it; but all that is locked in thy cruel breast, and none shall ever be the wiser for thine adventures. It was thought that thou hadst departed for ever, or that the bloody measure which thou

hadst shown to others had been meted to thee again by some stranger hand. Then thou reappearedst, strong in the confidence of triumphant guilt. Our infant lay in his cradle just awake from sleep. On the pillow rested his head, with a smile mantling on the face, and his little arms, never yet extended but in love, softly seeking an object near him. And there, murderer, satst thou, thy pupils contracted to the thinnest ovals; and, dozing securely on that pillow, thou didst blink at justice, for the walls of thy refuge were as triple brass, and thy warder stronger than a giant!

Well, thou art at any rate a hereditary retainer, a thing which soon it will be difficult to find in the land. When I myself was in the nurse's arms, some ancestress of thine came from the country as a working cat to rid us of vermin—not as a pampered menial; and, ever since, thy race has had its representatives within these walls. Whatever be thy bad qualities at home—and assuredly they are many—I believe that no bribe would tempt thee from our service—not the very hardest living would scare thee from our hearth. Here both thou and I were born; and here it is like, if my children should be spared, that they may entertain thy descendants. Not by natural, but by very arbitrary selection, we have chosen the finest and handsomest of thy kindred to survive kittenhood and to carry on the line. And this process, and the being dragged about by children, seem to have had a wonderful effect in producing admirable beings of thy species, in-somuch that few kittens are now devoted to destruction here, for we earn the gratitude of our neighbours by supplying them from our litters. But why do I waste my time in apostrophising thee, minion? Thou hast interrupted the train of my

thoughts—cheated me, perhaps, of a bright idea; it may be, made me so idle as to be belated for next month's *Maga*. *Avaunt*, then! and leave these precincts, consecrated to study and work. Repair, if thou darest for thy misdeeds, to less industrious regions where thou mayst be welcome. *Ke-s-s-s!* away to thy kittens!

Rising to dismiss this somewhat tyrannical animal, I have collected myself, and been able to check my wandering fancy. I got off the line before I had thought out what I had to think about those wonderful effects which may be produced on our minds by causes which at first seem wholly inadequate. Mere words, disposed in certain fit ways, are, I saw, capable of rousing crowds of ideas. These ideas, again, brought together antithetically, will, by the suddenness and completeness of transition, produce a shock which reaches the sublime. The ideas may not be remarkable—at least may not be poetic—when taken separately; and yet when brought into juxtaposition they blaze—explode almost. An instance occurs in *Genesis* when the angel encourages the wretched *Hagar* in the desert—"Arise, lift up the lad, and hold him in thine hand; for I will make him a great nation." The first clause of the sentence exhibits with force the helplessness and insignificance of the deserted child; in the second clause the mind is spirited forward as if by magic to the great nation—his descendants. The transition is from the view of the wretched lad ready to perish of want and exposure, to generations and tribes that were to issue from him; and the distance from one to the other is passed at one dazzling vault, no halting-place or breathing-time allowed. But, rapid as is the spring, the mind has to pass over the whole distance of which only

the two extremes are mentioned in the narrative. It has to contemplate, if never so cursorily, *Ishmael* rescued from immediate death, grown to manhood, married, a patriarch rejoicing in a family, seeing his children's children, then dying and leaving behind him a numerous progeny, who expand at last into a nation. Indeed a series of emotional thoughts rush in of necessity and course over the mental field. The sentence which produces this array of ideas contains hardly a score of words; but its effect on the feelings is incomparably greater than if all the history which it involves had been filled in. Language is never more impressive than when it contents itself with merely indicating a long stage of thought, and makes the reader's or hearer's mind travel over it, finding the way readily or toilsomely, truly or erringly, as may be, according to his lights. And this rapid motion of the reader's mind so suddenly excited, is probably the more agreeable from the stationary condition into which he had been charmed, while absorbed in the sorrows of the mother and child—powerfully attracted to the details of the scene before him, but now called upon to hurry over ages at a glance, and to rest again on the other end of the story. The instance, however, which I have cited, though it fitly illustrates the power which I believe to reside in a certain apposition of ideas, is far inferior in force to another example, also in the sacred writings—one which, to my mind, seems to rouse the imagination with the most violent shock conceivable of its kind. I allude to a passage near the end of the *Book of Ruth*. The story, as I need scarcely remind my reader, is a charming idyl, the principal acts of which, narrated with much detail of circumstances, occur in a very limited area—within as many

acres, perhaps, as might compose an average English parish. We read of Ruth, the Moabitess and the widow, attaching herself devotedly to her dead husband's mother, and joining herself to his people; and after that, the narrative is occupied with the accounts of her being adopted into his tribe, of the pretty pastoral enacted in the fields of Boaz, her conquest of and marriage to the wealthy farmer, and, finally, with a child being born to them, who is presented to us in his cradle with Naomi for his nurse. Up to this point the tale has not only been strictly localised by the exclusion of every subject except the infant's immediate antecedents, but it has been made to enchain the reader's fancy by the profusion of its simple and striking incidents. All at once, when the imagination has been lulled to repose in the house of Boaz, and charmed along to the birth and nursing of his son, it is swooped upon and spirited away, past all time and into eternity, by the tremendous power of half-a-dozen words aptly introduced. "And they called his name Obed," we are told; "*he is the father of Jesse, the father of David.*" Up to the announcement of the child's name all has flowed along as pleasantly and as leisurely as any legend of love and marriage in a country-house could. Then, when we have reached the consummation of Ruth presenting Boaz with a son, and while we still linger over the new-born nursling, lying helpless and hardly conscious on its nurse's knees, we are swept away by a torrent of thought called up by the name of David. Of all purely human names there surely is not one with such grand and extensive associations as that of David. David's personal history, the death of the giant, and the succession to the royal seat of Israel, are but the

beginnings of the mighty rush of thoughts. We are borne along through the generations that have sprung from David, from faith to faith, through scenes from which proceed our first and most cherished hope, along the world's past and future, on a course which finds its limit only at the right hand of God. The use of the present tense in this verse, no doubt, heightens the effect of the transition. The reader is not even warned by the use of a preterite that he is being separated from the subject of his contemplation before he is projected over and beyond time. It is astonishing that the use and arrangement of words should exercise such power over our emotions. In this case the effect has been produced by the narrator prescribing to his story very strict bounds, and within those bounds giving a very particular account of short-lived events, then suddenly breaking all bounds and calling up the ideas of things infinitely distant—things, too, which, from their paramount importance, cannot be named without affecting the feelings.

It will scarcely be disputed, I think, that the same ideas which, placed before us in one form or order, affect us so much, might, by an alteration of the form or order, be presented so as to make a much lighter impression. And the form or order depends very much upon the choice of the words which are the vehicle of presentation. To possess the power of presenting ideas so that they may raise strong emotions, is to have one of the chief gifts of the poet or orator. It is not an art which can be learned by rule; for observe how little such a discernment as that of Burke is able to explain it. He perceives and points out that it exists, but he cannot do much more. Moreover, those who have given the strongest

proof that they possessed this gift, have protested against it being thought a mechanical skill which can be acquired by study. It is even doubtful whether the chief intention of the most potent wielders of language be to operate on others. Like the highest artists in all departments, they practise their vocation for its own sake. They speak as they are impelled by a power within them. They would speak if there were none to hear. This being so, it must be a hard task for the materialist to satisfy himself that this influence, emanating from words, requires nothing more than matter to explain it. The words need not even be spoken; they may be taken in by the eye, and do not necessarily involve the disturbance of the air. It is a hard thing to understand how mere matter can be so constituted as that it shall respond not only to certain ideas or certain words even, but that it shall keenly and involuntarily sympathise with certain arrangements of ideas and of words. If, however, it be contended—as I believe it is in some quarters—that the material and construction of the brain are sufficient to explain this, how shall we explain the mystery that other brains which certainly know little or nothing of physiology have been able without fail to work upon this material? When we have discovered what goes on in the brain and nerves at times when certain emotions are felt, we have only ascertained the manner in which those emotions are produced; we are not a bit nearer to understanding why certain words should produce them, nor how other persons should know how to choose such words as would produce them. Mankind had always, of course, perception of their own emotions; they have now, or may have (so philosophers tell us), knowledge of certain pheno-

mena of the brain, &c., which are concurrent with these emotions. Do the concurrent phenomena make the emotions at all more easy of comprehension? Does not the knowledge that every emotion has its corresponding movement of brain and nerves, make the emotions only the more wonderful? Some things, undoubtedly, become simplified to us as we acquire more knowledge concerning them. But this is far from being the case with all things. Additional knowledge oftentimes entails increased mystery and wonder. When Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, although he revealed to the world a most interesting truth, and opened an entirely new view to physicians, he surely did not simplify or bring down to a lower level the systems of human beings and of other blood-sustained animals. He proclaimed a new wonder. The circulation itself is a marvel and a mystery; and the knowledge that it exists does not bring us one step nearer to knowing how it was begun, how it is sustained, or how it can be restored if it should chance to stop. It is a matter entirely beyond our control or comprehension; and so, I presume to think, is the operation of words upon our emotions, notwithstanding that we may have discovered the wonderful and intricate offices which brain and nerves perform between cause and effect.

It is a sort of tacit and involuntary deference to the power of words that we are disposed to give a patient hearing to those who can utter them musically, strongly, or fluently, and that the vulgar and unthinking often accept a sweet, powerful, or ready delivery as eloquence. Many a preacher that I have heard praised has been, I am sure, very barren of ideas, and has been indebted to a deep chest or a bird-like throat for what good impression he made.

Let any one consider the rascals who pace the streets bawling out an account of their family troubles, or of their misdeeds before they became regenerate—he will find that in every case there is more or less gift of voice, generally a sepulchral baritone. The committees who tell off rogues and vagrants to their proper departments know full well how to utilise a voice. The parish clerk in Mr Dickens's 'Great Expectations,' feeling that he had a pretty powerful throat, cherished the idea that he only wanted opportunity to become celebrated as a preacher, and used to talk oracularly of "the thing being thrown open," by which he appeared to mean the pulpit of the Established Church being made accessible to anybody who might choose to invade it. Finally, he turns up as a star at a penny theatre in London, evidently still under the impression which misleads many of his class—namely, that a good voice is a sufficient stock-in-trade to set up with in any oratorical line of business. Such men, whether they may have brains or not, possess, at any rate, an organ fitted to give out ideas and words audibly, smoothly, and impressively. They give earnest that, if they have ideas worth listening to, they can communicate them with effect. And such is the mysterious attraction exercised by words upon our race, that we are much more likely to tolerate a stout speaker with an empty head, than to silence a barren talker if he happens to have a good voice.

And with this, I think, I will bring my contemplation to a close. I was out in the covers this morning (I mention this lest I should appear to hold my active friends' enjoyments too cheaply), but I must say that I enjoy a quiet fireside trance too. I hear music and laughter coming from not many rooms off, and propose to join the merry party

speedily. But these Christmas evenings are long enough for fun and for contemplation as well. I don't think I could laugh heartily in company if I did not, in private, give proper regard to my own thoughts. It is not everybody that can think originally or profoundly—all the better for those who can—but everybody can, at least, take account of what may be in his own mind, and turn it over and try what it is good for. If he has only perceived the perplexities that beset us purblind mortals, there is some pleasure, and eke some profit, in only recognising and putting into shape one's doubts and enigmas. We may rest pretty sure that all that has exercised our minds has exercised other minds somewhere; and if we can contribute but little to the solution of obscure or difficult questions, we can give to the stronger and more penetrating minds the encouragement of knowing that they are not alone in their labyrinths; and so they may think it worth their while to address themselves to the discovery of solutions for which many are waiting. There is a great pleasure in reviewing old thoughts, old opinions, and ascertaining how they have stood the test of the time that has rolled away since last the long evenings and the lounging-chair by the fireside tempted you to survey them. And surely every man has got, stored away in some recess or other, memories of old adventures, old jests, or haply some softer memories, which it is a joy to call up in solitude and in the quiet fire-light. Before a man has seen very many Christmases, he will perceive that the actors in some of his little-remembered dramas have begun to leave the stage, and a regretful note or two will begin to mix themselves with the refrain. Thus the incidents become consecrated to the memory of the departed. It is

some measure, too, of the manner and degree in which the saltiness of time does its seasoning—that freshening or fading of feeling with which we recur to lively scenes acted long ago. I, being on the shady side of life, own, this year or two, to a deadening of some of the delights of rumination. I have witnessed some half-dozen incidents at different periods of my first youth which were so diverting that I could never remember them but with the highest glee. It used often to be an uncomfortable thought to me that if one of these recollections should unhappily rise up during sermon or at a funeral, I could not choose but laugh out, so powerfully did they affect me. But I have had these phantasms with me lately, and their power is gone; I still know that they are funny, but I can dissect them now, and examine what the points were that used to tickle so. There is no more of that ecstasy of amusement that used to throw me into a convulsion before I had time to reflect—no more bursting out with a shriek in season or out of season—no more protests that I could not contain myself if that thing came across me and I were going to be hanged. Well, thank God,

I don't find my senses much dulled as yet; and doubtless these little hints that lead one gently towards the “last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history,” are salutary, and ought not to be depressing. I have gained something as well as lost since the days of “laughter holding both his sides;” and, so far, I can bear to look at the account and strike a balance.

A truce to meditation and solitude. Society, I am happy to think, has not yet lost its charm for me. Clearly, it is not going to be very serious society to-night, and my playtime is about to begin. Conspicuous among the faults of this our land are her long winters; but it is her great merit that she knows better than any how a winter evening should be passed. For the half-hour's attention which you have bestowed on my musings, I thank you, courteous reader; and I trust that you also, ere the midnight chimes, will have joined in some lively pleasure, and have thought with me, that even when darkness covers the land for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, our lives need not be dreary, and we may be numbered among the fortunate band with whom Time gallops withal.

THE CONFERENCE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

At last the intelligence has arrived that Turkey unconditionally accepts the English proposal for a conference, and that Midhat Pasha and Safolt Pasha, two of the most distinguished names in recent Turkish history, have been appointed Plenipotentiaries Extraordinary on behalf of the Ottoman Government. All the Powers therefore enter the Conference, three of these with special delegates of the highest rank, armed with full authority. It is the final effort to maintain the peace of two continents, to avert a war which strikes every friend of humanity with dismay, but which recent events have done much to invite and encourage. The whole civilised world will concentrate its attention on the proceedings at Constantinople during the month of December, in the earnest hope that this supreme effort will succeed. The triumph of the Turkish arms—the utter collapse of Servian insurrection—the necessity cast upon Russia of either accepting a final pacification, or herself openly standing forward as an aggressive belligerent, bound to define her aims and policy, and justify them in the eyes of Europe—has rendered it necessary for Great Britain to take the matter into her own hands, and either accept the alternative of a more extended strife, or summon Europe into council to adjust a durable pacification. Diplomacy, insurrection, and ostensibly civil war, have done their best or worst; and the Powers at length agree to sit at the council board at the most critical moment of a turbulent and anxious year, to confer upon the Eastern Question, and give a final shape either to terms of compromise or

to the issues which will be finally committed to the arbitrament of the sword.

The English people have, as far as we can judge, unanimously recognised this Conference as a wise, judicious, and opportune expedient. They have observed with universal satisfaction that the task of watching and upholding the interests of England has been confided to Lord Salisbury, one of the most powerful Ministers of the day, known to be resolute and independent in his character and judgment, intimately acquainted with the policy of the Cabinet, and, as the ruler of India, long accustomed to regard this subject from the point of view of England's most vital interests. No better selection could possibly have been made. It is a pledge to Europe that the British representative will be or has been vested with the widest discretion that can possibly be trusted even to a special delegate. From the Cabinet downwards, men have "confidence in his abilities, in his grasp of the subject, and in the tact and firmness of his character." At Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, he will ascertain the views of the three leading Governments in Europe; at Constantinople he will confront the representatives of the two principals in the impending struggle. It is impossible to doubt but that through his means the European public will at length arrive at a clear perception of the real merits of this controversy; and that each Power in its turn must define more clearly than hitherto the position which it means to assume. A clearing away of diplomatic vagueness and uncertainty may at least be looked for; terms of peace, or issues

of strife, must now be plainly stated. What attempt have the principal parties to this Conference made at present to define the views with which they enter it? So far as we are concerned, Lord Derby's despatch of October 30, addressed to Lord Augustus Loftus, is the most important document recently published. The publication of documents of this character, when the public mind is in a state of tension, as has been authoritatively remarked, always of the utmost significance. It indicates the approach of decisive resolves. Europe has, no doubt, studied this particular despatch with the closest attention; but only the professed partisans of opposition will subject it to such mean and paltry criticism as that which was indulged in by the Duke of Argyll. A column of observations found its way into the 'Daily News,' designed to show that there were some inconsistencies in point of date between the despatch and some speeches of Lord Beaconsfield! Patriotism must be in a most unhealthy subjection to party spirit before minute details of that kind, supposed to be injurious to a rival, eclipse in their interest all the grave and momentous considerations which that despatch involved. Looking upon it simply in the interests of humanity and the light which it throws upon the attitude of England in the coming Conference, our observations will have reference simply to those portions of it which are of broad and prominent importance. It is a summing up, as it were, of a litigant's case, with a view to a clear and accurate definition of it, in a way which others may readily grasp. It describes the mode in which our good offices were placed at the disposal of Servia, when six weeks' experience of warfare had reduced that rash and

unfortunate principality to despair. Early in September, England tendered and urged upon Turkey an armistice of not less than a month. Turkey practically complied with this demand. It submitted the terms of peace "entirely to the judgment and equitable consideration of the mediating Powers." England was satisfied with this; so was Russia; so, even, the Principalities. Lord Derby drew up the terms of pacification, which, after some discussion, especially with Austria, were unanimously adopted by all the Powers, Russia included. On the 25th September, Sir Henry Elliot communicated them to the Porte, which was willing further to suspend hostilities, in order to a settlement. The month of September, therefore, and the efforts of Lord Derby in the first three weeks of that month, were on the point of bearing fruit, in a satisfactory understanding being arrived at. But at this critical point Servia refused a further suspension of hostilities, upon grounds which threw away all pretence of honourable and straightforward dealing. Servia had changed her mind; in all probability Russia had changed hers also. They no longer wished for peace, for something had occurred in the interval inordinately to raise their hopes, notwithstanding that the terms already under consideration were far in excess of anything which the fortunes of war entitled Servia to expect. We need not dwell upon what that something was which thus obliterated the work of pacification. The agitation set on foot last September is a subject of which all its chief promoters are now heartily ashamed; and, in common generosity, it may now be dropped—at least, until the meeting of Parliament, when, unfortunately, the Opposition will be quite as much on its trial as the

Ministry,—a result which, weakening as it does the critical power of the House of Commons, appears to us to be one which party leaders should scrupulously avoid. Assuming that the conduct of an Administration deserves repudiation and censure, it is little short of a national calamity that their opponents should have so acted that they are themselves the objects of a serious indictment, disqualified for the task of calling Ministers to account by the rash and ill-judged manner in which they took upon themselves a responsibility which they had no official knowledge or position in any way to justify or to render ordinarily prudent. Peace was not concluded. Prince Milan thought the suspension of hostilities ill defined, and the conclusion of a regular armistice was the *sine quâ non* of his condescending further to negotiate. He had risen from his knees, and, in presence of united Europe, assumed to be master of the situation. England was disgusted. Russia advised, *but did not press* him not to renew hostilities; in other words, urged him on. Turkey, in the meantime finding its offer to prolong the suspension of hostilities was in course of contumelious rejection, discovered that it had strong objections to the terms of peace. It objected to sign a protocol promising reform in the insurgent provinces, by which, in the view of the Turkish Ministers, “the *prestige* and authority of the Porte in all parts of the empire would be impaired.” It also objected to the expression “local autonomy,” as applied to these reforms. In all probability this does not express the final resolve of the Turkish Government. Forewarned of the attitude of Servia, it saved its pride in the presence of its rebellious vassal, and avoided the display of

too great eagerness for a pacification which was not to be avoided. Compare the character of the objections with the character of the original terms proposed by the Turkish Ministers, and one sees at once the difference between what they consider to be strictly due, and what they are prepared to concede to the wishes of united Europe. Contrast this with the conduct of Russia, who at the last moment would not press the Servians to desist from hostilities. The Russian Government was eager to carry out Mr Gladstone’s programme, and occupy Bulgaria with a military force in the name of humanity, and, we presume, of some English Liberals. Ideas had grown since the beginning of the month, when England was appealed to for her good offices. Bosnia occupied by Austrians, Bulgaria by Russians, the united fleets entering the Bosphorus, sound like the beginning of the end,—the commencement of that scramble, with its illimitable dangers and momentous consequences, which Europe and Asia alike regard with terror and dismay. The formal proposal, however, which was finally made by Russia, was that the guaranteeing Powers should impose an armistice of six weeks on the contending parties, with a view to settle terms of peace. The English Government, however, adhered to its original proposal of an armistice of not less than a month—rejected the Russian proposals with reference alike to armies, fleets, and forcibly imposing a six weeks’ truce. We insisted upon our own proposal being accepted by the Porte, threatening to break off diplomatic relations and withdraw the embassy if it refused. We fail to see any undue opposition to Russia in all this; certainly there is no undue encouragement of Turkey. On the 5th October the proposal, or

demand, was made; on the 12th the Porte intimated its readiness to grant a regular armistice for six months. From that time Lord Derby had in his hands three questions of surpassing magnitude: the conclusion of an armistice, an agreement to confer, and the basis of pacification. These were no light matters to carry through; but he succeeded in all. And it is not a very rash conclusion that, next to his own unwearying industry, tact, and temper, he owes much of his success to the returning good sense of his countrymen, who, awakening to the hollowness and mischief of an inopportune party agitation, rallied round the Minister, and gave him a steady and appreciative support.

Even the armistice was no slight matter to arrange. It had already broken down once, and this was a fresh attempt. The difficulty, however, did not come from Turkey, which plainly showed by its proposals that it was chiefly solicitous for the scrupulous observance of that armistice, and to prevent its evasion. Lord Derby therefore pressed its acceptance upon Serbia, through the Russian and Austrian Governments. The quarter from whence difficulty and discouragement might be expected was at once apparent. "The Russian Ambassador expressed his doubts whether the armistice would be accepted at Livadia." With the knowledge that Mr Gladstone's speech and pamphlet were still circulating in Russia, and that the grossest misconceptions had arisen with regard to British policy and feeling, Lord Derby solemnly warned Count Schouvaloff—and apparently the warning did not arrive a moment too soon—that "however strong might be the feeling of national indignation against Turkish cruelties, it would be superseded

by a very different sentiment if it were once believed by the English nation that Constantinople was threatened." The rejection by Russia of the Turkish proposal would be regarded as indicating a fixed purpose of going to war; and "I entreated him to omit no effort to make his Government understand the light in which this resolution would be viewed by the English people." It is impossible to reconcile this attitude with the policy enforced at public meetings last September, and still apparently encouraged by Mr Lowe. One or other stands condemned; but, in our judgment, a vast majority of Englishmen applaud the policy of Lord Derby, and will support him resolutely and manfully. France and Austria urged on the acceptance of the six months' armistice; but Russia, although she had herself originally proposed one for three months, now objected to the proposal as inconvenient, from the length of time which it involved. Prince Gortschakoff would accept one only for a month or six weeks; and Italy also demurred to a long armistice. At this juncture Lord Derby appealed to Prince Bismarck as to whether he could exercise any influence over the settlement of this question of time. He did not see his way to do so; and her Majesty's Government feeling it hopeless to secure the acceptance of the Porte's proposal by Serbia and Montenegro under the existing circumstances, temporarily withdrew from the case. Eventually, Prince Bismarck's suggestion of six weeks was adopted, with an option of renewal. No doubt, the question of time was all important from a military and strategic point of view; otherwise the spirit displayed would bode ill for the prospects of peace.

That difficulty settled, there arose the question of the Conference. The proposal again came from England, in lieu of a commission which had been previously suggested. This proposal, it was considered, from what had previously passed, would be acceptable to Russia; and all the Powers have finally adopted it, both Austria and France objecting to the exclusion of Turkey. It is to be hoped that this Conference, when at length it meets, will bring to its labours something of that freshness and largeness of view to which Lord Beaconsfield referred, in lieu of that local and limited view of matters which professional diplomats, habitually distrustful of one another, are so apt to take. It is perhaps unfortunate that Russia cannot be induced to appoint a plenipotentiary; but, at all events, the presence of Lord Salisbury and Midhat Pasha must convince every one that England and Turkey will go to the full length of concession and reform which prudence and safety will permit.

The one subject which fills the minds of men at the present moment, and will engage their anxious attention for the next few weeks or even a longer period, is the chance of a peaceful issue to the wrangles of the last fifteen months which is offered by the Conference. The interminable and tedious literature of the Eastern Question which weekly and daily issues from the press is frequently engaged upon a purely party discussion. Speculations as to whether and when Ministers have changed their policy; whether their speeches have proved injudicious, their influence disastrous, their agents careless and misinformed; or whether, on the other hand, some leaders of Opposition have recklessly obstructed the best efforts of the Administration to se-

cure the peace of Europe,—may now be laid aside or postponed till the result is known. The contests of party can be fought out when Parliament meets; and subject to the full reservation of unfettered criticism of the past and present policy of the Government, we maintain that the English public, of whatever shade of party, should give a unanimous and hearty support to Lord Salisbury's efforts at Constantinople.

To estimate the chances of success of a peaceful issue to their negotiations is a difficult task; but so far as it is known at present, we are inclined to a favourable view. The chief element in that consideration is, of course, the attitude and designs of Russia; second to that, and second only in a small degree, is the degree of conciliation and concession which Midhat Pasha will be allowed to exhibit. The Powers may unanimously accept the principles of the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire, but it still remains for Turkey to join in putting upon that elastic phrase the only interpretation which will ultimately save the Porte from ruin. The conditions under which that empire may still continue to exist have to be discovered and agreed upon, in the face of one Power desirous that they should ultimately lead to its downfall, and another equally and blindly eager to resist those which, by securing its good government, would strengthen its vitality. The only course which England and her plenipotentiary can pursue was well expressed by Lord Beaconsfield at the Mansion House. As regards one set of influences and designs, we must adhere to the treaties which exist, and firmly oppose any attempt to violate the territorial integrity of Turkey, whether by military occupation or invasion. As regards the other set

of influences, we must bear in mind as a cardinal point of high policy that "unless the great body of the people find that they are under a Government which studies their welfare and is proud of their prosperity even the independence and integrity of a country must themselves vanish." If the Conference shall come to a general understanding that the soil of Turkey shall be respected, and no sinister designs of political ambition shall be prosecuted, Great Britain would gladly exercise all its great influence with the Ottoman Government to secure such constitutional changes as may conduce to good government; and the name of Midhat Pasha is as strong an assurance as Turkey can give that concession will not be obstinately withheld.

The chief difficulty lies in regard to the designs of Russia; and these are by no means clear. That they are aggressive is perfectly obvious; the degree to which they shall be pressed is another matter. How far Russia was responsible for the original disturbances in the autumn of 1875 has never been cleared up; how far at the present moment there is a tacit understanding, or even a definite agreement, between her and Germany, is equally mysterious. We know, at least, that the Triple Alliance of the Imperial Powers originally and ostensibly sought to take the conduct, or at least the initiative, of this business into their own exclusive hands; we know that the Berlin Memorandum meant military occupation; we know that Serbia declared and continued war, and at a critical moment refused peace, in reliance upon Russian support. The influx of Russian volunteers into Serbia, the contemptuous disregard of Roumanian neutrality, the impediments persistently thrown in the way of

pacification, are matters for which it would be mere affectation not to hold the Russian Government responsible. We have witnessed their general, Tchernayeff, at one time a general of a combined Servian and Russian force, temporarily obliterate the existence of Serbia, and constitute himself an independent potentate, forcing kingly dignity on Prince Milan as a mere nominee and puppet of his own. All this was within the limits of an empire whose territorial integrity Europe is bound to preserve. For a time the government of Serbia was destroyed, and the dangers of that autonomy in which many wise and prudent men have seen a solution of Eastern troubles have been fully exposed. And besides this, and besides the evident opinion of her Majesty's Government, whose only interest and object it has been to obtain a speedy and durable pacification, that their efforts in that direction have been unnecessarily, and it would seem designedly, frustrated by Russia, the Emperor Alexander was the first to pronounce the ugly word ultimatum, in a wholly unnecessary and superfluous manner, emphasising the menace by his speech at Moscow. And in that speech he identified the cause of Russia with that of Serbia and Montenegro; declared that his wish for peace arose simply from the desire to prevent the effusion of Russian blood, thereby indirectly adopting as his own the irregular warfare which was caused; and asserted his rights and demands against the Porte, for which he was determined to have guarantees. It was distinctly a warlike manifesto—a proclamation of an aggressive policy. The whole course of these proceedings, the testimony of travellers and correspondents, and the knowledge of Russian policy in the past, must

convince every one that, whatever may be the case with the Russian people, the Russian Government have very little sympathy with Slavonic sufferers, and are now, as heretofore, bent upon making the misrule of Turkey their own political opportunity, secretly opposed to any plans which might deprive them of all pretext for intervention. In seizing upon their opportunity, if they should finally decide that it has arrived, they would, no doubt, have the enthusiastic support of their subjects, whose race and religious sympathies are so largely enlisted.

On the other hand, it may well be that Russian statesmen conclude that that opportunity has still to come. For the present, the Turk is triumphant; he holds a strong position, and his armies are flushed with success and hardened to war. Russia, moreover, has not improved her moral position within the confines of the Ottoman empire, and amongst its subject races. However little the southern Slavs may, from the experience of the last twenty years, be inclined of themselves to look to England for protection, it is undeniable that their recent experience of the Russians has placed them in anything but a welcome light. It is not all cowardice which prevented the Servians from fighting. They found the harsh, tyrannical, and intolerant Cossack quite as unbearable as the cruel and relentless Mussulman. The Servian Government were set at nought and derided; and on the other hand, Servian bullets were extracted from their Russian auxiliaries—Servian bayonets were deliberately pointed at Russian breasts—and the whole relations between the two races were those of distrustful and embittered jealousies and hatred. This jealousy and

hatred does not appear to be confined to the Servians—it has spread rapidly amongst the southern Slavs; and it is shared not merely by the common people, but by the educated classes, who see in the dull despotism of Russia a worse alternative, a stronger barrier against an effectual improvement of their lot, than is to be found in Turkish rule, tempered as it may not improbably be by the wise decrees of the approaching Conference. It is clear, from the accounts which reach us, that however much during the apathy of the Western nations the Slavs may turn to Russia for protection, the Russian in their midst is an odious and hateful personage, brutal and overbearing. Let this feeling grow, and a Panslavic empire carved out of northern Turkey would be as hateful to the Slavs themselves as it would be to Austria; and even the formation of tributary States, opening, as experience has shown, the door to Russia, will lose in favour as their consequences unfold themselves. The Servians, and not merely the Servians, are sick of this war. The Roumanians, by their persistent endeavours to maintain neutrality, their obvious distrust of Russia, their obvious desire to maintain their independence of the Czar, are an example of what would happen if security against Turkish oppression were insured. The one object would be to maintain independence of Russia; their whole energies would be directed to prevent the irruption of the Cossack south of the Danube. It is said that so far from the Russians being reckoned as a protection, even Bulgarian refugees fled in terror from Russians when it appeared that a Russian occupation was imminent. If, as Lord Beaconsfield observed, the fatal fault of the Andrassy Note was that it was inopportune,

it may nevertheless prove to be the basis of a final settlement, welcome to southern Slavs, not more for the prospect of better government which it offers, than for the check which their contentment and prosperity would offer to the aggressions of their barbarous and uncivilised invaders.

Another reason for thinking that the times are not ripe for immediate Muscovite aggression, is the circumstance that although occupation was strongly hinted at in the Berlin Memorandum, and at a later date formally proposed by Count Schouvaloff to Lord Derby and to Austria, yet in the demands recently made by General Ignatieff for the Conference to discuss the project of military occupation, it is practically withdrawn, and the proposed interference of the Powers is minimised as much as possible. However exaggerated the demands may be, there are none of them of such a character that to discuss them would be inadmissible. The question is mainly as to the guarantees—that is, as to the words in which it shall be provided that the reforms instituted shall not be, to use Lord Beaconsfield's expression, secured by mere pen-and-ink words, but shall be effectively carried out. If the discussion is limited to that, and the Powers are convinced that aggression is laid aside, the work of ameliorating the condition of the empire will probably advance far more satisfactorily under the guidance of England than of Russia, both as far as influence with the Ottoman Government is concerned, and also, as now appears, the sympathies and goodwill of the subject peoples.

The demands which Russia has made in lieu of occupation are mostly borrowed from the Memorandum of the insurgents of Herze-

govina last spring, from the Andrassy Note, and from Lord Derby's despatch relating to the Bulgarian atrocities. There are eleven points in all, of varying importance. Those which reiterate the demands of the Herzegovinian insurgents relate to the general disarmament of both Christians and Mussulmans in Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Bulgaria, which it is said must be strictly carried through; to the withdrawal of the Turkish troops to certain prescribed places, so as to prevent all collision between the troops and the population; to the introduction of a direct control by a consular commission. No doubt these proposals pave the way for military occupation, and indeed can scarcely be carried into effect to their full extent without it. But, nevertheless, the inadmissible project is not brought forward; and so long as that alternative is avoided, there is still a fair chance of peace, a reasonable ground for hoping that the object in not proposing it is a pacific one. It is true that the Russian newspapers point in the direction of war; that six *corps d'armée* have been ordered to be mobilised; that Kissenoff and Odessa are the centres of military preparation; and that the military enthusiasm is being aroused. While, however, the proposals are such as a Conference can discuss, there is still hope that these terrible appeals to war may be avoided. The demands taken from the Andrassy Note include the abolition of tax-farming and the reform of the assessment; the institution of a militia and local police, composed of Christians and Mussulmans, in the proportion of the respective populations; the employment of natives, and the election of various functionaries. The Syrian precedent of the Porte nominating Christian gov-

ernors with the approval of the Powers is relied upon; and there are various smaller measures. The disbandment of the Circassians and the punishment of the authors of the Bulgarian massacres complete the programme.

Of all these, the most important are those which are taken from the demands of the Herzegovinian insurgents; and it is by them and their fate that the result of the Conference will be shown. If Russia determines for war, it will be easy to expand these proposals till a pacific solution is impossible. On the other hand, if Russia determines for peace, means will be found of squaring those demands with the proposal for instituting a local police and militia, in which Christian and Mussulman can be enrolled. To what extent the Porte can be brought to agree to this, and to the establishment of a consular commission, still remains to be seen. It seems to be generally understood that the Turks will fight to the last against the establishment of a foreign force in the heart of their dominions; even if the French were willing to undertake it at the invitation of Europe, they would encounter a resistance only less virulent than the Russians. It seems to be generally conceded that such an occupation would be a violation of the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire within the meaning of the treaty of Paris. But so long as the territory is preserved inviolate, there are plenty of precedents for putting a most liberal elastic interpretation upon the word independence as applied to the Ottoman Government. All the Powers are agreed that there shall be reforms and that there shall be guarantees. England's duty at this Conference will be first to see that neither the one nor the other shall

be perverted to the furtherance of sinister designs, next to press upon the Ottoman Government not to render useless the efforts of their powerful friend to save them from destruction. It is absurd to suppose that, if the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire is to be maintained—and unless it is maintained, there will undoubtedly be war—the relations of the Porte to its subjects will not undergo a thorough revision at the hands of this Conference. It must first be settled that there shall be no aggression, no invasion, and no occupation; and when that point is once clearly settled, Turkey will stand face to face with united Europe, with Great Britain at its head. In such a position her wisest course will be to trust herself and her fortunes in the hands of that Power which, in respect of its Indian empire, has its vital and permanent interests involved with her continued existence—her virtual independence of foreign States. At the crisis of destiny it is the statesman who rules India, and is chiefly bound to watch the security of our communications with the East, who is specially sent to watch our English interests at Constantinople. So far as they are identical with those of the Ottoman Government, the latter has a powerful protector; so far as Ottoman statesmen think that either their dignity or their interests require that the terrible misrule at which all Europe stands aghast should be perpetuated, they will dissociate their interests from ours; for even in the very lowest estimate of this question, it is for the interest of England, and, as Lord Beaconsfield pointed out, for the security of Turkey herself, that this misrule should finally cease. The Ottoman Government, if it is to continue its existence, must learn to study the

welfare of its people, and be proud of their prosperity. If this Conference should result in laying the foundation of improved administration, social order, and greater security for life and property within Ottoman territory, it will have averted ruin from those who, for generations, have done their best to deserve it.

The whole question appears to be reduced to one of detail respecting the nature and efficacy of the proposed guarantees. Considering all that has passed, that both Sultan and subjects have tried the fortunes of war, and learnt by experience how little influence the fortunes of a localised strife have to alter their relative positions, how utterly useless has been the bloodshed and misery already occasioned, how disproportioned are the risk and effort to any probable gain by Russia from a general war, one cannot accept the idea of this Conference proving useless for the purposes of pacification. There may have been threats by the Czar, and military preparations in the vicinity of the disturbed districts; but on the other hand, Russia has accepted, as bases of deliberation, not merely the principle of the independence and territorial integrity of the Ottoman empire, which even English newspapers of a particular character deride as impossible, but also puts her hand to a declaration that she does not intend to seek for any territorial advantages, any exclusive influence, or any concession with regard to the commerce of her subjects which those of every other nation may not equally obtain. She also accepts as terms which may form the basis of negotiation, the very stipulations which Serbia practically rejected at the close of September, when she thought that England had finally abandoned her traditional policy. The sovereignty of

the Porte will be respected, at least to the extent that the proposed reforms will be granted by the Sultan to the three provinces. Their general character seems to be agreed upon—namely, that they are to consist of local institutions, under which the exercise of a certain extent of self-government will be guaranteed to the population. It has been conceded, in deference to Austria, that no autonomous tributary State, like Serbia or Roumania, is to be carved out of northern Turkey. As far as Serbia and Montenegro are concerned, that experiment has not answered; it apparently has not pacified the populations, and it certainly has not secured the peace of Europe. The question, therefore, is by general consent reduced to one of effectively guaranteeing to the provinces the exercise of self-government under the central administration of the Porte. Turkey confers upon this question, pledged, as we understand, to submit it entirely to the judgment and equitable consideration of the mediating Powers. He cannot be allowed to retreat from that position; and so long as Russia shows any disposition towards an equitable consideration, within the meaning of the very terms under which she enters the Conference, there ought not to be any insuperable impediment in the way of peace.

Under these circumstances, Englishmen, of whatever party, will expect that the influence of their country will be thrown into the scale in favour of the extremest concessions which Turkey can be brought to adopt. The present is undoubtedly a favourable moment for adopting them; and if efficacious guarantees are a possibility, it is for the permanent interest of Europe and of England that they should be provided. The Conference will be altogether mismanaged and useless

if it does not throw light upon the question as to who is the real enemy to the reformed administration of the provinces. Between impracticable views as to the sacredness of Ottoman sovereignty and its immunity from direct limitation on the one hand, and Russian views of military occupation on the other, there is a wide field for contending negotiators to traverse before they discover ground which all may agree to occupy. But at any rate it ought to be clearly ascertained in which direction each Government is designedly travelling. Up to the present time there are at least many reasons for concluding that Russia has not been *bonâ fide* seeking a pacific solution of these difficulties. The Porte may have seemed impracticable; but its general disposition to yield to the will of Europe, and particularly of Great Britain, has been clearly marked; while its recalcitrant movements have generally been explicable by reference to the foregone determination of its opponents to reject proposed arrangements, and the natural desire of a sovereign to avoid unnecessary humiliation in dealing with refractory subjects, encouraged and supported by foreign aid. At the last moment, however, after Lord Salisbury has started, there comes a despatch from Prince Gortschakoff, and another from Lord A. Loftus, which, if the representations made therein may be literally construed, would seem to assure the conclusion of peace. At all events it is a satisfactory sign, not merely that the Emperor Alexander, whose past history and pacific disposition deserve well of this country, is willing to make such assurances, but that he is anxious to publish them to the world. We shall see to what extent they may be relied upon when the Conference begins

its work. As a leading member of the Ottoman Cabinet is said to have phrased it, Turkey will give guarantees for the execution of these reforms: do not place us in a position of requiring guarantees in our turn against those who will watch over and supervise that execution. Prince Gortschakoff says that the Cabinet of St Petersburg can be satisfied no longer with promises; nor, we may add, can the English people. The waste-paper currency of reform promises will no longer be tolerated; but the question of providing guarantees will throw light upon the sincerity of Russia's demand upon the concert of the six Powers for a pacific solution. Let Russia show clearly when she gets into Conference that these guarantees are not to be made the pretext for encroachment, and Europe will gladly accept the Czar's assurances to Lord A. Loftus that he desires no conquest and aims at no aggrandisement. Until then it must be remembered that the imperial protestations as to the illusions and phantoms concerning Peter the Great's will and Catherine's aims, the misfortune to Russia of acquiring Constantinople, the inveterate suspicion of Russian policy, and the continual fear of Russian aggression and conquest, were combined with a very decided hint that necessity might oblige him to occupy Bulgaria. Lord Derby received with the greatest satisfaction the Emperor's assurance that he desired co-operation with England, and had no views on Constantinople, or of conquest. But while acceding to the imperial desire that such assurances should be made public, he added with a touch of appropriate sarcasm, "I thought its publication might be opportune, since the last few days had brought us the intelligence of the mobilisation of a

considerable Russian force, and of the emission of the new Russian loan for 100 million of roubles."

Under these circumstances, the duties of Lord Salisbury at the approaching Conference weight him with the heaviest responsibility, and he ought to be supported by the people of England. What we all of us want is either the establishment of a durable pacification, or the settlement of a broad and intelligible issue, the merits of which all may appreciate. We hope it will be clearly understood who is responsible for repressing a peaceful solution, what are the grounds on which war is appealed to, and the reasons for the particular attitude which may be assumed by Great Britain. If Turkey puts herself hopelessly in the wrong, and refuses adequate concessions, she must look to herself and her own capacity for guarding her empire and her territory. If, on the other hand, the treaty of Paris is to be set at nought, and a war of encroachment is begun, we must come to a clear understanding with the guaranteeing Powers as to the course to be taken. England will not, we are convinced, shrink from her treaty obligations and her duties as the champion of Ottoman independence. But at the same time, her interests, as Mr Disraeli observed in 1875, are not so direct as those of other Powers. They are substantial interests which she cannot afford to neglect. If the issue of the negotiations at Constantinople is that war is the immediate result, it is in vain to speculate beforehand as to the duties of England, or the line which she will be bound to take. That depends, in the first place, upon the *casus belli* which is chosen, and the attitude of the rest of Europe with regard to it. If, unfortunately, that scramble for territory begins which

all have deprecated, and a regard for public law and treaties is openly set at nought by Europe, it will be in vain to persuade Englishmen that Constantinople, the Dardanelles, the Bosphorus, and the means of access to the Black Sea, are to be allowed to fall beneath the sway of a hostile and unprincipled Power. It is sometimes argued in Opposition newspapers by the political successors of the men who risked the fortunes of this country before the walls of Sebastopol, that we may abandon Constantinople to its fate. The authors of the Crimean expedition were men who believed that the English empire was scarcely safe unless that distant fortress was destroyed; for unless Russian encroachment were stayed, the Mediterranean would be converted into a Russian lake. Their successors now tell us, in their desperate straits for a weapon wherewith to assault the foreign policy of the Government, that even Constantinople itself is not worth a blow; and that we, who in the interval have abandoned Corfu and other harbours of importance, can safely permit the capital of the East to pass into the hands of an enemy. The fatal result, as it appears to us, would be, that a commanding position would be attained by Russia from which she could securely plan, and at her own time and option execute, an assault upon our Eastern communications, whether by the invasion of Egypt or a harassing naval warfare in the Mediterranean. We should have to secure the defence of Egypt; we should have to double the expenditure on our navy; and even then we should have to deal with an enemy who would have a secure base of operations, and an excellent harbour of refuge. It has been the unbroken policy of England ever since she obtained her Indian em-

pire to secure her safety in the east of the Mediterranean. The purchase of the Suez Canal shares owed all its popularity to the fact that the whole country, with a true instinct, regarded it as a resolute assertion of British interests in that quarter of the globe. Mr Gladstone argued that they were valueless, and might be divided amongst the members of the Cabinet in acknowledgment of their services in buying them. And doubtless there are many Liberals who would readily contend that Constantinople might belong to Russia and Gibraltar be ceded to Spain. But before they will ever obtain a hearing from the vast majority of their countrymen, or induce the inaction of their country, whilst Constantinople is menaced, they must first ask some military or naval authority of eminence to pledge his professional reputation before the world, that in his opinion the possession of that city by a hostile Power would have no strategic importance whatever. Until then it is in vain to question the settled determination of the English people to struggle, with the utmost energy of which they are capable, in order that a stronghold of such enormous importance should not pass from the hands of a friend-

ly and neutral Power. It is of vital importance to us that it should not pass into the hands of others, least of all into those of Russia. By all means let it remain where it is as long as possible, and then, if no international occupation be possible, Great Britain must hold it *totis viribus*. We at least might be trusted to maintain the freedom of the Straits, and our only interest is to render the Mediterranean secure. It is, however, premature for the present to raise this controversy: if ever it becomes a subject of immediate practical interest, the great mass of Englishmen will be unanimous upon it. Meanwhile, although the overwhelming interest which England takes in the Eastern Question is due to considerations of this kind, they are happily too remote to affect her impartiality in the discussion of the existing differences. It is generally recognised by Europe—by all, in fact, except a few discontented Opposition organs—that her Majesty's Government have no interest at present in Turkey except that peace should be secured; and as a chief means to that end, that the better government of its subject populations should be effectively guaranteed.

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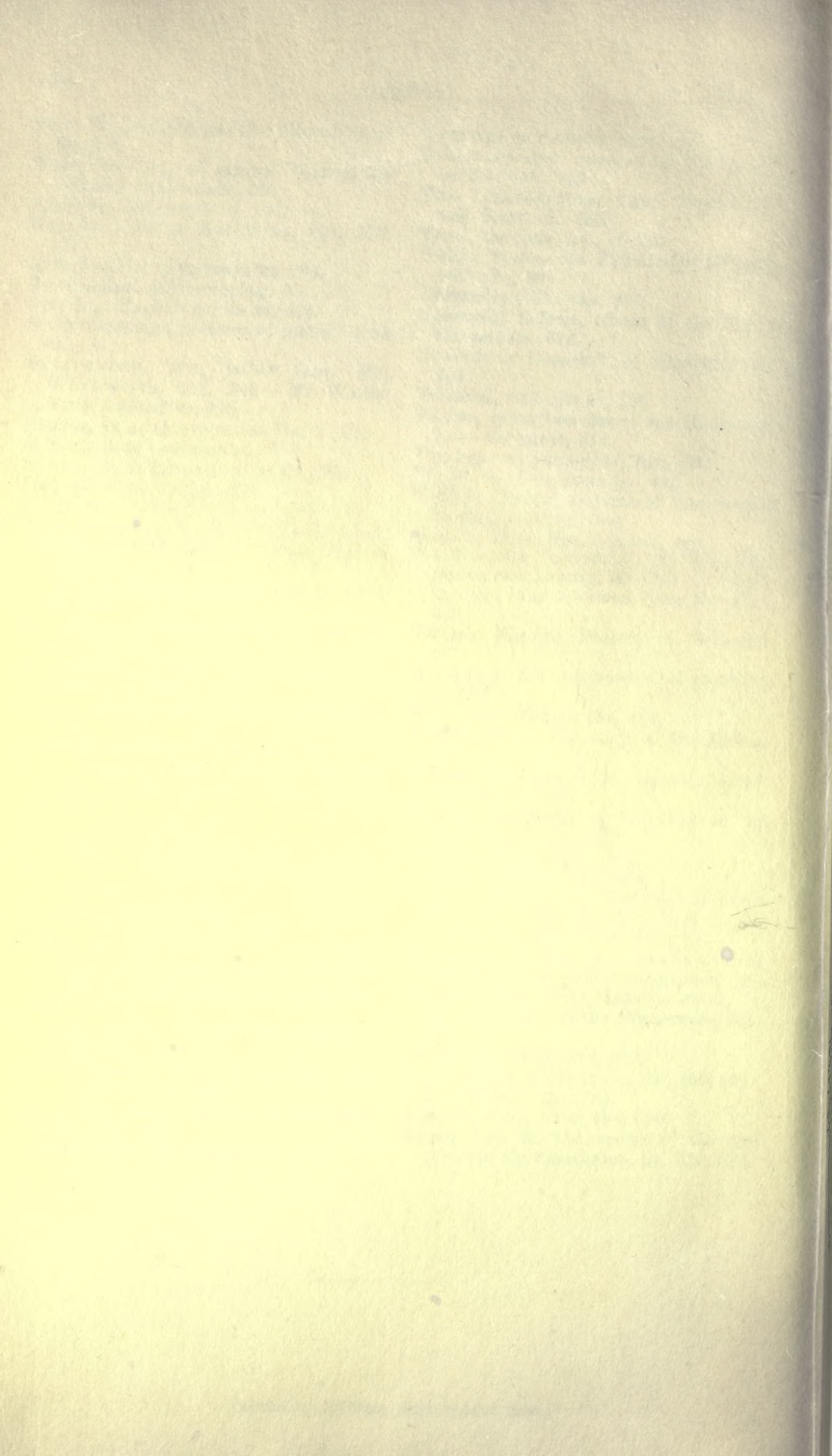
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